FROM THE PERSONAL LIBRARY OF JAMES BUELL MUNN
1890 - 1967

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
SHAKESPEARE'S

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.
SHAKESPEARE'S

MIDSUMMER

NIGHT'S DREAM.

*THE FIRST QUARTO*,

1600:

A FAC-SIMILE IN PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY,

BY

WILLIAM GRIGGS,

FOR 13 YEARS PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHER TO THE INDIA OFFICE.

WITH INTRODUCTION BY

J. W. EBSWORTH, M.A.,

EDITOR OF "THE 'DROLLERIES' OF THE RESTORATION;" "THE BAGFORD BALLADS;" "THE ROXBURGHE BALLADS," ETC.

LONDON:

W. GRIGGS, HANOVER STREET, PECKHAM, S.E.

1880.
DEDICATED

TO HIS GRACE

The Duke of Devonshire:

CHANCELLOR OF CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY:

BY THE EDITOR.

[Shakspere-Quarto Fac-similes, No. 3.]
INTRODUCTION
TO THE PHOTO-LITHOGRAPH OF
FISHER'S QUARTO EDITION, 1600:
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

§ 1. The Two Quartos of 1600.

§ 7. North's Plutarch, 1579:
Theseus.

§ 2. Mentioned by Meres, 1598.

§ 8. The Fairies: Oberon and
Titania.

§ 3. The Date of the Comedy.

§ 9. The "Crew of Patches," "Bot-
tom's Dream."

§ 4. Supposed allusion to Greene,
1592.

§ 10. Conclusion: The Three-fold
Plot.

§ 5. Spenser's Faerie Queene, 1596.

§ 1. The Two Quartos of 1600.

§ 6. Pyramus and Thisbie, 1584,
etc.

§ 7. North's Plutarch, 1579:
Theseus.

§ 1. The Two Quartos of 1600.

§ 7. North's Plutarch, 1579:
Theseus.

In the Registers of the Stationers' Company, vol. C = 3, fol. 65 verso, is found the earliest known record of the publication in printed form of "A Midsummer Night's Dream:"

[AD 1600.] 8 Ocotbris.

Thomas ffyssher Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of master Rodes / and the Wardens, A booke called A Mydsommer nightes Dreame . . . . . vj

Students require absolute fidelity in the reproduction of such rare originals. We therefore offer them this volume without any tamper-

1 Edward Arber's Transcript of the Registers of the Company of Stationers, &c., iii., 174. This entry undoubtedly refers to the Quarto here reproduced in its integrity from an exemplar in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. A few pages deficient in the original (viz. 18, 19, 20, 21; 58, 59, 60, 61 = eight pp.) are supplied in the photo-lithograph from Mr. Huth's own copy. The Bodleian Library and the Capell Collection, in Trinity College, Cambridge, possess the same edition. There is also another perfect exemplar in the British Museum, Case 34, k. 29.
INTRODUCTION.

ing whatever. Even the mutilated head-lines are left as they were shorn by some reckless bookbinder. The crease in the paper of the title-page (causing omission of two letters, $a$ and $h$) is a defect in the Devonshire copy. Of course, the other broken or imperfectly-inked letters, etc., are in *fac-simile* of the original.

For purposes of reference it is sufficient that we number the lines of the *Quarto*, in fours, on the inside margin; and also mark the division of *Acts*, which is given in the *Folio*, but not in either Quarto. We add a list of characters, on a separate page, preceding the title, from a later edition.

Like others of the early typographers and publishers, Thomas Fisher indulged himself with a pictorial rebus and verbal synonyme on his own name. As may be seen in our reproduction of the title-page, he gives a King-fisher or Halcyon, “Alcione,” with the motto “Motos soleo componere fluctus.”

Another *Quarto* edition was issued, by James Roberts, bearing date of the same year, 1600; but of this publication no record is entered in the Stationers’ Registers. For the Introduction to the photolithographic *fac-simile* of this other edition may well be reserved a consideration of the chief verbal differences between these two Quartos, and also the relation they bear to the first *Folio* of 1623; the editors whereof had certainly availed themselves of Roberts’s printed copy, although they professed to have had access to some manuscript original, if we are to take their announcement literally. At the best, they employed a playhouse copy, which was composed of Roberts’s printed *Quarto*, with additional stage directions, etc., in manuscript. These statements are supported by proofs in our Introduction to the second *Quarto*.

1 Fisher must have been proud of obtaining the favour of being allowed to print this play-book, his very earliest recorded publication, within a few months after gaining his freedom.

2 Compare the address to the readers of the first *Folio*, 1623, signed by John Heminge and Henrie Condell: ... “Where (before) you were abus’d with diuerse ifolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthe of injurious impostors, that expos’d them: even those, are now offer’d to your view cur’d, and perfect of their limbes; and all the reft, absolute in their numbers, as he concei’d them . . . . wee haue scarfe received from him a blot in his papers.” (Sheet sign. A 3.)
§ 2. MENTIONED BY MERES, 1598.

Two years earlier, at least, the comedy was known and popular on the stage. Francis Meres, in the memorable list contained in his Palladis Tamia: Wits Treasury; being the Second part of Wits Commonwealth, September, 1598, fol. 281-2, mentions "Shakespeare among English is the most excellent . . . for the stage; for Comedy witnes . . . his Midsummers nights dream," etc. This is the earliest distinct reference to the play, which may have been several years before the public for anything yet shown to the contrary. It is the fifth comedy in the list of six; the others being almost certainly of earlier date than this.

§ 3. DATE OF THE COMEDY.

Among conjectural theories, one seemed plausibly to establish the date as immediately following the wet summer of 1594. Numerous are the contemporary accounts of the floods, the damaged fruit and endangered harvest of that year. Dr. Forman's Ashmolean MS., No. 384, gives such a description of the rainy season and the damage that ensued as might suffice anew for a meteorological diary of 1879. Stowe chronicles the same events, and the statement is copied into Penkethman's Artachthos, 1638. In the Lectures on Jonah, delivered at York in the same year, 1594, by the Rev. John King (afterwards D.D., 1601, and Bishop of London, 1611), are passages, often quoted, which refer to the unkind spring "by means of the abundance of rains that fell; our July hath been like to a February; our June even as an April;" and "such unseasonable weather and storms of rain among us, which if we will observe, and compare it with that which is past, we may say that the course of nature is very much inverted; our years are turned upside down; our summers are no summers; our harvests are no harvests; our seed-times are no seed-times; for a great space of time scant any day hath been seen that it hath not rained upon us; and the nights are like the days." (Lectures upon Jonah, delivered at York, in the year of our Lord 1594: by John King, afterwards Lord Bishop of London. Reprinted by
viii  INTRODUCTION.

James Nichol. Edinburgh, 4to., 1864.) In the second Lecture he had said, and pointedly in reference to "the year of the Lord 1593, and 1595:"—"The months of the year have not yet gone about, wherein the Lord hath bowed the heavens, and come down amongst us with more tokens and earnest of his wrath intended, than the agedest man of our land is able to recount of so small a time. For say if ever the winds, since they blew one against the other, have been more common, and more tempestuous, as if the four ends of heaven had conspired to turn the foundations of the world upside down; thunders and lightnings, neither seasonable for the time, and withal most terrible, with such effects brought forth," &c. (Ibid., p. 21.) We agree with Thomas Kenney in believing that "The detailed enumeration made by Titania, in Act ii. sc. 1 [our p. 14, line 84, to p. 15, line 113], of the elemental convulsions which [had] followed her quarrel with Oberon, seems to contain an unmistakable allusion to the unseasonable and disastrous weather with which we know that England had been visited during that year." (Life and Genius of Shakespeare, 1864, p. 175.) The Rev. Alexander Dyce harshly designated the supposition of any such intended allusion to the weather of 1594 as "ridiculous," but he also thus characterized "not less so" any specific identification of the mourning by the thrice-three Muses,

"For the death
Of learning, late deceast in beggary."

(P. 53, lines 50, 51.)

§ 4. The Supposed Allusion to Greene, 1592.

Nevertheless, it is by no means improbable that Shakespeare did here refer to the blighted career and untimely death, in 1592, of that Robert Greene, who had made scurrilous allusion to his rival as "an absolute Johannes Fac-totum," and "in his owne conceit the onely Shake-scene in a countrie." (Groatsworth of Wit, p. 30.) It seems generally forgotten by book-learned critics, who are for the most part unfamiliar with the actual stage-management and the resources of dramatic authorship, that many a "telling" allusion to contemporary
events would be profitably foisted in (like a new verse on the day's occurrences in a "topical song") during the run of a drama, or on its revival.¹

Therefore, even when we are able with precision to determine that some particular allusion must have referred to an event of ascertained date, we are not materially helped to a discovery of the original date of the work itself; only to the fact of it being not later than the date thus established. Oberon's description may have been intentionally appropriated to the wet summer of 1594 (and in such case it was written and spoken before the "fair harvest" in August, mentioned by Stowe, had partly compensated for the previous floods). But this by no means proves that the fairy comedy could not have been acted earlier without that description; that it was so acted, although possible, is far from probable.²

"The thrice-three Muses mourning for the death of Learning," etc., cannot have been an allusion to Spenser's "Tears of the Muses," 1591; for, we are expressly told, "That is some Satire keene and critical, Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony:" a description inapplicable to the Spenserian complaint. Spenser's death was not until January, 1593. The supposed imitation in "Doctor Dodypoll," 1600—

¹ In most cases this interpolation would be what is called the actor's "gag," but where the author happened to be in connection with the theatre, a shareholder and performer, close at hand, he would himself occasionally add fresh lines when deemed expedient. Thus Hamlet intended to insert "a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines," in the Gonzago play. Some passage similarly dangerous or seditious may have been interpolated in "Richard the Second," at the time of Essex's ill-starred tumult in 1600.

² It need not be deemed conclusive against the supposition of Robert Greene having been thus indicated, that his death (in September, 1592) was an event too far back to be remembered by the audience. Greene had secured many admirers, and, as J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps shows, his miserable death "was a subject of general conversation for several years, and a reference to the circumstance, though indistinctly expressed, would have been well understood in literary circles at the time it is supposed the comedy was produced." (Privately-printed Memoranda on the Midsummer Night's Dream, p. 20, 1879.) In confirmation of this statement we must remember that even so late as 1598 Greene's name was still employed as a popular spell to enforce attention, for John Dickenson thus uses it in more than the title of his "Greene in Conception: new raised from the Grave to write the Tragique Historie of faire Valeria of London." This novel was probably of later date than the production of Shakespeare's comedy. It was reprinted in 1879 by Dr. Grosart, among his valuable "Occasional Issues."
"'Twas I that lead you through the painted meades,
Where the light fairies daunst upon the flowers,
Hanging on every leafe an orient pearle," etc.—
is of doubtful value in reference to date; although the comedy was
mentioned, by Nash, in 1596: the language, moreover, may be deemed
too loose and general to be cited as an imitation or parallel-passage.¹

§ 5. SPENSER'S FAERIE QUEENE, 1596.

A far more important clue is furnished by the ripe scholarship of
J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, in his valuable and most recent Memoranda
on the Midsummer Night's Dream, 1879. It is but fair to this
life-long student of Shakespearian literature to quote the passage
entire, the more especially as the Memoranda are privately printed
for a very limited circulation:—

"There seems to be a certainty that Shakespeare, in the composi-
tion of the Midsummer Night's Dream, had in one place a recollection
of the sixth book of The Faerie Queene, published in 1596, for he all
but literally quotes the following line from the eighth canto of that
book,—"Through hills and dales, through bushes and through breres.'
(Faerie Queene, ed. 1596, p. 460.) As the Midsummer Night's
Dream was not printed until the year 1600, and it is impossible that
Spenser could have been present at any representation of the comedy
before he had written the sixth book of The Faerie Queene, it may
fairly be concluded that Shakespeare's play was not composed at the
earliest before the year 1596, in fact, not until some time after
January the 20th, 1595-6, on which day the Second Part of The
Faerie Queene was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company.
The sixth book of that poem was probably written as early as 1592
or 1593, certainly in Ireland, and at some considerable time before
the month of November, 1594, the date of one entry of publication of
the Amoretti, in the eightieth sonnet of which it is distinctly alluded

¹ To Puck the Fairy says (p. 12, lines 10, 11):—
"I must goe seeke some dew droppes here,
And hang a pearle in euery vanillipes ear." So far as it proves anything, the resemblance in "Doctor Dodypoll" indicates that Midsummer Night's Dream was not later than 1596.
to as having been completed previously to the composition of the latter work.” (Memoranda, pp. 6, 7.)

We admit the virtual identity of the passage quoted from Spenser, with Puck’s speech (our p. 12, line 2, Act ii. sc. 1):

“Ouer hill, ouer dale, thorough bush, thorough brier.”

If we could feel it to be certain that the Spenserian line (written before 1594) suggested the Shakespearian, the test would be decisive: to us it indicates anew the date 1594.

Malone attributed the date of A Midsummer Night’s Dream to 1594; Dr. Nathan Drake to 1593; Professor Delius to 1595; Chalmers to 1598. Recently, attempts have been made to claim so early a date as 1590-91: which claim the present writer holds to be inadmissible, and in opposition to external evidence. Fortunately, the garrulity of Meres has determined the latest possible date as being 1598. This leads us tolerably near to the real date: probably 1593-94, at earliest; and not later than 1596.

§ 6. Pyramus and Thisbie, 1584, etc.

No material help in regard to the date of the comedy is afforded by consulting the possible sources of the Interlude. The story of the two lovers had for several years been popular, not only in direct translations of Ovid by Golding and others, but more especially in “A new Sonet of Pyramus and Thisbie: to the Tune of The Downeright Squier,” beginning, “You Dames (I say) that climb the mount

1 We omit consideration of what are called “verse-tests.” At present, the theories based on these are (in the opinion of scholars of established reputation, with whom we hold agreement,) often misleading. In passing, let it be remarked, only, that the light-ending or weak-ending lines are almost wholly absent; and so are the run-on lines. The continuity of rhyme, in many lines repeated, is remarkable in Titania’s and Oberon’s speeches, adding to their musical impressiveness.

2 Two hitherto-unnoticed entries in the Stationers’ Registers deserve attention, as indicating some connection with A Midsummer Night’s Dream. To Thomas Creede (who published several of Shakespeare’s plays, more or less irregularly) is entered, on the 14th of May, 1594, “a booke intituled the Scottish story of JAMES the FOURTHE, slayne at Flodden, intermixed with a pleasant Comedie presented by OBORON Kinge of Fayres.” Again (as probably helping to suggest by contrast the name of Shakespeare’s own comedy, which must have been in his mind, if not in great part written), to Edward White is entered, on the 22nd of May, 1594, “a book entituled a Wynters nightes pastime.” (Cf. Transcript, ii. 648, 650.)
of Helicon." It is by I. Thomson, and contained in Clement Robinson's *A Handefull of pleasant Delites; containing sundrie new Sonets and delectable Histories in diuers kindes of Meeter*. 1584. Than this there is scarcely a book of which clearer proof remains that it had been seen and was used by Shakespeare. An earlier edition of it was issued in 1565, but whether "Pyramus and Thisbie" be one of "the new additions of certain Songs to verie late deuised Notes," it would be difficult to prove. In any case, the one extant edition (a unique copy, and mutilated, sheet sign. B. vi. being defective,) is of too early a date to guide us, having been issued before Shakespeare is believed to have left Stratford.²

§ 7. NORTH'S PLUTARCH, 1579: THESEUS.

