Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others.

Theseus.

Now faire Hippolita, our nuptiall houre
Drawes on space: faire happy days bring in
Another Moon: but o, how thinkes, how slow
This old Moon wanes: she lingers my desires
Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,
Long withering out a yong mans resennent.

Hip. Faire days will quickly fleep thevselfes in nights
Faire nights will quickly dreame away the time:
And then the Moone, like to a siluer bowe,
Now bent in heauen, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

Tbe. Go philofrate,
Shire vp the Athenian youth to merittments,
Awake the pert and nimble sprit of our pompe,
Hippolita, I wou'd thee with my sword,
And wonto thee thy injures:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with revelling.

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

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned Duke.
Thb. Thanks good Egeus: what's the news with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.

Stand forth Demetrius.

Egeus, Nobe Lord.
This man hath my consent to marrie her.

Stand forth Lysander.
And my gracious Duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bofome of my child:
Thou, thou Lysander, thou hast thrown her times,
And interchand'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by Moone-light at her window sung,
With faining voice, and tokens of faining love,
And boyled the impression of her fantasie.

With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdies, concets,
Knacks, trilles, Noble gisies, sweetmeats (messengers
Of strong preualment in unhardened youth)

With cunning hath thou filched my daughters heart,
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)
To stubborne barthelme. And my gracious Duke,
Be it to the will not here before your Grace,
Content to marrie with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilidge 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 proclame in that case.

Tbe. What say you Hermia's be adu'd to faire Maide,
To you your Father should bee a God;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea and one
To whom you are but as a forme in waxe
By him imprinted: and within his power,
To loose the figure, or dispart her:

Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman,
Her. So is Lysander.
Tbe. Ith himselfe he is.
But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voyce.
The other must be held the worthier.
Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.
Thb. Rather your eyes must with his judgment looke.
Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modestie
In such a preference here to pleade my thoughts:
But I beseech your Grace, that I may know
The word that may befall me in this case,
I will refuse to wed Demetrius.

Tbe. Either to dye the death, or to abjure.
For enter 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 choice)
You can endure the labours of a Nunne,
For aye to be in shady Cloisier new'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymnes so the cold frantle Moone,
Thrice blest they that have power to their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage,
But eather happier is the Relie diffud'd,
Then that which withering on the virgin thorne,
Growes,flues, and dies, in fingle blestnedde.
A Midsummer Night’s Dream

Her. So will I grow, so line, so die my Lord, 
Ere I will yield my virgin Prettyness. 
Vnto his Lordship, whose unwifed youke, 
My foule contents not so gue foronagry. 
The. Take time to pause, and by the next new Moon 
The seeing day between 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, he would, 
Or on Diana, Altar to protest, 
For age, authority, and single life. 
Dem. Relent sweet Hermia, and Lysander, yeld ye, 
Thy crazed title to my certaine right. 
Lys. You have her fathers loue, Demetrius: 
Let me have Hermias: do you marry him, 
Egeus. Scornfull Lysander, true, be hath my Loue; 
And what is mine, my loue shall render him, 
And this is mine, and all my right of her, 
I do eate unto Demetrius. 
Lys. I am my Lords, as well desir’d as he, 
As well possess’d my loue is more then his; 
My fortunes every way as fairely rank’d 
(If not with vantage) as Demetrius: 
And (which is more then all these bozails can be) 
I am belon’d of bestuents Hermia, 
Why should not I then profess my right? 
Demetrius, I come, and come Egeus, 
You shall go with me, 
I have lone private schoolding for you both. 
For you faire Hermia, look you arme your felse, 
To fitt your fancies to your Fathers will; 
Or else the Law of Athens yelds you vp 
(Which by no means we may extenuate) 
To death, or to a vow of single life. 
Come my Hippolita, what cheare my loue? 
Demetrius and Egeus go along: 
I must imploie you in some businesse 
Against our suppliation, and confer with you 
Of something, neryer that concerns your felouses. 
Egeus. With dutie and desire we follow you. 

Swift as a shadow, short as any dreame, 
Briefe as the lightning in the coldest night. 
That (in a splinee) unfoolds both heaven and earth; 
And ere a man hath power to say, behold, 
The isues of darknefe do deceiue it vp: 
So quicke bright thinges come to confusion. 
Her. If then true Louers have bene ever croft, 
It standes as an edict in definifhe: 
Then let vs teach our triall patience, 
Because it is a customary croft, 
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighes, 
Wittes and tears; worse Fantasie followers. 
Lys. A good perforwation; therefore heare me Hermia, 
I have a Widow Aun, a dowager, 
Of great renowm, and the hath no childe, 
From Athens her house remou’d feuen leagues, 
And the repelst me, as shee enely fomne: 
There gentle Hermia, may I marrie thee, 
And to that place, the sharpe Athenian Law, 
Cannot pursue vs. If thou loufeth me, 
Then steale forth thy fathers house to morrow night: 
And in the wood, a league without the townes, 
(Where I did meete thee once with Helena, 
To do obseruance for a morne of May) 
There will I play for thee. 
Her. My good Lysander, 
I were to tishe, by Cupids strongest bow, 
By his beft arrow with the golden head, 
By the simplitie of Venus Doues, 
By that which knottsoulles foules, and prospers loulge, 
And by that fire which burn’d the Carthage Queene, 
When the taffe Troyan vnder faile was feene, 
By all the vows that ever men have broke, 
(As number more then ever women spake) 
In that same place thou hast appointed me, 
To morrow truly will I meete with thee. 
Lys. Keep my promisse loue: looke here comes Helena. 

