SHAKESPEARE'S

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.
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THE SECOND 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.
TO TWO FRIENDS,

J. O. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPPS, F.S.A., ETC.,
WHO, MORE THAN ALL OTHER WRITERS,
HAS ILLUSTRATED THE
LITERATURE OF
"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM,"
AND TO

SIR NOËL PATON, R.S.A., ETC.,
WHO, ABOVE ALL OTHER ARTISTS, HAS SHOWN THE FAIRY-LAND
LOVELINESS OF OBERON AND TITANIA, IN THEIR
HAUNTED WOOD NEAR ATHENS,
THIS REPRODUCTION OF THE SECOND QUARTO
IS, WITH SINCERE ESTEEM
AND AFFECTION,

Dedicated,

BY

J. W. EBSWORTH.

[Shakspere-Quarto Fac-similes, No. 4.]
THE three most important versions of the Midsummer Night’s Dream text are now placed within reach of the student of literature, by means of photo-lithography; which gives, with absolute exactitude, a reproduction of every peculiarity in the typography of the originals. It would not be too much to say that equal facilities for independent and combined examination of these materials were never hitherto attainable, at moderate cost, since the early part of the seventeenth century. Even in 1623, when for twenty shillings a purchaser could claim the newly-issued First Folio of “Mr. William Shakespeare’s Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies: Published according to the True Original Copies: London: Printed by Isaac Iaggard and Ed. Blount,” the sixpenny editions, each in Quarto, that had been circulated for nearly a quarter of a century, must have
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become scarce, and therefore more costly. All these originals had in our day ceased to be accessible, except in some few national or ducal libraries, and could not be bought without a ruinous expenditure of money, before Howard Staunton's excellent photo-lithograph appeared in 1866: more trustworthy, being scientifically reproduced, than the careful typographical reprint of the same First Folio, issued two years earlier, but reduced into a quarto size of page, by Lionel Booth, of 307, Regent Street, 1864. This had been printed by J. Strangeways and H. E. Walden, 28, Castle Street, Leicester Square.¹ The original First Folio, in perfect condition, occasionally sells at between seven hundred and eight hundred guineas (the Baroness Burdett-Coutts paid such a sum for hers); and the Quartos are so rare that they virtually never come into the market at all.

By the help of this present series of exact reproductions, students of moderate means, on both sides of the Atlantic, are once more enabled to search for themselves the true text, and to collate the chief authorities, unmisled by the caprices of commentators, or by the deliberate falsifications introduced at various times. There are many persons now desirous of investigating the subject, and capable of valuing the uncorrupted language of the Poet.

As we have done with Fisher's Quarto, so here with that of Roberts: 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, facing the title, for convenience and completeness; but no list was given in any edition before Rowe's, in 1709.²

¹ Still later appeared a marvellously cheap reproduction by photo-lithography, reducing each large folio page into an 8vo., necessarily minute in character. It was published in 1876, by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, with an Introduction written by J. O. Halliwell Phillippes. There had been a serviceable imitation of the First Folio, issued of full size (known as "Upcott's Reprint"), about 1807. We need only mention the costly and rare Ashbee Fac-similes, which were lithographed from elaborate tracings. They were attainable by few; at five guineas each, and only thirty copies issued. George Stevens had, however, in 1766 issued, in four octavo volumes, Twenty of the Plays of Shakespeare in Quarto.

² It shows the need of such a reproduction as our own, when we find a scholar (one so generally accurate as the learned Daniel Wilson, Professor of History and English Literature at Toronto) mistakenly declare: "It is, perhaps, due to the
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In his Introduction prefixed to the photo-lithograph of Fisher's Quarto, the present writer has attempted to show the probable date of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* to have been not earlier than 1593, or later than 1596. It cannot possibly have been produced later than August, 1598 (judging from the mention of it by Meres); although the entry of Fisher's Quarto in the Registers is not until the 8th of October, 1600.

Of the Quarto now reproduced there is no entry whatever in the same Registers, to more precisely indicate the date than any mere statement of the year, 1600, on Roberts's title-page. We are left entirely to our own resources in the endeavour to ascertain which of the two Quartos was the earlier issued. After careful examination, and judging by internal evidence in the absence of external proof, we venture to affirm our belief that Thomas Fisher's was the earlier produced.1

early place which *A Midsummer Night's Dream* undoubtedly occupies among the dramatic works of Shakespeare, that in all the older texts it is divided into acts and not into scenes"—(C); A Critique on Shakespeare's Tempest and A Midsummer Night's Dream. 1873. P. 240.). This he writes after giving a special description of the two Quartos; but the simple fact is, that neither of them shows any division whatever into acts or scenes. The Folio of 1623 first introduced the distinction of the acts in this play, but made no further division into scenes. After all, when we remember how little was done on the early Stage to change the background, except by affixing and removing an explanatory placard, we need not wonder at the deficiency of exact limits to scenes or acts. Like Robert Stephens's innovation of verse-division, in 1551, continued in our English Bibles, the system may be found convenient for easy reference; but it is frequently destructive of some higher charm. It breaks the continuity of subject, and our attention is frittered away on fragmentary passages. A modern audience loses remembrance of the poetry and romance of the drama during each frivolous recurrence to gossip and flirtation, to fill the time between the acts. It would be well if the intervals were less obtrusively marked, both in acting and printing. Here, at least, in our Quartos, the divisions can be found when sought, but are not thrust forcibly on attention.

1 In this we avowedly run counter to the opinion expressed by so honoured an authority as J. O. Halliwell-Phillips, who writes as follows: "Perhaps Fisher's edition, which, on the whole, seems to be more correct than the other, was printed from a corrected copy of that published by Roberts. It has, indeed, been usually supposed that Fisher's edition was the earliest; but no evidence has been adduced in support of this assertion, and the probabilities are against this view being the correct one. Fisher's edition could not have been published till nearly the end of the year, and, in the absence of direct information to the contrary, it may be supposed that the one printed by Roberts is really the first edition." (Memoranda on The Midsummer Night's Dream, privately printed, 1879, p. 34; written 1855.) One ought to feel quietly confident of the strength of argument, and evidence, who holds and tries to establish any opinion adverse to that proclaimed by so experienced
§ 2. THE TWO QUARTOS NOT SIMULTANEOUS, OR BOTH INDEPENDENT.

The two Quartos were certainly not issued simultaneously, although near to one another in date, both being of the same year, 1600. They were not both independent, in the sense of being wholly disconnected with each other: the later one being a direct or modified copy of its predecessor. An impression of the earlier Quarto lay before the compositor who set-up the second. Shakespeare himself makes one of his characters, Dogberry, admit that "When two men ride upon a horse, one must needs ride behind." Now it was most unlikely, à priori, that the open and unrebuked publisher of the Registered Quarto, Thomas Fisher, should have ridden behind the unlicensed, and probably piratical James Roberts. 1 Be it remembered that after the 8th of October there still remained, according to the "old style" of computation, more than five months for Roberts to publish his book, and yet be entitled to date it as of the year 1600. So any conjectures, based on Fisher's Quarto being unpublished "till nearly the end of the year" affect not the question whether the two Quartos were issued simultaneously. If any person believes that they

1 The name of James Roberts, as the printer, is on the title-page of other unregistered Shakespeare-Quartos, viz., two editions of The Excellent History of the Merchant of Venice, with the extreme Cruelty of Shylocke the Jew, etc., printed by J. Roberts, 1600 (L. Heyes, publisher); the earliest Quarto extant of Titus Andronicus (E. White, publisher), the same year, 1600; lastly, the second Quarto of Hamlet, 1604 (N. Ling, publisher), with another edition of the same in the following year, 1605.

We add these few particulars concerning the printers, gathered from the Registers of the Company of Stationers:

Thomas Fisher. Date of Freedom, 3 June, 1600 (vol. ii. 725). Date of First Registered publication (the Quarto of Midsummer Night's Dream), 8 Oct. 1600 (iii. 174).

James Robertes (sic). Date of Freedom, 27 June, 1594 (i. 240). Date of First Registered publication (Christopher Payne's Cristenmas Caroles, and The Country Clown Doth much Desyre a gent to be), 1548 (i. 402).
were, he must remember that the burden of proof is left to him: for, to the best of our knowledge, there exists no evidence whatever in support of such a view. Still less (if less than none could be) is there any support given to an idea that both of the two Quartos may have been framed from separate manuscript originals. While the innumerable differences between them show that one Quarto is not a servile reproduction of the other, it is likewise true that the characteristics of both, showing a general and frequently also a specific similarity in printing, must shut out any supposition of the later copy having been wholly uninfluenced by its predecessor. Both Quartos are now before the reader for comparison. We need do little beyond indicate certain chains of evidence: to establish or refute certain theories in connection with the Folio text.

§ 3. Four Statements; To be Substantiated.

We advance the following four statements, as representing indisputable facts, after a study of the two Quartos, side by side, and in connection with the other chief textual authority, the first Folio of 1623.

1st. That despite a general resemblance between Fisher's and Roberts's editions in Quarto, 1600, there are dissimilarities dividing them, which prove with absolute certainty that the second-printed Quarto (by whomsoever issued) must have been set-up afresh. A typographical reprint of both would have shown this contrast less clearly than does the photo-lithographic couple of Quartos now offered for collation. Out of a multitude of examples, the different arrangement of the Italicized Stage-directions offers itself to view. In Fisher's, the business is given (as usual) in Italic type, with exception of the proper names of the characters; which are in Roman type. But in Roberts's, the whole line is in Italic type, names and all. The minute differences of spelling, some of them capricious and occasional, not constant, are innumerable and suggestive.

2nd. That when "setting-up" the later Quarto, the printer has had the sheets of the earlier Quarto beside him: because the making-up of the two versions, page by page, is closer in resemblance than
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could have happened accidentally. In general, the pages of both editions begin with the same line. The exceptions are chiefly in the prose (or else in the pages following nearest to prose passages), and this difference was caused by Roberts's page being wider than Fisher's to the extent of about two letters' breadth. And it is remarkable that when this difference ensued, from the cause here shown, a recurrence has been speedily made to the former agreement; by leaving a wider space at the earliest opportunity where stage-business was mentioned. Thus, after interruption, the restoration of similarity meets us, and the two versions begin their pages again with the same line. Evidently this was designedly, and not by chance. Let it not be thought that even in verse-printing identity of line-lengths was inevitable, for errors of arrangement in one Quarto are repeated in the other Quarto. For instance: observe the blunder of printing "Stand forth Demetrius," and "Stand forth Lysander," as stage-directions (in p. 3), while the construction of the verse proves clearly that each broken line is a part of the speech spoken by Egeus, and addressed respectively to the rival lovers. Yet both Quartos give the erroneous indication, as though we were to read it as "Business: here Demetrius is to stand forward," and the same of Lysander. The Folio copies the mistake without detection. Which brings us to

3rd. That the First Folio edition, 1623, was demonstrably set-up from Roberts's Quarto; although that Quarto was an unauthorized, and presumably a spurious or pirated edition: recourse not being had to Fisher's superior Quarto of the same year (registered and more carefully punctuated, although less modernly spelt, and with fewer prompter's stage-directions). In confirmation of which statement we observe,

4th. That where there are differences between these Quartos, the First Folio closely follows that of Roberts's, and not Fisher's:

a. In spelling, passim.

b. In punctuation, passim.

c. In position, or in transposition, of words.¹

¹ Exem. gratia (p. 48-176), "Now I doe wish it," of Fisher, reads: "Now do I wish it," in Roberts's; and also in the First Folio.
8. Italicized stage-directions (much more frequent in Roberts's than in Fisher's) are followed, and enlarged, in the Folio.1
8. In plain and palpable emendations.2

§ 4. The First Folio text based on that of Roberts's Quarto.

Often, where the Folio corrects a phrase (that had been evidently wrongly given before, by Roberts), it had been wrongly given by Fisher also. Therefore, we see that the correction of Roberts's error was not borrowed from Fisher's copy.

Examples: 1. (P. 26.) Both Quartos blunder in giving the speech, on Bottom's exit, "A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here" to Quince. The improbability of his making such a comment is obvious. It came appropriately from the mocking voice of Puck: and accordingly the First Folio prints it with "Puck" for the speaker.

2. (P. 49.) Fisher and Roberts agree in misprinting, "But man is but patcht a foole;" which in the Folio is rightly given, "But man is but a patcht fool," etc.

