

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM
William Shakespeare
Edited and adapted by Paul Stebbings of TNT theatre UK
Short show

ACT I. SCENE I.
Athens. The palace of THESEUS

THESEUS: Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

(Calling out) Go, my officers
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals;

EXIT

THESEUS. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon; but, O, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! She lingers my desires.

HIPPOLYTA. Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER,
EGEUS

Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

THESEUS

Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news with thee?

EGEUS

Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.

Worthy, Demetrius. My noble lord,
That man hath my consent to marry her.
Stand forth, Lysander: and my gracious duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child; ****
And With cunning hast thou stolen my daughter's heart,
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness: and, my gracious duke,
Be it so she; will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to Demetrius
Or to her death, according to our law.

THESEUS

Be advised fair maid:
To you your father should be as a god; ****
Go along Egeus.
What say you, Hermia?
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

HERMIA

So is Lysander.

THESEUS

In himself he is;
But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

HERMIA

I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

THESEUS

Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

HERMIA

I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
But I beseech your grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

THESEUS

Either to die the death or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Demetrius come forth!
Fair Hermia, question your desires;

Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.

HERMIA

So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will my virgin patent give up
Unto Demetrius*, whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

THESEUS

Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon--
The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship--
Upon that day either prepare to die
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would.

DEMETRIUS

Relent, sweet Hermia: and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

LYSANDER

Demetrius, you have her father's love,
Do you marry him.

DEMTRIUS*:

Scornful Lysander! Hermia is mine.

THESEUS:

Enough!

LYSANDER

I am, my lord, as well derived as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am beloved of beauteous Hermia:
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to *the fair maiden, Helena,
And won her heart*; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

THESEUS

I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up--
Which by no means we may extenuate--
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?
Demetrius come you shall go with me.
I must employ you in some business
Toward our wedding.

DEMETRIUS

With duty and desire I follow you.
Exeunt all but LYSANDER and HERMIA

LYSANDER. **Ay me!**

The course of true love never did run smooth;
HERMIA. O Spite! O hell! To choose love by another's eyes.

LYSANDER. (CUT)

Take comfort, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, she hath no child-
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues-
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
There will I stay for thee.

HERMIA. My good Lysander!

I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke,
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

LYSANDER. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA

HERMIA. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

HELENA. Call you me fair? That fair again unsay.

Demetrius loves your fair. O happy fair!

O, teach me how you look, and with what art

You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart!

HERMIA. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

HELENA. O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

HERMIA. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

HELENA. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

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

HELENA. None, but your beauty; would that fault were mine!

HERMIA. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;

Lysander and myself will fly this place.

LYSANDER. Helen, to you our minds we will reveal:

To-morrow night,

Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

HERMIA. And in the wood where often you and I

Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,

Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,

There my Lysander and myself shall meet;

Farewell, sweet playfellow; pray thou for us,

And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!

Keep word, Lysander; we must starve our sight

From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

LYSANDER. I will, my Hermia. [Exit HERMIA] Helena, adieu;

As you on him, Demetrius dote on you.

Exit

HELENA. ****

Before Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eye,

He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;

And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,

So he dissolv'd, and show'rs of oaths did melt.

I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight;

Then to the wood will he to-morrow night

Pursue her; and for this intelligence

If I have thanks, it is a dear expense.

But herein mean I to enrich my pain,

To have his sight thither and back again.

Exit

SCENE II. Athens. QUINCE'S house.

*Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE,
MRS QUINCE**

Is all our company here?

BOTTOM

You were best to call them generally, man by man,
according to the script.

MRS QUINCE

Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is
thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our
interlude before the duke and the duchess, on his
wedding-day at night.

BOTTOM

First, good *Mrs Quince, say what the play treats
on, then read the names of the actors, and so grow
to a point.

QUINCE

Marry, our play is, The most lamentable comedy, and
most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

BOTTOM

A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a
merry. Now, good *Mrs Quince, call forth your
actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

QUINCE

Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

BOTTOM

Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

QUINCE

You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

BOTTOM

What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

QUINCE

A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.

BOTTOM

My chief humour is for a
tyrant: I could play Hercules rarely, or a part to
tear a cat in, to make all split.

The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates;
And Phibus' car
Shall shine from far
And make and mar
The foolish Fates.
This was lofty!