Enter Helena. 

Her. God speed thee, faire Helena, whither away? 
Hel. Cry you me faire; that faire againe today, 
Demetrius loues you faire: O happie faire! 
Your eyes are leadenares, and your tongues sweate ayre 
More tuneable then Lyske to theheards ear, 
When whereas is Greene, when hauhorne budes appear, 
Sicknesse is catchinge: O were I was for afo, 
Your words I catche, faire Hermia are I go, 
My eares should catch your voice, my eye your eye, 
My tongue should catch your tongue, sweet melodie, 
Were the world mine, Demetrius being basted, 
The refel I cleue to be you transladeth. 
O teach me how you looke, and with what arte 
You how the motion of Demetres chart, 
Her. I tisone vnpon him, yet he loues me not. 
Hel. O that your townevs would teach me fairest 

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Hel. O that your townevs would teach me fairest 

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

O then, what grace in my Loue do dwel, 
That he hath round'd a heaven into hell.

Lys. Helen, so you our minde we will unfold,
To morrow night, when Phoebus doth behold
Her siluer visage, in the watry glasse,
Decking with liquid pearly, the blased graffe
(A time that Lovers fights doth full conceale)
Through Athens gates, where we are bound to theel.
And in the wood, where often you and I,
Upon faire Primrose beds, were wont to lye,
Emptying our boome, of their counsell wied.
There my Lysander, and my feile shall meete,
And thence from Atheen turne away our eyes
To seeke new friends and strange companions,
Far well sweete play-fellow, play thou too for vs,
And good lucke grant thee thy Demetrius,
Kneel word Lysander wendfull fixte our fight
From louers foudes, till morrow deepemiddynight.

Exit Hermia.

Lys. If I will my Hermia, Helena adieu,
As you on him, Demetrius dores on you,
Exit Lysander.

Helo. How happy lome, ere other lome can be?

Through Athens I am thought as faire as the
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so:
He will not know, what all he doth know,
And as heere, doting on Hermia eyes;
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things bale and wide, holding no quantity,
Loue can transposte to forme and dignitie,
Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde,
Nor hath loues mind of any judgment saile:
Wings and no eyes, figure, yedeste hale,
And therefore is Louse said to be a childe.
Because in choice he is often beguil'd,
As wastifull boyes in game themselves forswear;
So the boy Lonic is perierd ev'ry where.
For ere Demetrius lookt on Hermia eyne,
Reall'd downe oastes that he was only mine,
And when this Haile some hear from Hermia tel't,
So he disfou'll, and foweres of oastes did mett,
I will not telle him of faire Hermia flight:
Then to the wood will he, to morrow night
Purifie her; and for his intelligence,
If he have thanks, it is a cerke expence:
But herein must I to enrich my paine,
To have his fiffeth thither, and backe againe.

Enter Lysander, the Carpenter, Swing the Taverner, Bottom the Weaver, Eliza the Bellerophon, Snout the Tapster, and Starveling the Taylor.

Q. Lysander, is all our company here?

B. We were beth to call them generally, man by man, according to the script.

Q. Lys. Here is the freewe of every mans name, which is thought fit through all Athens, to play in our Enterlude before the Duke and the Dutches, on his wedding day at night.

B. First, good Peter Quince, play what the play treateth on; then read the names of the Acters; and to grow on to appoint.

Q. Lys. Marry our play is the most lamentable Comedy, and moft cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe.

B. A very good piece of worke I affure you, and a

mercy. Now good Peter Quince, call forth your Acters by the scowre, Masters spread your felues.

Quince. Answerwe as I call you. Nick Bottom the Weaver.

Bottom. Ready; name what part am I for, and proceed.

Quince. You Nick Bottome are let downes for Pyramus.

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

Q. A Lover that kills himcselfe most gallantely for loue.

B. That will aske some teares in the true performing of it, let the audience looke to their eyes.

I will mount furnes: I will condole in some measure.
To the rett yet, my chiele humour is for a tyrant.

Quince. What is Thisbe, a wanding Knight?

Q. It is the Lady that Pyramus muft loue.

Bottom. Nay faith, let no mee play a woman, I have a beard comuing.

Q. That's all one, you shall play it in a Maike, and you may speake as small as you will.

B. And I may hide my face, let me play Thisbe too.

Bottom. He speake in a monstorous little voyce; I before Thisbe, ah Pyramus my louer deare, thy Thisbe deare, and Lady deare.

Q. No no, you must play Pyramus, and Eliza, you

Bottom. Well proceed.

Qu. Robin Starveling the Tapster.

Star. Heere Peter Quince.

Quince. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisbe's mother.

Tomm Snout, the Tinker.

Snout. Heere Peter Quince.

Qu. You, Pyramus father; my self, Thisbe father;

Swanger the innuer, you the Lyous part: and I hope ther is a play fittet.

Bottom. Have you the Lions part written? pray you if he, give me it, for I am slowe of stude.

Qu. You may doe it externerely, for it is nothing but roasting.

B. Let mee play the Lyon too, I will roar that I will doe any mans heart good to heare me.

Qu. I will make the Duke say, Let him roar againe, let him roar again.

Qu. If you should doe it too terrifyly, you would fright the Dutchesse and the Ladies, that they would shrieke, and that were enough to hang vs all.

All. That would hang vs every mothers fone.

Bottom. I grum the friends, if that you should fright the Ladies out of their Witters, they would have no more discretion but to hang vs; but I will aggrate my voyce so, that I will roar ye as gently as any fucking Doue; I will roar and 'trewre any Nightingale.