3. (P. 50.) A far stronger case, where both Quartos read, "Enter Quince, Flute, Thisby, and the rabble." This is altered in the Folio into "Enter Quince, Flute, Thisbie, Snout, and Starueling;" with a substitution of "Staru.," for "Flute" as speaking second. Now this has evidently been guess-work, without authority of the Poet's manuscript, and helps to perpetuate a "muddle." For the printers fail to remember that Flute is himself the representer of Thisbie. Perhaps the first error of the Quartos was the omission to mark (not "Thisbie," but) "Thisbie's Mother";—a character that had been allotted to the timid Robin Starveling, although she does not speak when the interlude is afterwards acted. Her part is dumb-show, and therefore

1 Ex. grat. (p. 49, line 187). Where Fisher has a long single line, Roberts divides it properly, and reads, as a new line, "Come Hippolita," with "Exit" inserted in continuation of this fresh line: this being supplemented in the First Folio, which reads: "Exit Duke and Lords," not "Exeunt Duke, Hippolita, and Lords," as it ought to be. Again, the important "Exit" of Bottom (on p. 50, to end the modern Scene I of Act iv.) is not in Fisher's.
2 Ex. grat. (p. 49.) Fisher's has "if he goe about expound this dream." Roberts and First Folio have "if he go about to expound this dream."
especially suited to the nervous tailor, who fears his own voice and shadow. It is Flute who habitually mistakes his words (witness his repetition of "Ninny's tomb," despite the correction earlier administered to him by Quince). Therefore, we may be sure that the awkward misreading of "Paramour" for "Paragon," comes from Flute; and not from the sensible manager, Peter Quince, to whom it is wrongly assigned. Can we restore the right name? It may have been either Quince or Snout; or even "Thisbie’s Mother," otherwise Starveling. Certainly not "Thisby" = Flute. Yet the Folio accepts this false reading unhesitatingly, while making some other changes, one of which is merely a specification of business detail. In fine, the characters are so clearly marked elsewhere that the true reading must be something like this:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Quince}. & \quad \text{Have you sent to Bottom’s house? Is he come home yet?} \\
\text{Flute [as in Quartos].} & \quad \text{He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.} \\
\text{Thisbie [‘s mother=Starveling].} & \quad \text{If he come not, then the play is marr’d. It goes not forward, does it?} \\
\text{Quince.} & \quad \text{It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.} \\
\text{Thisbie [‘s mother=Starveling].} & \quad \text{No, he hath simply the best wit of any handy-craft man in Athens.} \\
\text{Flute [not Quince, as wrongly marked in Quartos and Folio].} & \quad \text{Yes, and the best person too, and he is a very Paramour, for a sweet voice.} \\
\text{Quince [or else Thisbie’s mother=Starveling, but certainly not Thisbie, as marked by all].} & \quad \text{You must say, Paragon. A Paramour is (God bless us!) a thing of naught.}
\end{align*}
\]

§ 5. Roberts’s text borrowed from Fisher’s Quarto.

Now as to the sequence of publication, we hold it to be in this chronological order:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Earliest.} & \quad \text{Fisher’s Quarto; 8th October, 1600.} \\
\text{Next.} & \quad \text{Roberts’s Quarto; after 8th October, 1600, and before March 25th, 1601.} \\
\text{Last.} & \quad \text{The First Folio, 1623; copying Roberts’s text, with conjectural alterations in the few places where differences occur.}
\end{align*}
\]

We hold it to be almost impossible—certainly to us it appears incredible—that any printer like Thomas Fisher (with Roberts’s printed text before his eyes) could have deliberately changed the spelling, in multitudinous instances, back into a more cramped and lumbering
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archaic fashion. We give a brief sample of these differences in corresponding places; but they are innumerable throughout:

Fisher's Quarto.

tel—Snugge—els—homeSpunnes—perhaps—hewe—eke—lewe—Snowte
doe—hogg—Fynch—Sparrowe—answere—ly—hee, etc. (all taken within the compass of a few pages; and in the prose).

Also many contractions—such as træble, for tremble; lätern, for lantern; châbre, for chamber; vnderståd, for vnderstand; tràslated, for translated—all made unnecessarily, because they are in the same prose portion of Fisher's Folio.

On the other hand, it is by no means difficult to understand the improved clearness in typography of Roberts over that of Fisher (supposing, as we do, that Roberts had Fisher's printed book before his eyes). For there was the additional space gained—

1. By the excision of redundant letters;
2. By having a wider platform of type in his page;
3. By his gaining an occasional line in prose passages, and thus being able to afford extra leads at entrance of characters.

Despite this improvement in typographical clearness, there is a marked deterioration in the minute divisions of the verse by punctuation. Commas are less frequent, either from negligence or from systematic repugnance to the scholarly and grammatical breaking-up of sentences. Either supposition would account for the change. It cannot be that Fisher had intentionally improved upon Roberts in these minute subdivisions; for, if so, he would never have blundered in more important details of punctuation, such as we see differently given in the two Quartos. Everything indicates the priority of Fisher.

The difference of date being at most only a few months, the frequent change of spelling made by Roberts from that employed by Fisher must have been attributable to personal taste—a modernizing tendency of fashion, that inclined Roberts to simplify his spelling, and dispense with so many useless letters. He thus economizes his "lower case."
Another indication of the order of succession, now formulated. Let us take the noble passage, wherein Theseus discourses of Imagination (Quartos, p. 51). It is surely difficult, if not impossible, to believe that any printer or tolerably instructed "reader of the press" could have had Roberts's text lying before him, and yet made such hurtful misarrangement of the verse as we now find in line 6 of Fisher's text, bringing injuriously into the same line "The Lunatick." Both editions, here as elsewhere, spoil the rhythm of the poetry by wrong division of lines. But, in almost every case, the differences between the Quartos mark an alteration having been made from Fisher's into Roberts's, never from Roberts's into Fisher's.

(P. 25.) Fisher has: "We ought to looke toote." Roberts gives this clearly: "We ought to looke to it." If Roberts had come first, and been copied by Fisher, such a change as "toote" would not have been seen.

What is shown above, by the injury to rhythm, is elsewhere shown by the redundancy of capitals (as in line 88 of p. 27, Fisher's Quarto, which could not have been set wrongly from the correct arrangement in Roberts's). We fear these examples may appear to be tediously insisted on; but if they prove our statement—that Fisher preceded Roberts—an important step is gained in understanding the formation of the Folio's text, which assuredly was built on that of Roberts's.

§ 6. Fisher's text must have had genuine Manuscript Authority.

The only text of the three that can be shown to have been formed on genuine manuscript authority is that which we possess in the facsimile of Fisher's Quarto. There is absolutely no proof whatever in favour of an independent origin for the Folio text, Heminge and Condell having availed themselves of the printed sheets issued by Roberts; and these sheets were taken almost without further correction when re-set, "at the charges of W. Jaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley, 1623." There is, moreover, no proof whatever (but presumptive evidence to the contrary) that any inde-
pendent manuscript authority had been previously employed by James Roberts.

Those persons who have carefully studied the pirated and corrupt versions of some other Shakespearian plays can scarcely fail to notice the difference when they come to examine Fisher's Quarto. It is, comparatively speaking, correctly printed. Whether the "copy" or the compositor were answerable for the spelling, we know not; but as printers have always been strictly conservative in such debatable matters (resisting changes advocated by individuals or inconstant fashion),\(^1\) we are inclined to lay the blame chiefly on Fisher. Certainly, he was less skilled and less given to innovation than Roberts, who used his earlier sheets. Fisher is somewhat heedless in regard to exits and entrances (Roberts adding several such announcements, where they were self-evidently necessary). But, on the whole, the text is given with so close an approximation to correctness, that the reader awakens to a regretful remembrance of the vast inferiority in the earliest printed texts of other Shakespearian dramas.

In short, there is a reasonable ground for supposing that Fisher's Quarto may have been an accredited publication, favoured by Shakespeare, although not corrected for the press by himself.

\(^7\) The Formation of the Folio Text.

We know not what reason guided Heminge and Condell to employ Roberts's text for the First Folio, instead of Fisher's. But we are not likely to err in supposing the choice to have been dictated by two out of three circumstances.

1st. They did not possess an independent holograph manuscript from Shakespeare's hand of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Therefore they availed themselves of a printed version (either marked as "prompt-

\(^1\) We are all of us under obligation to intelligent compositors and press-readers, for their steady conservatism and shrewd sense, as well as for other bounties. Long may they continue to preserve their neighbours' land-marks! They are needed now, more than ever, to guard our English literature from being desecrated by the vagaries of self-styled philologists; who would speedily bring us to a chaotic wilderness of barbarism, through some "spelling-reform." We must resist these revolutionists, who threaten us that lists are to be published of proscribed forms of spelling, like the Hue-and-Cry photographic records of escaped criminals.
book," for representation, or, more probably, an ordinary purchased copy).

2nd. They preferred Roberts's Quarto, because it was the better printed of the two Quartos, and more suited for their reproduction. Or else,

3rd. Because Fisher's Quarto (although registered) was by this time out of their reach, and, perhaps, virtually forgotten. But Roberts's, we know, was at their hand, and was found serviceable.

All of us owe so large a debt of gratitude to these two actors, "John Hemmings and Henry Condell" (as their names are given in the list of "The Principall Actors in all these playes" of Shakespeare, at beginning of the First Folio), that we will not be ungracious enough to swell the chorus of abuse raised by ignorance and ingratitude, because they did not take additional pains to secure us an accurate impression of the ipsissima verba of that greatest poet, whom they loved and honoured. In their dedication of the plays to the Earl of Pembroke, they claim only to have "collected them." To the public, "the great variety of readers," they judiciously offer their advice, "to buy it first," and then "to read, and censure," if men will, according to privilege of purchasers. They express regret that the author himself had not "liu'd to haue set forth and overseen his owne writings." They glance at the "diuerse stolne, and surreptitious copies, maim'd and deform'd by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors, that expos'd them;" and they claim, somewhat beyond the actual warrant of truth, to now offer them to view "cur'd and perfect of their limbes: and all these rest" [id est, these never hitherto printed in any edition], "absolute in their numbers, as he conceiu'd thē." We must not press too hardly against these worthy actors, who thus assumed the editorial cares of authorship, for which they had not been trained by previous practice. What they urged may have been in great part true, although not true of all, or nearly all, the plays. Probably of "The Tempest," with which delightedly they open their treasure-trove, the statement is substantially correct; and they tried to give the never-printed masterpiece as "we haue scarce receiued from him a blot in his papers."
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Of sixteen plays we see the earliest known transcript in the Folio of 1623. Where it is faulty, therefore, we are often left helplessly perplexed. But, in many other cases, we find valuable help afforded by the earlier-printed Quartos; to some of which the Folio was indebted for its text, and notably so in the case of that loveliest work of youthful fancy, A Midsummer Night's Dream.

§ 8. SOME PECULIARITIES OF THE FOLIOS.

Having already given (in the Introduction to Fisher's Quarto, p. iii.) the entry belonging to it from the Registers of the Stationers' Company, C. fol. 65 verso, we now add the important entry concerning the First Folio. It is of date, possibly, before the volume was fully completed (the book requires, from its bulk, to be a long time in progress), and although the list appears to have been carefully transcribed, and in correct order, only those plays are mentioned of which no Quarto editions are extant: "soe many of the said Copies as are not formerly entred to other men." It thus becomes a valuable record of the admission made at the time, that there were sundry other plays floating about—more or less authorized, and as legalized property—among which would be reckoned A Midsummer Night's Dream.

8o Nouembris 1623.

Master Blounte Entred for their Copies vnder the hands of Master
Isaak Jaggard. Doctor Worrell and Master Cole Warden Master
William Shakspers Comedyes, Histories, and Tragedyes, soe manie of the said Copies as are not for-
merly entred to other men. . . . vis'. . . . vijs

Comedyes. The Tempest
             The two gentlemen of Verona
             Measure for Measure
             The Comedy of Errors
             As you like it
             All's well that ends well
             Twelfe night
             The winters tale
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HISTORIES.  The thirde parte of HENRY ye SIXT
         HENRY the EIGHT

TRAGEDIES.  CORIOLANUS
             TIMON of Athens
             JULIUS CAESAR
             MACKBETH
             ANTHONIE and CLEOPATRA
             Cymbeline

It will be found useful to have this list here for future reference, as well as for present service. We have some important deductions to draw from it hereafter, and on a future occasion, when we have free scope, we may bring fresh evidence to establish our conclusions, regarding the materials employed in the First Folio. It is unnecessary to detail the few changes successively made in the Second, Third, and Fourth Folios, of 1632, 1664 (valuable only for its rarity, most copies of this edition having perished in the Great Fire of 1666), and 1684. Corruptions of the text continually increased, there being no resumed attention paid to early Quartos.

It has been weakly taken for granted that the Folio rectifies the errors of the Quartos. Examination proves the falsity of this supposition. It will be convenient to give our proofs in a foot-note.1

1 The Folio spoils Lysander’s speech (p. 6, line 133), mutilating the verse by omitting “Eigh me!”—the full line being, “Eigh me! for aught that I could ever read,” &c.

Both Quartos had rightly printed an old-fashioned word (in p. 6, line 144), in “Making it Momentany as a sound.” The Folio, showing ignorance of the phraseology, has conjecturally changed this into “Momentarie.”

Almost the only innovation of the Folio possessing any value is in Act iii. sc. 2, where the metre is restored by making Hermia say, “I am amazed at your passionate words.” But even here, where this probable conjecture is employed, we might rest content with the Quarto’s “I am amazed at your words” (unless we accept “passionate” as = pash’mate, dissyllabic), in a choice of imperfections. Shakespeare often left an incomplete verse.

One might hail as an approach towards correction the Folio’s reading, “Now is the morall downe betweene the two Neighbors” (which is itself a mistake for mural: if we are to accept the adjective, instead of the substantive, to make sense); instead of the puzzling, “Now is the Moon Vsed betweene the two neighbors” (p. 57, line 204).

But the Folio leaves uncorrected the palpable blunder, “wondrous strange snow” (p. 53, line 57), which probably ought to be “wondrous seething,” or “scaldinge snow,” or some other contrasting word, as in the case of “hot ice.”

Let a fresh plea be here advanced for the admission of this conjectural “seeth-
After such a list as we have given, which might have been swelled if necessary, it is idle to talk of the Folio editors having access to any manuscript authority for *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. We hold it indisputable that *they used Roberts's printed Quarto*, sometimes increasing the defects, sometimes guessing commonplace variations; but they give absolutely nothing of such improvements as would have been gained from a genuine manuscript, or even from a certified "revised and corrected" prompt-book.