Howard Staunton repudiates the theory which assigned the groundwork of the fable to Chaucer's "Knight's Tale," declaring that "there is scarcely any resemblance whatever between Chaucer's

1 The present Editor was fortunate enough to discover and identify a fragment (leaf D. 2) of the earlier edition in the Bagford Collection at the British Museum (Case 39 K. vol. i. p. 83), hitherto unknown: and to print it in the Ballad Society's *Bagford Ballads*, p. 43. In the Stationers' Registers is an entry to Rich. Iohnes of the very book, in 1564-5. The Shakespearian connection is indisputable. (Ex. grat. sheet sign. A. ii. verso, "Rosemarie is for remembrance," and "Fenel is for flatterers:" compare *Hamlet*, Act iv.) In this respect it is noteworthy that we find a silly blunder (on sheet sign. C. ii.), "At last they promised to meet at prime, by Minus well" (sic): which suggests the "Nimmès tomb" of Flute, as Thisbie of the Interlude.

2 Long before Shakespeare's interlude, "a tedious breiise Scene of young Pyramus and his love Thisby: very tragical mirth," there had been a similar entertainment offered to the press, and probably also on the stage. For we find an entry in the Stationers' Registers, at the beginning of the year between 22 July, 1567, and 22 July, 1568, "Receyved of Rycharde Jonnes for his lycense for pryntinge of a boke intituled yetragical comodye of DAMONDE and PETHYAS . . . iiiid. (See Arber's *Transcript*, 1875, i. 354.) And the phrase tickled the fancy of the public, for we find again, two years later, "Receyved of John Aldo for his lycense for pryntinge of an enterlude a lamentable Tragedy full of pleasaunt nyght . . . iiid." (Ibid. i. 400, for 22 July, 1569, to 22 July, 1570.) We are not aware that these entries have been hitherto cited in illustration. It may also here be noted that, near the same time, when he had been writing or meditating *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Shakespeare himself introduced an allusion into *The Merchant of Venice* (but see J. W. E.'s forthcoming *Introduction to it*), act v. sc. 1:—

"In such a night
Did Thisbie fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the Lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away."
INTRODUCTION.

tale and Shakespeare's play, beyond that of the scene in both being laid at the Court of Theseus." He admits that the character of "the Duke" is founded on the account in North's Translation of Plutarch; but he somewhat exaggerates in declaring that, "beyond one or two passing allusions, there is no attempt to individualize either the man or the country." As to the country we may concede the point, for the haunted wood more resembles the Wier-Brake of Warwickshire than any grove near Athens. Local colouring was unthought of, so long as events and characters were found interesting. But in the stately dignity of Theseus, with his large-hearted acceptance of the efforts made to please him, and the half-expressed repugnance to unreal sentiment or rhapsody, such as befitted a man of action and success in war, we recognize his individuality. The delineation of Theseus, as a piece of art, is complete in its strength and beauty; although it is almost overlooked in any popular estimate of the wonderful fairy mythology. The lore of pedants could never have given to us this heroic figure—one whose every word still recalls, like the analogous sculpture by Phidias, that period of Grecian antiquity when gods walked the earth with man as with a friend. The nobility of Theseus is of a kind that none but a truly great mind could have conceived: it is nobility in repose. We have no opportunity of seeing him in his

1 For which see Reeves and Turner's excellent Shakespeare's Library, second edition (being enlarged from J. P. Collier's, of 1841), 1875, vol. i. pp. 7 to 71. The full title of North's translation is, The Lives of the noble Grecians and Romanes, compared together by that grave learned Philosopher and Historiographer, Plutarke of Chaeronea. . . . By Thomas North. Imprinted at London by Thomas Vautrollier, dwelling in the Black Friers by Ludgate. 1579. In folio, 595 leaves. From this work certain names were directly borrowed for A Midsummer Night's Dream, particularly, 1, Aegles (from pp. 28, 41); 2, Perigouna, the daughter of Sinnis (p. 15); 3, Ajax, father of Theseus. These we find in the present Fisher's Quarto, printed or mis-printed, as, 1, Eagles (intended for Aegle, which, moreover, ought to have been italized, on p. 14, line 75); 2, Perigonia (on same page, line 74); and, 3, a different Egeus (Acts i. and v.). There are also Antiopa, Hypolla (in North, as the same person: but in Shakespeare as distinct women), etc. The preceding offer a stronger clue.

2 Compare Julius Caesar, Act iv., sc. 3: "What should the wars do with these jigging fools?"

3 We have little need to disturb ourselves concerning anachronisms and incongruities, although we find Athenian Theseus declare "Saint Valentine is past" (p. 47); and Titania accuse Oberon of having been disguised as Corin, conversing "love to amorous Phillida." Dido, "the Carthage Queen," and Eneas (p. 7) belong to a later date than Theseus, whom Chaucer also had called a "Duke." These are trifles.
early enterprises as a redressor of wrongs and seeker after adventures. Although he tells his queen,

"Hippolita, I wooed thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injury,"

the struggle with her Amazons is ended before he appears in view; his battle with the Centaurs is only incidentally referred to (p. 52), "in glory of my kinsman Hercules." There is no rebellious strife in the Athenian city to demand display of energy. Yet we feel, in his every word and movement, that here is indeed a man "equal to either fortune:" one whom prosperity cannot dazzle, or adversity humiliate and sour. Noteworthy is it how thoroughly Shakespeare portrays such heroes as this (and no dramatist can rise to lofty heights unless there be in himself true dignity)—the majestic grace of his speech, the genial warmth of sympathy with inferiors, entering without ostentation into their feelings, receiving their lame endeavours with kindly humour, and thus making complete what they imperfectly perform:

"And what poor duty cannot do
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit."

He is unwilling to disappoint these

"hard-handed men that work in Athens here,
Who never laboured in their minds till now,
And now have toiled their unbreath'd memories
With this same play against his nuptials."

This acceptance is evidently from consideration for "their intents, extremely stretch'd, and conned with cruel pain to do him service," since he answers—

"I will hear this play,
For never any thing can be amiss
When simpleness and duty tender it."

Again, afterwards, in reply to Hippolita's complaint that the dramatic interlude is "the silliest stuff" she ever heard, he reminds her—as an apology for any such shortcomings—"The best in this kind are but shadows: and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend
INTRODUCTION.

them.”

But with all this willingness to accept such a “palpable gross play,” his more keen delight is in the stirring chase, with his Amazonian bride, and his hounds that “are bred out of the Spartan kind: Slow in pursuit, but match’d in mouth like bells, each under each; a cry more tuneable was never halloed to, nor cheer’d with horn in Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.” And this not only from love for the chase itself, but also to ascend

“The mountain’s top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.”

From him we gain that most lovely contrast between the wedded wife and Diana’s chaste votary,

“In shady cloister mew’d,
To live a barren Sister all her life,
Chaunting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthlier happy is the rose distill’d,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.”

From Theseus also comes the magnificent passage, as philosophically exact as it is poetically beautiful, descriptive of Imagination; gaining additional value from the position which it occupies, and from the character of him who utters it.

Even here, elevated to a throne, unchallenged in dignity, victor in struggles that were soon to be accounted mythical; after all the vast experience of his youth, familiarized by converse with beings of super-human might and loveliness, Theseus appears not to be conscious of his own superiority to ordinary men, or that near to him are working

1 It will not be without service to contrast the unkind mockery and persistent humiliation of the actors who personate the Nine Worthies in Love’s Labour’s Lost—probably an earlier play—with the raillery that greets the far more ridiculous exhibition of Pyramus and Thisbie. Well may Holofernes make remonstrance: “This is not generous; not gentle; not humble.”

2 A picture elaborated, later, in the Isabella of Measure for Measure. As with Sir Walter Scott’s Catherine, The Fair Maid of Perth, the intention of the author had probably been to preserve the virginal chastity of the heroine unblemished until death. In either case, her marriage is a concession made to popular prejudice, weakening the force of the character, and thus injurious.
INTRODUCTION.

unseen those spiritual agencies that influence mankind. His poetry of thought and of expression is but the common air that he breathes. To him there is forgetfulness of mere self, his deeds appearing nowise marvellous to one who, from an inner world, surveys the outer sphere of action. Despite all that he has seen, he is no Visionary. Like a commentary on the whole drama of this Midsummer Night's Dream, and on the creative power of Shakespeare's own imagination, as beheld and restrained by practical wisdom, flow his words:

"I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys:
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The Lunatic, the Lover, and the Poet,
Are of Imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast Hell can hold;
That is the Madman: the Lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The Poet's eye, in a fine phrensy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as Imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the Poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

§ 8. THE FAIRIES: OBERON AND TITANIA.

Although into the stately presence of Theseus the fairies enter not, visibly, they love and revere him; as they mention during the quarrel between Oberon and Titania: thus their latest employment is to hallow his nuptial dwelling. Over the more youthful pairs of lovers their spells are potent, at first to perplex, and afterwards to reunite them. But it is upon the clowns—the men described as

"A crew of Patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Who meet together to rehearse a play
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day"—

that the elvish Puck, that lob of spirits,¹ most freely exercises his mis-

¹ "Farewell, thou Lobbe of spirits." (P. 12.)
"Then lies him down, the Lubber-fend."—MILTON'S L'Allegro, 110.
"Lob lye-by-the-fire."—Knight of the Burning Pestle, Act iii. sc. 1.
INTRODUCTION.

chievous mirth. He confesses his belief, "What fools these mortals be!" The gambols of these tiny ministrants may well be regarded as the most perfect poem of its class that has ever appeared. The lyrical melodiousness, and the profusion of floral or starry imagery never grow wearisome. They yield a clear, although a glowing revelation of the fairies' temperament. We see their sportive jealousies and fantastic vengeances; their gatherings on "the beached margent of the sea, to dance their ringlets to the whistling winds;" their drowsiness on banks of thyme, "o'er-canopied with sweet musk-roses and with eglantine;" their whimsical horror of intrusion from thorny hedgehogs, newts and blind-worms, spiders, snails, and beetles; their love of "music that brings sleep," and of the moonlit glades; their restless obligation to "trip after the moon's shade," "following darkness as a dream." We see the rollicking mirthfulness of Robin Goodfellow, to whom "things most pleasant be that befal preposterously."

Amid this revelling in fancy there is a poetical completeness far beyond the requirements of any stage-effect. In our own time, at theatres, we may find the dramatic illusion heightened with set scenes, coloured lights and transparencies, the witcheries of graceful forms, fantastic costumes; and the loveliest melodies of Mendelssohn's

1 Malone and, recently, J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps and W. C. Hazlitt, have shown that Michael Drayton's Nymphidia cannot be regarded as having in any way suggested the drama; for the Nymphidia was not only never printed until 1627, but is indicated as having been among the later poems of its author. See Malone's Shakespeare, edition 1821, v. 206; the Percy Society Illustrations of Fairy Mythology, 1845; and Reeves and Turner's Fairy Tales illustrating Shakespeare, 1875, p. 239, where the Nymphidia is reprinted complete. Also, the Robin Goodfellow ballad, attributed by Peck to Ben Jonson, "From Oberon, in fairyland," Roxb. Coll., i. 230; or Roxburghe Ballads, ii. 81.

2 Commend us to the notice of all students a suggestive little volume on "Shakespeare's Puck, and his Folkslore, illustrated from the Superstitions of All Nations:" By William Bell, Phil. Doct., 1852. In a forthcoming volume of the Ballad Society's reprint, The Roxburghe Ballads, the curious woodcuts of Robin Goodfellow will be given in fac-simile to Roxb. Coll., ii. 145. Professor Daniel Wilson's Caliban: the Missing Link, and A Midsummer Night's Dream, 1873, is one of the most valuable contributions to Shakespearian criticism. The name of Oberon, "the dwarfe king of fayryes," had already been made a household word by having appeared in the popular romance of Huon of Bourdeaux, a translation of which, by Lord Berners, had appeared about 1558. Oberon is guessed to be simply an adaptation of the original Elberich, or Albrich. The name Titania was borrowed from one of the synonymes of Diana, to whom it is applied by Ovid.

C
genius, to enhance the charm. But beyond all these additional adornments, giving pleasure to the eye and to the ear, remain unapproachable for realization that minuteness, that almost intangible evanescence, which belong to the fairy people of Shakespeare. Puck is native to our own folks-lore, although trace of him is found elsewhere. But Shakespeare, by several allusions, had carefully prepared us for welcoming the tiny monarchs as visitors from distant regions. Oberon has newly “Come from the farthest steppe of India,” and Titania’s favourite little changeling, the cause of strife, has been brought from his mother’s land, where she had gossipit “in the spiced Indian air by night.” These words, like Puck’s boast, “I’ll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes,” or “I go, I go, swifter than arrow from the Tartar’s bow,” increase the impression of their swift travel and wide experiences; for although wanderers and foreign visitants, they are at home in every land, here as elsewhere. Thus the well-understood description of Queen Elizabeth,1 “the imperiall Votress,” “a fair Vestal, throned in the West,” whom “young Cupid’s fiery shaft” could not transpierce (p. 16), would inevitably bring back to the audience the remembrance that they were supposed to be at a distance from the England of their own time. Beyond these hints of remoteness, and a few antique names, disguise was scarcely attempted, to present the Athens of two thousand years ago.

§ 9. The “Crew of Patches:” “Bottom’s Dream.”