Qu. You can play no part but Pyramus, for Pyra...
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Methoughts night would endear her, laughing at their harme.
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Pucke,
You do their woeke, and they shall have good lucke.
Are not you he?
Rob. Thou speakest right; I am that merrie wanderer of the night;
I left to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fac't and beame-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in like effe of a fally fole,
And sometyme turke I in a Godfips bole,
In very like effe of a roasted crab:
And when she drinkes, against her lips I bob,
And on her whitere dewlop pour the Ale.
The wiifet Aunt telling the saddett tale,
Sometime for three-foot floole, mittake meth,
Then lop I from her bun, downe topples she,
And taile eare, and falls into a coffe,
And then the whole quere hold their hips, and leef,
And waxen in their mirth, and neece, and sweare,
A merrie hooure was never wafted there.
But room! Fairy, here comes Oberon.
Fair. And heere my Miftis,
Would that he were gone.
Enter the King of Faeries at one doore with his traine, and the Queene at another with hers.

Ob. Ill me by Moone-light, Proud Tytania.
Qu. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy skip heene.
I have fortunweare his bed and companie.

Qu. For Faires fath Wanton; am I not he Lord?
Qu. Then I must be thy Lady: but I know
When thou wast alone away from Fairy Land,
And in the sheepe of Corin, late all day,
Playing ou pipes of Corne, and verting looke
To amorous Phoebis. Why art thou here
Come from the farthest sheepe of India;
But that forthwith the bouncing Amazon.
Our hand in Mithrae, and our Warrour love,
To Thisbe must be White-eed, and you come,
To give her bed joy and prosperite.
Ob. How canst thou thus for shame Tytania,
Glance at my credite, with Hippolita?
Knowing I know thy loue to Thisbe;
Didst thou not lead him through the glemmering night
From Perigene, whom he raished?
And make him with faire Eagles breakes his faith
With Aridors, and Arispa.
Qu. Thes the forrgerye of jealousy,
And newe since the middle Sommers spring
Met en on hill, in daile, forreit, or mead,
By paued fountaine, or by tuhe brooke,
Or in the beachted margent of the fea,
To dance our singles to the whiffling Winde,
But with by bules thou hast diffibed our sport.
Therefore the Windes, piping to vs in vaine,
As in reuenge, haue flrick'd vp from the sea.

Contusus fogges: Which falling in the Land,
Hath eere petry Riueter made so proud,
That they have ouer-borne their Continetts.
The Oxen hast therefore streetch'd ys yoke in vaine,
The Ploughman loft his sweat, and the green Corne
Hath rosted, ere his youth attrin'd a beard.
The fold flands empty in the drowned field,
And Crows are fatted with the murrion flocke,

Enter a Fairie at one doore, and Robin good-seelame at another.
Rob. How now spirit, whether wander you?
Fair. Ouer hill, ouer daile, through bufhi, through briar,
Ouer parke, ouer pale, through flood, through fire,
I do wander excrator where, twitter then? Moons sphere;
And I ferue the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs upon
The Cowlkips tall, her peries see,
In their gold coats, spots you see,
Thele be Babies, Fairy founds,
In those freckles, blast your favors,
I must go secke some dew drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowlkipse ear.
Farewell thou Lob of spirits, lie be gon,
Our Queene and all her Elves come here anon.
Rob. The King doth keepe his Renells here to night,
Take heed the Queene come not within his sight,
For Oberon is paling fell and wrath.
Because that she, as her attendants, hath
A lovely boy flone from an Indian King,
She never had to sweate a changeling,
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his traine, to trace the Fortres wild.
But the (persone) with-holds the loved boy,
Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her joy,
And now they never meete in grove, or greene,
By fountaine cleere, or spangled star-litt flane,
But they do square, that all their Elves be faire
Creep into Acorn cups and hide them there.
Fair. Either I will dye your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that flour'd and knowlful spirit
Cal'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not he,
That fights the maidens of the Villager,
Skim milke, and sometimes labour in the quene,
And bootles make the breathlese hufwife chene,
And sometime make the drinker to bear no barme,
Midsummer nights Dreame:

The nine men Morris is fild up with mud,
And the quire Moxes in the weson greene,
For lack of tread are vaidinguiexible.
The humane mortals want their winter heere,
No night show with hymne or carol blest;
Therefore the Moone (the goutenelle of floods)
Pale in her anger, washes all the air;
That Rheumaticke diseaes doe abound.
And through this distemperate, we see
The feasons alter; hoar headen frosts
Fall in the frich lap of the crimmon Rose,
And on old Hymen chinte and Liee crowne,
An odorous Chaplet of sweet Sommer buds!
Is as in mockery set. The Spring, the Sommer,
The childing Autumnngre, and the mazed world,
By their increas, now knows not which is which;
And this same pregeny of enuils,
Comes from our debate, from our diffention.
We are their parents and original.

Ober. Do you amend it then, it lies in you,
Why should Titania croffe her Oberon?
I do burrge a little changeling boy,
To be my Huntchman.

Qn. Set your heart at rest.
The Fairy land bewa the child of me,
His mother was a Votrefle of my Order,
And in the spiced Indian aire, by night.
Full ofte hath the ghostly by my side,
And fast with me on Neptune yellow sands,
Marking thembrakered traders on the flood,
When we have laught to see the failes concieve,
And grow big belled with the wanton wande:
Which the with perty and with swimming gare.
Following her wondre then rich with my young sprite.
Would imitate, and faile upon the land,
To fetch me trulle, and returne againe,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But the being mortall, of that boy did die,
And for her sake I doe rayre vp her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Qn. Perchance till after Theban wedding day.
If you will patientely dance in our Round,
And fee our Moone-light reuels, goe with vs;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your hants.