This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is
more consoling.*

QUINCE

Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

FLUTE

Here, *Mrs Quince.

QUINCE

Flute, you must take Thisby on you.

FLUTE

What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

QUINCE

It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

FLUTE

Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

QUINCE

That's all one: you shall play it in a mask, and
you may speak as small as you will.

BOTTOM

An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too, I'll
speak in a monstrous little voice. 'Thisne,
Thisne;' 'Ah, Pyramus, lover dear! thy Thisby dear,
and lady dear!'

QUINCE

No, no; you must play Pyramus: and, Flute, you Thisby.

BOTTOM

Well, proceed.

QUINCE

* Now, Sung the tailor*?

SNUG:

Here, Mrs Quince.

QUINCE

Snug, the tailor you, the lion's part: and, I
hope, here is a play fitted.

SNUG

Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it
be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

QUINCE

It is nothing but roaring.

BOTTOM

Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will
do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar,
that I will make the duke 'Let him roar again,
let him roar again.'

QUINCE

An you should do it too terribly, you would fright
the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek;
and that were enough to hang us all.

ALL

That would hang us, every mother's son.

BOTTOM

I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the
ladies out of their wits, they would hang us*: but I will aggravate my
voice so that I will roar you as gently as any little bird.

QUINCE

You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a
sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a
summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man:
therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

BOTTOM

Well, I will undertake it.

QUINCE

But, masters, here
are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request
you and desire you, to know them by to-morrow night;
and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the
town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse, for if
we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with
company, and our devices known.

. I pray you, fail me not.

BOTTOM

We will meet; and there we may rehearse most

obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect: adieu.*

Exeunt _____

ACT II. SCENE I.
(*A wood near Athens*)

PUCK. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

FAIRY. Over hill, over dale,
Through bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
We* do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.

I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

(*She escapes and he catches her again.*)

Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I must be gone.
Our Queen and all her elves come here anon.

PUCK. The King doth keep his revels here to-night;
Take heed the Queen come not within his sight;
For Oberon is passing grim* and wrath,
Because that she as her attendant hath
A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king.
She never had so sweet a young thing*;
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she perforce withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.

FAIRY. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
That sometime make the drink to bear no barm,
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck.
Are not you he?

PUCK. Thou speakest aright:
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile
And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh awhile,
But room, fairy, here comes Oberon.

FAIRY. And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!
Enter OBERON and TITANIA.

OBERTON. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.
TITANIA. What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence;
I have forsworn his bed and company.
OBERTON. Tarry, rash wanton; am not I thy lord?
TITANIA. Then I must be thy lady; but I know
When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous women*. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest shore* of India,
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity?
OBERTON. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?

TITANIA. These are the forgeries of jealousy;
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our argument.

OBERTON. Do you amend it, then; it lies in you.
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little Indian boy
To be my henchman.

(Oberon grabs for the boy).

TITANIA. Set your heart at rest;
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a vot'ress of my order;
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking th' embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait
Following- her womb then rich with my young squire-
Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake do I rear up her boy;
And for her sake I will not part with him.

OBERON. How long within this wood intend you stay?

TITANIA. Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day.

If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

OBERON. Give me that boy and I will go with thee.

TITANIA. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away.

We shall chide downright if I longer stay.

Exit TITANIA

OBERON. Well, go thy way;
thou shalt not from this grove
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Puck, come hither thou rememb'rest
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music.

PUCK. I remember.

OBERON. That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth
Cupid, all arm'd; a certain aim he took
At a fair virgin*, throned by the west,
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon;
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell.
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it Love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flow'r, the herb I showed thee once.
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid
Will make or man or woman madly love *
The very next live creature that they see*.
Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.
PUCK. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

Exit PUCK

OBERON. Having once this flower,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes;
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm from off her sight,
As I can take it with another herb,
I'll make her render up her boy to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.

DEMETRIUS. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?

The one I'll *kill, the other *killeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stol'n unto this wood,
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.

Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

HELENA. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel.

DEMETRIUS. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you I do not nor I cannot love you?

HELENA. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you.
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
What worser place can I beg in your love,
Than to be used as you use your dog?

DEMETRIUS. * I am sick when I do look on thee.