From the first, no doubt, the world welcomed the genuine humour of contrasting and intermingling with the fairy sprites these “hempen home-spuns” Peter Quince, the carpenter, manager, and Prologizer; Flute, the bellows-mender, who plays Thisbe, although he has a beard

1 We attach no weight whatever to Warburton’s supposition that by the “Mermaid on a Dolphin’s back” Shakespeare glanced at Elizabeth’s rival, Mary Queen of Scots. She was judicially murdered in 1587, and we may be sure that if the poet could have possibly descended to insult her, long after death, the attack would have been made as self-evident as was the flattering tribute to Elizabeth. It is one of the idle crotchets of those who are incapable of understanding true poetry. Thus attempts have been made to identify every character in Hamlet as portraits of Sir Philip Sidney, Essex, &c.
INTRODUCTION.

coming, but may do it in a mask; Starveling, a tailor of melancholy anticipations, who loses temper when gibed at as the “Man in the Moon;” Snug, the joiner, who is slow of study, and methodical in all that he does or asks—an orderly man, and well to be depended on in other matters than the Lion’s part, “which is nothing but roaring;” Snout, the tinker, who enacts Wall in public, and is generally content to chime in with suggestions of others, being unobtrusive by nature in private life. But in all circles is Bully Bottom the favourite.\(^1\) Being a weaver by trade, thence comes his dictatorial habit; for your weaver is a contemplative man, a politician, and abstruse inquirer: he thinks much at his loom, as though it were that of Destiny, and, when he emerges from the stronghold of his treddles, he sometimes forgets that the sequences of his deductions and dogmas are not so logical as they had appeared. He is indisposed to remain hidden in the background. He likes to play first fiddle in all societies, does Bottom: he would willingly perform the Lover and the Tyrant; also Thisbe and the Lion. When his time comes, he will summon Peaseblossom as authoritatively as he had ordered his Athenian comrades; and will volunteer a special answer, in contradiction of Theseus himself, concerning Thisbe’s cue, and, again, regarding the Epilogue. Bottom is self-consistent throughout. In him is exemplified the great truth that no fairyland enchantment of dreams, or love itself, can alter the inherent nature of a full-grown man (as Fielding declared concerning drunkenness, in Tom Jones); at most it intensifies, and develops what was latent. He is equally full of ignorant assumption

\(^1\) It is worth noting, as it proves the continued popularity of Bully Bottom among readers and old theatre-lovers, that during the Cromwellian interregnum, whilst all stage-plays were prohibited, Francis Kirkman and Robert Cox maintained the performance of “The merry conceited Humors of Bottom the Weaver; as it hath been often publikey acted by some of his Majesties Comedians, and lately privately presented by several apprentices for their harmless recreation, with great applause.” This was printed in 1661; reprinted in Kirkman’s “The Wits: or, Sport upon Sport. In Selected Pieces of DROLLERY. 2nd Part. 1672.” With Frontispiece, representing the Red Bull during performance of sundry Drolls. We need attach little weight to the opinion of Samuel Pepys, 29th September, 1662, that the Midsummer Night’s Dream appeared to him “the most insipid ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life” (Diary, best edition, 1876, ii. 51); for the Secretary’s critical judgment does him little credit in regard to poetry. What Hamlet says of Polonius (falsely, it appears,) is tolerably true of Pepys: “He’s for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps.”
when Titania proffers music or affection, as he had been in his self-estimates of ability before his transformation. Had he not really been "the shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort," we might have cherished the idea of his career becoming thereafter dignified by a remembrance of the fairy realm into which he, and he alone, had been for awhile admitted; especially as we have, in our own possession, the original Greek ballad which Peter Quince was to have written thereon. But the memory of his Ass's ears was the only perennial bequest of his Midsummer Night's Dream.

§ 10. Conclusion: The Three-fold Plot.

Simple though it appears, when acted, the interweaving of the three-fold plot might have tasked the ingenuity of any playwright. The fairies were to be kept quite distinct from influencing Theseus, his Amazonian bride, and their Court; yet it was specially to grace the nuptials that Oberon had journeyed so far, and the fairy benediction on the wedding-couch concludes the action of the play. The entanglements and misconceptions of the two pairs of lovers were to be caused by Puck and his enchantments of the magic juice; yet after all errors are happily dispersed, and the four friends made happy,—

"When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision:" (p. 41.)

... "And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream." (p. 45.)

Even thus it befalls. At first they believe "That yet we sleep, we dream;" and afterwards declare, "Let's follow him; And by the way, let us recount our dreams." Lastly, of the Athenian clowns, the handicraftsmen, none behold the fairy crew save only Bottom, the connecting-link, since fate will have it so, between the mortals and

1 But see, in exemplification of this, Allan Park Paton's Web of Life, 1858, p. 261. The transformation is poetically conceived, and skilfully detailed; yet, after all, it is merely of modern false sentiment, opposed to the steadfastness of character that is shown by Shakespeare. We cannot gather figs from thistles: Bottom remains Bottom.
INTRODUCTION.

the ethereal company. Even while undergoing the enchantment he had confounded his own identity: he had longed for dry oats, a peck of provender, a handful or two of dried peas, a pottle of hay, "good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow!" His long ears tickle him: "I must to the barber's; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face." But when he awakes he feels, "I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream!"

No one need puzzle over the confused chronology of the drama. The action includes only three days and nights, dramatically; although we are told of four days to intervene between opening words and nuptial hour. In the old drama, without change of scene, without a marked distinction of the Acts (such as we now recognize, both in printed books and at our theatres), there was seldom, if ever, a remembrance forced on the spectator of exact length of time. It was deemed sufficient if some conception arose of an extended duration—much beyond the real flight of minutes. For this the poet gave his hint. He found his audience apt, and far too wise to spoil enjoyment by labouring to detect his art. On the contrary, as Wordsworth writes, "We murder to dissect." As Bully Bottom says,

"Man is but an ass, if he will go about to expound this dream."

Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps declares: "What is absurdly termed aesthetic criticism is more out of place on this comedy than perhaps on any other of Shakespeare's plays. It deadens the 'native wood-notes wild,' that every reader of taste would desire to be left to their own influences. The Midsummer Night's Dream is too exquisite a composition to be dulled by the infliction of philosophical analysis."

1 The flight of the lovers, and the rehearsal of the Interlude, take place on the night of the second day: the three weddings fall on the next night, "Tomorrow midnight." Thus we have (Act i.) part of a first day; (Acts ii., iii., iv.) the night of a second day; running on into (Act v.) the morning, noon, and night of a third day.

2 That J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps did not intend by his words to deprecate all explanatory or introductory remarks on A Midsummer Night's Dream is proved conclusively by his own excellent labours (beyond those of all other men, in this department,) connected with the Fairy Mythology. At best, it is a thankless office to write Introductions, so long as they are exposed to captious and malicious criticism, from those who are intolerant of all opinions except their own.
INTRODUCTION.

(Memoranda, p. 13.) Nevertheless, we criticize, for this our age is perverted from simple tastes, and not only demands the "finger-post criticism," but listens to the perverse misdirection of so-called scientific anatomists. We accept thankfully the glowing summary: "Of the lyric or the prosaic part, the counterchange of loves and laughers, of fancy fine as air and imagination high as heaven, what need can there be for any one to shame himself by the helpless attempt to say one word not utterly unworthy?" We trust that blame attaches not to those among us who dare speak at all on the subject, whilst admitting that no pen can fitly celebrate the inexhaustible beauties of A Midsummer Night's Dream.

J. Woodfall Ebsworth.

Molash Vicarage,
by Ashford, Kent.
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

[The two Quarto editions and the four Folio editions have no list of characters. Rowe first added one, in 1709.]

Theseus, Duke of Athens.
Egeus, an Athenian Lord, Father of Hermia.
Lysander, in love with Hermia.
Demetrius, in love with Hermia.
Philostrate, Master of the Revels to Theseus.
Quince, a Carpenter;
Snug, a Joiner;
Bottom, a Weaver;
Flute, a Bellows-mender;
Snout, a Tinker;
Starveling, a Tailor;
Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.
Hermia, daughter of Egeus, in love with Lysander.
Helena, in love with Demetrius.

Oberon, King of the Fairies.
Titania, Queen of the Fairies.
Puck, or Robin-Goodfellow, a Fairy.
Peas-blossom, Fairies.
Cobweb, Fairies.
Moth, Fairies.
Mustard-seed, Fairies.

Pyramus, Thisbe,
Wall,
Moonshine,
Lion,

Characters in the Interlude, performed by the Clowns.

Other Fairies attendant on Oberon and Titania.

Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

Scene varies, from the Palace of Theseus at Athens, and Quince's house, to a Wood in the neighbourhood.
A Midsummer nights dreame.

As it hath beene sundry times publiquely acted, by the Right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his servaunts.

Written by William Shakespeare.

Imprinted at London, for Thomas Fisher, and are to be solde at his shoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart, in Fleetstreet. 1600.
Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others.

Theseus.

Ow faire Hippolita, our nuptiall hower
Draws on apace: fower happy daies bring in
An other Moone; but oh, me thinks, how slow
This old Moone waues! She lingers my desires,
Like to a Stepdame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a yong mans reueneue.

Fower daies will quickly steepe themselves in night:
Fower nights will quickly dreame away the time:
And then the Moone, like to a siluer bowe,
Now bent in heauen, shall beholde the night
Of our solemnities.

the. Goe Philofraste,
Stirre vp the Athenian youth to merriments,
Awake the peart and nimble spirit of mirth,
Turne melancholy forth to funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pomp.

Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And wonne thy loue, doing thee injuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,

With pompe, with triumph, and with reueling.

Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, and Lysander
and Helena, and Demetrius.

Ege, Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke.
the. Thankes good Egeus, Whats the newes with thee
Ege, Full of vexation, come I, with complaint

A2
A Midsummer Night's Dream

Against my childe, my daughter Hermia,
Stand forth Demetrius.

My noble Lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her,
Stand forth Lysander.

And my gracious Duke,
This man hath bewitcht the bosome of my childe.
Thou, thou Lysander, thou hast given her rimes,
And interchang'd love tokens with my childe:
Thou hast, by moone-light, at her window sung,
With faining voice, verses of faining love,
And ftoke the impression of her phantasie:
With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceites,
Knackes, trifles, noteages, sweete meates (messengers
Of strong preuaileme in vnhardened youth)
With cunning haft thou filcht my daughters heart,
Turnd her obedience (which is due to mee)
To stubborne harshnesse. And, my gracious Duke,
Be it so, she will not here, before your Grace,
Consent to marry with Demetrius.
I beg the auncient priviledge of Athens:
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be, either to this gentleman,
Or to her death: according to our lawe,
Immediately provided, in that case,
Thou, What say you, Hermia? Be aduif'd, faire maid,
To you, your father should be as a God:
One that compos'd your beauties: yea and one,
To whom e you are but as a forme in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power,
To leue the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

her. So is Lysander. the, In himselfe he is:
But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voice,
The other must be held the worthier.
A Midsummer nightes dreame.

Her, I would my father lookt but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must, with his judgement, looke,

Her. I doe intreat your grace, to pardon mee.

I know not by what power, I am made bould;

Nor how it may concerne my modesty,

In such a presence, here to plead my thoughts:

But I beseech your Grace, that I may knowe

The worl that may befall mee in this case.

If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to dy the death, or to abiure,

For euer, the society of men,

Therefore, faire Hermia, question your desires,

Knowe of your yOUTH, examine well your blood,

Whether you yeelde not to your fathers choyce

You can endure the liuery of a Nunne,

For aye to be in shady cloyster, new'd

To liue a barraine sister all your life,

Chanting saint hymnes, to the coldesruitlesse Moone.

Thrise blest them, that master so there bloode,

To vndergoe such maiden pilgrimage:

But earthlyer happy is the rose distild,

Then that, which, withering on the virgin thorne,

Growes, bluies, and dies, in single blessednesse.

Her, So will I growe, so liue, so die my Lord-

Ere I will yield my virgin Patent, vp

Vnto his Lordshippe, whose vnwish'd yoake

My soule consents not to giue souerainity.

The. take time to pawse, and by the next newe moone,

the sealing day, betwixt my loue and mee,

For euerlastling bond of fellowshippe,

Vpon that day either prepare to dye,

For disobedience to your fathers will,

Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would,

Or on Dianes altar to protest,

For aye, auiteritie and single life.

A3 Dem.
Deme. Relent, sweete Hermia, and, Lysander, yeeld
Thy crazed title to my certaine right,
Lys. You haue her fathers loue, Demetrius:
Let me haue Hermia: doe you marry him,
Egeus, Scornefull Lysander, true, he hath my loue:
And what is mine, my loue shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I doe estate ynto Demetrius,
Lysand, I am my Lord, as well deriu'd as hee,
As well posseft: my loue is more than his:
My fortunes every way as fairely rankt
(If not with vantage) as Demetrius:
And (which is more then all these boastes can be)
I am belou'd of beautious Hermia.
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, Ile auouch it to his heade,
Made loue to Nedars daughter, Helena,
And won her soule: and she (sweete Ladie) dotes,
Deuoutly dotes, doces in Idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man,
the, I must confesse, that I haue heard so much;
And, with Demetrius, thought to haue spoke thereof;
But, being ouer full of selfe affaires,
My minde did loose it, But Demetrius come,
And come Egeus, you shall goe with mee:
I haue some private schooling for you both.
For you, faire Hermia, looke you arm your selfe,
To fit your fancies, to your fathers will;
Orelfe, the Law of Athens yeelds you vp
(Which by no meanes we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vowe of singellife,
Come my Hippolita: what cheare my loue?
Demetrius and Egeu, goe along:
I must employ you in some businesse,
against our nuptiall, and conferre with you

Of
A Midsummer night's dream.

Of some thing, nerely that concerns your selues.

Ege. With duty and desire, we follow you, Exeunt.

Lynd. How now my love? Why is your cheeke so pale?

Her. Belike, for want of raine: which I could well

Become them, from the tempest of my eyes.

Lys. Eigh me: for aught that I could ever reade,

Could ever here by tale or history,

The course of true love neuer did runne smoothe;

But either it was different in bloud;

Her. O croffe! too high to be inthrald to love.

Lys. Or else misgrafted, in respect of yeares;

Her. O spight! too old to be ingag'd to young,

Lys. Or else, it stode upon the choyce of friends;

Her. O hell, to choose love by another's eyes!

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choyce,

Warre, death or sickness, did lay siege to it;

Making it momentary, as a sound,

Swift, as a shadowe; short, as any dreame;

Brieue, as the lightning in the collied night,

That (in a spleene) vnfolds both heauen and earth;

And, ere a man hath power to say, beholde,

The iawes of darkness do deuoure it vp:

So quicke bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers haue bin euer croffe,

It flands as an edict, in destiny:

Then let vs teach our triall patience.

Because it is a customary croffe,

As dewe to love, as thoughts, and dreames, and sighes,

Wishes, and teares; poore Fancies followers,

Lys. A good perswasion: therefore heare mee, Hermia:

I have a widowe aunt, a dowager,

Of great reuenew, and she hath no childe:

From Athens is her house remote, seaven leagues:

And she respectes mee, as her only sonne:

A4

There,
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee:
And to that place, the sharpe Athenian law
Can not pursuе vs. If thou loueest mee, then
Steale forth thy fathers house, to morrow night:
And in the wood, a league without the towne
(Where I did meete thee once with Helena
To do obseruance to a morne of May)
There will I stay for thee.

"her. My good Lysander,
I sweare to thee, by Cupids strongest bowe,
By his best arrowe, with the golden heade,
By the simplicitie of Venus doues,
By that which knitteth soules, and prospers loues,
And by that fire which burnd the Carthage queene,
When the faile Troian vnder faile was seene,
By all the vows that euer men haue broke,
(In number more then cuer women spoke)
In that same place thou haft appointed mee,
To morrow truely will I meeete with thee.

Enter Helena.

"her. God speedefaire Helena: whither away?
Hel. Call you mee faire? That faire againe vnlay.

Demetrius loues you faire: o happy faire!
Your eyes are loadfiattes, and your tongues sweete aire
More tunable then larke, to sheepeheards eare,
When wheat is greene, when hauethorne buddes appeare.
Sicknesse is catching: o, were fauour lo,
Your words I catch, faire Hermia, ere I goe,
My care should catch your voice, my eue, your eue,
My tongue should catch your tongues sweete melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest he gue to be to you translated.
O, teach mee how you looke, and with what Art,
You sway the motion of Demetrius heart."
A Midsummer Night's Dream

Her. I frowne vpon him; yet hee loues mee still.