Ober. Give me that boy, and I will goe with thee.

Qn. Not for thy Fairy Kingdom. Fairies away;
We sliall chide downe night, if longer day.

Ober. Wli, go thy way; though that not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Pucke come hither; thou remembreth
Since once I fast vp a promontory,
And heard a Meare maid in a Dolphins backe,
Vtering inch dulce and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew cicill at her song,
And certaine faierst shott madly from their Sphereas,
To heare the their musicks misticke.

Puck. I remember.

Ober. That very time I say (but that could not)
Flying betwixt the cold Moones and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certaine ame he rooke.
At a faire Vefall, thronged by the West,
And lou'd his love-shaft freely from his bowe,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts,
But I might fee young Cupids fiery shafts
Quencht in the chaste beames of the warie Moone;
And the imperial Votrefle passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet mark I where the bolt of Cupid fell.
It fell upon a little weftene flower;
Before, milke-white; now purple with loues wound,
And maidsens call it, Love in idlenesse.
Fetch me that flowers; the heart I shewd thee once,
The iuyce of it, on sleeping eye-fids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next line creature that it les.
Fetch me this heartbe, and be thou here againe,
Exe the Leinathan can swarm a league.

Pucke. He put a girdle about the earth, in forty minutes.

Ober. Hating once this iuyce,
I watch Titania, when she is asleep,
And drop the liquer in her eyes;
The next thing when the waking lookes vp on,
(Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,
On medling Monkey, or on busie Ape)
Shee shall pursifie it, with the soule of lone.
And ere I take this charme off from her fight,
(As I can take it with another heartbe)
He make her rendr vp her Page to me,
But who comes heere? I am unstable,
And I will ouer-heare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Deme. I love thee not; therefore pursie me not,
Where is Lysander, and faire Hermia?

The one she playes, the other thyeth me,
Thou tellist me they were stolne into this wood;
And herre am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meett my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw mee,you hard-hearted Adamant,
But yet you drow not iron, for my heart
Is true as fire, Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Deme. Do I notise you? do I speake you faire?
Or rather doe I los in plainstest truth,
Tell you I doe not, nor I cannot love you.

Hel. And even for that doe I love thee the more;
I am your spaniel, and Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawne on you.

Deme. Be me but as your spaniell; spune me, thynke me,
Neglect me, lofe me; onely glue me leaue
(Youworthy as I am) to follow you.
What worfer place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me)
Then to be vied as you doe your dogge.

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

Hel. And I am sick when I looke not on you.

Dem. You doe impeach your modestie too much,
To leave the City, and commit your selfe
Into the hand of one that loves you not,
To trueth the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsell of a defers place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your vertue is my priviledge: for that
It is not night when I doe see your face.
Therefore I think I am not in the night,
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company.

N
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 look on me?

Dem. Ile run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wild beast hath not such a heart as you;
Run me when you will, the story shall be chang'd;
Apollo flies, and Jupitor holds the chariot;
The Doe pursues the Grifin, and the Hind.
Makes speed to catch the Tyger. Bootstrap speedeth,
When cowardly pursues, and valour flies.

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

Hel. Jut in the Temple, in the Towne, and Field
You do me mischeife. Eye Demeter,
Your wrongs doe let a scandal on my face:
We cannot fight for love, as men may doe;
We should be wood'd, and were not made to woe.
I follow thee, and make a heasen of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

Exit. Oh. Fare well well Nymphere, he doth leave this ground,
Thou shalt lie him, and he shall seek thee dow.
Hast thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. I, theret is.

Oh. I pray thee give it me.
I know a banke where the wilde time blower,
Where Oallips and the nodding Violet growes,
Quite out-cannoned with luscious woodbine,
With sweete muske roes, and with Eglantine;
There sleepe Tytania, sometime of the night,
Lu'd in these flowers, with dances and delight:
And there the Snake throwes her emmanuil'd skirmishe,
Weed wide enouogh to rap a Fairy in.
And with the iuyce of this ile streake her eyes,
And make her full of basefull fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove;
A sweet Athenian Lady is in love
With a disdainfull youths; sememt his eyes,
But doe it when the next thing he espyes,
May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the man,
Byshe Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may proce
More fond on her, then fly upon her dow;
And looke thou meet me ere the first Cocke crow.

Ps. Fear not my Lord, your servant shall do so. Exit.

Enter Queens of Fairies, with her traine.

Qvien. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy song;
Then for the third part of a minute hence,
Some to kill Canckers in the muske role buds,
Some warre with Rememtele, for their leathern wings,
To make my small Elses coates, and some keepe backe
The clamorous Owle that nightly howls and wonders
At our quiet spirits: Sing me now sleepe,
Then to your offices; and let me reft.

Fairies Sing.

You spottid Swakes with double tongue,
Theroyli Brachabytes be not seen,
Neurs and blonde worms do no wrong.

Come not necer our Fairy Queens.

Philomel with melodie,

Sing to your sweet Lullaby,
Lulus, lullaby, lullaby, lulus, lullaby,

Never harmus your shell, nor charmens.
Come our lovely Lady we,
So good night with Lullaby.

2. Fairy. Weaving Spiders come not here,
Hence you long leg'd Spinners hence:
Beets blake approach not meere;
Wormen nor Swagly doe no offence.