*ing* in place of the absurd misprint "strange," or the advocated "swarthy," which is inadmissible. "Seething" is in the doubtful Perkins' Folio of 1632; but as a guess it is not disqualified. We note that in Thomas Bastard's *Chrestoleros: Seuen booke of Epigvanes written by T. B.*, 1598 (the very year of the latest possible date of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*), on p. 139, we meet a confirmation of *seething* being used as synonymous with *baking*:

**BOOK VI. EPIGRAM 13.**

"There is no fish in brookes little or great,
And why? for all is fish that comes to nett.
The small eate sweete, the great more daintely.
The great will *seeth* or bake, the small will frye." etc.

(British Museum, Case 39, a. 3, second art.)

Also, the Folio continues the erroneous "*she meanes,*" which is a misprint for "*she moans,*" in mockery of Thisbie (p. 60, line 300). Also, the Folio accepts and retains the misprint (p. 61, line 338) of "And the Wolfe beholds the Moone;" instead of the indisputable "behovls the Moone."

Again, in Oberon's disenchantment spell (p. 45, line 70), the metre is spoilt by the Folio interpolating a word, "Be *thou* as thou art wont to be." And, in Oberon's last speech, or song (p. 62, lines 384, 385), both Quartos having made the blunder of a misplaced line, the Folio blindly follows the example, perplexing later commentators, and tempting them to conjectural emendation. But the error was simply one that Roberts had already fallen into (on p. 28, with lines 125 and 127), viz., the transposition of two lines. We must read:

"And the owner of it best
Ever shall in safety rest."

Not, as the Quartos and Folio wrongly give it:

"Ever shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it best."

The Folio errs in omitting Oberon's name, attached to this song in the Quartos. It gives the song in *Italics*, not recognizing Oberon as leading the fairies, which he expressly declares:

"And this Ditty after me, Sing and dance it trippingly."

We have no call to believe, with Dr. Samuel Johnson (who, at the time, knew nothing of Fisher's Quarto), that the song mentioned by Titania is lost.

As to the transposed line in Titania's address to Bottom, we shall see (on next page) that the Folio endorses Roberts's corruption of the Fisher text.
§ 9. Roberts's Text not "Corrected from Fisher's."

No one hereafter need feel any timidity in speaking of the Fisher Quarto as "the First Quarto," and of Roberts's Quarto as "the Second Quarto," if our demonstration be held complete.

In Titania's first address to Bottom a palpable error occurs in Roberts's Quarto; the final line having, wrongly, become the second by a printer's error: that is, the line had been dropt while the type was being set: it was noticed, and then inserted, but at a wrong place, the blunder remaining undetected, although the comma remaining at the end of the line "doth moue me," shows plainly the nature of the accident.¹ Now this glaring typographical error is positively copied into the Folio, although it spoils the verses! The compositor had sufficient wit, and no more, to alter the final comma of Roberts's into a full stop. Surely nothing could better prove (1st) the absence of authoritative correction in the Folio, and (2nd) the priority of Fisher's to Roberts's corrupted text.

Far from Roberts's being, as it is loosely declared, "corrected from Fisher's," the verse is often marred by Roberts departing from Fisher's reading. Here are instances of such damage, and all of them are endorsed by the Folio in repetition:—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Roberts's, and Folio.</th>
<th>Roberts's Quarto, and Folio.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>P. 7, line 174.</td>
<td>TC 7, line 174.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>prospers loues. [Rhyming with &quot;doues&quot;]</td>
<td>prospers loues. [Rhyming with &quot;doues&quot;]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>changed into</td>
<td>loue.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>,, 15 ,, 102. And thourough this distemperature,</td>
<td>,, 15 ,, 102. And thourough this distemperature,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>changed into</td>
<td>through this</td>
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<tr>
<td>,, — ,, 103. hoary headed frosts, changed into.</td>
<td>,, — ,, 103. hoary headed frosts, changed into.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>,, 17 ,, 173. round about the earth, changed into.</td>
<td>,, 17 ,, 173. round about the earth, changed into.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>,,, 35 ,, 173. Helen, it is not so, changed into.</td>
<td>,,, 35 ,, 173. Helen, it is not so, changed into.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

¹ This piece of evidence is so important, and has been hitherto so overlooked, that it will be better to give the passage in full:—

FISHER'S QUARTO.  
Titania.—I pray thee, gentle mortall, sing againe—
Myne eare is much enamoured of thy note:
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,
And thy faire vertues force (perforce)
doth moue mee,
On the first viewe to say, to sweare I loue thee.

The Folio repeats Roberts's text, verbatim, et literatim, et punctuatim, except at the end, which has a period, "doth moue me."
INTRODUCTION.

Or weakening the sense, even when not marring the verse, as in—

P. 8, line 202. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine, changed into . . . . none of mine.

,, 16 ,, 153. That very time I saw [evidently correct] changed into . . . . I say [Quite wrong].

,, 17 ,, 177. The next thing then she waking, changed into . . . . when she waking

,, — ,, 190. And wodde [i.e. mad], within this wood, changed into . . . . wood within this wood

,, 19 ,, 255. Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in, changed into . . . . rap a fairy in [!] this being

,, 47 ,, 131. their being here together, changed into . . . . their being

,, 48 ,, 164. in fancy following me, changed into . . . . followed me.

,, 63 ,, 390. these visions, changed into . . . . this visions.

Sometimes the change is unimportant, either reading suitting well enough, as in (p. 37, line 268) Fisher's Quarto: “O hated potion” altered into, “O hated poison”.

One more specimen of the mere guess-work of both Roberts's changes and the revisers of text in the Folio. In Act iii. sc. 1 (D 4 = p. 30, line 19 of both Quartos), where Puck is delightedly recounting the discomfiture of the Clowns, on the appearance of Bottom wearing the Ass’s head, Puck uses this expression, in Fisher’s Quarto: “And forth my Minick comes.” This is altered in Roberts’s Quarto, into “And forth my Minnock comes.” The change is only a blunder, or from some fancy of rectifying the spelling: a frequent occasion of error with Roberts. But when the Folio text is being formed from Roberts’s, twenty-three years later, there is a total ignorance in the printing-office as to the meaning of the word, and it is therefore transformed, plausibly, into Mimic—“And forth my Minnick comes,” as though it were spoken in reference to Bottom being one of the actors. But this is absolutely a blunder. Puck never ceases to heap ridicule on Bottom, as “the shallowest thickskin of that barren sort;” ironically mocking him as “sweet Pyramus,” “a stranger Pyramus than e’er play’d here,” and, “When thou wak’st with thine owne foole’s eyes peep.” Puck is far too choice and cull’d of phrase to lavish so dainty an epithet on the weaver Bottom as “Mimic.” The word he uses, we may be sure, is a word of insult. Later Folios further corrupt it into “Mammock.” But Fisher gave us the true Shakespearean word, which was correctly “Minnick.” (We have a similar one in “Mannikin,” but Minicken, or sometimes Minikin = small, neat, finical; or, in an opprobrious sense, paltry and effeminately unmanly.) We have the same word elsewhere in Shakespeare: it is in Edgar’s scrap of song, as Mad Tom (King Lear, Act iii.), in the Folio:—

“Sleep’st or wakest thou, jolly Shepheard,
Thy sheep bee in the corne;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheepe shall take no harme.”

§ 10. CONCLUSION: THE VALUE OF THE QUARTOS.

We have necessarily left important matters untouched, that may be hereafter discussed in our forthcoming edition, long promised to the New Shakspere Society, under the presidentship of Robert Browning.
Pressure of other promised work caused delay. Our special business in this Quarto has been to indicate, to the best of our ability, its true place and value in relation to Fisher’s Quarto of the same year, 1600, and to the earliest Folio, 1623. So, in our Introduction to Fisher’s Quarto, we limited ourselves to considering the evidence in adjustment of the date as a composition, and only briefly touched on what may well be called the higher criticism.  

To another opportunity, perhaps to a more skilful hand, is left the unwinding of many a clue. The intricacies of the fairy mythology might well demand attention and most profound scholarship. Hitherto little has been done, beyond the gathering of materials, to form a judgment. Painters, like our early teacher, David Scott, and our still living friend, revered and loved, Sir Noël Paton, have delighted to embody on their canvas the airy gambols of “the Puck,” the graceful dignity of Oberon, the loveliness of Titania, the quaint variety of blended whimsicality and bewitching beauty among the elves and sylphs that held their revels in the haunted woodland. Poets and musicians have not lingered far behind: they strove, like Mendelssohn, to make melody reveal the mysteries that underlie the twilight gloaming—the messages that are heard or seen by those alone whose faculties are spiritualized and quickened, after having breathed diviner air. From sculpture and from architecture have been bor-

1 After all, it is not the individual opinion of any Editor, but the exact reproduction of the text itself, in photo-lithographic fac-simile, that must indisputably form the chief value of this projected series of Quartos. If their text be presented trust-worthily, they will be prized and circulated. (For any delay of issue, hitherto, neither the publisher nor the present writer is in any degree responsible. Both are blameless. Our two Quartos of A Midsummer Night’s Dream—a labour of love, not a hireling task—are advanced before their announced position, owing to the three other plays which should have preceded them being still behind time. They were from different hands.) We have not deemed it necessary to give a longer or more exhaustive Introduction to each of our own two Quartos. Together they form a total of only thirty-seven pages.

Moreover, circumstances have shown to us the expediency of retaining, for the present, within our own possession, certain valuable materials, literary and pictorial, gathered for the illustration of the Fairy Mythology of Shakespeare and his Contemporaries. They are kept back until such time as they can be published free from any injurious control. We write for those who possess sympathy with something beyond the dry bones of etymological and linguistic study of him who was “the world’s Shakespeare.” Readers will meet us again in this haunted wood of Oberon and Titania. Let us hope that it may not be without mutual pleasure or mutual profit. Vale.
rowed the severe and stately calm that meets us in such noble figures as Duke Theseus with his Amazonian bride; the slumbering lovers, couched apart, half-hid in shadow, half-glorified by the moon's beams; and even the procession of the wedding-guests, coming at the close like a happy inspiration—a dreamland fancy, caught up in memory from some description of the Panathenaic frieze, as told by travellers who had roved through Greece, and found true pleasure in conversing with our Stratford Poet, whose listening ear was ready to accept the tale. Elsewhere we see him in his superhuman wisdom, his wide-embracing knowledge of all varieties of men, his warmth of heart, his scorn of cunning, cruelty, and selfishness; his mastery over every passion, his insight into every hope or fear. But here we find him keeping an open court; not too lofty for our homage, but, like his own Theseus, cheerfully accepting our poor attempts to do him service, and warm ourselves at life's true Midsummer in his smile.

We hold within our grasp the very pages, printed without much typographical skill, that in those early days gave to so many a heart the first rapturous enjoyment of fairyland. It is our own fault if to us they bring less of pleasure. Well said the earliest editors of Shakespeare:—

"Reade him, therefore, and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him."

J. Woodfall Ebsworth.

Molash Vicarage, Kent,
Midsummer-Day, 1880.
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

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;
Arthurans of Athens.
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,
Cobweb,
Moth,
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 Midsommer nights dreame.

As it hath beene sundry times publickly acted, by the Right Honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his servants.

Written by William Shakespeare.

Printed by James Roberts, 1600.
A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAM.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others.

Theseus.

Ow faire Hippolita, our nuptiall houre
Drawes on apace: foure happy daies bring in
Another Moone: but oh, me-thinks, how low
This old Moone wanes: She lingers my desires
Like to a Step-dam, or a Dowager,
Long withering out a young mans reuenu.

Hipp. Foure daies will quickly strepe themselves in nights
Foure daies will quickly dreame away the time:
And then the Moone, like to a siluer bow,
Now bent in heauen, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

Thee, Goe Philostrate,
Stirre vp the Athenian youth to merriments,
Awake the pearst and nimble spirit of mirth,
Turne melancholy forth to Funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pompe.

Hippolita, I woode 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 reuelling.

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

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned Duke.
The. Thanks good Egeus. What's the newes with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint

A 2
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

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 stoln the impression of her fantasie,
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawdes, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegaiers, sweet meates (messengers
Of strong preuailement in unhardened youth)
With cunning hast thou filcht my daughters heart,
Turnd her obedience (which is due to me)
To stubborne harshness.

And my gracious Duke,
Be it so she will not here before your Grace,
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient priuilege 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 law,
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you Hermia? be aduis'd, faire maid,
To you your father shoud be as a God:
One that compos'd your beauties; yea and one,
To whom you are but as a forme in wax
By him imprinted, and within his power,
To leave the figure, or disfigure it:

Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Herm. So is Lysander.
The. In himselfe he is.
But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voyce,
The other must be held the worthier.

Herm.
A Midsummer's nights Dreame.

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

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgement looke.

Her. I do intreate your Grace to pardon me.

I know not by what power I am made bold,

Nor how it may concerne my modesty,

In such a presence, here to plead my thoughts;

But I beseech your Grace, that I may know

The worst that may befall me in this case,

If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abiure

For ever the society of men.

Therefore faire Hermia, question your desires,

Know of your youth, examine well your blood,

Whether (if you yeeld not to your fathers choyce)

You can endure the liuery of a Nunne,

For aye to be in shady Cloister meed'd

To liue a barren sister all your life,

Chanting faint hymnes to the colde fruitlesse Moone.