Hel. O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skil.

Her. I grieve him curses; yet he grieues mee loue.

Hel. O that my prayers could luch affecion moue.

Her. The more I hate, the more he followes mee.

Hel. The more I loue, the more he hateth mee.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None but your beauty would that fault were mine.

Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face:

Lysander and my selfe will fly this place.

Before the time I did Lysander see,

Seem'd Athens as a Paradis to mee.

O then, what graces in my loue dooe dwell,

That hee hath turnd a heauen vnto a hell!

Lys. Helena, to you our mindes wee will vnsould:

To morrow night, when Phaeb doth beholde

Her siluer visage, in the watry glasse,

Decking, with liquid pearle, the bladed graffe

(A time, that louers flights doth still conceale)

Through Athens gates, haue wee deuif'd to steale.

Lys. And in the wood, where often you and I,

Vpon saint Primrose beddes, were wont to lyve,

Emptying our bosomes, of their counsell sweld,

There my Lysander, and my selfe shall meete,

And thence, from Athens, turne away our eyes,

To seeke new friends and strange companions,

Farewell, sweete playfellow: pray thou for vst

And good lucke graunt thee thy Demetrius.

Keepe word Lysander: we must starue our sight,

From louers foode, till morrow deepe midnight.

Exit Hermia,

Lys. I will my Hermia, Helena adieu:

As you on him, Demetrius dote on you. Exit Lysander.

Hel. How happie some, ore other some, can be;

Through Athens, I am thought as faire as shee.
A Midsummer night's dream.

But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so:
He will not know, what all, but hee doe know.
And as hee esteems, dotting on Hermias eyes:
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantitie,
Loue can transpose to forme and dignitie.
Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde;
And therefore is wingd Cupid painted blinde.
Nor hath loues minde of any judgement taste:
Wings, and no eyes, figure, nnheedy haste.
And therefore is love said to bee a child:
Because, in choyce, he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boyes, in game, them selues for weare;
So the boy, Loue, is periu'd ev'ry where.
For, ere Demetrius lookt on Hermias eyen,
Hee haile downe othes, that he was onely mine.
And when this haile some heate, from Hermias felt,
So he dissolued, and showers of oathes did melt.
I will goe tell him of faire Hermias flight:
Then, to the wodde, will he, tomorrow night,
Pursue her: and for this intelligence,
If I haue thankes, it is a deare expense:
But hercin meane I to enrich myaine,
To haue his fight thither, and back againe.  Exit.

Enter Quince, the Carpenter; and Snugge, the Joiner; and
Bottom, the Weaver; and Flute, the Bellowe mender; &
Snout, the Tinker; and Starveling the Tayler.

Quin. Is all our company heere?
Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by
man, according to the scrippe.

Quin. Here is the scrowle of euerie mans name, which is
thought fit, through al Athens, to play in our Enterlude, be-
fore the Duke, & the Dutches; on his wedding day at night.
Bot. First good Peeter Quince, say what the Play treats on:
then read the names of the Actors: & so grow to a point.

Quin,
AMIDSTOMMER NIGHTES DREAME.

Quin. Mary, our Play is the most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of worke, I assure you, & a merry. Now good Peeter Quince, call forth your Actors, by the scrowle, Masters, spread your selves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you Nick Bottom, the Weaver?

Bot. Readie: Name what part I am for, and proceede.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom are set downe for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover that kills himselfe, most gallant, for loue.

Bot. That will ask some teares in the true performing of it. If I doe it, let the Audience look to their eyes: I will move them: I will condole, in some measure. To the rest yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play Hercules rarely, or a part to teare a Catkin, to make all split the raging rocks: and shiuering shocks, shall break the locks of prison gates, and Phibbus carre shall shine from farre, and make & marre the foolish Fates. This was loftie. Now, name the rest of the Players. This is Hercules vaine, a tyrants vaine: A lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the Bellowes mender.

Flute. Here Peeter Quince.

Quin. Flute, you must take Thisby, on you.

Flute. What is Thisby? A wandering knight?

Quin. It is the Lady, that Pyramus must loue. (ming.

Flute. Nay faith: let not me play a woma: I have a beard c-o-

Quin. That's all ones: you shal play it in a Masket; and you may speake as small as you will.

Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too: Ile speake in a monstrous little voice; Thine, Thine, ah Pyramus, my lour deare, thy Thisby deare, & Lady deare.

Quin. No, no you must play Pyramus & Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceede, Quin. Robin Starveling, the Tailor?

Starveling. Here Peeter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.

B2
Tom Snowe, the Tinker?

Snout, Here Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus father; my selfe, Thisbe's father; Snugge, the joyner, you the Lyons part: And I hope here is a Play fitten.

Snug. Haue you the Lyons part written? Pray you, if it bee, giue it me for I am flowe of studie.

Quin. You may doe it, extempore: for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let mee play the Lyon to. I will roare, that I will doe any mans heart good to heare mee, I will roare, that I will make the Duke say; Let him roare againe: let him roare againe.

Quin. And you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Duchtess, and the Ladies, that they would shrike: and that were inough to hang vs all.

All. That would hang vs, every mothers sone.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you should fright the Ladies out of their wits, they would haue no more discretion, but to hang vs; but I will aggrauate my voice so, that I will roare you as gently, as any fucking doxe: I will roare you, and there any Nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Piramus: for Piramus is a sweete fact's man: a proper man as one shal see in a sommers day; a most louely gentleman like man: therefore you must needs play Piramus.

Bot. Well: I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why? what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it, in either your Straw colour beard, your Orange tawnie bearde, your purple in graine beard, or your french crowne colour beard, your perfit yellow.

Quin. Some of your french crownes haue no haire at all; and then you will play bare fact's. But maisters here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you
A Midsummer night's dream.

you, to con them by to morrow night: and mee et mee in the palace wood, a mile without the towne, by Moone-light; there will wee rehearse for if wee mee in the city, wee shal be dogd with company, and our deuises known. In the meane time, I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you faile me not.

Bot Wee will mee, & there we may rehearse most obsecrely, and coragiously. Take pains, bee persit: adieu.

Quiue. At the Dukes oke wee mee.

Bot. Enough: holde, or cut bowstring.

Exeunt.

If Enter a Fairie at one doore, and Robin goodfellow at another.

Rob. How now spirit, whither wander you?

Exeunt. Out hill, ouer dale, thorough bush, thorough brier, Out parke, ouer pale, thorough flood, thorough fire: I do wander ever where; swifter than the Moonsphere:

And I ferue the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs upon the The cowslippes tall her Pensioners bee, (greene, In their gold coats, spottes you see:

Those be Rubies, Fairie favours: In those freckles, liue their favours, I must goe seeke some dew droppes here, And hang a pearle in euer cowslippe care.

Farewell thou Lobbe of spirits: Ie begon.

Our Queene, and all her Elues come here anon.

Rob. The king doth keepe his Reuels here to night.

Take heede the Queene come not within his sight.

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath:

Because she, as her attendamt, hath

A louely boy stollen, from an Indian king:

She never had so sweete a changeling.

And jealous Oberon would haue the childe,

Knight of his traine, to trace the forrests wilde:

But shee, perforce, withholds the loued boy,

Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.

B3 And.
A Midsummer nighte's dreame.

And now, they never meete in greene, or greene,
By fountaine cleare, or spangled starlight theene,
But they doe square, that all their Elues, for feare,
Creepe into acorne cups, and hide them there.

Fa. Either I mistake your shape, and making, quite,
Or els you are that shrewde and knauish sprite,
Call'd Robin goodfellow. Are not you hee,
That frights the maidens of the Villagere,
Skim milke, and sometimes labour in the querne,
And bootleffe make the breathleffe huswife cherne,
And sometime make the drinke to beare no barme,
Misselead nightwanderers, laughing at their harmes.
Those, that Hobgoblin call you, and sweete Puck,
You doe their worke, and they shall haue good luck.
Are not you hee?

Rob. Thou speakest aright; I am that merry wanderer of
I leaft to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and beane-fed horse beguile;
Neyghing, in likenesse of a filly foole,
And sometime lurke I in a goffippes bole,
In very likenesse of a rosted crabbe.
And when she drinkes, against her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlop, poure the ale.
The wiseft aunt, telling the faddest tale,
Sometimes, for three foote foote, misstaketh mee;
Then flippe I from her bumme, downe topples she,
And tailour cryes, and falles into a coffe;
And then the whole Quire hould their hippes, and loffe,
And waxen in their myrth, and neece, and sweare
A merrier hower was never wasted there.
But roome Faery: here comes Oberon.

Fa. And here, my mistresse, Would that he were gon.

Enter the King of Fairies, at one doore, with his traine;
and the Queene, at another, with hers.

Oh. Ill met by moonelighet, proud Tyrian.
A Midsummer night's dream.

Qu. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy skippe hence.
I haue forsworne his bedde, and company.
Ob. Tarry, rash wanton, am not I thy Lord?
Qu. Then I must be thy Lady: but I know
When thou haft stolen away from Fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin, sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corne, and versing loue,
To amorous Philida, Why art thou here
Come from the farthest steppe of India?
But that, forsooth, the bounting Amason,
Your bulkinde mistresse, and your warriour loue,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come,
To giue their bedde, joy and prosperitie.
Ob. How canst thou thus, for shame, Tytania.
Glance at my credit, with Hippolita?
Knowing, I know thy loue to Theseus,
Didst not thou lead him through the glimmering night,
From Perigemia, whom he rauished?
And make him, with faire Eagles, breake his faith
With Ariadne, and Antiope?
Quee. These are the forgeries of jealoufies:
And never, since the middle Sommers spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forrest, or meade,
By paued fountaine, or by rushie brooke,
Or in the beached margent of the Sea,
To duncse our ringlets to the whiffling winde,
But with thy brawles thou haft disturbed our sport.
Therefore the windes, pyping to vs in vaine,
As in reuenge, have suckt vp, from the Sea,
Contagious fogges: which, falling in the land,
Hath every pelting riuer made so proude,
That they have overborne their Continents,
The Ox hath therefore stretched his yoake in vaine,
The Ploughman lost his sweat, and the greene corne
Hath rotted, ere his youth attainde a bearde:

B4 The
A Midsummer Night's Dream

The fold stands empty, in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murition flocke,
The nine mens Morris is sild vp with mudde:
And the queint Mazes, in the wanton greene,
For lacke of tread, are vn distinguishable.
The humane mortals want their winter heere
No night is now with hymne or caroll blest,
Therefore the Moone (the gouvernesse of floods)
Pal in her anger, washes all the aire;
That Rheumaticke diseas doe abound.
And thorough this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter, hoary headed frostes
Fall in the fresh lappe of the Crymson rose,
And on old Hymene chine and icy crowne,
An odorous Chaplet of Sweete Sommer buddes
Is, as in mockery, set The Spring, the Sommer,
The childing Autumn, angry Winter change
Their wonted Liueries; and the mazed worlde,
By their increase, now knowes not which is which;
And this same progeny of euils,
Comes from our debate, from our diffention;
We are their Parents and originall.

Oberon, Doe you amend it then, it lives in you.
Why should Titania crosse her Oberon?
I doe but begge a little Changeling boy,
To be my Hencman.

Queene. Set your heart at rest.
The Faerie Land buies not the childe of mee,
His mother was a Votresse of my order:
And in the spiced Indian water, by night,
Fell often hath she gossip, by my side,
And fat, with me on Neptune's yellow lands
Marking th'embarked traders on the flood;
When we haue laught to see the sailes conceaue,
And grow bigge belled, with the wanton winde;

Which
A Midsummer night's dream

Which she, with prettie, and with swimming gate,
Following her womb, then rich with my young squire
Would imitate, and saile upon the land,
To selee me trifles, and returne againe,
As from a voyage, rich with marchandise.
But she, being mortall, of that boy did dye,
And, for her sake, doe I reate vp her boy:
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Oh. How long, within this wood, intend you stay?

Quee. Perchaunce, till after Theseus wedding day.

If you will patiently daunce in our Round,
And see our Moonelitl Reuelles, goe with vs:

Oh. Give mee that boy, and I will goe with thee.

Quee. Not for thy Fairy kingdom. Fairies away.

We shall chide downeright, if I longer stay. Exeunt.

Oh. Well: goe thy way. Thou shalt not from this groue,
Till I torment thee, for this injury.

My gentle Pucke come hither: thou remembrest,
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a Mearenaide, on a Dolphins backe,
Vittering such dulcet and hermonious breath,
That the rude sea grewe ciuill at her song,
And certaine Starres shot madly from their Spharees,
To heare the Sea-maids musicke.

Puck. I remember.

Oh. That very time, I saw (but thou could'st not)
Flying betwixt the colde Moone and the earth,

Cupid's arm'd: a certaine aime he tooke
At a faire Vestall, throwned by west,
And loof'd his loue-shaft skillfully from his bowe,
As it should pearce a hundred thousand hearts:
But, I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench't in the shaft beames of the watry Moone:
And the imperiall Votresse passed on,
A Midsummer night's dream.

In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet mark I, where the bolt of Cupid fell.
It fell upon a little western flower;
Before, milke white; now purple, with loves wound,
And maidens call it, Love in idleness.
Fetch me that flower: the herbe I shewed thee once.
The juice of it, on sleeping eyelid's laide,
Will make or man or woman madly dote,
Upon the next living creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herbe, and be thou here again
Ere the Leviathan can swimme a league,
Put a girdle round about the earth, in forty minutes.

Oberon. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania, when she is a sleepe,
And droppe the liquor of it, in her eyes:
The next thing then she, waking, lookes upon
(But it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,
On medling Monky, or on busie Ape)
She shall pursuе it, with the soule of Loue.
And ere I take this charm, from of her sight
(As I can take it with another herbe)
I'll make her rendervp her Page, to mee,
But, who comes here? I am invisible,
And I will ouerheare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not; therefore pursue me not,
Where is Lysander, and faire Hermia?
The one Ile stay: the other stayeth me.
Thou toldst me, they were stolne vnto this wood:
And here am I, and wodde, within this wood:
Because I cannot meete my Hermia.
Hence, get the gone, and follow mee no more.

Hel. You draw mee, you hard hearted Adamant:
But yet you draw not Iron. For my heart
Is true as Steele, Leave you your power to draw,
And
A Midsummer night's dream.

And I shall have no power to follow you.

**Deme.** Doe I entise you? Doe I speake you faire?

Or rather do I not in plaines't truthe,

Tell you I doe not, nor I cannot loue you?

**Hele.** And euen, for that, doe I loue you, the more:

I am your Spaniel; and, **Demetrius,**
The more you beat mee, I will sawne on you.

Vse me but as your Spaniell : spurne me, strike mee,

Neglect mee, loose me : onely giue me leaue

(Unworthie as I am) to follow you,

What worser place can I begge, in your loue

(And yet, a place of high respect with mee)

Then to be vled as you vse your dogge.