HELENA. And I am sick when I look not on you. *****

DEMETRIUS. I will not stay thy questions; let me go;
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

HELENA. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex.
We cannot fight for love as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.

Exit DEMETRIUS

I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well. Exit HELENA

OBERON.

Fare thee well, nymph; ere Demetrius* do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter PUCK

Welcome, wanderer. Hast thou the flower there?

PUCK. Ay, there it is.

OBERON. I pray thee give it me.

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,

Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine;
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in;
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth; anoint his eyes;
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady *Helena.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her than she upon her love.

PUCK. Fear not, my lord; your servant shall do so. *Exeunt*

SCENE II.

Another part of the wood

Enter TITANIA, with her train

TITANIA. Come now, a roundel and a fairy song;
keep back
The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
and let me rest.

The FAIRIES Sing

FIRST FAIRY. You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy Queen.

CHORUS. Philomel with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby.
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla,
lullaby.
Never harm

Nor spell nor charm
Come our lovely lady nigh.
So good night, with lullaby.

SECOND FAIRY. Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners,
hence.
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail do no offence.

Exeunt FAIRIES

Enter OBERON and squeezes the flower on TITANIA'S eyelids

OBERON. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take;
Love and languish for his sake.
Be it lion, or cat, or bear,
Goat, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
Wake when some vile thing is near.

Exit

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA

LYSANDER. Fair love, you faint with wand'ring in the wood
And, to speak truth, I have forgot our way;
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

HERMIA. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.
Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet; do not lie so near.

LYSANDER. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence!
So by your side no bed-room me deny,
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

HERMIA. Lysander riddles very prettily.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off, in human modesty;

Such separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend.
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!

LYSANDER. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer say I;
And then end life when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed; sleep give thee all his rest!

HERMIA. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd!
[They sleep]

HELENA. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
DEMETRIUS. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
HELENA. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? Do not so.
DEMETRIUS. Stay on thy peril; I alone will go.
Enter PUCK

PUCK. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence- Who is here?
Clothes of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Slave*, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:
When thou wak'st let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.
So awake when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running

Exit

HELENA. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace. *****

But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!
Dead, or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

LYSANDER. [Waking] And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
Transparent Helena! Nature shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

HELENA. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you; then be content.

LYSANDER. Content with Hermia! No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia but Helena I love:

HERMIA. [Starting] Help me, Lysander, help me; do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast.
Ay me, for pity! What a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear.
Lysander! What, remov'd? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing gone? No sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? Speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.
No? Then I well perceive you are not nigh.
Either death or you I'll find immediately. Exit

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE I. The wood. TITANIA lying asleep.

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE

MRS *QUINCE

Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action as we will do it before the duke.

BOTTOM

Mrs Quince,--

QUINCE

What sayest thou, bully Bottom?

BOTTOM

There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

SNUG : Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

I fear it, I promise you.

BOTTOM

Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in--God shield us!--a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing!

FLUTE:

Therefore a prologue must tell he is not a lion.

QUINCE

Well, we will have such a prologue;

BOTTOM

And you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck: and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,--'Ladies,'--or 'Fair-ladies--I would wish You,' not to fear, not to tremble.

If you think I come hither as a lion,
no I am no such thing; I am a

man as other men are;' and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is:

SNUG: Snug the tailor.

QUINCE

Then, there is.

FLUTE:

Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

QUINCE

No, I must come in with a lantern, and say I come to present, the person of Moonshine. But another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

FLUTE:

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

BOTTOM

Some man or other must present Wall: and let him have some brick and blanket to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

QUINCE

If that may be, then all is well. *

Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, retire into that hedge : and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK behind

PUCK

What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here, So near the cradle of the fairy queen?

What, a play toward! I'll be an audience*; An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

QUINCE

Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.

BOTTOM

Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,--

QUINCE

Odours, odours.

BOTTOM

--odours savours sweet:

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.

But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,
And by and by I will to thee appear.

Exit

PUCK

A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here.

Exit

FLUTE

Must I speak now?

QUINCE

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

FLUTE

Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal and eke most lovely *dew,
As true as truest horse that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

QUINCE

You speak all your
part at once, cues and all Pyramus enter: your cue
is past; it is, 'never tire.'