Thrice blessed they that matter so their blood,

To vndergo such maiden pilgrimage,

But earthlier happy is the Rose distild,

Then that which withering on the virgin thorne,

Growes, liues, and dies, in single blessednesse.

Her. So will I growe, so liue, so dye my Lord,

Ere I will yeeld my virgin Patent vp

Vnto his Lordship, whose vnwished yoake

My soule consents not to giue soueraintie.

The. Take time to pauifie, and by the next new Moone,

The seeling day betwixt my loue and me,

For everlasting bond of fellowship:

Vpon that day either prepare to dye,

For disobedience to your fathers will,

Or else to wed Demetrius, as he wold,

Or on Dianaes Altar to protest,

For aye, austerity, and single life.

A 3
A Midsummer night's Dreame.

Dem. Relent s wee te Hermia, and Lysander, yeeld
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.

Lys. You haue her Fathers loue, Demetrius:
Let me haue Hermia: do you marry him.

Egeus. Scornfull 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 do eftate vnto Demetrius.

Lysan. I am my Lord, as well deriu'd as hee,
As well posselt: my loue is more then his;
My fortunes euery way as fairely ranckt
(If not with vantage) as Demetrius:
And (which is more then all these baots can be)
I am belou'd of beautious Hermia.
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, He auouch it to his head,
Made loue to Neders daughter, Helena,
And won her soule: and she (sweete Lady) dotes,
Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confesse, that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius, thought to haue spoke thereof;
But being ouer full of selfe-affaires,
My minde did lose it. But Demetrius come,
And come Egeus, you shall go with me,
I haue some priuate schooling for you both.
For you faire Hermia, looke you arme your selfe,
To fit your fancies to your fathers will;
Or else the Law of Athens yeelds you vp
(Which by no meanes we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come my Hippolita; what cheare my loue?
Demetrius and Egeus goe along:
I must imploy you in some businesse
Against our nuptiall, and conferre with you
A Midsummer night's Dream.

Of something, neere that concerns your felues.

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

Lyf. How now my loue? Why is your cheeke so pale?

How chance the royes there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike for want of raine; which I could well

Betteeme them from the tempest of my eyes.

Lyf. Eight me; for outh that I could euer reade,

Could euer heare by tale or history,

The course of true loue neuer did runne smoothe,

But either it was different in bloud;

Her. O crose! too high to be inthrald to loue.

Lyf. Or else misgarded, in respect of yeares;

Her. O spight! too olde to be ingag'd to yong.

Lyf. Or else it stood vpon the choife of friends;

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

Lyf. Or, if there were a simpathy in choife,

Warre, death, or sicknesse, did lay fledge to it;

Making it momentany, as a sound;

Swift as a shadow; short as any dreame;

Breie as the lightening in the collied night,

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

And ere a man hath power to say, behold,

The awes of darkness do euoure it vp:

So quicke bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true Louers haue bin euere crost,

It stands as an edict in deffiny:

Then let vs teach our triall patience,

Because it is a customary crose,

As due to loue, as thoughts, and dreames, and sighes,

Wifies and teares; poore Fancies followers.

Lyf. A good perfwation: therefore heare me, Hermia:

I haue a widow Ant, a dowager;

Of great reuenu, and she hath no childe,

From Athens is her house remote seven leagues,

And she respects me, as her onely sonne:

There,
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

There gentle Hermia, may I marry thee,
And to that place, the sharpe Athenian law
Cannot pursueth thee. If thou lovest me, 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 morn of May)
There will I stay for thee.

_Her._ My good Lysander,
I sweare to thee, by Cupids strongest bow,
By his best arrow, with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus Doves,
By that which knitteth soules, and prospers loue,
And by that fire which burned the Carthage Queene,
When the falle Troyan under fayle was seene,
By all the vowes that euer men have broke,
(In number more then euer women spoke)
In that same place thou haft appointed me,
To morrow truely will I meete with thee.

_Lys._ Kepe promife loue, looke here comes Helena.

_Enter Helena._

_Her._ God speede faire Helena, whither away?

_Hel._ Call you me faire? that faire againe vnsey,

Demetrius loues your faire: O happy faire!
Your eyes are loadftar, and your tongues sweet ayre
More tuneable then Larkes to Shepheards eare,
When wheate is greene, when hauithorne buds appeare,
Sicknesse is catching: O vvere favoure so,
Your words I catch, faire Hermia ere I goe,
My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongues sweet melody,
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest Ile glue to be to you translated.
O teach me how you looke, and with what art,
You syvay the motion of Demetrius heart.
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Her. Ifrown upon him, yet he loves me still.
Hel. O that your frowns wold teach my smiles such skill
Her. I gue him curses, yet he gies me loue.
Hel. O that my prayers could such affection movue.
Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.
Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena is none of mine.
Hel. None but your beauty, wold that fault were mine.
Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face,
Lyfander and my selfe will fly this place.
Before the time I did Lyfander see,
Seem'd Athens like a Paradice to me.
O then, what graces in my loue do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heauen into hell,
Lyf. Helen, to you our mindes we will unfold,
To morrow night, when Phebe doth behold
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 we deuised to steale.
Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Vpon saint Pimrose beds, were wont to lyce,
Emptying our bofomcs, of their counfell sweld,
There my Lyfander, and my selfe shall meete,
And thence from Athens turne away our eyes
To seeke new friends and strange companions.
Farwell sweete play-fellow, pray thou for vs,
And good lucke grant thee thy Demetrius.
Keepe word Lyfander we must starue our fight,
From louers foode, till morrow deepe midnight.

Exit Hermia.

Lyf. I will my Hermia, Helena adieu,
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you. Exit Lyf.
Hel. How happy some, or other some can be?
Through Athens I am thought as faire as she.

B But
A Midsummer nightes dreame.

But what of that? Demetrius thinkes not so:
He will not knowe, what all, but hee doe know,
And as hee erres, dotting on Hermias eyes:
So I, admiring of his qualities,
Things base and vile, holding no quantitie,
Louve can transpofe to forme and dignitie.
Louve lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde:
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blinde.
Nor hath loues minde of any judgement tast:
Wings, and no eyes, figure, vnheedly haste.
And therefore is loue said to bee a childe:
Because, in choyce, he is so oft beguilde.
As wagifh boys, in game, themselves forswear:
So, the boy, Loue, is periur'd every where.
Foe, etc Demetrius lookt on Hermias eyen,
Hee hayld downe othes, that he was onely mine:
And when this haile some heate, from Hermia, felt,
So he dissolved, and howrs of oathes did melt,
I will goe tell him of faire Hermias flight:
Then, to the wodde, will he, to morrow night,
Pursue her: and for this intelligence,
If I haue thankes, it is a deare expense:
But herein meane I to enrich my paine,
To haue his flight thither, and back againe. Exit.

Enter Quince the Carpenter, and Snug the Joiner, and Bottom, the Weaver, and Flute, the Bellowes mender; & Snout, the Tinker; and Starucling, 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 every mans name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our Enterlude, before 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.
A Midsummer night's dream.

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 assyre you, & a merry. Now good Peeter Quince, call forth your Actors, by the scrowle, Masters, spreade your selues.

Quin. Answere, 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 louer, or a tyrant?

Quin. A louer 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 mooue storms, I will condole, in some measure. To the rest yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play Erastes rarely, or a part to teare a Catin, to make all split the raging rocks: and shittering shocks, shall breake 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 Erastes vaine, a tyrants vaine: A louer is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the Bellowes mender?

Flu. Here Peeter Quince.

Quin. Flute, you must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? A wandring knight?

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

Flu. Nay faith; let not me play a woma: I haue a beard co-

Quin. Thats all one; you shall play it in a Maske; and you may speake as small as you will.

Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play Thisby to: Ile speake in a monstruous little voice; Thisbe, Thisbe, ah Py-

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

Bot. Well, proccede. Qui. Robin Starveling, the Tailer?

Qui. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisbyes mothers
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

Tom Snowt, the Tinker.
Snowt.Here Peter Quince.
Quin. You,Pyramus father; my selfe,Thisbies father;
Snugge the Ioyner,you the Lyons part: and I hope here is
a play fitted.

Quin. Have you the Lyons part written? pray you if it
be, give it me, for I am lowe of Rudy.
Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but
roaring.

Bot. Let me play the Lyon too, I will roare, that I will
do any mans heart good to heare me. I will roare, that I
will make the Duke say, Let him roare again, let him roare
again.

Quin. If you should do it too terribly, you would fright
the Dutchesse and the Ladies, that they would shrike, and
that were enough to hang vs all,

All. That would hang vs everie mothers sonne.

Bot. I grant you friends, if you should fright the Ladies
out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but
to hang vs: but I will aggravate my voyce so, that I will
roare you as gently as any sucking Doue; I will roare you
and t'were any Nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Piramus, for Piramus is
a sweet fact man, a proper man as one shal see in a sommers
day; a most louely gentlemanlike 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 eyther your straw-colour beard,
your orange tawny beard, your purple in graine beard, or
your french crowne colour beard, your perfit yellow.

Quin. Some of your french crownes have no haire at all;
and then you will play bare fact. But masters heere are
your parts, and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire
you,
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

In, A Midsummer Night's Dreame, you, to con them by to morrow night: and meete me in the palace wood, a mile without the towne, by Moone-light, there we will rehearse: for if we meete in the Citty, we shall be dog'd with company, and our deuises knowne. In the meane time, I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you faile me not.

Bot. We will meete, and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take paines, be perfite, adieu.

Quin. At the Dukes oke we meete.

Bot. Enough, hold or cut bow-strings. Exeunt.

Enter a fairy, at one doore, and Robin good-fellow at another.

Robin. How now spirit, whether wander you?

Mac. Ouer hill, ouer daie, through bush, through brier, Ouer parke, ouer pale, through flood, through fire,

I do wander every where, swifter then the Moons sphere;
And I serve the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbes upon the The cowslips tall, her pensioners be,
In their gold coats, spots you see,
Those be Rubies. Fairy fauvours,
In those freckles, line their favours,
I must goe seeke some dew drops here,
And hang a pearle in every cowslips care.

Farwell thou Lob of spirits, Ile be gone,
Our Queen and all her Elues come here anon.

Rob. The King doth keepe his Reuels here to night,
Take heed the Queene come not within his sight,
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A louely boy stollen from an Indian king,
She never had so sweete a changeling,
And jealous Oberon would have the childe,
Knight of his traine, to trace the Forrests wilde.
But she, perforce with-holds the loued boy,
Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.

B 3 And
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

And now they never meet in grove, or greenes,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheene,
But they do square, that all their Elwes for feare
Creepe into acorne cups, and hide them there.

"Fair, Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else ye are that shrewd and knauish spirit,
Cal'd Robin good-fellow. Are ye not hee,
That frights the maidens of the Villagere,
Skim milke, and sometimes labour in the querne,
And bootlesse make the breathlesse huswife cherne,
And sometime make the drinke to beare no barne,
Mis-leade night-wanderers, laughing at their harme,
Those that hobgoblin call you, and sweete Puck,
You do their worke, and they shal haue good lucke.
Are not you hee?" (the night,

"Rob. Thou speakest aright; I am that merry wanderer of
I lease to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and beane-fed horse beguile;
Neighing in likenes of a silly foale,
And sometime lurke I in a goff's bole,
In very likenes of a rosted crab,
And when she drinkes, against her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlop pour the ale.
The wisest Aunt telling the faddest tale,
Sometime for three foote stoole, mistaketh me,
Then slip I from her bum, downe topples she,
And tailour cryes, and fals into a coffe,
And then the whole Quire hold their hips, and losse,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and sweare,
A merrier houre was never wafted there.
But roome Fairy, here comes Oberon.

"Fa. And here my mistresse: would that he were gone.
Enter the King of Fairies at one doore with his traine,
and the Queene at another with hers.
Ob. I'll met by moone-light, proud Tytania.

Queen."
A Midsummer Night's Dream

Queen. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy skip hence.

I have forsworn his bed and company.

Ob. Tarry rash wanton; am not I thy Lord?

Qu. Then I must be thy Lady: but I know

When thou hast stollen away from Fairy Land,
And in the shape of Corin, sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love,
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here

Come from the farthest steep of India?
But that forsooth the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin mistress, and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come,
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Ob. How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credite, with Hippolyta?
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus,

Didst thou lead him through the glimmering night,
From Perigenia, whom he rauished?
And make him with faire Eagles break his faith
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

Queen. These are the forgeries of jealousy,
And never since the middle Sommers spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,
By pauled fountain, or by rufhy brooke,

Or in the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling winde,
But with thy brawles thou hast disturb'd our sport.

Therefore the winde, piping to vs in vaine,
As in revenge, haue suckt vp from the sea,

Contagious fogs; which falling in the Land,
Hath euery pelting riuere made to proud,

That they haue over-borne their Continents.

The Oxe hath therefore stretcht his yoke in vaine,
The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green Corne
Hath rotten, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

The fold stands empty, in the drowned field,
And Crows are fatted with the murried flocke,
The nine mens Morris is stild up with mud,
And the quiernt Mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable.
The humane mortals want their winter heere;
No night is now with hymne or carroll blest;
Therefore the Moone (the gouernesse of floods)
Pale in her anger, washes all the aire;
That Rheumaticke diseases do abound.
And through this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter; hoared headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson Rose,
And on old Hyemys chinne and Ice crowne,
An odorous Chaplet of sweete Sommer buds
Is as in mockery set. The Spring, the Sommer,
The chiding Autumn, angry Winter change
Their wonted Liieries, and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knowes not which is which;
And this same progeny of evils,
Comes from our debate, from our diffention,
We are their parents and originall.