**Deme.** Tempt not, too much, the hatred of my spirit.

For I am sick, when I do looke on thee.

**Hele.** And I am sick, when I looke not on you.

**Deme.** You doe impeach your modestie too much,

To leaue the citie, and commit your selfe,

Into the hands of one that loues you not,

To truistine the opportunitie of night,

And the ill counsell of a desert place,

With the rich worth of your virginie.

**Hel.** Your vertue is my pruilege : For that

It is not night, when I doe see your face.

Therefore, I thinke, I am not in the night,

Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company.

For you, in my respect, are all the world.

Then, how can it be saide, I am alone,

When all the world is here, to looke on mee?

**Deme.** Ile runne from thee, and hide me in the brakes,

And leaue thee to the mercy of wilde beastes.

**Hel.** The wildest hath not such a heart as you.

Runne when you will : The story shall be chaung'd:

**Apollo** flies and **Daphne** holds the chase:

**The Doe pursues the Griffon:** the milde Hinde

C 2 Make
A Midsummer nightes dreame.

Makes speede to catch the Tigre. Bootelesse speede,
When cowardise pursues, and valour flies.

Demet. I will not say thy questions, let me goe:
Or if thou followe mee, do not believe,
But I shall doe thee mischief, in the wood.

Hel. I, in the Temple, in the towne, the fielde,
You doe me mischief. Fy Demetrius.

Your wrongs doe set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for loue, as men may doe:
We should be wo'd, and were not made to wooe.
Ille follow thee and make a heauen of hell,
To dy upon the hand I loue so well.

Ob. Fare thee well Nymph. Ere he do leue this gourke,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seake thy loue.
Haft thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. I, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee giue it mee.

I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,
Where Oxlips, and the nodding Violet growes,
Quite overanop'd with lufhious woodbine,
With sweete muske roses, and with Eglantine:
There sleepees Tytania, sometime of the night,
Luld in these flowers, with daunces and delight:
And there the snake throwes her enamelled skinne,
Weed wide enough to wrappe a Fairy in,
and, with the iuyce of this, Ille freake her eyes,
and make her full of hatefull phantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seekethrough this gourke:
A sweete Athenian Lady is in loue,
With a disdainefull youth: anoint his eyes.
But doe it, when the next thing he espies,
May be the Ladie, Thou shalt know the man,
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care; that he may prove

More
A Midsommer nighte's dreame.

More fond on her, then she upon her loue;
And looke thou meete me ere the first Cocke crowe.

Pr. Feare not my Lord: your seruant shall do so. Exeunt,

Enter Tytania Queene of Fairies, with her traine.

Queene. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy song:
Then, for the third part of a minute hence,
Some to kill cankers in the musk rose buds,
Some warre with Reremise, for their lethen wings,
To make my small Elues coates, and some keepe backe
The clamorous Owle, that nightly hootes and wonders
At our queint spirits: Sing me now a sleepe:
Then to your offices, and let mee rest:

Fairies sing.

You spotted Snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny Hedgehogges be not seene,
Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong,
Come not neere our Fairy Queene.

Philomele, with melody,
Sing in our sweete Lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Neuer harme, nor spell, nor charme,
Come our louely lady nigh,
So good night, with lullaby.

1. Fai. Weawing Spiders come not heere:
Hence you long legd Spinners, hence:
Beetles blacke approach not neere:
Worme nor snaille doe no offence.

Philomele with melody, &c.

2. Fai. Hence away: now all is well:
One aloofe, stand Centinell.

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
Doe it for thy true loue take:
Loue and languish for his sake.
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,

Pard,
A Midsummer night's dreame.

Pard, or Boare with bristled haire,
In thy eye that shall appere,
When thou wak'ft, it is thy deare:
Wake, when some vile thing is neere.

Enter Lyfander: and Hermia.

Lyf. Faire love, you fainte, with wandring in the wood:
And to speake troth I haue forgot our way.
Weele rest vs Hermia, if you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Bet it so Lysander: finde you out a bedde:
For I, vpon this banke, will rest my head.

Lyf. One turfe shall serve, as pillow, for vs both,
One heart, one bedde, two bosomes, and one troth.

Her. Nay god Lysander: for my sake, my deere
Ly further off, yet; doe not lye so neere.

Lyf. O take the sense, sweete, of my innocence.
Louve takes the meaning, in loues conference,
I meane that my heart vnto yours it knit;
So that but one heart wee ean make of it:
Two bosomes interchained with an oath:
So then two bosomes, and a single troth.
Then, by your side, no bed-roome me deny:
For lying so, Hermia, I doe not lye.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily.
Now much beshrewe my manners, and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lyed.
But gentle friend, for love and curtesie,
Ly further off, in humane modesty:
Such separation, as may well be said
Becomes a vertuous bachelet, and a maide,
So farre be distant, and good night sweete friend:
Thy louse nere alter till thy sweete life end.

Lyf. Amen, amen, to that faire prayer, say I,
And then end life, when I end loyalty,
Hecate my bed; sleepe, give thee all his rest.

Vvith
A Midsommernightes dreame.

_Her._ With halfe that wish, the wifhes eyes be prest.

_Enter Pucke._

_Puck._ Through the forreft haue I gone.
But _Athenian_ found I none,
On whose eyes I might approoe
This flowers force in stirring loue.
_Night and silence._ Who is heere?
Weedes of _Athens_ he doth weare:
This is hee (my master saide)
Defpise the _Athenian_ maide:
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the danke and dirty ground.
Pretty fowle, she durft not lye,
Neere this lack-loue, this kil-curtesie.
Churle, vpon thy eyes I throwe
All the power this charmde doth owe:
When thou wakft, let loue forbidde
Sleep, his seat, on thy eye lidde.
So awake, when I am gon:
For I must now to _Oberon_.

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

_Dem._ Stay; though thou kill mee, sweete _Demetrius._

_Hel._ I charge thee hence, and doe not haunt mee thus.

_Dem._ O, wilt thou darkling leave me? doe not so,

_Hel._ Stay, on thy perill: I alone will goe.

_Dem._ O, I am out of breath, in this fond chafe,
The more my prayer, the leffer is my grace.
Happie is _Hermia_, wherefoere she lies:
For the hath blessed, and attractue eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt teares.
If so, my eyes are ofter washt then hers.
No, no: I am as vgly as a Beare:
For beasts that meete mee, runne away, for feare.
Therefore, no maruaile, though _Demetrius_ 

_Dem._ Doe, as a monster, fly my presence, thus.

_C4_ What
A Midsummer night's dream.

What wicked and dissembling glasfe of mine.
Made me compare with Hermia's spher' eyen!
But, who is here? Lysander, on the ground?
Dead, or a sleepe? I see no blood, no wound.
Lysander, if you live, good sir awake.

Lys. and runne through fire, I will for thy sweete sake.
Transparent Helena, nature shewes arte,
That through thy bosome, makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? Oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perish on my swordes!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander, lay not so,
What though he loue your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia Hall loues you : then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia? No: I doe repent
The tedious minutes, I with her haue spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena I loue.

V.Vho will not change a Rauen for a doue?
The will of man is by his reason swa'd:
And reason saies you are the worthier maide.
Things growing are not ripe, vntill their season:
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason,
And touching now, the pomm of humane skill,
Reason becomes the Marshall to my will,
And leads mee to your eyes; where I orclooke
Loues stories, written in loues richest booke.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scome?
If not enough, ift not enough, young man,
That I did never, no nor never can,
Derve a sweete looke from Demetrius eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth you doe mee wrong (good troth you doe)
In such disdainfull manner, mee to wooe.
But, fare you well : perforce, I must confesse,
I thought you Lord of more true gentleness.
A Midsummer night's dream.

O, that a Lady of one man resus'd,
Should, of another, therefore be absu'd!       Exit.

Lys. She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleepest thou there?
And never maist thou come Lysander neere.
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing, to the stomach brings:
Or, as the heresies, that men doe leaue,
Are hated most of those they did deceive:
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresie,
Of all been hated, but the most of mee.
And all my powers address your love and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her knight.       Exit.

Her. Help me, Lysander, help mee: do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my brest.
Ay mee, for pittie: What a dreame was here?
Lysander looke, how I doe quake with feare.
Me thought, a serpent eate my heart away,
And you late smiling at his cruell pray.
Lysander what, remou'd? Lysander, Lord,
What, out of hearing, gon? No sound, no word?
Alacke where are you? Speake, and if you heare;
Speake, of all loues. I 'swoune almost with feare.
No, then I well perceiue, you are not ny:
Either death, or you, I finde immediately.       Exit.

Enter the Clowns.

Bot. Are wee all met?
Quin. Pat, pat: and heres a maruailes convenient place,
for our rehearsal. This greene plot shall be our stage, this
hauorne brake our tyring house, and wee will doe it in
action, as wee will doe it before the Duke.
Bot. Peeter Quince?
Quin. What saiest thou, bully, Bottom?
Bot. There are things in this Comedy, of Pyramus and
Thisby, that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw
a sword, to kill himselfe; which the Ladies cannot abide.

How
A Midsommer nightes dreame.

How answere you that?

_Snout._ Brolakin, a parlous feare.

_Star._ I beleue, we must leaue the killing, out, when all is done.

_Bott._ Not a whit; I haue a deuise to make all well. Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue feeme to say; we wil do no harme, with our swords, and that Pyramus is not kild indeede: and for the more better assurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put them out of feare.

_Quin._ Well: wee will haue such a Prologue, and it shall be written in eight and fix.

_Bott._ No: make it two more: let it be written in eight & eight.

_Snout._ Will not the ladies be afeard of the Lyon?

_Star._ I feare it, I promife you.

_Bott._ Masters, you ought to consider with your selfe, to bring in (God shilde vs ) a Lyon among Ladies, is a most dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull wilde soule then your Lyon liuing: & we ought to looke totoe.

_Sno._ Therfore, another Prologue must tel, he is not a Lion.

_Bott._ Nay: you must name his name, and halfe his face must be seene through the Lions necke, and he him selfe must speake through, saying thus, or to the fame defecl; Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wish you, or I would requet you, or I wold intreat you, not to feare, not to treble: my life for yours. If you thinke I come hither as a Lyon, it were pittie of my life. No: I am no such thing: I am a man as other men are: & there indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snugge, the loyner.

_Quin._ Well: it shalbe so: but there is two hard things: that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meete by Moone-light

_Sn._ Doth the Moone shine, that night, we play our Play?

_Bott._
A Midsummer night's dream.

Bo. A Calender, a Calender: looke in the Almanack finde out Moone-shine, finde out Moone-shine.

Quin. Yes: it doth shine that night.

Cer. Why then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window (where we play) open; and the Moone may shine in at the casement.

Quin. I: or else one must come in, with a bush of thorns, & a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present the person of Moone-shine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber: for Pyramus & Thisby (saieth the story) did talk through the chink of a wall.

Sno. You can never bring in a wall. What say you Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some lome, or some rough cast, about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus: and through that crany, shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit downe euerethy mothers sonne, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you beginne: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that Brake, and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Robin

Ro. What hempen homelpunnes have we swagging here, So neere the Cradle of the Fairy Queene?

What, a play toward? Ile be an Auditor,

An Actor to perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speake Pyramus: Thisby stand forth.

Pyra. Thisby the flowers of odious sauours sweete.

Quin. Odours, odorous.

Py. Odours sauours sweete.

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby deare,

But hark, a voice: say thou but heere a while,

And by and by I will to thee appeare. Exit.

Quin. A stranger Pyramus, then ere played heere,

This. Must I speake now?
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Quin. I marry must you, for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise, that he heard, and is to come again.

Thy. Most radiant Pyramus, most lillie white of hue, Of colour like the red rose, on triumphant bryer, Most briskly Iuuenall, and eke most louely Iewe, As true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre, He meeteth hee Pyramus, at Ninnies tumbe.

Quin. Ninus tumbe, man. Why? you must not speake That yet, That you answere to Pyramus. You speake At your part at once, cues, and all. Pyramus, enter: your cue is past: It is; neuer tire.

Thy. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre.

Py. If I were faire, Thyby, I were onely thine.

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! We are haunted. Pray masters fly masters; helpe.

Rob. Ile follow you: Ile leade you about a Round,

Through bogge, through bush, through brake, through

Sometime a horse Ile be, sometime a hound, (bryer:

A hogge, a headelefe Beare, sometime a fier,

And neigh, and barke, and grunte, and rore, and bume,

Like horse, hound, hogge, beare, fire, at euery tumne. Exit.

Bot. Why do they runne away? This is a knauery of them to make meafeard,

Enter Snowte.

Sn. O Bottom, thou art chaung'd. What do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? You see an Asse head of your owne. Do you?

Enter Quince. (Exit.

Quin. Bless thee Bottom, bless thee. Thou art translated.

Bot. I see their knauery. This is to make an asse of mee, to

fright me, if they could: but I wil not stirre from this place
do what they can, I will walske vp and downe heere, and

will sing that they shall heare I am not afaide.

The Woosell cock, so blacke of hue,

With Orange cawny bill,

The
A Midsommer nightes dreame.

The Throstle, with his note so true,
The Wren, with little quill.

_Tyta._ What Angeli wakes me from my flowry bed?

_Bott._ The Fynch, the Sparowe, and the Larke,
The plainsong Cuckow gray:

Who's note, full many a man doth marke,
And dares not answere, nay,

For indeede, who would let his wit to so foolish a birde?

Who would giue a bird the ly, though hee cry Cuckow, neuer so?

_Tyta._ I praye thee, gentle mortall, sing againe.

Myne eare is much enamoured of thy note:

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,

And thy faire vettues force (perforce) doth move me,

On the first viewe to say, to sweare, I love thee.

_Bott._ Me thinks mistresse, thou shouldst haue little reason

for that. And yet, to say the truth, reason and love kepe little company togethers, now a daies. The more the pitty,

that some honest neighbours will not make them friends.

Nay I can gleake, upon occasion.

_Tyta._ Thou art as wife, as thou art beautilfull.

_Bott._ Not so neither: but if I had wit enough to get out

of this wood, I haue enough to serve mine owe turne.

_Tyta._ Out of this wood, doe not desire to goe:

Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no,

I am a spirit, of no common rate:

The Sommer, still, doth tend upon my state,

And I do love thee: therefore goe with mee.

He giue thee Fairies to attend on thee:

And they shall fetch thee jewelles, from the deepe,

And sing, while thou, on pressed flowers, dost sleepe:

And I will purge thy mortall groffenesse so,

That thou shalt, like an ayery spirit, goe.

Pease-blossome, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seede

_Enter some Fairyes._

D 3 Fai-
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Faries. Readie; and I, and I, and I. Where shall we goe?
Tita. Bekinde and curteous to this gentleman,
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eyes,
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, greene figges, and Mulberries,
The honie bagges steale from the humble Bees,
And for night tapers, croppe their waxen thighes,
To have my loue to bedde, and to arise,
And pluck the wings, from painted Butterflies,
To fanne the Moone-beames from his sleepeing eyes,
Nod to him Elues, and doe him curtseies.