FLUTE

O, that yet would never tire.*

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head

BOTTOM

If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.

QUINCE

O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray,
masters! fly, masters! Help!

Exeunt all but BOTTOM and PUCK

PUCK. I'll follow you; I'll lead you about a round,
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound.

Exit

BOTTOM. I see their knavery; this is to make an ass of me; to fright
me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can; I
will walk up and down here, and will sing, that they shall hear I am not
afraid.

[Sings]

The ouzel cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill

TITANIA. What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed?

BOTTOM. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo grey,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay-

TITANIA. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again.
Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

BOTTOM. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that.
And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company
together now-a-days.

TITANIA. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

BOTTOM. Not so, neither; but if I had wit enough to get out of this
wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

TITANIA. Out of this wood do not desire to go;
Thou shalt remain here whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state;
And I do love thee; therefore, go with me.
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep;
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a wat'ry eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower;
Lamenting some enforced chastity. Tie up my love's
tongue, bring him silently.

Exeunt

ACT THREE SCENE 2

Another part of the wood. Enter OBERON.

OBERON. **Sweet Puck** I wonder if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must love in all extremity.

PUCK. Thy mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
so it came to pass,
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass. (Ee aw).

OBERON. This falls out better than I could devise.

But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

PUCK. I took him sleeping- that is finish'd too-
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when she wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA

OBERON. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

PUCK. This is the woman, but not this the man.

DEMETRIUS. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?

Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

HERMIA. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse,

For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.

If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,

Then kill me too. It cannot be but thou hast murdered him: so
should a murderer look. So dead – so grim.

***** (H &HM)

DEMETRIUS. I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;

Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

HERMIA. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

DEMETRIUS. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

HERMIA. A privilege never to see me more.

And from thy hated presence part I so;

OBERON. What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight.
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

PUCK. It was fate!

OBERON. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find;

By some illusion see thou bring her here;

I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

PUCK. I go, I go; look how I go,

Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.
Exit (*Oberon applying love juice*).

OBERON. Flower of this purple dye,
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,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter PUCK.

PUCK. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth mistook by me
Pleading for a lover's fee;
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

OBERON. Stand aside. The noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA

LYSANDER. Why should you think that I should love in scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears.

Look when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.

HELENA. These vows are Hermia's. Will you give her
o'er?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:

LYSANDER. I had no judgment when to her I swore.

HELENA. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

LYSANDER. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

DEMETRIUS. [Awaking] O Helen, goddess, nymph,
perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?

O, let me kiss

This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

HELENA. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,

But you must join in souls to mock me too?

LYSANDER. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia. This you know I know;
I Helena do love and will do till my death.

HELENA. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

DEMETRIUS. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none.

If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.

My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,

And now to Helen is it home return'd.

LYSANDER. Helena, it is not so.

DEMETRIUS.

Look where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA

HERMIA. Lysander, found!

Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.

But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

LYSANDER. Why should he stay whom love doth move to go?

HERMIA. What love could move Lysander from my side?

LYSANDER. Lysander's love for Helena, that would not let him bide.

*Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know

The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?

HERMIA. You speak not as you think; it cannot be.

HELENA.

Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!

O, is all forgot?

All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?

And will you rent our ancient love asunder,

To join with men in scorning your poor friend?

It is not sisterly, 'tis not friendly.

HERMIA. I am amazed at your passionate words;

I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

HELENA. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,

To follow me and praise my eyes and face?

And made your other love, Demetrius,

Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,

To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,

Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this

To her he hates?

HERMIA. I understand not what you mean by this.

HELENA. Ay, do- persever, counterfeit sad looks,

Make mouths upon me when I turn my back,

Wink each at other

But fare ye well; 'tis partly my own fault,

Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

LYSANDER. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse;

My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

HELENA. O excellent!

HERMIA. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

LYSANDER.

Helen, I love thee, by my life I do;

I swear by that which I will lose for thee

To prove him false that says I love thee not.

DEMETRIUS. I say I love thee more than he can do.

LYSANDER. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

DEMETRIUS. Quick, come.

HERMIA. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

LYSANDER. Away, **you monster!**

DEMETRIUS. You are a tame man; go!