Philomel with melody, & c.

1. Fairy. Hence away, now all is well;
One alight, stand Centenelle.

Sleep sleepe.

Enter Oberon.

Ober. What thou feest when thou doft wake,
Doe it for thy true Loue take:
Lone and languisht for his sake.
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Bear,
Pard, or Boar with brifled haire,
In thy eyes that shall appeare,
When thou wakest, it is thy deare,
Wake when some vile thing is neere.

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Faire Loue, you faine with wandring in the woods,
And to speaketh thou hast forgot our way?

We'll rest vs Hermia, if you think it is good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it to Lysander; find ye out a bed,
For I von this banke will rest my head.

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

Her. Nay good Lysander, for my sake I deere
Lie further off yet, do not lie to neere.
Lys. O take the fince sweet of my innocenc,
Loue takes the meaning, in loues conference,
I mean that my heart into yours is knit,
So that but one heart can you make of it.
Two boathomes interchanged with an oath,
So then two boathomes, and a sngle troth.

Then by your fides, no leaueroome me deny,
For fying to, Hermia I doe not lye.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily;
Now much beforew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied,
But gentle friend, for loue and courtesie,
Lie further off, in humane modellly,
Such separation, as may well be said,
Becomes a verious bachelour, and a maide,
So farre be diuert, and good night sweet friend;
Thy loue now alter, till thy sweet life end.

Lys. Amen, amen, to that faire prayer, say I,
And then end life, when I end loyalty:
Where is my bed, sleep gee the all his reft.

Her. With halfe that wift, the winers eyes be prefst.

Exit Puck.

Puck. Through the Forrest have I gone,
But Athenian finde I none,
One whole eye I might approce
This flowers force in flirring lone.
Night and silence, who is here?

Weedles of Athenian doth wear.

This he (my master said)

Deliplied the Athenian maide,
And here the maiden sleeping found,
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

For as a forfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the homakke brings:
Or as the herffes that men do leave,
Are basted motth of stole that did decease:
So thou, my sweetie, and my herffes,
Of all be hadd; but the motth of me;
And all my powers addresse thy love and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her Knight.

Her. Help me Lysander, help me; do thy best
To plucke this crawling serpent from my brest.

Lys. Ay me, for pity; what a dreame was here?

Lysander looke, how I do quake with feare:

Me-thought a serpent eateth my heart away,
And yet for feasting at his cruel prey.

Lysander, what remoues the Lysander, Lord?

What, out of hearing gone? No found, no word?

Alacke where are you? speake and if you speake.

Speake of all loues; I found almost with feare.

No, then I well perceiue you are not nuy,
Neither death or you lle finde immediately.

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill mee, sweete Demetrius.

De. Charge thee hence, and do not hant me thus.

Hel. O wilt thou darlingly leave mee? do not so.

De. Stay on thy perl; I alone will goe.

Exit Demetrius.

Hel. O I am out of breath, in this fond chase,
The more my prayer, the leffer is my grace,
Haply Herma, wherefore do the lies;
For the hart, bless'd and attractive eyes,
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt teares.
If no, my eyes are other ways then hers.
No no, I am as vly as a Beast.

For fear that mee erre, raine away for feare,
Therefore no moose, though Demetrius.

Doest as a monster, fleè my presence thus.

What wicked and dummell glaffe of mine,
Made me compare with Herma (Slyste eyene)?

But who is here? Lysander on the ground;

Decide or aftirrife I see no blood, no wound,

Lysander, if you live, good fir awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will for thy sweetfake.

Transparent Helena, nature her figure art,
That through thy boome makes me fee thy heart.

Where is Demetrius? oh how fit a word

Is that vile name, to perill on my vow?

Hel. Do not say to Lysander, lay not so:

What though he love your Herma? who is that though?

Yet Herma this loves you; then be content.

Lys. Content with Herma? No I do repent

The tedious minutes I with her haue spent.

Not Herma, but Helena now I loue;

Who will not change a Rauen for a Dowe.

The will of man is by his reason swayd:
And reason failes you is the worther Maide.

Things growing are not ripe till their season,

So I being young, still rife not to reason,
And touching now the point of humane skill,

Reston becomes the Marshall to my will,

And leads me to your eyes, where I once looke

Loves stories, written in Louses richete booke.

Hel. Wherefore was it to this beeene mockery borne?

When at your hands did I deferr this scorne?

That did not enough, let not enough, yong man,

Defere a sweete looke from Demetrius eye,

But you must flout my insufficiency;

Good troth you do me wrong (good-tooth you do)

In such disdainfull manner, me to woone.

But fare you wel; perefore I must confesse,

I thought you Lord of more true gentlensse.

Oh, that a Lady of more man refus'd,

Should of another therefore be advisd.

Exit Lyf. She feares not Herma: Herma flewe thou shawr.

And never maistyneth you come Lysander neere.

Enter the Clemens.

Bos. Are we all met?

Pyram. Pat, pat, and here's a marizusal convenient place for our rehearse fall.

This greeny plot shall be our stage, this haustone brake our tyring houte, and we will do in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bos. Peter quince?

PETER. What saith thou, bully Bottom?

Bos. There are things in this Comedy of Piramus and Thisby, that will never please. First Piramus must draw a sword to kill himselfe; which the Ladies cannot abide.

How antwore you that?

Snout. Beraigen, a parlous feeste.

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

Bos. Not a whit, I have a devise to make it well.

Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue seeme to saye,

we will do no harme with our伤口, and that Pyramus is not kill d indeede: and for the more better assurance, tell them, that I Piramus am not Piramus but attorne the Weaver, this will put them out of feare.

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

Bos. No, make it two more, let it be written in eighte and eight.

Snout. Will not the Ladies be afeard of the Lyon?

Star. I feare it is, I promise you.

Bos. Matters, you ought to consider with your selves, to bring in (God shied vs) a Lyon among Ladies, is a most dreadful thing. For there is not a more fearefull wilde foule then your Lyon living: and wee ought to looke to it.

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

Bos. Nay, you must name his name, and hate his face must be forme through the Lyons necke, and be himmelie much speaketh, laying thus, or to the same defeet; Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would with you, or I would request
requeit you, or I would entreat you, not to feare, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a Lyon, it were pity 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 him plainly he is wrong the ioyner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moon-o-light into a chamber for you know, Piramond and Thibsy meete by Moono-light.

Su. Doth the Moone shine that night wee play our play?

Bot. A Calender, a Calender,国防e in the Almanack, finde out Moone-shine, finde out Moone-shine.

Enter Packe.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why then may you lease a chamber of the great chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moone may shine in at the chamber.

Quin. For eie one must come in with a bush of therns and jasmine, and lay he comes to disfigure, or to present the perion of Moone-shine. Then there is another thing, we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Piramond and Thibsy (fates the flory) did talk through the chinke of a wall.

Su. You can never bring in a wall. What say you Botemom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall, and let him have some Plaftes, or some Lorne, or some rough cast about him, to dignifie wall; or let him hold his fingers thus; and through that cranny, shall Piramond and Thibsy whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, let downe every mothers gone, and rehearse your parts. Piramond you begin, when you have spoken your speech, enter into that Brake, and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Rhiss.

Rob. What hempen homen-spuns have we swagge
ring here?

So noone the Cradle of the Fairest Queene?

What a play zoward? Ile be an auditor,
An Actor too perhaps; let me see.

Quin. Speak Piramond; Thibsy stand forth.

Pir. Thibsy, the flowers of odious fowrs sweete.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pir. Odours fowrs sweete,
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thibsy deare.

But harke, a voyce: fly thou but here a while,
And by by and by to thee appeare. Exit Pir.

Pir. A stranger Piramond, thene plaine here.

Tys. Muff I speake now?

Pet. I marry moun you. For you must undershand he goes but to see a noytle that he heard, and is to come a-gaine.

Tys. Most radiant Piramond, most Lily white of hue,
Of colour like the red rofe on triumphant bryer,
Most brlyc: Iuencill, and eke most lovely few,
As true as trueth horse, that yet would never yeer,
Ile mone thee Piramond, at Nuns toombe.

Pet. Nunm toombe mone: why, you must not speake that yeet; that you antwerte to Piramond: you speake all your part as once, cues and all. Piramond enter, your cue is paft; it is never yeer.

Tys. O, as true as trueth horse, that yet would never yeer.
Tita. Be kinde and courteous to this Gentleman, 
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eyes, 
Fedele he with Applets and Dewsberries, 
With purple Grapes, greene Figgs, and Mullberries, 
The bonie-bags bleste from the humble Bees, 
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs, 
And light them at the firee-Glow-wormes eyes, 
To have my love to bed, and to assise: 
And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies, 
To fan the Moone-brances from his sleeping eyes. 
Nod to him Elkes, and doe him curtseys, 
But. I cry your worshipships mercy hantsily; I befeech your worshipships name. 
Col. Cobweb. 
But. I shall deere you of more acquaintance, good 
Mater Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold 
with you. 
Your name honest Gentlemen? 
Peas. Peas blestheme. 
But. I pray you commend mee to mistresse Squash, 
your mother, and to master. Peasfead your father. Good 
mater Peassteblemere, I find desire of you more acquain 
tance to. Your name I befeech you for? 
Mst. Hilliard seeke. 
Peas. Peasblessme. 
But. Good mater Hilliard seeke, I know your pati 
ence well: that same cowardly gyants-like Oxen-beefe 
has distressed many a gentleyn of your house. I pro 
mise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ever 
now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Mater 
Hilliard now. 
Tita. Come waste upon him, lead him to my bower. 
The Moone me-thinks, lokes with a warrine eye, 
And when she weeps, weeps euerie little flower, 
Lamenting some forren chaftified. 
Tye vp my lovers tongue, bring him silently. 
Exit Enter King of Pharoys, Solm. 
Oh. I wonder if Titaenia be awak t; 
Then what is it that now came in her eye, 
Which the mist docte on, in extremitie. 
Exit Puck. 
Here comes my messengs: how now mad spirit, 
What night-rule now about this gaunted grote? 
Puck. My Mistris with a moniter is in loue, 
Neere to her cloe and confecrated bower, 
Where she was in her dull and sleeping bower. 
A crew of patches, rude Mechanicks, 
That work for bread wpon Athenian flals, 
Were met together to rehearse a Play, 
Intended for great Theseus nuptiall day: 
The sallowet thick-skin of that barren fort, 
Who Piramus pretended, in their sport, 
Forsooke his Scene, and entered in a brake, 
When I did him at this advantage take, 
An Affectation I fixt on his head, 
Anon his Tithue must be awowed, 
And forth my Mimmick comes: when they him spie, 
As Wilde-geete, that the creeping Fowler eye, 
Or ruffled-pated rousers, mans in fort 
(Rising and cawing at the guns report) 
Seuer themselves, and madly sweepe the skye: 
So at his light, away his fellows flye, 
And at our flamme here oct and oct one oile; 
He murther criest, and helpes from Athenian sail, 
Their senes thus weake, left with their tears thus strong, 
Made feenelesse things begin to do them wrong. 
For briars and thorns at their apparell snatch, 
Some fleeter, some hata, from yeelders all things catch, 
I led them on in this disfraeted face, 
And left sweete Piramus tranlated there; 
When in that moment (so it came to paie) 
Titaenia waked, and straitway lou'd an Asse. 
Oh. This falls out better then I could desie: 
But haft thou yet lacht the Athenian eyes, 
With the loue tyece, as I did bid thee doe? 
Heb. I tooke him sleepeing (that is finnst to) 
And the Athenian woman by his side, 
That when he wake, of Force the mist be eyde. 