1. Fai. Haile mortall, haile.
Bot. I cry your worshipes mercy, hartily: I beseech your worshippes name.

Cob. Cobwebbe.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bolde with you, Your name honest gentleman?

Pease. Pease-blossome.

Bot. I pray you commend mee to mistresse Squat, your mother, and to master Peasod, your father. Good master Pease-blossome, I shall desire you of more acquaintance, to. Your name I beseech you sir?

Must. Mustardseed.

Bot. Good master Mustardseed, I know your patience well. That same cowardly, gyantlike, Ox-beefe hath de-noued many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water, ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good master Mustardseed.

Tita. Come waite vpon him: leade him to my bower.
The Moone, methinkes, lookes with a warye eye: And when shee weepes, weepes euery little flower.

Lamen...
A Midsummer nightes dreame.

Lamenting some enforced chastitie,
Ty vp my louers tongue, bring him silently Exit.

Enter King of Fairies, and Robin goodfellow.

Ob. I wonder if Titania be awak't;
Then what it was, that next came in her eye,
Which she must doe on, in extreamitie.
Here comes my messenger. How now, mad spirit?
What nightrule now about this haunted ground?

Puck. My mistrefle with a monster is in loue,
Neere to her close and consecrated bower.
While she was in her dull, and sleepeing howe,
A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,
That worke for bread, vpon Athenian stalles,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus nuptial day:
The shalowest thickskinne, of that barraine sort,
Who Pyramus presentted, in their sport,
Forfooke his Scene, and entred in a brake,

When I did him at this advantage take:
An Asses nole I fixed on his head.
Anon his Theseus must be answered,
And forth my Minnick comes, When they him spy,
As wilde geese, that the creeping Foulereye,
Or ruffet pated coughes, many in sort
(Ryng, and cawing, at the gunnes report)
Sueur themselues, and madly sweepe the sky:
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly,
And at our stampe, here ore and ore, one falles:
He murther cryes, and helpe from Athens cals
Their sense, thus weake, loxt with their feares, thus strong
Made senflesse things begin to doe them wrong
For, briers and thornes, at their apparell, snatch:
Some sleuues, some hats; from yeelders, all things catch,
I led them on, in this distracted seare,
And left sweete Pyramus translated there:

D 4

When
A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

When in that moment (so it came to passe)

\[Tytaalia\] wak't, and straight way lou'd an Asle.

\[Ob\]. This falles out better, then I could devise,

But haft thou yet latcht the Athenian eyes,

With the loue iuice, as I did bid thee doe?

\[Rob\]. I tooke him sleeping (that is finisht to)

And the Athenian woman, by his side;

That when he wak't, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia,

\[Ob\]. Stand close: this is the same Athenian.

\[Rob\]. This is the woman: but not this the man.

\[Demet. O\]. Why rebufk you him, that loues you so?

Lay breath so bitter, on your bitter foe,

\[Her\]. Now I but chide: but I should see thee worse,

For thou (I feare) haft given me cause to curse.

If thou hast slaine \[Lysander\], in his sleepe;

Being ore shooes in blood, plunge in the deepe, & kill mee.

The Sunne was not so true vnto the day,

As hee to mee. Would hee haveftollen away,

Frow sleeping \[Hermia\]? He beleue, as soone.

This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the Moone

May through the Center crepe, and to displease

Her brothers noontide, with th' \[Antipodes\].

It cannot be, but thou haft murdred him.

So should a murtherer looke; so dead, so grimme.

\[Dem\]. So should the murthered looke, and so should I.

Pearlst through the heart, with your sterne cruelty,

Yet you, the murtherer, looke as bright, as cleere,

As yonder \[Venus\], in her glimmering spheare.

\[Her\]. Whatsthis to my \[Lysander\]? Where is hee?

Ah good \[Demetrius\], wilt thou give him mee?

\[Dem\]. I had rather give his carcasse to my hounds.

\[Her\]. Out dog, out curre: thou drin'ft me past the bounds

Of maidens patience. Haft thou flaine him then?

Henceforth be neuer numbred among men.

O,
A Midsommer nigthes dreame.

O, once tell true: tell true, even for my sake:
Durft thou haue looke t vnpon him, being awake?
And haft thou kin’d him, sleeping? O brave rutch?
Could not a worme, an Adder do so much?
An Adder did it: For with doubler tongue
Then thyne (thou serpent) neuer Adder flung.

Demes. You spende your passion, on a mispris’d mood;
I am not guilty of Lynders bloode:
Nor is he deade, for ought that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell mee then, that he is well.

De. And if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A priuiledge, neuer to see mee more:
And from thy hated presence part I: see me no more;
Whether he be dead or no.

Exit.

Demes. There is no following her in this fierce vaine.
Heere therefore, for a while, I will remaine.
So sorowes heauinesse doth heauier growe.
For debt that bankrount flippes that sorrow owes:
Which now in some flight measure it will pay;
If for his tender here I make some stay, Lydoune.

Ob. What haft thou done? Thou haft mistaken quite,
And laied the loue iuice on some true loues sight.
Of thy misprison, must perforce ensue
Some true loue turnt, and not a false turnt true.

Robi. Then fate one rules, that one man holding troth,
A million faile, confounding oath on oath.

Ob. About the wood, goe swifter than the winde,
And Helena of Athens looke thou finde.
All fancy sicke she is and pale of cheere,
With highes of loue, that costs the fresh blood deare.
By some illusion see thou bring her here:
Ile charme his eyes, against she doe appeare,

Robin, I goe, I goe, looke how I goe.
Swifter then arrow, from the Tartars bowe.

Ob. Flower of this purple dy,
A midsummer night's dream.

Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye,
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Begge of her, for remedy.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Captaine of our Fairy band,
Helena is here at hande,
And the youth, mislooke by mee,
Pleading for a louers fee
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what foolest these mortals bee!
Oh, Stand aside. The noys, they make,
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two, at once, woe one:
That must needs be sport alone.
And those things do best please mee,
That befall preposterously.

Enter Lysander, and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think, that I should woe in scorne?
Scorne, and derision, never come in teares.
Looke when I vow, I wepe: and vowes so borne,
In their natuuitie all truth appeares,
How can these things, in mee, seeme scorne to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to prooue them true,

Hel. You doe advance your cunning, more, and more.
When trueth killes trueth, o diuelish holy fray!
These vowes are Hermias, Will you giue her ore?
Weigh oath, with oath, and you will nothing waigh.
Your vowes to her, and mee (put in two scales)
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgement, when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my minde, now you giue her ore.

Lys.
A Midsummer night's dream.

Lyf. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
Deme. O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect divine,
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eye?
Chriftall is muddy. O, how ripe, in showe,
Thy lippes, those kissing cherries, tempting growe;
That pure conicled white, high Taurus now,
Fand with the Easterne wende, turnes to a crowe,
When thou holdest vp thy hand, O let me kisse
This Princessse of pure white, this scale of blisse.

Hel. O spight! O hell! I see, you all are bent
To set against mee, for your merriment,
If you were civill, and knew cortesse,
You would not doe mee thus much injury.
Can you not hate mee, as I know you doe,
But you must ioyne, in soules, to mock mee to?
If you were men, as men you are in showe,
You would not use a gentle Lady so.
To vows, and sweare, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure, you hate mee with your hearts.
You both are Rivalles, and love Hermia;
And now both Rivalles, to mock Helena.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure teares vp, in a poore maides eyes,
With your derision None, of noble sort,
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poore soules patience, all to make you sport.

Lyfand. You are vnkinde, Demetrius: be not so.
For you love Hermia: this you know I know
And heare, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermias love I yeeld you vp my part:
And yours of Helena, to mee bequeath:
Whom I doe love, and will do till my death.

Hel. Neuer did mockers waste more idle breath.
Deme. Lyfander, keepe thy Hermia: I will none.
If ere I lou'd her, all that love is gone.
A Midlommer nightes dreame.

My heart to her, but as guestwife, sojourn:
and now to Helen, is it home return'd,
There to remaine.

Lyf, Helen, it is not so.
Dame, Disparage not the faith, thou dost not know;
Left to thy peril, thou aby it deare.
Looke where thy love comes: yonder is thy deare.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Darke night, that from the eye, his function takes,
The eare more quicke of apprehension makes.
Wherein it doth impaire the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not, by myne eye, Lyfander, found:
Mine eare, I thanke it, brought me to thy found.

But why, vnkindly, didst thou leaue mee so?

Lyf. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?
Her. What love could press Lyfander, from my side?

Lyf. Lyfanders love (that would not let him bide)
Faire Helena: who more engilds the night
Then all von fiery oes, and eyes of light.

Why seekst thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made mee leaue thee so?

Her. You speake not as you thinke: it cannot bee.

Hel. Lo: she is one of this confederacy.

Now I perceive, they have conyond all three,
To fashion this false sport, in sight of mee.

Injurious Hermia, most vngracefull maide,
Haue you conspir'd, haue you with these contriu'd
To baite mee, with this soule derision?
Is all the counsell that we two haue shaw'd,
The sisters vowes, the howers that we haue spent,
When we haue chid the hastie footed time,

For parting vs; O, is all forgot?

All schooldaies, friendhippe, childhood innocence?

VVe, Hermia, like two artificiall gods,

Haue
A Midsummer night's dream.

Have with our needles, created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voyces, and mindes
Had bin incorporate. So we grewe together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet an union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stemme:
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first life coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our auncient loue asunder,
To ioynne with men, in scorninge your poore friend?
It is not friendly, tis not maidenly.
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone doe feele the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your words:
I scorn you not, It seemes that you scorn mee.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow mee, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other loue, Demetrius
(Who euen but now did spurne mee with his foote)
To call mee goddesse, nymph, diuine, and rare,
Prettious celestiall? Wherefore speakes he this,
To her he hates? And wherfore doth Lysander
Deny your loue (so rich within his soule)
And tender mee (forsooth) affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What, though I be not fo in grace as you,
So hung vpon with loue, so fortunate?
(But miserable most, to loue vnlove)
This you shou'd pittie, rather then despise.

Her. I understand not, what you meane by this,

Hel. I doe, Perseuer, counterfaiit sad lookes:
Make mouthes vpon mee, when I turne my back:

Wink
A Midsummer Night's Dream

Winke each at other, holde the sweete ieafe vp.
This sport well carried, shall bee chronicled.
If you have any pitty, grace, or manners,
You would not make mee such an argument.
But fare ye well: tis partly my owne fault:
Which death, or absence soone shall remedy.

Lyf. Stay, gentle Helena: heare my excule,
My loue, my life, my soule, faire Helena.

Hel. O excellent!

Herm. Sweete, doe not scorne her so.
Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compell.
Lyf. Thou canst compell no more, then she intreat.

Thy threatshaue no more strengthe then her weake praise.

Hel. I love thee, by my life I doe:
If sweare by that which I will loose for thee;
To prooue him false, that saies I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more then he can do.

Lyf. If thou say so, withdrawe, and prooue it to.

Dem. Quick come.

Herm. Lyfander, whereto tends all this?

Lyf. Away, you Ethiope.

Dem. No, no: heele

Seeme to breake loose: take on as you would follow;
But yet come not. You are a tame man, go.

Lyf. Hang of thou eate, thou bur: vile thing let loose;
Or I will shake thee from mee, like a serpent.

Herm. Why are you growne so rude? What change is this,

Sweete loue?

Lyf. Thy loue? Out tawny Tartar, out:
Out loathed medine: o hated potion hence.

Hel. Doe you not ieafe?

Herm. Yes soothe: and so doe you.

Lyf. Demetrius, I will kepe my word, with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond, For I perceiue,
A weake bond holds you, Ile not trust your word.
A Midsummer nightes dreame.

Lys. What? should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, Ie not harme her so,
her. What? Can you do me greater harme, then hate?
Hate mee, wherefore? O me, what newes, my loue?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as faire now, as I was ere while.
Since night, youlou'd mee; yet since night, you left mee,
Why then, you left mee (o the gods forbid)

In earneft, shall I say?
Lys. 1, by my life:
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt:
Be certaine: nothing truer: tis no lyceit
That I doe hate thee, and loue Helena.
her. O mee, you juggler, you canker blossom,
You theefe of loue: what, haue you come by night,
And stolne my loues heart, from him?
Hel. Fine, I faith.
Haue you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you teare
Impatient answeres, from my gentle tongue?
Fy, fy, you counterfeit, you puppet, you,
her. Puppet? Why so? 1, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare,
Betwenee our flatures, she hath vrg'd her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,
she height(forfooth) she hath preuailed with him.
And are you growne so high in his esteeeme,
Because I am so dawrislish and so lowe?
how lowe am 1, thou painted May-pole?Speake:
how lowe am 1? I am not yet so lowe,
But that my nailes can reach vnto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you, though you mocke me, gentleman,
Let her not hurt me, I was never curst:
I haue no gift at all in shrewdnesse;
I am a right maid, for my cowardize;
Let her not strike mee. You perhaps, may thinke,
Because she is something lower then my selfe,
That I can match her.

_Her._ Lower! harke againe.
_Hel._ Good _Hermia_, do not be so bitter with mee,
I euermore did loue you _Hermia_,
Did euery keepe your counsels, never wrongd you;
Saue that in loue, vnto _Demetrius_,
I told him of your stealth vnto this wood.
He followed you: for loue, I followed him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned mee
To strike mee, spurne mee; nay to kill mee to.
And now, so you will let me quiet goe,
To Athenes will I beare my folly backe,
And follow you no further, Let me goe.
You see how simple, and how fond I am,
_Herm._ Why? get you gon. Who ist that hinders you?
_Hel._ A foolish heart, that I leaue here behind.
_Her._ What, with _Lysander_?
_Lysi._ Be not afraid: she shall not harme thee _Helena_.
_Deme._ No sir: she shall not, though you take her part.
_Hel._ O, when she is angry, she is keene and shrewd,
She was a vixen, when she went to schoole:
And though she be but little, she is fierce.
_Her._ Little againe? Nothing but low and little?
Why will you suffer her to floute me thus?
Let me come to her.
_Lysi._ Get you gon, you dwarfe;
You _minimus_, of hindring knot graffe, made;
You bead, you acomne.
_Deme._ You are too officious,
In her behalfe, that scornes your services.
Let her alone; speake not of _Helena_,

_Take_
A Midsummer night's dreame.

Taking her part. For if thou dost intend
Never so little she we of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

*Lyf.* Now she holds me not:
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in *Helena*.

*Dem.* Follow? Nay: I'll go with thee, checke by iowle.

*her.* You, mistresse, all this coyle is long of you.

*Nay; goe not backe.*

*hel.* I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer flay in your curt company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray:

*her.* My legges are longer though, to runne away.

Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in *Helena*.

*Dem.* Follow? Nay: I'll go with thee, checke by iowle.

*her.* You, mistresse, all this coyle is long of you.

*Nay; goe not backe.*

*hel.* I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer flay in your curt company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray:

*her.* My legges are longer though, to runne away.

Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in *Helena*.

*Dem.* Follow? Nay: I'll go with thee, checke by iowle.

*her.* You, mistresse, all this coyle is long of you.

*Nay; goe not backe.*

*hel.* I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer flay in your curt company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray:

*her.* My legges are longer though, to runne away.

Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in *Helena*.

*Dem.* Follow? Nay: I'll go with thee, checke by iowle.

*her.* You, mistresse, all this coyle is long of you.

*Nay; goe not backe.*
A Midsummer night's dream.

Then crush this hearbe into Lysanders eye;
Whose liquor hath this vertuous property,
To take from thence all errore, with his might,
And make his eyebalsroule with wonted light.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seeme a dreame, and fruitelesse vision,
And backe to Athens shall the louers wend,
With league, whose date, till death shall neuer end.
Whiles I, in this affaire, doe thee imploie,
Ile to my Queene and beg her Indian boy:
And then I will her charmed eye releas.
From monsters viewe, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My Fajery Lord, this must be done with haste.
For nights swift Dragons cut the clouds ful full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger:
At whose approach, Ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troope home to Churchyards; damned spirits all;
That in crosse waies and floods haue burial.
Already to their wormy beds are gone:
For seare leaft day should looke their shames vpon,
They wilfully themselues exile from light.
And must for aye confort with black browed night.

Ober. But we are spirits of another sort,
I, with the mornings love, haue oft made sport,
And like a forester, the groues may tread
Euen till the Easterne gate all fiery red,
Opening on Neptune, with faire blessed beames,
Turnes into yellow golde, his salt greene streams.
But notwithstanding, haste, make no delay:
We may effect this businesse, yet ere day.

Pu. Vp & down, vP & down, I will lead them vP & down.
I am feared in field & town. Goblin, lead them vP & downe.
Here comes one. Enter Lyfander.

Lyf. Where art thou, proud Demetrius! Speak thou now.
Rob. Here villain, drawne & ready. Where art thou?

Lyf.
A Midsummer night's dream

I will be with thee straight.

Follow me then to plainer ground.

Enter Demetrius.

Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?

Speake in some bush, Where doest thou hide thy head?

Thou coward art thou bragging to the stars,

Telling the bushes that thou lookst for warres,

And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childe,

Ile whippe thee with a rodde. He is desil'd,

That draws a sword on thee.

Yea, art thou there?

Follow my voice: weele try no manhood here. Exeunt.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on;

When I come where he calleth, then he is gon.

The villain is much lighter heel'd than I;

I followed fast: but faster he did fly;

That fallen am I in darke vnauen way,

And here will rest me. Come thou gentle day.

For if but once, thou shewe me thy gray light,

Ile finde Demetrius, and revenge this spight.

Robin, and Demetrius.

Coward, why com'st thou not?

Abide me, if thou dar'st. For well I wot,

Thou runst before me, shifting every place,

And dar'st not stand, nor looke me in the face,

Where art thou now?

Come hither: I am here.

Nay then thou mock'st me. Thou that buy this dear,

If ever I thy face by day light see.

Now, go to thy way. Faintnesse constraineth mee,

To measure out my length, on this cold bed:

By daies approach looke to be visited.

Enter Helena.

O weary night, O long and tedious night,

Abate
Abate thy houres, shine comforts, from the east;
That I may backe to Athens, by day light,
From these that my poore company detest:
And sleepe, that sometimes shews vp sorrowes eye,
Steale mee a while from mine owne company.  

Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kindes makes vp sower.
Hear the sees comes, curst and sadde.
Cupid is a knauff ladde,
Thus to make poore females madde.

Her. Neuer so weary, neuer so in woe,
Be dabbled with the dew, and torne with briers:
I can no further crawlne, no further goe:
My legges can keepe no pase with my desires.
Here will I rest mee, till the breake of day:
Heauens shield Lyfander, if they meane a fray.

Rob. On the ground, sleepe sound:
Yle apply your eye, gentle louer, remedy.
When thou wak'lt, thou tak'lt
True delight, in the sight, of thy former ladies eye:
And the country proverbe knowne,
That euery man (hould take his owne,
In your waking shall be shewn,
Jacke shall have sill: nought shall goe ill:
The man shall have his mare again, & all shall be well.

Enter Queene of Faieries, and Clowne, and Faieries: and
the king behind them...

Tit. Come sit thee downe upon this flowry bed,
While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,
And stick musk roses in thy sleeke smooth head,
And kisse thy faire large ears, my gentle joy.

Clown. Where's Pease-blossome?
Pea. Ready,
Clown. Scratch my head, Pease-blossome. Wher's Moun-
sficur Cobweb? Cob. Ready,

Clo.
A Midsummer Night's Dream

Clo. Mounsieur Cobweb, good Mounsieur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red hipt Humle Bee, on the topp of a thistle: and good Mounsieur, bring me the honie bagge. Doe not fret your selfe too much, in the action, Mounsieur: and good Mounsieur haue a care, the honie bagge breake not. I wold be loath to haue you over flown with a honibag signior. Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed? Must. Readie.

Clo. Give me your neafe. Mounsieur Mustardseede. Pray you, leave your curtifie, good Mounsieur,

Must. What's your will?

Clo. Nothing good Mounsieur, but to helpe Caualery Cobwebbe, to scratch. I must to the Barbers, Mounsieur. For me thinkes I am maruailes hairy about the face, And I am such a tender Asse, if my haire doe but tickle mee, I must scratch.

Tisa. What wilt thou haue some musique, my sweete loue?

Clo. I haue a reasonable good care in musique. Let haue the tongs, and the bones.

Tyta. Or, say sweete loue, what thou desires to eate.

Clo. Truely a pecke of proouander. I could mouche your good dry Oates. Methinkes, I haue a great desire to a bottle of hay. Good hay, sweete hay hath no fellow. (hoord,

Ty. I haue a venturous Fairy, that shall seke the Squirils And seckethe newe nuts.

Clo. I had rather haue a handfull, or two of dried pease. But, I pray you: let none of your people stirs me: I haue an exposition of sleepe come vpon mee.

Tyta. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my armees, Fairies be gon, and be alwaies away. So doth the woodbine, the sweete Honisuckle,

Gently entwist: the female luy fo

Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme,
now I love thee! how I dote on thee!

Enter Robin goodfellow.

Ob. Welcome good Robin. See'st thou this sweete sight
Her dotage now I doe beginne to pittie.
For meeting her of late, behinde the wood,
Seeking sweete favours for this hatefull foole,
I did vpbraid her, and fall out with her.
For she his hairy temples then had rounded,
With coronet offresh and fragrant flowers.
And that same deawe which sometime on the buddes,
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearles;
Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes,
Like teares, that did their owne disgrace bewaile.
When I had, at my pleasure, sauntered her,
And she, in milde tearmes, begd my patience,
I then did ask of her, her changeling childe:
Which strait she gaue mee, and her Fairy sent
To bore him, to my bower, in Fairie land.
And now I haue the boy, I will vndoe
This hatefull imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalpe,
From of the heade of this Athenian swaine;
That hee, awaking when the other do,
May all to Athen backe againe repaire,
And thinke no more of this nights accidents,
But as the fearce vexation of a dreame.
But first I will release the Fairy Queene.
Be, as thou waft wont to bee:
See, as thou waft wont to see.
Dianes budde, or Cupids flower,
Hath such force, and blessed power.
Now, my Titania, wake you, my sweete Queene.
Tita, My Oberon, what visions haue I seen?
Me thought I was enamourd of an Asle.
Ob. There lyes your loue.

Tita.
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Tita. How came these things to passe?
O, how mine eyes doth loath his visage now!

Ob. Silence a while. Robin, take off this head;

Titania, musicke call, and strike more dead
Then common sleepe: of all these, fine the sense.

Ti. Musicke, howe musicke; such as charmeth sleepe, (peepe,

Rob. Now, when thou wakest, with thine own fools eyes

Ob. Sound Musick: come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rocke the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now, thou and I are new in amitie,
And will to morrow midnight, solemnly
Daunce, in Duke Theseus house triumphantly,
And bless it to all faire prosperitie,
There shall the paires of faithfull lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in iollitie.

Rob. Fairy King, attend, and marke:
I do heare the morning Larke.

Ob. Then my Queene, in silence sad,
Trippe we after nights shade:
We, the Globe, can compass soone,
Swifter then the wandring Moone.

Tita. Come my Lord, and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals on the ground,

Enter Theseus and all his traine.

The, Goe one of you, finde out the forrester:
For now our observation is performde,
And since we haue the vaward of the day,
My loue shall heare the musicke of my hounds.
Uncouple, in the western vallie, let them goe:
Dispatch I say, and finde the forrester,
Wee will, faire Queene, vp to the mountaines toppe,
And marke the musicall confusion
Of hounds and Echo in conjunction.

Exeunt.

Winde borne,

Hippol.
A Midsommer nightes dreame.

_Hip._ I was with Hercules and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bayed the Beare,
With hounds of Sparta: neuer did I heare
Such gallant chiding. For besides the groues,
The skyes, the fountains, euerie region neare
Seeme all one mutuall cry. I neuer heard
So musickall a discord, such sweete thunder.

_Thees._ My hounds are bred out of the Spartane kinde:
So flew'd, so landed: and their heads are hung
With eares, that swepe away the morning deawe,
Crooke kneed, and deawlapd, like Thessalian Bulls:
Slowie in purfuit; but matchd in mouth like bels,
Each ynder each. A cry more tunable
Was neuer hollowd to, nor cheerd with horne,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.
Judge when you heare, But soft, What nymphes are these?

_Egeus._ My Lord, this my daughter heere a sleepe,
And this Lyfander, this Demetrius is,
This Helena, old Nedars Helena.
I wonder of their being here together,

_The._ No doubt, they rose vp earely, to obserue
The right of May: and hearing our intent,
Came heere, in grace of our solemnitie,
But speake, Egeus, is not this the day,
Theat Hermia should give answr of her choyce?

_Egeus._ It is, my Lord,
_Thees._ Goe, bid the huntsmen wake them with their
_Shoute within: they all start up, Windo hornes.
_The._ Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past.
Begin these wood birds but to couple,now?

_Lys._ Pardon, my Lord,
_I._ I pray you all, stand vp.
_I._ Knowe, you two are Rivall enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the worlde,
That hatred is so farre from jealouse,

To
A Midsummer night's dream.

To sleepe by hate, and seare no enmitie,
Lyke. My Lord, I shal reply amazedly,
Half sleepe, halfe waking, But, as yet. I sweare,
I cannot truly say how I came here,
But as I thinke (for truly would I speake)
And now I doe bethinke mee, so it is;
I came with Hermia, hither. Our intent
Was to be gon from Athens: where we might
Without the perill of the Athenian lawe,
Egeus. Enough, enough my Lord : you have enough.
I begge the law, the law, vpon his head:
They would have stolne away, they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me:
You of your wife, and mee, of my consent:
Of my consent, that she should be your wife.

Demetrius. My Lord, faire Helen told me of their sleight,
Of this their purpofe hither, to this wood,
And I in fury hither followed them;
Faire Helena, in fancy following mee.
But my good Lord, I wote not by what power
(But by some power it is my love,
To Hermia (melted as the snowe)
Seemes to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,
Which in my childehoode I did dote vpon;
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is onely Helena. To her, my Lord,
Was I betrothed, ere I see Hermia:
But, like a sicknesse, did I loath this foode.
But, as in health, come to my naturall taste;
Now I doe wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for euermore be true to it.

These. Faire lovers, you are fortunately met,
Of this discourse, we more will here anon.

G

Egeus.
Egues, I will overbear your will:
For in the Temple, by and by, with vs,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpose of hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with vs, to Athens. Three and three,

Dem. These things seeme small and vnvisible,
Like farre off mountaines turned into clouds.

Her. Me thinks I see these things, with parted eye,
When every thing seemes double.

Hel. So mee thinkes:
And I have found Demetris, like a jewel,
Mine owne, and not mine owne.

Dem. Are you sure
That we are awake? It seemes to me,
That yet we sleepe, we dree we Do not you thinke,
The Duke was here, and bid vs follow him?

Her. Yea, and my father.

Hel. And Hyppolita.

Lyf. And he did bid vs follow to the Temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake: lets follow him, and by
the way lets recount our dreeemes.

Clo. When my cue comes, call mee, and I will answer.
My next is, most faire Pyramus. Hey ho. Peter Quince?
Flute, the bellowes menders Snow? the tinker? Starveling?
Gods my life! Stolne hence, and left mee a sleepe? I haue
had a most rare vision. I haue had a dreame, past the wit
of man, to say: what dreame it was, Man is but an Asse, if
hee goe about expound this dreame. Me thought I was,
there is no man can tell what, Me thought I was, and me
thought I had, But man is but a chaste Asse, If hee will
offer to say, what mee thought I had, The eye of man
hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, mans
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was, I will get Peter Quince to write a Ballet of this dream: it shall be call'd Bottom's Dream; because it hath no bottom: and I will sing it in the latter end of a Play, before the Duke. Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

Enter Quince, Flute, Thisby and the rabble.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? Is he come home yet?

Flut. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

Thys. If he come not, then the Play is mar'd. It goes not forward. Doth it?

Quin. It is not possible. You have not a man, in all Athens, able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Thys. No, hee hath simply the best wit of any handycraft man, in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person to, and hee is a very Paramour, for a sweete voice.

Thys. You must say, Paragon. A Paramour is (God bless ye) a thing of nought.

Enter Snug, the Joiner.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is coming from the Temple, and there is two or three Lords and Ladies more married. If our sport had gone forward, we had all beene made men.

Thys. O sweete bully Bottom, thus hath he lost six pence a day, during his life: hee could not have scarce sixe pence a day. And the Duke had not given him six pence a day, for playing Pyramus, Ile be hanged. He would have desteren it, Sixe pence a day, in Pyramus.
or nothing,

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? Where are these harts?

Quin. Bottom, 'tis most courageous day! 'Tis most happy hour.

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what. For if I tell you, I am not true Athenian. I will tell you every thing right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweete Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of mee, All that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparell together, good stringes to your beardes, new ribands to your pumps, meete presently at the palace, every man looke on his part. For, the short and the long is, our play is prefur'd, In any case let Thisby have clean linnen: and let not him, that playes the Lyon, pare his nailes: for they shall hang out for the Lyons clawes. And most deare Actors, eate no O- nions, nor garlicke: for we are to vter sweete breath: and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweete Comedy.

No more wordes. Away, go away.

Enter Theseus, Hyppolita, and Philostrate.

Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speake of. The more strange then true, I neuer may beleue These antique fables, nor these Fairy toyes. Louers, and mad men haue such seething braines, Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend more, Then coole reason euer comprehends. The lunatick, The lover, and the Poet are of imagination all compact. One sees more diuels, then vaft hell can holde: That is the mad man, The lover, all as frantick, Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt. The Poets eye, in a fine frenzy, rolling, doth glance From heauen to earth, from earth to heauen. And as Imagination bodies forth the formes of things
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Unknown: the Poets penne turns them to shapes,
And gives to ayery nothing, a local habitation,
And a name. Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy.
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easie is a bush suppos'd a Beare?