Oberon. Do you amend it then, it lyes in you,
Why should Titania crosse her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my Henchman.

Queene. Set your heart at rest,
The Fairy land buies not the childe of me,
His mother was a Votresse of my order,
And in the spiced Indian aire, by night
Full often hath she goffipt by my side,
And sat with me on Neptunes yellow lands,
Marking th'embarked traders on the flood,
When we have laught to see the sailes conceuie,
And grow big bellied with the wanton winde,
A Midsummer night's Dreame.

Which she with pretty and with swimming gate,
Following (her womb then rich with my young squire)
Would imitate, and saile upon the Land,
To fetch me trifle, and returne againe,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize,
But she being mortall, of that boy did dye,
And for her sake do I reare vp her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Q. How long within this wood intend you stay?

J. Perchance till after Theseus wedding day.

If you will patiently dance in our Round,
And see our Moone-light reuels, go with vs;
If not, shun me and I will spare your haunts.

Q. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

J. Not for thy Fairie Kingdome, Fairies away:
We shall chide downe right, if I longer stay.

Q. Well, go 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 Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe,
Vttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civill at her song,
And certaine starres shot madly from their Spheares,
To heare the Sea-maids musicke.

Pucke. Remember.

Q. That very time I say (but thou couldst not)
Flying betwene the colde Moone and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certaine aime he tooke
At a faire Vestall, throne by West,
And loos'd his Iove-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts,
But I might see young Cupids fiery shaft
Quench in the chaste beames of the watry Moone;
And the imperiall Votresse pass'd on.
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

In maiden meditation, fancy free,
Yet mark't I where the bolt of Cupid fell.
It fell upon a little western flower;
Before, milke-white; now purple with loues wound,
And maidens call it, Loue in idlenesse.
Fetch me that flower; the hearb I shew'd thee once,
The iuyce of it, on sleeping eye-lids laide,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next liue creature that it sees.
Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou here againe,
Ere the Leviathan can swim a league.

Put. Ile put a girdle about the earth, in forty minutes.

Oberon. Having once this iuyce,
Ile watch Titania, whence she is asleepe,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing when the waking lookes vpon,
(Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,
On medling Monkey, or on busie Ape)
She shall pursue it, with the soule of loue,
And ere I take this charme off from her sight,
(As I can take it with another hearbe)
Ile make her render vp her Page to me.
But who comes here? I am inuisible,
And I will ouer-heare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

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

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant,
But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart
Is true as steel. Leave you your power to draw,
A Midsummer Night's Dream

And I shall have no power to follow you.

**Dem.** Do I entice you? do I speake you faire?
Or rather do I not in plainest truth,
Tell you I do not, nor I cannot loue you?

**Hel.** And euen for that do I loue thee the more;
I am your spaniell, and **Demetrius,**
The more you beate me, I will fawne on you,
Vse me but as your spaniell; spurne me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; onely give me leave
(Vnworthy as I am) to follow you.
What worsfer place can I beg in your loue,
(And yet a place of high respect with me)
Then to be vfed as you vse your dog.

**Dem.** Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am sicke when I do looke on thee.

**Hel.** And I am sicke when I looke not on you.

**Dem.** You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leue the Citty, and commit your selfe
Into the hands of one that loues you not,
To truft the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsell of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

**Hel.** Your vertue is my pruisedge: for that
It is not night when I do 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 said I am alone,
When all the world is here to looke on me?

**Dem.** Ile run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leue thee to the mercy of wilde Beasts.

**Hel.** The wildest hath not such a heart as you; Runne when you will, the story shal be chaung'd:

**Apollo** flies, and **Daphne** holds the chafe;
The Dove pursues the Griffen, the milde Hinde

C 2  Makes
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

Makes speed to catch the Tygre. Bootlesse speede,
When cowardise pursues, and valor flyes.

Demet. I will not stay thy questions, let me go;
Or if thou follow me, do not beleue,
But I shall do thee mischiefe in the wood.

Hel. I, in the Temple, in the Towne, and Field
You do me mischiefe. Fye Demetrius,
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for loue, as men may do;
We should be woode, and were not made to woe.
Ile follow thee and make a heauen of hell,
To dye upon the hand I loue so well.

Ob. Fare thee well Nymph, ere he do leaue this grot,
Thou shalt flye him, and he shall seeke thy loue.
Haft thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. I there it is.

Ob. I pray thee giue it me.
I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,
Where Oxflips and the nodding Violet growes,
Quite overcanoped with lusious woodbaine,
With sweete muske roses, and with Eglantine;
There sleepeps Tytania, sometime of the night,
Luld in these flowers, with dances and delight:
And there the snake throwes her enamelled skinne,
Wee wide enough to rap a Fairy in.
And with the iuyce of this Ile streake her eyes,
And make her full of hatefull fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seeke through this grot;
A sweete Athenian Lady is in loue
With a disdainfull youth: annexit his eyes,
But do it when the next thing he espies,
May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the man,
By the Athenian garments he hath on,
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

More fond on her, then she upon her love;
And look thee thou meet me ere the first Cocke crow.

P. F. Fear not my Lord, your servant shall do so. Exeunt.

Enter Queene of Fairies, with her traine.

Queen. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy song;
Then for the third part of a minute hence,
Some to kill cankers in the muske rose buds,
Some warre with Remiss, for their leathern wings,
To make my small Elu's coats, and some keep backe
The clamorous Owle, that nightly hootes and wonders
At our quaint spirits: Sing me now asleepe,
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

Fairies sing.

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny Hedgehogges be not seen,
Newts and blinde worms do no wrong
Come not neere our Fairy queene.
Philomele with melody,
Sing in our sweet Lullaby,
Lullia, lullia, lullaby, lullia, lullia, lullaby,
Neuer harme, nor spell, nor charm me,
Come our lovely Lady naye.
So good night with Lullaby.

1. Fairy. Weanig Spiders come not heere,
Hence you long legd Spinders, hence:
Beetles blacke approch not neere;
Worme nor Snaile do no offence.
Philomele with melody, &c.

2. Fairy. Hence away, now all is well;
One aloofe, stand Centinell.

Enter Oberon.

O. B. What thou seeft when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true love take:
Loue and languishe for his sake.
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Bearer,

Pard.
A Midsummer night's Dream.

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

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys, Faire loue, you faint with wandring in the woods,
And to speake troth I haue forgot our way:
Woo't rest vs Hermia, if you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be it so Lysander; finde you out a bed,
For I vpon this banke will rest my head.

Lys. One turffe shall serve as pillow for vs both,
One heart, one bed, two bosomes, and one troth.

Her. Nay good Lysander for my sake my deare
Lie further off yet, do not lie so neere.

Lys. O take the fence sweete, of my innocence,
Loue takes the meaning, in loues conference,
I meane that my heart vnto yours is knit,
So that but one heart we can 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 do not lye.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily;
Now much befshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.
But gentle friend, for loue and courtesie
Lie further off, in humane modesty,
Such seperation, as may well be said,
Becomes a vertuous batchelor, and a maide,
So farre be distant, and good night sweet friend,
Thy loue nere alter till thy sweete life ende.

Lys. Amen amen, to that faire praiser, say I,
And then end life, when I end loialty:
Heere is my bed, sleepe giue thee all his rest.

Her.
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Her. With halfe that wishers eyes be pret.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Through the Forrest haue I gone,
But Athenian finde I none,
On whose eies I might approue
This flowers force in stirring loue.

Night and silence: who is heere?
VVeedes of Athens he doth weare:
This is he (my master said)
Despised the Athenian maide:
And heere the maiden sleeping sound,
On the danke and dirty ground.
Pretty soule, she durft not lye
Neere this lack loue, this kill-curtse.
Churle, vpon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:
VVe When thou wak'ft, let loue forbide
Sleepe his seat, on thy eye-lid.
So awake when I am gone:
For I must now to Oberon.

Enter Demetius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweete Demetius.
De. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.
De. Stay on thy peril, I alone will goe.
Hel. O I am out of breath, in this fond chase,
The more my praiere, the leffer is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wherefore she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt teares.
If so, my eies are oftner washt then hers.
No, no, I am as vgly as a Beare;
For beasts that meete me, runne away for feare,
Therefore no maruaile, though Demetius
Do as a monster, flie my presence thus.
A Midsummer night's Dreame.

What wicked and dissembling glasse of mine,
Made me compare with Hermia's shery eyne?
But who is here, Lysander on the ground?
Dead or asleepe? I see no blood, no wound,
Lysander, if you liue, good sir awake.

And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
Tranparant Helena, nature shewes arte,
That through thy bofome makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so Lysander, say not so:
What though he loue your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loues you; then be content,
Lys. Content with Hermia? No, I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her haue spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena now I loue;
Who will not change a Rauen for a Doue?
The will of man is by his reason swar'd:
And reason saies you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe vntill their season;
So I being young, till now ripe not to reason,
And touching now the point of humane skill,
Reason becomes the Marshall to my will,
And leads me 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 deferue this scorne?
Ift not enough, ift not enough, young man,
That I did neuer, no nor neuer can,
Defereue a sweete looke from Demetrius eye,
But you mustflows my insufficiency?
Good troth you do me wrong (good-footh you do)
In such disdainfull manner, me to wooe.
But fare you well; perforce I must confesse,
I thought you Lord of more true gentlenesse.

Oh,
A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

Oh, that a Lady of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd.

Lys. She sees not Hermia: Hermia, sleepe thou there,
And neuer maiest thou come Lysander neere;
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomacke brings;
Or as the heresies that men do leaue,
Are hated most of those they did deceive:
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresie,
Of all be hated; but the most of me;
And all my powers address your loue and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her Knight.

Her, Helpe me Lysander, helpe me; do thy best
To plucke this crawling serpent from my brest.
Aye me, for pity; what a dreame was here?

Lysander looke, how I do quake with feare:
Me-thought a serpent eate my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.
Lysander, what remou'd? Lysander, Lord,
What, out of hearing, gone? No sound, no word?
Alacke where are you? Speake and if you heare;
Speake of all loues; I swound almost with feare.
No, then I well perceiue you are not nye,
Eyther death or you i le finde immediately.

Enter the Clowner.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat, and heres a maruislous convenient place
for our rehearfall. This greene plot shal be our stage, this
hauthorne brake our tyring house, and we will doe it in ac-
tion, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. Peter quince?

Peter. What saist thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this Comedy of Piramus and
Thisby, that will neuer please. First, Piramus must draw a
sword to kill himselfe; which the Ladyes cannot abide.

D How
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

How answer you that?

Snout. Berlaken, a parlous feare.

Star. I belewe we must leaue the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit, I have a deuice to make all well. Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue feeme to say, wee will do no harme with our swords, and that Pyramus is not kild indeed: and for the more better assurance, tell them that I Piramus am not Piramus, but Bottom the Weauer; this will put them out of feare.

Quin. Well, we will haue such a Prologue, and it shall be written in eight and fixe.

Bot. No, make it two more, let it be written in eight & eight.

Snout. Will not the Ladies be afear'd of the Lyon?

Star. I feare it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with your selfe, to bring in (God shield vs) a Lyon among Ladies, is a most dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull wilde fowle then your Lyon living: and we ought to looke to it.

Snout. Therefore another Prologue must tell he is not a Lyon.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and halfe his face must be seene through the Lyons necke, and hee himselfe must speake through, saying thus, or to the same defect; Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would entreat you, not to feare, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you thinke I come herher as a Lyon, it were pitty of my life. 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 the ioyner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for you know, Piramus and Thoby meete by Moone-light.

Sn. Doth the Moone shine that night we play our play? 

Bot.
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

**Bottom.** A Calendar, a Calendar, looke in the Almanack, finde out Moone-shine, finde out Moone-shine.

**Quin.** Yes, it doth shine that night.

**Bot.** Why then may you leaue 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 lanthorne, 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 Piramus and Thisby (faies the story) did talke through the chinke of a wall.

**Sn.** 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 home, or some rough cast about him, to signifie wall; or let him hold his fingers thus; and through that cranny, shall Piramus and Thisby whisper.

**Quin.** If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit downe euery mothers sone, and rehearse your parts. Piramus, you begin; when you have spoken your speech, enter into that Brake, and euery one according to his cue.

**Enter Robin.**

**Rob.** What hempen home-spuns haue we swagging here, So neere the Cradle of the Fairy Queene? What, a play toward? Ile be an auditor, An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

**Quin.** Speake Piramus, Thisby stand forth.

**Pir.** Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweete.

**Quin.** Odours, odorous.

**Pir.** Odours savours sweete.

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby deare. But harke, a voyce: stay thou but heere a while, And by and by I will to thee appeare.

**Quin.** A stranger Piramus then ere plaid here.

**This.** Must I speake now?
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

**Pet.** I marry must you. For you must understand he goes but to see a noyle that he heard, and is to come againe.

**Thys.** Most radiant Piramus, most Lilly white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant bryer,
Most brisky Inuenall, and eke most lovely Iew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tyre,
Ile meete thee Piramus, at Ninnies toombe.

**Pet.** Ninus toombe man; why you must not speake that yet; that you answer to Piramus: you speake all your part at once, cues and al. Piramus enter, your cue is past; it is never tyre.