LYSANDER. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr; vile thing, let loose, Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

HERMIA. Why are you grown so rude? What change is this, Sweet love?

LYSANDER. Thy love! Out, tawny Tartar, out!

HERMIA. Do you not jest?

HELENA. Yes, sooth; and so do you.

LYSANDER. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

DEMETRIUS. I'll not trust your word.

LYSANDER. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

HERMIA. What! Can you do me greater harm than hate?

Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?

Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?

I am as fair now as I was erewhile.

Since night you lov'd me; yet since night you left

me. O, the gods forbid!-

LYSANDER. Ay, by my life!

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;

That I do hate thee and love Helena.

HERMIA. O me!

You thief of love! What! Have you come by night,

And stol'n my love's heart from him?

HELENA. Fine, i' faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,

Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet you!

HERMIA. 'Puppet!' why so? Ay, that way goes the game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare

Between our statures; she hath urg'd her height;

And with her personage, her tall personage,

Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.

And are you grown so high in his esteem

Because I am so dwarfish and so low?

How low am I, thou painted maypole? Speak.

How low am I? I am not yet so low

But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

HELENA. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,

Let her not hurt me.

Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,

Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

HERMIA. 'Lower' hark, again.

HELENA. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.

I evermore did love you, Hermia,
never wrong'd you;

Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He followed you; for love I followed him;
But he hath chid me hence, and threat'ned me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too;
Let me go.

HERMIA. Why, get you gone! Who is't that hinders you?

HELENA. A foolish heart that I leave here behind.

HERMIA. What! with Lysander?

HELENA. With Demetrius.

LYSANDER. Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.

DEMETRIUS. No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

HELENA. O, when she is angry, she is keen and shrewd;
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

HERMIA. 'Little' again! Nothing but 'low' and 'little'! Let me come to
her.

LYSANDER. Get you gone, you dwarf; you midget of knot grass
made! You bead, you acorn.

DEMETRIUS: Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part.

LYSANDER. Now she holds me not.

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

DEMETRIUS. Follow! Nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl.

Exeunt LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS

HERMIA. You, mistress, all this coil is long of you.

Nay, go not back.

HELENA. I will not trust you, I;

Nor longer stay in your curst company.

Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray;

My legs are longer though, to run away.

Exit

HERMIA. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say. Exit

OBERON. This is thy negligence. Still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.

PUCK. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;

OBERON. Thou seest these lovers seek a place to fight.
And so, foolish Puck, overcast the night;
And lead these testy rivals so astray
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;

And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep.
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath a virtuous property,
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision;

Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

PUCK. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast;

OBERON. But, notwithstanding, haste, make no delay;
We may effect this business yet ere day.

Exit *OBERON*

PUCK. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down.
I am fear'd in field and town.
Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one.

DEMETRIUS.

Where art thou now **Lysander!**

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

If ever I thy face by daylight see;

Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me

To measure out my length on this cold bed.

[Curtain sweeps him off]

LYSANDER.

Where art thou, proud Demetrius?

The villain is much lighter heeled than I

I followed fast but faster did he fly

That fallen am I in dark uneven way

And here will rest me until gentle day.

(sleeps)

Enter HELENA

HELENA.

O weary night, O long and tedious night,

Abate thy hours! Shine comforts from the east,

That I may back to Athens by daylight,

And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,

Steal me awhile from mine own company.

[Sleeps]

OBERON:

Yet but three? Come one more;

Two of both kinds makes up four.

Here she comes, curst and sad.

True love is a knavish lad,

Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

HERMIA.

I can no further crawl, no further go;

My legs can keep no pace with my desires.

Here will I rest me till the break of day.

Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!

(Curtains sweep her off.)

PUCK. On the ground

Sleep sound;
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye;
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
 Jack shall have Jill;
 Nought shall go ill;

The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.

Exit

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter TITANIA and Bottom; and other FAIRIES.

TITANIA. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

BOTTOM. I have a reasonable good ear in music.

TITANIA. Come, sit thee down upon this flow'ry bed,

 While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
 And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
 And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

BOTTOM. I must to the barber's; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me I must scratch.

(MUSIC)

TITANIA. Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

BOTTOM. Truly, I could munch your good dry oats.

TITANIA. I have a venturous fairy that shall fetch thee new nuts.