But, all the story of the night told ouer,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancies images,
And growes to something of great constancy:
But howsoever, strange and admirable.

Enter Lovers; Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia and Helena.

Thee, here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.
Joy, gentle friends, joy and fresh daies
Of loue accompany your hearts.

Lys. More then to you, waite in your royall walkes, your boorde, your bedde.

Thee, Come now: what maskes, what daunces shall wee To weare away this long age of three hours betweene
Or after supper, & bed-time? Where is our vsual manager
Of mirth? What Reuels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguifh of a torturing hower? Call Philostrate.

Philostrate, Here mighty Theseus.

Thee, Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?
What maske, what musick? how shall we beguile
The lazy tyme, if not with some delight?

Philo, There is a briefe, how many sports are ripe.
Make choyce, of which your highnesse will see first.

Thee, The battell with the centaures to be singd,
By an Athenian Eunuche, to the harpe?
Weele none of that, That haue I tolde my loue,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
The ryot of the tiphs Bachanals.
Tearing the Thracian singer, in their rage?
That is an olde deuise: and it was plaid,
When I from Thebes came last a conquerer.
The thrice three Muses, mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceased, in beggary?
That is some Satire keene and criticall,
Not sorting with a nuptiall ceremony.
A tedious briefe Scene of young Pyramus
And his loue Thisby, very tragicall mirth?
Merry, and tragicall? Tidious, and briefe? That is hot lfe,
And wondrous strange now. How shall we find the cocord
Of this discord?

Philof. A Play there is, my Lord, some ten words long;
Which is as briefe, as I haue knowne a play:
But, by ten words, my Lord it is too long:
Which makes it tedious. For in all the Play,
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragicall, my noble Lord, it is. For Pyramus,
Therein, doth kill him selfe. Which when I saw
Rehearsd, I must confesse, made mine eyes water;
But more merry teares the passion of loud laughter
Neuer shed.

These, What are they, that doe play it?

Phil. Hard handed men, that worke in Athens here,
Which neuer labour'd in their minds till now:
And now have tould their vnbreathed memories,
With this same Play, against your nuptiall,
The. And we will heare it.

Phil. No, my noble Lord, it is not for you. I haue heard
It ouer, and it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unlesse you can finde sport in their entents,
Extremely strecht, and cond with cruell paine,
To do you service.

The. I will heare that play. For neuer any thing
Can be amisse, when simplenesse and ducty tender it.

Goe
A Midsummer Night's Dream

Goe bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.

Hip. I loue not to see wretchednesses recharged;
And duty, in his service, perishing.

the. Why, gentle sweete, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He fayes, they can doe nothing in this kinde.

the. The kinder we, to give them thanks, for nothing.

Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake.
And what poore duty cannot doe, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit.
Where I haue come, great Clerkes haue purposed
To greeete me, with premeditated welcomes;
Where I haue seene them shiver and looke pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practiz’d accent in their feares,
And in conclusion dumbly haue broke off,
Not paying mee a welcome. Trust me, sweete,
Out of this silence, yet, I pickt a welcome:
And in the modesty of carefull duty,
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence,
Loue, therefore, and tong-tide simplicitie,
In least, speake most, to my capacity.

Philof. So please your Grace, the Prologue is address,

Duk. Let him approach.

Enter the Prologue.

Pro. If wee offend, it is with our good will.
That you should thinke, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To shew our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in despight.
We doe not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
Wee are not here, that you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand: and, by their showe,
You shall know all, that you are like to knowe,

G 4

the.
This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lyf, He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colte: hee knowes not the stoppe. A good moral my Lord. It is not enough to speake; but to speake true.

Hyp. Indeed he hath plaid on this Prologue, like a child on a Recorder, a found; but not in governement. the, his speach was like a tangled Chaine; nothing impaired, but all disorderd. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus, and Thisby, and Wall, and Moone-shine, and Lyon.

Prologue. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show But, wonder on, till truth make all things plaine. This man is Pyramus, if you would knowe: This beautious Lady Thisby is certaine. This man, with lyme and roughcast, doth present Wall, that vile wall, which did these louers sunder: And through wals chinke, poore soules, they are content To whisper. At the which, let no man wonder. This man, with lantern, dogge, and bush of thorne, Presenteth moone-shine. For if you will know, By moone-shine did these louers thinke no scorne To meete at Ninus tombe, there, there to woos: This grizly beast (which Lyon hight by name) The trusty Thisby, comming first by night, Did scarre away, or rather did affright: And as she fled, her mantle she did fall: Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did flaine. Anon comes Pyramus, sweete youth, and tall, And findes his trusty Thisbyes mantle flaine: Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade, He brauely broacht his boyling bloody breast. And Thisby, tarying in Mulberrie shade, His dagger drewe, and dyed. For all the rest, Let Lyon, Moone-shine, Wall, and louers twaine, At large discourse, while here they doe remaine.
A Midsummer nightes dreame.

The. I wonder, if the Lyon be to speake.

Demet. No wonder, my Lord. One Lyon may, when many Asses doe.

Exit Lyon, Thysby, and Mooneshine.

Wall. In this same enterlude it doth befall,

That I, one Flute (by name) present a wall:
And such a wall, as I would have you thinke
That had in it a cranied hole or chinke:
Through which the louers, Pyramus, and Thisby,
Did whisper often, very secretely.
This lome, this rough caft, and this stone doth shewe,
That I am that same wall: the truth is so.
And this the cranie is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearefull louers are to whisper.

The. Would you defire lime and haire to speake better?

Demet. It is the wittieft partition, that euer I heard discourse, my Lord.

The. Pyramus drawes neare the wall: silence.

Py. O grim lookt night, o night, with hue so blacke, O night, which euer art, when day is not:
O night, O night, alacke, alacke, alacke,
I feare my Thisbyes promise is forgot.
And thou o wall, o sweete, o louely wall,
That standst betwene her fathers ground and mine,
Thou wall, o wall, O sweete and louely wall,
Showe mee thy chinke, to blink through, with mine eyne,
Thankes curteous wall. love shield thee well, for this.
But what see I? No Thisby doe I see.
O wicked wall, through whome I see no blisse,
Curt be thy stone, for thus deceiuing mee,
the. The wall mee thinkes, being tennible, should curse agaunce.

Pyr No, in truth Sir, he should not. Deceiuing mee is Thysbyes cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy Her through the wall. You shall see it will fall.
A midsummer nightes dreame.

Pat as I told you: yonder she comes. Enter Thisbe.

This: O wall, full often hast thou heard my mones,

For parting my faire Pyramus, and mee.

My cherry lips have oft senk thy flones;

Thy flones, with lime and hayre knit now againe.

Pyra, I see a voice: now will I to the chinke,

To spy and I can heare my Thisbyes face, thy? This.

My loue thou art, my loue I thinke.

Thinke what thou wilt, I am thy louers Grace:

And, like Limander, am I trusty still,

This, And I, like Helen, till the fates me kill.

Pyra, Not Shafalus, to procrus, was so true.

This, As Shafalus to procrus, I to you.

O kiss mee, through the hole of this wilde wall.

This, I kiss the walls hole; not your lips at all,

Wilt thou, at Ninnies tombe, meete me straight way?

This, Tide life, tyde death, I come without delay.

Wall, Thus haue I, Wall, my part discharged so;

And, being done, thus wall away doth goe.

Duke, Now is the Moon vset between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my Lord, when wals are so willfull, to

hear without warning.

Dutch, This is the fullest stuffe, that ever I heard.

Duke. The best, in this kinde, are but shadowes: and

the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Dutch. It must be your imagination, then; & not theirs.

Duke. If we imagine no worse of them, then they of the-

selues, they may passe for excellent men. Here come two

noble bealls, in a man and a Lyon.

Enter Lyon, and Moone-shine.

Lyon. You Ladies, you (whole gentle hearts do feare

The smallest monstrous mouse, that creepes on floore)

May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,

When Lyon rough, in wildest rage, doth roare.

Then know that I, as snug the loyner am
A Midsummer nightes dreame.

A Lyon fell, nor else no Lyons damme,
For, if I should, as Lyon, come in strife,
Into this place, 'twere pitty on my life.

Duk. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Deme. The very best at a beast, my Lord, that ere I saw.

Lyf. This Lyon is a very fox, for his valour.

Duk. True: and a goose for his discretion.

Dc. Not so my Lord. For his valour cannot carry his discretion: and the fox carries the goose.

Duk. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour.
For the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the Moone.

Moone. This lanthorne doth the horned moone present.

Deme. He should have worn the hornes, on his head.

Duk. He is no crescent, and his hornes are invisible, within the circumference.

Moone. This lanthorne doth the horned moone present,
My selfe, the man th Moone, doe seeme to be.

Duke. This is the greatest error of all the rest; the man should be put into the lanthorne. How is it else the man th Moone?

Deme. He dares not come there, for the candle. For, you see, it is already in snuffe.

Dutch. I am aweary of this Moone. Would hee woulde

Duke. It appeares, by his small light of discretion, that hee is in the wane: but yet in curtesie, in all reason, wee must stay the time.

Lyfian. Proceede, Moone.

Moone. All that I have to say, is to tell you, that the lanthorne is the Moone, the man th Moone, this thorne bush my thorne bush, and this dogge my dogge.

Deme. Why? All these should be in the lanthorne: for all these are in the Moone. But silence: here comes Thisby.

Enter Thisby.

Th. This is ould Ninies tumbe. Where is my loue? Lyon, Ohy

H 2

Demetrius
A Midsummer night's dream.

Dem. Well roared, Lyon.
Duke. Well runned, Thyby.
Duchesse. Well shone Moone, truly, the Moone shines, with a good grace.
Duke. Well mower'd, Lyon.
Dem. And then came Pyramus.
Lyse. And so the Lyon vanisht.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moone, I thanke thee, for thy sunny beams. I thanke thee, Moone, for shining now so bright. For by thy gracious golden, glittering beames, I trust to take of truest Thyby light. But stay: o' spight! but mark, poore knight, What dreadfull dole is here? Eyes do you see! How can it bee! O dainty duck, o deare! Thy mantle good, what, stain'd with blood? Approach ye Furies fell, O fates come, come, cut thread and thrumme, Quaile, crush, conclude, and quell.

Duke. This passion, & the death of a deare friend would goeneere to make a man looke sad.

Duch. Behowe my heart, but I pitty the man.

Pyr. O, wherefore, Nature, didst thou Lyons frame? Since Lyon vilde hath here deflour'd my deare. Which is, no, no: which was the fairest dame That liu'd, that lou'd, that lik't, that look't with cheere. Come teares, confound, out sword, and wound The pappe of Pyramus: I, that left pappe, where heart doth hoppe. Thus dy I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead, now am I fled, my soule is in the sky. Tongue loofe thy light, Moone take thy flight, Now dy, dy, dy, dy, dy.

Dem. No Die, but an ace for him. For he is but one.

Lyse.
A Midsummer nightes dreame.

Lys. Less then an ace, man. For he is dead, he is nothing.
Duke. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet recover, and yet prooue an alfe.
Dut. How chance Moone-shine is gone before? Thisby comes backe, and findes her lover,
Duk. Shee will finde him, by starre-light. Here shee comes, and her passion ends the Play.
Dut. Methinkes, she should not yet a long one, for such a Pyramus: I hope, she will be brieue.
Demet. A moth will turne the bal ance; which Pyramus, which Thisby is the better: he for a man; God warne vs: she, for a woman; God bless vs.
Lys. She hath spied him already, with those sweete eyes.
Demet. And thus she means, videlicet;
This. A sleepe my loue? What dead my doue?
O Pyramus, arise,
The silli lips, this cherry nose,
The yellow cow-slippe cheekes,
are gon, are gon: louers make mone:
His eyes were greene, as leekes,
O sistres three, come, come, to mee,
With hands as pale as milke,
Lay them in gore, since you haue shore
With sheeres, his threed of silke.
Tongue, not a word: come trusly sword,
Come blade, my breast imbrow:
And farewell friends: thus Thisby ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Duke. Moone-shine and Lyon are left to bury the dead.

Demet. I, and Wallie to.

Lyon. No, I assure you, the wall is downe, that parted their fathers. Will it please you, to see the Epilogue, or to heare a Bergomaske daunce, between two of our company?
A Midsummer night's dream.

Duke. No Epilogue, I pray you. For your play needs no excuse. Neuer excuse: For when the Players are all deade, there need none to be blamed. Mary, if he that writ it, had played Pyramus, and hung himself in Thisbies garter, it would have beene a fine tragedy; and so it is truely, and very notably discharg'd. But come your Burgomase: let your Epilogue alone.
The iron tongue of midnight hath tolde twelue.
Lovers to bed, tis almost Fairy time.
I feare we shall out-sleepe the comming morne,
As much as wee this night haue ouerwatcht.
This palpable grosse Play hath well beguil'd
The heauiie gate of night. Sweete friends, to bed.
A fortnight holde we this solemnitie,
In nightly Recuels, and new iollity.

Exeunt.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry Lyons roares.
And the wolfe beholds the Moone;
Whilst the heauiie ploughman fnores,
All with weary taske fordoone,
Now the wafted brands doe glowe,
Whilst the scriechn-owle, scrieching lowd,
Puts the wretch, that lyes in woe,
In remembrance of a shrowde.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his spriight,
In the Churchway paths to glide.
And wee Fairies, that doe runne,
By the triple Hecates teame,
From the presence of the Sunne,
Following darkenesse like a dreame,
Now are frollick: not a mouse
Shall disturbe this hallowed house.
I am sent, with broome, before,
A Midsummer night's dream.

TO swepe the dust, behind the dore.

Enter King and Queene of Fairies with all their traine.

Ob. through the house glie glimmering light,

By the dead and drowsie fier,

Every Elfe and Fairy sprite,

Hop as light as birde from brier,

And this dittie after mee, Sing, and daunce it trippingly.

Tita. First rehearse your song by rote,

to each word a warbling note.

Hand in hand, with Fairy grace,

Will we sing and bless this place.

Ob. Now, vntill the break of day,

Through this house, each Fairy stray.

to the best bride bed will wee:

Which by vs shall blessed be:

And the issue, there create,

Euer shall be fortunate:

So shall all the couples three

Euer true in louing be:

And the blots of natures hand

Shall not in their issue stand.

Never mole, hare-lippe, nor scarre,

Nor marke prodigious, such as are

Despised in natuiritie,

Shall vpon their children be.

With this field deaw consecrate,

Every Fairy take his gate,

And each eueryall chamber bless,

Through this palace, with sweete peace,

Euer shall in safety rest,

And the owner of it blest.

tripe away: make no stay:

Meete me all, by breake of day. Exeunt.

Robin. If we shadowes have offended,

Thinke but this (and all is mended)

H 4. that
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

That you have but slumbered here,
While these visions did appear;
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream;
Gentles, do not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend;
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have wronged thee
Now to escape the Serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Else, the Puck a drier call,
So good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends:
And Robin shall restore amends.

FINIS.