**Thys.** O, as true as truest horse, that yet would never tyre.
**Pir.** If I were faire, Thisby I were only thine.

**Pet.** O monstrous, O strange. We are haunted; pray masters flye 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 headlesse beare, sometime a fire,
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,
Like horse, hound, hog, beare, fire, at evry turne. Exit.

**Bot.** Why do they run away? This is a knauery of them to make me afeard. Enter Snows.

**Sn.** O Bottom, thou art chang’d; what do I see on thee?

**Bot.** What do you see? you see an asse head of your own.
Do you?

Enter Peter quince.

**Pet.** Blesse thee Bottome, blesse thee; thou art translated. Exit.

**Bot.** I see their knauery; this is to make an asse of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not stir from this place, do what they can. I will walke vp and downe heere, and I will sing that they shall heare I am not afraid.
The Wosell cocke, so blacke of hew,
With Orange tawny bill,
A Midsummer night's Dreame.

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

Tytania. What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?

Bot. The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke,
The plainsong Cuckow gray;
Whose note full many a man doth marke,
And dares not answer, nay.

For indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird?
Who would give a bird thelye, though he cry Cuckow, never so?

Tytania. I pray thee gentle mortall, sing again,
Mine eare is much enamored of thy note;
On the first view to say, to sweare I loue thee.
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,
And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth moue me,

Bot. Me-thinks missresse, you should have little reason
for that: and yet to say the truth, reason and loue keepe little company together, now adayes.
The more the pitty, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay I can glekke vpon occasion.

Tytania. Thou art as wife, as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I haue enough to serue mine owne turne.

Tytania. Out of this wood, do 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 vpon my state,
And I do loue thee; therefore go with me,

Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee Jewels from the deepe,
And sing, while thou on pressd flowers dost sleepe.

And I will purge thy mortall grossenesse so,
That thou shalt like an ayry spirit go.

Pease-blossome, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed.

Enter foure Fairies.
A Midsummer Night's Dream

Fai. Ready; and I, and I, and I. Where shall we go?
Tita. Be kind and courteous to this Gentleman,
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eies,
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries,
The hony bags steale from the humble Bees,
And for night tapers, crop their waxen thighses,
And light them at the fiery Glow-wormes eies,
To haue my loue to bed, and to arise
And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,
To fanne the Moone-beames from his sleeping eies,
Nod to him Elues, and do him curtesies.

1. Fai. Haile mortall, haile.
Bot. I cry your worships mercy hartily; I beseech your worships name.

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

Pfas. Pease-blossome.
Bot. I pray you commend me to mistresse Squash, your Mother, and to master Peascod your Father. Good master Pease-blossome, I shall desire you of more acquaintance to.
Your name I beseech you sir?

Mus. Mustard seeds.
Bot. Good master Mustard seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly gyant-like Oxe-beeke hath devoured 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 me-thinks, lookes with a watry eie,
And when she weepes, weepe every little flower,

Lamen-
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tye vp my louers tongue, bring him silently. Exit.

Enter King of Fairies and Robin good-fellow.

Ob. I wonder if Titania be awak't;

Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on, in extremity.

Here comes my messenger: how now mad spirit,
What night-rule now about this haunted group?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love,
Neere to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping bower,
A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,
That worke for bread, vpon Athenian stales,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus nuptiall day:
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren fort.
Who Piramus presneted, in their sport,
Forsooke his Scene, and entred in a brake,
When I did him at this aduantage take,
An Asses noile I fixed on his head,
Anon his Thistie must be answerd,
And forth my Minnock comes: when they him spy,
As Wilde geese, that the creeping Fowler eye,
Or ruffd pated choughs, many in sort
(Rising and cawing at the guns report)
Seuer themselfes, and madly sweepe the sky:
So at his sight, away his fellowes flye,
And at our flampe, here one and one falls;
He murther cryes, and helpe from Athens cals.
Their sense thus weake, loft with their after thus strong,
Made senselesse things begin to do them wrong.
For briars and thornes at their apparell snatch,
Some fleecues, some hats, from yeelders all things catch,
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweete Piramus translated there:

When
A Midsummer Nights Dreame

When in that moment (so it came to passe) Tytania waked, and straightway would an affe.

Ob. This falles out better then I could devise:

But haft thou yet lacht the Athenians eyes,
With the loue iuyce, as I did bid thee do?

Rob. I tooke him sleepeing (that is finisht to)

And the Athenian woman by his side,
That when he wak’t, of force she must be cyde.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand close, this is the same Athenian.

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

Deme. O why rebuke you him that loues you so?

Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should vse thee worse.

For thou (I feare) haft giuen me cause to curse,
If thou haft slaine Lyfander in his sleepe,

Being o’re shooes in bloud, plunge in the deepes, and kill me
The Sunne was not so true vnto the day,

As he to me. Would he haue stollen away,
From sleepeing Hermia? I beleue as soone

This whole earth may be bor’d, and that the Moone
May through the Center creepe, and so displease

Her brothers noon tide, with th’ Antipodes.

It cannot be but thou hast murdred him,

So should a murderer looke, so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murdered looke, & so should I,

Pierst through the heart with your fearne cruelty:
Yet you the murderer looke as bright, as cleare,

As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. V What’s this to my Lyfander? where is he?

Ah good Demetrius, wilt thou giue him me?

Dem. I de rather giue his carkeffe to my hounds.

Her. Out dog, out curre, thou dru’ft me past the bonds

Of maidens patience. Haft thou slaine him then?

Henceforth be never numbred among men.

Oh,
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Oh, once tell true, euen for my sake,
Durst thou have lookt vpon him, being awake?
And haft thou kild him sleeping? O braue tutch:
Could not a worme, an Adder do so much?
An Adder did it. For with doubler tongue
Then thine (thou serpent) neuer Adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispriz'd mood,
I am not guilty of Lyfanders bloud:
Nor is he dead, for ought that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee tell me then, that he is well.
Dem. And if I could, what should I get therefore?
Her. A priuiledge, neuer to see me more,
And from thy hated presence part I, see me no more,
Whether he be dead or no.

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vaine,
Here therefore for a while I will remaine.
So sorrowes heauinesse doth heauier grow,
For debt that bankrout slip doth sorrow owe,
Which now in some flight measure it will pay,
If for his tender heere I make some stay.
Lie downe.

Ob. What haft thou done? Thou haft mistaken quite,
And laide the loue iuyce on some true loues light:
Of thy misprision, must perforce ensue
Some true loue turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

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

Ob. About the wood, goe swifter then the winde,
And Helena of Athens looke thou finde.
All fancy sicke she is, and pale of cheere,
With sighes of loue, that costs the fresh bloud deare.
By some illusion see thou bring her heere,
Ile charm his eies, against she do appeare.

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

Ob. Flower of this purple die,
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,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Pucke.

Pucke. 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!

Ob. Stand aside: the noise they make,
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puc. Then will two at once wooe one,
That must needs be sport alone:
And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think that I should wooe in scorn?
Scorne and derision never come in teares:
Looke when I vow I weep; and vows so borne,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me, seeme scorn to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true.

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more,
When truth kills truth, O diuelfish holy fray!
These vowes are Hermia. Will you give her ore?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.
Your vowes to her, and me (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 give her ore.

Lys.
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

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

Dem. O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine,

To what, my love, shall I compare thine cyme!

Christall is muddy, O how ripe in showe,

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!

That pure congealed white, high Taurus snow,

Fan'd with the Easterne winde, turns to a crow,

When thou holdest vp thy hand. O let me kisse

This Princessse of pure white, this seale of blisse,

Hell. O spight! o hell! I see you all are bent

To set against me, for your merriment,

If you were ciull, and knew curtesie,

You would not do me thus much injury.

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

But you must ioyne in soules to mocke me too?

If you were men, as men you are in showe,

You would not vse a gentle Lady so;

To vow, and sweare, and superpraise my parts,

When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.

You both are Riuals, and love Hermia;

And now both Riuals, to mocke Helena.

A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,

To conjure teares vp in a poyre maides eyes,

With your derision, none of noble sort,

Would so offend a virgine, and extort

A poyre soules patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are vnkinde Demetrius; be not so.

For you love Hermia; this you know I know;

And here with all good will, with all my heart,

In Hermia love I yeeld you vp my part;

And yours of Helena, to me bequeath,

Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Neuer did mockers wase more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keape thy Hermia, I will none:

If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone.
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

My heart to her, but as guest-wife sojournd,
And now to Helen it is home return'd,
There to remaine.

Lyf. It is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Leaft to thy peril thou abide it deare,
Looke where thy Loue 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 paires the hearing double recompense.
Thou art not by mine eie, Lyfander found,
Mine eare (I thanke it) brought me to thy found.
But why vnkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lyf. Why should he stay, whom loue doth pressse to go?

Her. What loue could pressse Lyfander from my side?

Lyf. Lyfanders loue (that would not let him bide)
Faire Helena; who more engilds the night,
Then all yon fiery oes, and eies of light.
Why seek'ft thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made me leave thee so?

Her. You speake not as you thinke; it cannot be.

Hel. Loe, she is one of this confederacy,
Now I perceiue, they haue conioynd all three,
To fashion this false sport, in spight of me.
Injurious Hermia, most vngratefull maide,
Haue you conspir'd, haue you with these contriu'd
To baite me, with this soule derision?
Is all the counfell that we two haue shar'd,
The sisters vowes, the houres that we haue spent,
When we haue chid the hafty footed time,
For parting vs; O, is all forgot?
All schoole-daies friendship, child-hood innocence?
We Hermia, like two artificiall gods,

Haue
A Midsommer nights Dreame.

Haue 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, voices, and mindes
Had bin incorporate. So we grew 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 ancient love afunder,
To joyn with men in scorning your poore friend?
It is not friendly, tis not maidenly.
Our sexe as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feele the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your words,
I scorne you not; It seems that you scorne me.

Hel. Haue you not set Lyfander, as in scorne
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius
(Who even but now did spurne me with his foote)
To call me godesse, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestiall? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? And wherefore doth Lyfander
Deny your love (so rich within his soule)
And tender me (forsooth) affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?

What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung vpon with love, so fortunate?
(But miserable most, to love vnlove
This you should pity, rather then despise.

Her. I understand not what you meane by this.

Hel. I, do, perseuer, counterfeit sad lookes,
Make mouthes vpon me when I turne my backe,
A Midemmer nights Dreame.

Winke each at other, hold the sweete ieast vp:
This sport well carri'd, shall be chronicled.
If you haue any pitty, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But saryeweell, its partly mine owne fault,

Which death or absence soone shall remedy.

Lys. Stay gentle Helena, heare my excuse,
My loue, my life, my foule, faire Helena.

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweete, do not scorne her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreate, I can compell.

Lys. Thou canst compell, no more then she entreate.

Thy threats haue no more strength then her weake prais.

Hel. I loue thee, by my life I doe;
I sweare by that which I will lose for thee,
To proue him false, that saies I loue thee not.

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

Lys. If thou say so, with draw and proue it to.

Dem. Quick, come.

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you Ethiopia.

Dem. No, no, hee'll seeme to breake loose;

Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go.

Lys. Hang off thou cat, thou bur; vile thing let loose,

Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

Her. Why are you growne so rude?

What change is this, sweete Loue?

Lys. Thy loue? out tawny Tartar, out;
Out loathed medicine; ° hated poison hence.

Her. Do you not ieast?

Hel. Yes sooth, and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keepe my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond: for I perceiue,

A weake bond holds you; Ile not trust your word.

Lys.
A Midsummer Night's Dream

Lyf. What should I hurt, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What can you do me greater harm then hate?
Hate me, wherefore? O me, what news my Loue?

Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now, as I was ere while.

Since night you knew me; yet since night you left me.
Why then you left me (O the gods forbid)

In earneft, shall I say?

Lyf. I, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope of question of doubt;
Be certain; nothing truer; this is least,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O me, you juggler, you cancer blossome,
You theefe of Loue; what, have you come by night,
And stolne my loues heart from him?

Hel. Fine ifaith.

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you teare

Impatience answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie, you counterfet, you puppet, you.

Her. Puppet? why so? I, that way goes the game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Betweene our stature, she hath verg'd her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height (forsooth) she hath preuailed with him.

And are you growne so high in his esteeme,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?

How low am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake,
How low am I? I am not yet so low,

But that my nailes can reach vnto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you though you mocke me, gentlemen,
Let her nor hurt me; I was never curst:
I haue no gift at all in shrewishness:
A Midsummer night's Dreame.

I am a right maid for my cowardise;
Let her not strike me: 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 me,
I euermore did loue you Hermia,
Did euermore keepe your counsels, neuer wronged 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 threatened me
To strike me, spurne me, nay to kill me to;
And now, so you will let me quiet goe,
To Athens will I beare my folly backe,
And follow you no further, Let me go.

You see how simple, and how fond I am.

Hel. Why get you gone: who ist that hinders you?

Her. A foolish heart, that I leaue heere behind.

Her. With Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid, she shall not harme thee Helena.

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

Hel. O when shee's 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?

VVhy will you suffer her to flout me thus?

Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone you dwarfe,

You minimus, of hindring knot grasse made,

You bead, you acorne.

Dem. You are too officious,

In her behalfe that scornes your services.

Let her alone, speake not of Helena,

Take
A Midsommer nights Dreame.

Take not her part, for if thou dost intend
Neuer so little shew of loue to her,
Thou shalt abie it.

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, Ile go with thee cheeke by iowle.

Her. You Mistrefse, all this coyle is long of you.