Enter Demetrius and Hermia. 
Oh. Stand close, this is the same Athenian. 
Rob. This is the woman, but not this the man. 
Dem. O why rebuke you him that louses you so? 
Lay breath to bitter on your bitter foe. 
Hr. Now I but chide, but I should we thee worse. 
For thou (I fear) hast given me cause to curse. 
If thou hast loosec Lysander in his sleep, 
Being once bushes in blood, plunge in the deeppe, and kill me too: 
The Sunne was not so true vnto the day, 
As he to me. Would he have stolen away, 
From sleeping Hermia! I beleuec as loone 
This whole earth may be bord, and that the Moone 
May throuth the Center crepe, and so dispose 
Her brothers noonderide, with th Antipodes, 
It cannot be but thou hast murderd him, 
So shoul a muttherer looke, so dead, so grim. 
Dem. So shoul the murderere looke, and so shoul I, 
Pierc through the heart with your fairen ernetly: 
Yet you the murderer looks as bright as cleare, 
As yonder Ceres in her glemmering shpeare. 
Hr. What is this to my Lysander? where is he? 
All good Demetrius, will thou give me him? 
Dem. I'll rather give his cark to my bounts, 
Hr. Out dog, out cur, thou dunit he paffe the bounds 
Of misidens patience. Haft thou slaine him then? 
Henceforth be never numbred among men, 
Oh, once tell true, even for my sake, 
Darst thou a loookt vp him, being awake? 
And haft thou kill d him sleepeing? O brute tutch; 
Could nor a worme, an Adder do so much? 
An Adder did it: for with doubler tongue 
Then shine (shouer serpent) neuer Adder flung, 
Dem. You spend your passion on a misprisnd mood, 
I am not guilte of Lysander blood: 
Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell, 
Hr. I pray thee tell me then that he is well. 
Dem. And if I could, what should I get therefore? 
Hr. A priviledge, nearer to see me more; 
And from thy hated presence part I see me no more 
Whether he be dead or no. 
Exit. 
Dem. There is no following her in this fierce saile, 
Here therefore for a while I will remaine. 
So forrowes heauneesse doth heauntier growe; 
For debt that bankrot flip doth forrow owe, 
Which now in some light measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay,
Lie down.
O. What hast thou done? Thow hast mistaken quite
And laid the lute ioyce on some true loues light.
Of thy misprisison, must perforce entie
Some true loue turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.
Yet. Then faire owr rules, that one man holding truth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.
O. About the wood, goo swifter then the wind,
And Helena of Athenes looke thou finde.
All fancy sick she is, and pale of cheer,
With sighs of loue, that coffs the freth blood deare.
By some illusion see thou bring her here,
Ile charge his eyes against the doth appear.
Rebek, I goe, looke how I goe,
Swifter then arrow from the Tartars bowe.
O. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with Cupids archety,
Sink in apple of his eye,
When his loute he doth eipie,
Let her Line as gloriously
As the Fenus of the sky,
When thou wak't if sile be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Captain of our Fairy band.
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, myselfe by me,
Pleading for a Louers fee.
Shall we their fond Pageant see?
Lord, what foole these mortals be!
O. Stand aside: the noyce they make,
Will cause Demetrius to awake.
Puck. Then will two at once woe one,
That must needs be sport alone:
And those things doe he love best,
That befall pippetolutely.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think I should wooe in scorn?
Scorne and desirion never comes in teares:
Looke when I vow I wepe; and vowes doborne,
In their naturall all truth appears.
How can they please things in me, forme scorn to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to proune them true.
Hel. You doe advance your cunning more & more,
When truth killeth truth, O doelill holy fray!
These vowes are Hermia. Will you give her one?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.
Your vowes to her, and me, (part in two skaies)
Will even weigh, and both as light as rules.
Lys. I had no judgement, when to her I swore.
Hel. Nor none in my minde, now you give her one.
Lys. Demetrieus loves her, and he loues not you.
Hel. Dem. O Helen, god deffe, simpfind, perfect, divine,
To what my loue, shall I compare this eyne.
Chriftall is muddly, O how rippe in flow.
Thin lippes, those kissting cherries, tempting grow!
That pure comeled white, high Taurus down,
Fan'd with the Easferne windes, turnes to a crown,
When thou holdst vp thy hand. O let me kiffe
This Princecess of pure white, this feale of blisse.
Tell. O spight O hell! I se ye are all base
To set againe me, for your merriment:
If you were cunnt, and knew curtete,
You would not doe me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you doe,
But you must loyne in soules to mocke me to?
If you are men, as men you are in flow,
You would not vse a gentle Lady so;
To vow, and faware, and superfrape my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both by rules, and Loue Hermia,
And now both Rivals to mocke Helia.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure teares vp in a poore maids eyes,
With your desirion; none of noble fort,
Would so offend a Virgin, and extort
A poore foules patience, all to make you sport,
Lys. You are vnskil Demetrius; be not so,
For you loue Hermia; this you know to well,
And here with all good will, with all my heart.
In Hermia love I yeeld you vp my part,
And yours of Helia, to me bequeath,
Whom I do loue and will do to my death.
Hel. Never did mocking waft more idle breath.
Lys. Lysander, keep thy Hermia, I will none.
For I herd thou hadst, all that love is gone.
My heart to her, but as guerd wife foloun't,
And now to Helia it is home return'd,
There to remaine.
Lys. It is not so.
Dr. Difparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Left to thy perill thou abide it deare,
Look where thy Loue comes, jorder thy deare.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The care more quicke of apprehension makes,
While not doth inspire the seeing sense,
It pates the hearing double recumence.
Thou art not by more eye, Lysander failest,
Mine ear (I thinke it) brought me to that found,
But why vnskilly didst thou leave me so?
(To goe)
Lys. Why should be thy whom Loute doth preffe
Her. What loue could preffe Lysander from my side?
Lys. Lysander love (that would not let him hide)
For she Helia; who more englishe the night,
Then all in faire oes, and eyes of light,
Why seek (if thou me) Could not this make the know,
The hate I bare thee, made me ease thee for.
Her. You speake not as you thinke it cannot be.
Lys. Hel. Shee is one of this confedery,
Now I perceiue they have coniuyd all three,
To lathoon this false sport in spight of me.
Innuoyus Hermia, mitd vngratefull maid,
Have you confir'd, hauest you with thee contriu'd
To bate me, with this foule desirion?
Is all the counsell that we two hauest faile'd,
The fitters vowes, the houres that we have spent,
When wee haued chid the hauy footed time,
For parties vs O, is all forgot.
All let ooleadies friendship, child-hoode innocence
We Hermia, like two Artificiall gods,
Hauing with our needles, created both one flower,
Both on one sandle, sitting on one eulion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one keye,
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds
Had been incorparate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yets a union in partition.