BOTTOM. I pray you; let none of your people stir me;

 I have an anticipation of sleep come upon me.

TITANIA. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.

 How I dote on thee, o how I love thee!

[They sleep.]

Enter PUCK and OBERON.

OBERON. Welcome, good Puck. Seest thou
this sweet sight?
Her mad love now I do begin to pity;
And now I have the Indian boy,
I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian fool,
That he awaking when the other do
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the Fairy Queen.

[Touching her eyes]

Be as thou wast wont to be;
See as thou was wont to see.
Virgin bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.
TITANIA. My Oberon! What visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.
OBERON. There lies your love.
TITANIA. How came these things to pass?

OBERON. Silence awhile. Sweet Puck, take off this head.

PUCK. Now when thou wak'st with
thine own fool's eyes peep.
Fairy King, attend and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.

OBERON. Then, my Queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after night's shade.

TITANIA. We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Exeunt. Puck stays and wakes Bottom.

BOTTOM. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was. Methought I was- Ee aw *****. I will get Mrs Quince to write a ballad 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 our play, before

the Duke.

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE and SNUG.

ALL: Bottom! Bottom! Bottom!

QUINCE: Our play is chosen!

FLUTE. If he come not, then the play is marr'd; it goes not forward, doth it?

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

FLUTE: O sweet bully Bottom!

Enter BOTTOM

Enter BOTTOM

BOTTOM. Where are these lads? Where are these hearts?

QUINCE. Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

BOTTOM. Masters, I am to describe wonders

QUINCE. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

BOTTOM. No...Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the Duke will be married today. **Dear actors** (Get your costumes together; good strings to your beards, meet presently at the palace; (CUT); No more words. Away, go, away!

Exeunt

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA,

THESEUS

Now since we have the vanguard of the day,

My love shall hear the music of my hounds.

But, soft! what nymphs are these?

HIPPOLYTA

My lord, this is sad Hermia here asleep;

And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;

This Helena,

I wonder of their being here together.

THESEUS

But speak, my love; is not this the day

That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

HIP: It is, my lord.

THESEUS

Go, wake them with your cry.

Good Morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past.

HIPPOLYTA: Begin these love-birds but to couple now?

LYSANDER

Pardon, my lord.

THESEUS

I pray you all, stand up.

I know you two are rival enemies:

HIPPOLYTA: How comes this gentle concord in the world?

LYSANDER

My lord, I shall reply amazedly,

Half sleep, half waking:

I came with Hermia hither: our intent

Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,

Avoid the peril of the Athenian law.

DEMETRIUS

My lord, fair Helen told me of their plan,

And I in fury hither follow'd them.

But, my good lord, I know not by what power,--

my love to Hermia, melted as the snow,

And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,

The object and the pleasure of mine eye,

Is only Helena.

HIPPOLYTA: Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:

THESEUS

Enough, enough the Law must fall upon your heads!

I will overbear the law;

For in the temple by and by with us

These couples shall eternally be wed:

Away with us to Athens; three and three,

We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.

Come, Hippolyta.

Exeunt THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA,

THE PALACE

THESEUS

Come now; what masques, what dances shall we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours

Between our wedding dinner and bed-time?

What **play?** what music? How shall we beguile

The lazy time, if not with some delight?

LYSANDER: Here is a paper how many sports are ripe:
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

Giving a paper

THESEUS

[Reads] 'The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.'

HIPPOLYTA:

I'll none of that:

LYSANDER: A play there is, I must confess. When I saw rehearsed
made mine eyes water.

THESEUS:

Reads

'A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.'

Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!

HIPOLYTA:

That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow!
Can we hear it, love?

THESEUS

And we will hear it.

Exit LYSANDER

Go, bring them in!

Enter QUINCE for the Prologue

Prologue/QUINCE

The actors are at hand and by their show
You shall know all that you are like to know.

The tragical tale of Pyramus and Thisby.

HIPOLYTA: Who is next?

Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion

Wall

In this same interlude it doth befall
That I, one Snug by name, present a wall;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.

THESEUS

Would you desire two bricks to speak better?

HIPOLYTA

It is the wittiest wall that ever I heard!

Enter Pyramus

THESEUS

Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Pyramus

O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night, O night! alack, alack, alack,
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!
And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine!
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne!