Nay, goe not backe.

Hel. I will not trust you I,
Not longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine, are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though to runne away.

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say,
Exeunt.

Ob. This is thy negligence, till thou mistak'ft,
Or else commit'ft thy knaueries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, King of Shaddowes, I mistooke.

Did not you tell me, I should know the man,
By the Athenian garments he hath on?
And so farre blamelesse prove my enterprize,
That I haue nointed an Athenians eyes,
And so farre am I glad, it so did fort,
As this their iangling I esteeme a sport.

Ob. Thou seest these Lovers secke a place to fight,
Hie therefore Robin, ouercast the night,
The starre Welkin couer thou anon,
With drooping fogge as blacke as Acheron,
And leade these teasty Riuals so aferay,
As one come not within an others way.
Like to Lysander, sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stirre Demetrius vp with bitter wrong;
And sometime raile thou like Demetrius;
And from each other looke thou leade them thus,
Till ore their browes, death-counterfeiting, sleepe
With leaden ledges, and Batty wings doth creepe;

Then
A Midsummer night's Dream.

Then crush this hearbe into Lyfander's eie,
Whose liquor hath this vertuous property,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eie-bals rolle with wonder'd sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seeme a dreame, and fruitlesse vision,
And backe to Athens shall the Louers wend
With league, whose date till death shall never end.
While I in this affaire do thee apply,
Ile to my Queene, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eie releafe
From monsters view, and all things shall be peace.

_Puck._ My Fairie Lord, this must be done with haste,
For night swift Dragons cut the Clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approch, Ghosts wandring here and there,
Troope home to Church-yards; damned spirits all,
That in crose ways and floods haue buriall,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For feare least day should looke their flames vpon,
They wilfully themselues exile from light,
And must for aie comfort with blacke browd night.

_Ob._ But we are spirits of another sort:
I, with the mornings loue haue oft made sport,
And like a Forrester, the groues may tread,
Euen till the Eastern gate all fiery red,
Opening on Neptune, with faire blessed beames,
Turnes into yellow gold, his fait greenes dreames.
But notwithstanding haste, make no delay,
We may effect this businesse, yet ere day.

_Puck._ Vp and downe, vp and downe, I will leade them vp & downe: I am feared in field and towne, Goblin, lead them
_vp and downe: here comes one._ Enter Lyfander.

_Lys._ Where art thou, proud Demetrius? Speak thou now.
_Rob._ Here villain, drawne and ready. Where art thou?

_Lys._
A Midsummer Night's Dream

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Rob. Follow me then to plainer ground.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lysander, speak again;
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?

Rob. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childe,
Ile whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Rob. Follow my voice, we'll try no manhood here. Exeunt.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on,
When I come where he calleth, then he's gone.
The villain is much lighter heel'd than I;
I followed fast, but faster he did flie;
That fallen am I in darkuen way,
And here will rest me. Come thou gentle day:
For if but once thou shew me thy gray light,
Ile finde Demetrius, and revenge this spight.

Robin and Demetrius.

Rob. Ho, ho, ho; coward, why com'st thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st. For well I wot,
Thou runft before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor looke me in the face.
Where art thou?

Rob. Come hither, I am here.

De. Nay then thou mock'st me; thou shalt buy this deare,
If euer I thy face by day-light see.
Now goe thy way: faintnesse constraineth me,
To measure out my length on this cold bed,
By daies approch looke to be visited.

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, o long and tedious night.
A Midsummer Night's Dream

Abate thy houres, shine comforts from the eaft,
That I may backe to Athens by day-light,
From thefe that my poore company deteft;
And sleepe that sometimes fluts vp sorrowes eie,
Steale me a while from mine owne company.

Sleepe.

Rob. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kindes makes vp foure.
Here she comes, curst and sad,
Cupid is a knauifh lad,
Thus to make poore females mad.

Her. Neuer fo weary, neuer fo in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with briars,
I can no further crawle, no further goe;
My legs can keepe no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the breake of day,
Heauens shield Lyfander, if they meane a fray.

Rob. On the ground sleepe found,
Ile apply your eye gentle louer, remedy.
When thou wak'ft, thou tak'ft
True delight in the fight of thy former Ladies eie,
And the Country Proverbe knowne,
That euery man fhould take his owne,
In your waking fhall be fhowne.

Sacke fhall haue ill, nought fhall go ill,
The man fhall haue his Mare againe, and all fhall be well.

Enter Queene of Fairies, and Clowne, and Fairies, and the
King behinde them.

Tit. Come fit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,
While I thy amiable cheekes do coy,
And fickle muske roses in thy flecke smothe head,
And kiffe thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy.

Clowne. Where's Peafe-bloffe? 
Peaf. Ready.

Clowne. Scratch my head, Peafe-bloffe. Wher's Moun-
fieur Cobweb? 
Cob. Ready.

Clown.
A Midsommer's nights Dreame.

Clo. Mounsieur Cobweb, good Mounsieur get your wea-
pons in your hand, and kill me a red hipt humble-bee, on
the top of a thistle; and good Mounsieur bring me the ho-
ny bag. Doe not fret your selfe too much in the action,
Mounsieur; and good Mounsieur have a care the hony bag
breake not, I would be loth to haue you overflowne with a
hony-bag signiour. Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed?

Mus. Ready.

Clo. Give me your neafe, Mounsieur Mustardseed.

Pray you leaue your courtesie, good Mounsieur.

Mus. What's your wil?

Clo. Nothing good Mounsieur, but to helpe Caualery
Cobweb to scratch. I must to the Barbers Mounsieur, for
me-thinkes I am maruailous hairy about the face. And I
am such a tender affe, if my haire do but tickle me, I must
scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou heare some some musick, my sweet
loue?

Clowne. I haue a reasonable good eare in musicke. Let vs
haue the tongs and the bones.

Tita. Or say sweete Loue, what thou desirlest to eate.

Clow. Truely a pecke of provender; I could mounch your
good dry Oates. Me-thinkes I haue a great desire to a bot-
tle of hay: good hay, sweete hay hath no fellow.

Tita. I haue a venturous Fairy,
That shall seeke the squirrels hoard,
And fetch thee new Nuts.

Clo. I had rather haue a handfull or two of dried peafe.

But I pray you let none of your people stir me, I haue an ex-
position of sleepe come vpon me.

Tity. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my armes,
Fairies be gone, and be alwaies away.

So doth the woodbine, the sweete Honisuckle,
Gently entwift; the female Iuy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme.
A Midlommer nights Dreame.

Oh, how I loue thee! how I dote on thee!

Enter Robin goodfellow.

Oh, Welcome good Robin: seest thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pitty.
For meeting her of late behinde the wood,
Seeking sweete favours for this hatefull foole,
I did vpraid her, and fall out with her.
For she his hairy temples then had rounded,
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers.
And that same dew which sometime on the buds,
Was wont to swell like round & orient pearles;
Stood now within the pretty flouriets eies,
Like teares that did their owne disgrace bewaile.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in milde tearmes begd my patience,
I then did aske of her, her changeling childe,
Which straight she gaue me, and her Fairy sent
To beare him to my Bower in Fairy Land.
And now I haue the boy, I will vndoe
This hatefull imperfection of her eies.
And gentle Pucke, take this transformed scalpe,
From off the head of this Athenian swaine;
That he awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens backe againe repaire,
And thinke no more of this nights accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dreame.
But first I will release the Fairy Queene.

Be as thou wast wont to be;
See as thou wast wont to see.
Dians bud, or Cupids flower,
Hath such force and blessed power.

Now my Titania wake you, my sweete Queene.
Tita, My Oberon, what visions haue I seene!
Me-thought I was enamored of an Asse.
Oh, There lies your loue.

Tita.
A Midsummer Night's Dream

Titania. How came these things to passe?
Oh, how mine eies doth loathe this vifage now!

Ob. Silence a while. Robin take of this head;

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

Rob. When thou wakst, with thine owne fooles eies peep.

Ob. Sound musicke; come my Queen, take hands with me
And rocke the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to morrow midnight, solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus house triumphantly,
And bleffe it to all faire posterity.
There shal the paires of faithfull Louers be

Wedded, with Theseus, all in iollity.

Rob. Fairy King, attend and marke,

I do heare the morning Larke.

Ob. Then my Queene in silence sad,
Trip we after the nights shade;

We the Globe can compasse soone,
Swifter then the wandring Moone.

Titania. Come my Lord, and in our flight.
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping heere was found,

With these mortals on the ground.

Enter Theseus and all his traine.

Exeunt.

These. Goe one of you, finde out the Forrester,
For now our observation is perform'd;
And since we haue the vaward of the day,
My Loue shall heare the musicke of my hounds.
Uncouple in the Westerns valley, let them go;
Dispatch I say, and finde the Forrester.

We will faire Queene, vp to the Mountaines top,
And marke the musicall confusion
Of hounds and eccho in conjunction.
A Midsummer night's Dreame.

Hipp. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bayed the Beare
With hounds of Sparta; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding. For besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region neer,
Seem all one mutuell cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweete thunder.

Thees. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kinde,
So flew'd, so sand'd, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew,
Crooke kneed, and dew-lapt, like Thessalian Bulls,
Slow in pursuite, but matcht in mouth like bels,
Each vnder each. A cry more tuneable
Was never hollow'd to, nor cheer'd with horne,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly;
Judge when you heare. But soft, what nymphs are these?

Egum. My Lord, this is my daughter heere asleepe,
And this Lyfander, this Demetrius is,
This Helena, olde Nedars Helena,
I wonder of this being heere together.

The. No doubt they rose vp early, to observer
The right of May; and hearing our intent,
Came heere in grace of our solemnity.
But speake Egum, is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choyse?

Egum. It is, my Lord.

The. Go bid the huntsmen wake them with their hornes.

Egum. Shout within, they all start vp, Winde hornes.

The. Good morrow friends: Saint Valentine is past,
Begin these wood birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my Lord.

The. I pray you all stand vp.

I know you two are Rival enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so farre from iceloufe,
A Midsummer Night's Dream

To sleepe by hate, and feare no enmity.

Lyf. My Lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Halse sleepe, halse 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 do bethinke me, so it is;
I came with Hermia hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian Law.

Ege. Enough, enough my Lord: you haue enough;
I beg the Law, the Law, vpon his head:
They would haue stolne away, they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to haue defeated you and me:
You of your wife, and me of my consent;
Of my consent, that she should be your wife.

Dem. My Lord, faire Helen told me of their sleuth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood,
And I in fury hither followed them;
Faire Helena, in fancy followed me.
But my good Lord, I wot not by what power
(But by some power it is) my loue
To Hermia (melted as the snow)
Seemes to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,
Which in my childhood I did dote vpon:
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,
The obievt and the pleafure of mine eie,
Is onely Helen. To her, my Lord,
Was I bethroth'd, ere I see Hermia,
But like a sicknesse, did I loathe this food,
But as in health, come to my naturall taste,
Now do I wish it, loue it, long for it,
And will for euermore be true to it.

Thes. Faire Louers, you are fortunately met;
Of this discourse, we will heare more anon.
Eges. I will ouerbeare your will;
A Midsummer night’s Dreame.

For in the Temple, by and by with vs,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And for the morning now is something wore.
Our purpos’d hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with vs to Athens; three and three,
Wee’ll hold a feast in great solemnity.

Come Hippolita.

Deme. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like farre off mountaines turned into Clouds.
Her. Me-thinks I see these things with parted eie,
When euery thing seemes double.
Hel. So me-thinks:
And I haue found Demetrius, like a jiewell,
Mine owne, and not mine owne.

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

Her. Yea, and my Father.
Hel. And Hippolita.

Lyf. And he bid vs follow to the Temple.

Deme. Why then we are awake; let’s follow him, and by
the way let vs recount our dreames.

Clo. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer. My
next is, most faire Piramus. Hey ho. Peter Quince? Flute the
bellowes-mender? Snout the tinker? Starveling? Gods my
life! Stolne hence, and left me asleep: 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 he go about to
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 patcht a foole, if he will offer to say, what
me-thought I had. The eie of man hath not heard, the eare
of man hath not seene, mans hand is not able to taste, his
tongue to conceiue, nor his heart to report, what my dream
was.
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

was. I will get Peter Quince to write a Ballet of this dream, it shall be call'd Bottomes Dreame, because it hath no bottome; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke. Peraduenture, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

Enter Quince, Flute, Thisbie, and the rabble.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottomes house? Is he come home yet?

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

This. If he come not, then the play is mard. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Piramus but he.

This. No, he hath simply the best wit of any handy-craft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too, and he is a very Paramour, for a sweete voyce.

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

Enter Snug the Joiner.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is comming 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.

This. O sweete bully Bottome: thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not haue escaped sixpence a day. And the Duke had not giuen him sixpence a day for playing Piramus, Ile be hang'd. He would haue deferved it. Sixpence a day in Piramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottome.

Bot. Where are these Lads? Where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottome, ò most couragious day! ò most happy houre!
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

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 me: all that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparell together, good strings to your beards, new ribbands to your pumps, meete presently at the Palace, euery man looke ore his part: for the short and the long is, our play is preferd. In any case let Thisby have cleane linnen: and let not him that plaies the Lion, paire his nailes, for they shall hang out for the Lions clawes. And most deare Actors, eate no Onions, nor Garlick: for we are to utter sweete breath, and I do not doubt but to heare them say, it is a sweete Comedy. No more words: away, go away.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, and Philostrate.

Hip. Tis strange my Theseus, that these louers speake of. The. More strange then true. I never may beleue These antickes fables, nor these Fairy toyes, Louers and mad men haue such seething braines, Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend more Then coolre reason ever comprehends. The Lunaticke, the Louer, and the Poet, Are of imagination all compact. One sees more duels then vaste hell can hold; That is the mad man. The Louer, all as frantick, Sees Helens beauty in a brow of Egypt. The Poets eie in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance From heauen to earth, from earth to heauen. And as imagination bodies forth the formes of things Unknowne; the Poets pen turns them to shapes, And gies to airy nothing, a local habitation, And a name. Such trickes hath strong imagination,
A Midsummer Nights Dreame.

That if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy.
Or in the night, imagining some feare,
How easie is a bush suppos’d a Beare?

But all the story of the night told ouer,
And all their mindes transfigur’d so together,
More witnesseth than fancies images,
And growes to something of great constancy;
But howsoeuer, strange and admirable.

Enter louers: Lyfander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

Thef. Here come the louers, full of joy and mirth:
Joy, gentle friends, joy and fresh daies
Of loue accompany your hearts.

Lyf. More then to vs, waite in your roiall walkes, your board, your bed.

Thef. Come now, what maskes, what dances shall we have,
To weare away this long age of three houres,
Betweene or after supper, and bed-time?
Where is our usuall manager of mirth?
What Reuels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing houre?
Call Philofstrate.

Philo. Here is mighty Theseus.

Thef. Say, what abridgment haue you for this evening?
What maske, what musicke? how shall we beguile
The lazie time, if not with some delight?

Philo. There is a briefe, how many sports are rife.
Make choise of which your Highnesse will see first.

Thef. The battell with the Centaurs to be sung
By an Athenian Eunuch, to the Harpe.
Wee’l none of that. That haue I tolde my Loue,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

The riot of the tiphe Bacchans,
A Midsommer nights Dreame.

Tearing the Thracian finger, in their rage?
That is an olde deuice; and it was plaid,
When I from Thebes came laft a Conqueror.
The thrice three Mufes, mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceast in beggary.
That is some Satire keene and criticall,
Not sorting with a nuptiall ceremony.
A tedious briefe Scene of young Piramus,
And his Loue Thaby; very tragicall mirth?
Merry and tragicall? Tedious and briefe? That is hot Ice,
And wondrous strange Snow. How shal we finde the concord of this discord?

Philo. 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 plaier fitted.
And tragicall, my noble Lord, it is: for Piramus
Therein doth kill himselfe. Which when I saw
Rehears'd, I must confess, made mine eies water;
But more merry teares the passion of loud laughter
Never shed.

Thef. What are they that do play it?
Philo. Hard handed men, that worke in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their mindes till now;
And now haue toyled their vnbreathed memories,
With this same play, against your nuptiall.
Thef. And we will heare it.

Phi. No, my noble Lord, it is not for you, I haue heard
It ouer, and it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Vnlesse you can finde sport in their intents,
Extremely strectht, and cond with cruell paine,
To do you seruice.
Thef. I will heare that play. For never any thing
Can be amisst, when simpliceness and duty tender it.

Goe
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

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

_Hip._ I love not to see wretchednesse orecharged;
And duty in his service perishing.

_Thes._ Why gentle sweetes, you shall see no such thing.

_Hip._ He saies, they can do 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 do, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great Clerkes have purposed
To greete me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seene them shiever and looke pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practiz’d accent in their feares,
And in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me sweetes,
Out of this silence yet, I pickt a welcome:
And in the modesty of fearefull duty,
I read as much, as from the ratling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

Loue therefore, and tongue-tide simplicity,
In least, speake most, to my capacity.

_Phil._ So please your Grace, the Prologue is addrest.

_Duke._ Let him approach.

_Enter the Prologue._

_Pro._ If we 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 do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The Actors are at hand; and by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

_Thes._
A Midsummer Night's Dream

This fellow doth not stand upon points.

He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt: hee
knowes not the stop. A good morall my Lord. It is not e-
nough to speake, but to speake true.

Indeed he hath plaid on this Prologue, like a childe
on a Recorder, a sound, but not in gouernment.

The Prologue was like a tangled chaine; nothing im-
paired, but all disordered. Who is next?

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

Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine,
This man is Piramus, if you would know;
This beautious Lady, Thisby is certaine.
This man with lyme and roughcaft, doth present
Wall, that vile wall, which did these louers funder:
And through wals chinke (poore soules) they are content
To whisper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and bush of thorne,
Preseneth moone-shine. For if you will know,
By moone-shine did these Louers thinke no scorne
To meete at Ninnus toombe, there, there to wooe:
This grizly beast (which Lyon hight by name)
The trufthy Thisby, comming first by night,
Did scarre away, or rather did affright:
And as he fled, her mantle she did fall;
Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did slaine.
Anon comes Piramus, sweete youth and tall,
And finds his trufthy Thisbies Mantle slaine;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,
He brauely broacht his boiling bloody breast,
And Thisby, tarrying in Mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lyon, Moone-shine, Wall, and Louers twaine,
At large discoursse, while here they do remaine.
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Thes. I wonder if the Lyon be to speake.

Dem. No wonder, my Lord: one Lion may when many Asses do.

Exit Lyon, Thisby, and Moonshine.

Wall. In this same Interlude 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 crannied hole or chinke:
Through which the Louers, Piramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often, very secretly.
This lome, this roughcast, and this stone doth how.
That I am that same wall; the truth is so.
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful Louers are to whisper.

Thes. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition, that euer I heard discourse, my Lord.

Thes. Piramus drawes neere the wall, silence.

Pir. 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 Thisbies promise is forgot.
And thou o wall, o sweete, o louely wall,
That stand betwene her Fathers ground and mine,
Thou wall, o wall, o sweete and louely wall,
Shew me thy chinke, to blink through with mine eine.
Thanks courteous wall. I owe shielde thee well for this.
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no blisfe,
Curst be thy stones, for thus deceuing me.

Thes. The wall me-thinks being sensible, should curse again,

Pir. No in truth sir, he should not. Deceiving me,

Is Thisbies cue; she is to enter now, and I am to spy
Her through the wall. You shall see it will fall

H  Pat
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

Pat as I told you; yonder he comes. Enter Thisbie.

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

For parting my faire Piramus and me.
My cherry lips have often kist thy stones;
Thy stones with lime and haire knit now again.

Pyra. I see a voice; now will I to the chinke,

To spy and I can heare my Thisbies face. Thisby?

This. My Loue thou art, my Loue I thinke.

Por. Thinke what thou wilt, I am thy Louers grace.

And like Limander, am I truely still.

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

Por. Not Shafulus to Procris, was so true.

This. As Shafulus to Procris, I to you.

Por. O kisse me through the hole of this vile wall.

This. I kisse the wals hole, not your lips at all.

Por. Wilt thou at Nimies toomb meete me straightway?

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

Wall. Thus haue I Wall, my part dischargd so;

And being done, thus Wall away doth goe.

Duc. Now is the Moon vfed betwene the two neighbors.

Deme. No remedy, my Lord, when wals are so wilfull, to

heare without warning.

Dutch. This is the filliest stuffe that ere 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, and not theirs.

Duke. If wee imagine no worse of them then they of them-

selves, they may passe for excellent men. Heere come two

noble beasts, in a man and a Lyon.

Enter Lyon and Moone-shine.

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

The smalleft monstrous mouse that creepes on floore)

May now perchance, both quake and tremble heere,

When Lyon rough, in wildes rage doth roare.

Then know that I, as snug the ioyner am
A Midsummer night's Dreame.

A Lyon fell, nor else no Lyons damme,
For if I should, as Lyon come in strife,
Into this place, t'were pitty on my life.

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

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

Lys. This Lyon is a very Fox for his valour.

Duke. True, and a Goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so my Lord, for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the Fox carries the goose.

Duke. 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 vs hearken to the Moone.

Moone. This lanthorne doth the horned Moone present.

Dem. He should have wore the hornes on his head.

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

Moone. This lanthorne doth the horned Moone present;

My selfe, the man ith Moone do 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 i' th Moone?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle.

For you see, it is already in snuffe. (change.

Dutch. I am weary of this Moone; would he would

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

Lysand. Proceed Moone.

Moone. All that I have to say, is to tell you, that the Lanthorne is the Moone; I, the man in the Moone, this thorne bush, my thorne bush, and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why all these should bee in the Lanthorne: for they are in the Moone. But silence, here comes Thisby.

Enter Thisby.

This. This is old Ninies toomb: wher's my loue? Lyon. Oh

H 2

Dem.
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

Dem. Well roard Lyon.

Duke. Well runne Thisbie.

Dutch. Well shone Moone. Truely the Moone shines with a good grace.

Duke. Well mouz'd Lyon.

Dem. And then came Piramus.

Lyf. And so the Lyon vanisht.

Enter Piramus.

Pyr. Sweete Moone, I thank thee for thy sunny beames, I thanke thee Moone, for shinning now so bright. For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames, I truft to take of truest Thisbie light. But stay: o spight! but marke, poore knight, What dreadfull dole is here? Eyes do you see! how can it be! O dainty ducke, o deare! Thy mantle good, what staind with blood? Approach ye Furies fell, O fates come, come, cut thred and thrum, Quaile, crush, conclude, and quell.

Duke. This passion, and the death of a deare friend would goe neere to make a man looke sad.

Dutch. Befhrew my heart, but I pitty the man.

Pir. O wherefore Nature, didst thou Lyons frame?

Since Lyon vilde hath heere 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. Cometeares confound, out sword and wound The pap of Pyramus:
I, that left pap, where heart doth hop;
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead, now am I fled, my soule, is in the sky,
Tongue lose thy light, Moone take thy flight,
Now dye, dye, dye, dye, dye, dye.

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

Lyf.
A Midsommer's nights Dreame.

Lyf. Let's then an ace man. For he is dead, he is nothing.
Duke. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet recover and prove an ass.
Dutch. How chance Moone-shine is gone before?
Thisby comes backe, and ffindes her Louer.
Duke. She will finde him by star-light. Here she comes, and her passion ends the play.
Dut. Me-thinkes she should not use a long one for such a Piramus: I hope she will be briefe.
Dem. A Moth will turne the ballance, which Piramus, which Thisbie is the better: hee for a man, God warn'd vs; she for a woman, God blesse vs.
Lyf. She hath spied him already, with those sweete eies.
Dem. And thus she meanes, videlicet.
Thisf. Asleepe my Loue? What, dead my Doue?

O Piramus arise,
Speak, speak. Quite dumble? Dead, dead? A toombe
Must cover thy sweete eies,
These lilly lips, this cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeckes
Are gone, are gone; Louers make mone:
His eyes were greene as Leekes.
O sisters three, come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milke,
Lay them in gore, since you haue shore
With sheeres, his thred of silke,
Tongue not a word, come trusty fword,
Corne blade, my breast imbrow:
And farwell friends, thus Thisbie ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu

Duke. Moone-shine and Lyon are left to bury the dead.
Dem. I, and Wall too

Lyon. No, I asurse you the wall is downe, that parted their Fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or to heare a Bergomask dance, betweene two of our company?

H 3

Duke.
A Midsommer nights Dreame.

Duke. No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Neuer excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had plaid Piramus, and hang'd himselfe in Thisbies garter, it would haue beene a fine Tragedy: and so it is truely, and very notably discharg'd. But come, your Burgomaske; let your Epilogue alone.
The iron tongue of midnight hath tolde twelue.
Lovers to bed, tis almost Fairy time.
I feare we shall our-sleepe the coming morne,
As much as we this night haue ouer-wacht.
This palpable grosse play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly Reuels, and new iollity.                  Exeunt.
Enter Pucke.
Puck. Now the hungry Lyons rores,
And the Wolfe beholds the Moone;
Whilft the heavy ploughman srores,
All with weary taske fore-done.
Now the wafted brands do glow,
Whilft the scritch-owle, scritchinge loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shrowd.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his spright,
In the Churchway paths to glide.
And we Fairies, that do runnne,
By the triple Hecates teame,
From the presence of the Sunne,
Following darknesse like a dreame,
Now are frolicke; not a Moufe
Shall disturb this hallowed house.
I am sent with broome before,
A Midsommer's nights Dreame.

To sweepe the duft behinde the doore.

Enter King and Queen of Fairies, with their traine.

Ob. Through the house giue glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsie fier,
Every Elfe and Fairy spright,
Hop as light as bird from brier,
And this Ditty after me, Sing and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First rehearse this song by roate,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with Fairy grace;
Will we sing and bleffe this place.

Ob. Now untill the breake of day,
Through this house, each Fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by vs shall blefled 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.

Neuer mole, hare-lip, nor scarre,
Nor marke prodigious, such as are
Despifed in nativity,
Shall vpon their children be.

With this field dew consecrate,
Every Fairy take his gate,
And each seuerall chamber bleffe,
Through this Palace, with sweete peace,
Euer shal in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away, make no stay;
Meet me all, by breake of day.

Exeunt.

Robin. If we shadowes haue offended,
Thinke but this (and all is mended)

That
A Midsummer nights Dream

That you have but flumbred here,
While this visions did appeare.
And this weake and idle theme,
No more yeilding but a dreame,
Gentles, do not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am an honest Pucke,
If we have unearned lucke,
Now to scape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Pucke a liar call.
So good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

FINIS.
Shakespeare, William
Midsummer night's dream

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