Wall holds up his fingers

Thanks, courteous wall: Heaven shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!
Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

THESEUS

The wall, methinks, being clever , should curse again.

Pyramus

No, in truth, sir, he should not. 'Deceiving me'
is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now.

Enter Thisbe

Thisbe

O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me!
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,
Thy stones or brick...

Pyramus

I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face. Thisby!

Thisbe

My love thou art, my love I think.

Pyramus

O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!

Thisbe

I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyramus

Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?

Thisbe

'Tide life, 'tide death, I go without delay.

Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe

Wall

Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.

Exit

HIPPOLYTA

This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.
This lantern doth the horned moon present;
Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.

HIPPOLYTA

I am aweary of this moon: would he would change!

THESEUS

Here come two noble beasts in, a man in (change **and** to **in**) a lion.

Lion

You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

Then know that I, one Snug the tailor, am
...no lion.

THESEUS

A very gentle beast,

HIPPOLYTA:

But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Enter Thisbe

Thisbe

This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?

Lion

[Roaring] Oh--

Thisbe runs off

HIPPOLYTA: Well roared, Lion.

THESEUS

Well run, Thisbe.

HIPP: Well shone moon.

The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exit

THESEUS

Well moused, Lion.

QUINCE:

And so the lion vanished.

And then came Pyramus.

Enter Pyramus

Pyramus

Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
I trust to take of truest Thisby sight.

But stay, O spite!

But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here!

Eyes, do you see?

How can it be?

O dainty duck! O dear!

Thy scarf so good,

What, stain'd with blood!

Approach, ye Furies fell!

O Fates, come, come,

Cut thread and thrum;

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

THESEUS

This passion, and the death would make a man look sad.

HIPPOLYTA

Oh my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyramus

O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:
Which is--no, no--which was the fairest dame
That lived, that loved, that liked, that look'd
with cheer.

Come, tears, confound;

Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus;

Ay, that left pap,

Where heart doth hop:

Stabs himself

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead,

Now am I fled;

My soul is in the sky:

Tongue, lose thy light;

Moon take thy flight:

Exit Moonshine

Now die, die, die, die, die.

Dies

THESEUS. DIE!

HIPPOLYTA. He is dead.

THESEUS. With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover and prove an ass.

HIPPOLYTA. Here comes Thisby.

THESEUS. And her passion ends the play.

HIPPOLYTA. I hope she will be brief.

(Enter Thisbe)

Thisbe

Asleep, my love?

What, dead, my dove?

O Pyramus, arise!

Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

Dead, dead? A tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These My lips,

This cherry nose,

His eyes were green as leeks.

Tongue, not a word:

Come, trusty sword;

Come, blade, my breast imbrue:

Stabs herself

And, farewell, friends;

Thus Thisby ends:

Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Dies

THESEUS

The Lion is left to bury the dead.

HIPPOLYTA: Ay, and the Moon

BOTTOM

[Starting up] Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a dance ?

THESEUS

No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all

dead, there needs none to be blamed.

HIPPOLYTA:) It was a fine tragedy and very notably performed.

THESEUS: But come, no dance, no epilogue.

(Pause they bow and exit)

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:

Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.

BOTH: Sweet friends, to bed.

Exeunt

Enter PUCK

PUCK. Now the hungry lion roars,

And the wolf behowls the moon;

Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,

All with weary task fordone.

Now the wasted brands do glow,

Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,

Puts the wretch that lies in woe

In remembrance of a shroud.

Now it is the time of night

That the graves, all gaping wide,

Every one lets forth his sprite,

In the church-way paths to glide.

And we fairies, that do run

By the triple Hecate's team

From the presence of the sun,

Following darkness like a dream,

Now are frolic.

Enter OBERON and TITANIA,

OBERON. Through the house give glimmering light,

By the dead and drowsy fire;

Every elf and fairy sprite

Hop as light as bird from brier;

And this ditty, after me,

Sing and dance it trippingly.

TITANIA. 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.

[OBERON leading, the FAIRIES sing and dance]

OBERON. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;

TITANIA: And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.

So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;

OBERON: With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait,
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace;
Trip away; make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.

Exeunt all but PUCK

PUCK. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumb'red here
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all.

Exit

THE END

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