Two
A Midsummer night's Dreame.

I twoue barretes bounded on one item, So with two seeming booties, but one heart. Two of the first on that coa's in her bait, But too bold and crowned with one creft. And will you rest our ancient love aunder? To those with men in courting your poor friend? Is not friendly, 'tis not modestly. Our face as well as I may chide you for it. Though a stone doe feel the miserie. 

Her. I am amaze'd at your passionate wordes: I come you not; I seem that you scorn me. 

Hef. Have you not yet Lyfander as in scorn 
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 goddesse, simple, diurne, and rare, 
Precious, celestiall? Wherefore speaks he this 
To her he hates? And wherefore doth Lyfander 
Dente your love, so rich within your soule] 
And tender me (forsooth) affectionate. 
But by your feeling on, by your content? 
What though I be not in grace as you, 
So hung upon with love, so fortunate? 
But miserable mowell, to lose voulons 
This you shou'd pity, rather then despise. 

Her. I wonder not what you meane by this, 
Hef. I do, perken, counterfeit, feate foules, 
And in the mouth of my moues 
That it may hide in me when I turne my backe, 
Wanke each at other, hold the sweete left vp. 
This sport well caried, shall be chronicled, 
If you have any pittie, grace or manners, 
You would not make such an argument: 
But fare ye well, its partly mine owne fault, 
Which death or absence loose shall remend. 

Lyf. Stay gracie Helena, hear my excuse, 
My love, my life, my soule, fare Helena. 

Hel. O excellent! 
Hef. Sweete, do you scorn her so? 

Dem. If the cannot entertaine, I can complaine. 

Lyf. Thou canst not, no more then the entertaine. 

Her. Thy threats have no more strength then her weak praise. 

Hel. I love thee, by my life I doe; 

[swear by that which I will lose for thee, 
To prouze him falle, that failes I loue thee not. 

Dem. I say, I loue thee more then thou canst do, 
Lyf. If thou say fo, with draw and proue it too; 

Dem. Quick, come. 
Lyf. Lyfander, whereeto tends all this? 

Lyf. Away, you abthope. 

Dem. No, no, Sir, seeme to breake loose; 

They can as you would follow, 

but yet come nor you are a tame man go, 

Lyf. Hang off thou car, thou burly device let loose. 

[Will shake thee from me like a serpent. 

Her. Why are you growne so rude? 

What change is this sweetes Love? 

Lyf. Thy love, out away Tartar, out; 

Our loathed medicine; O listned potion hence. 

Hel. Do you not let? 

Hel. Yes, toth at toth to do you. 

Dem. But I will keep my word with thee. 

Lyf. I would had your bond, for I perceive 
A weake bond holdeth you; He not trust your word. 

Lyf. What should I hate her, strike her, kill her dead? 

Although I hate her, Ile not harrne her so. 

Her. What can you do me greater harme than hate?
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Let her alone, speak not of Helena.
Take not her part, for if you do intend
Neuer so little show of love to her,
Though that she admir'd.

If you now the hold she holds
Now follow if you dare't, to try whose right;
Of thine or mine is mote in Helena.

Dem. Follow: Nay, he goe with thee checke by owle.

Enter Lyfander and Demetrius.

Her. You Mistis, this all coyle is long of you.
Nay, goe not backe.

Hel. I will not reflect you,
Nor longer stay in your court company.
Your hands then mine are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though to runne away.

Enter Oberon and Puck.

Ober. This is thy negligence, fill thou mistak't.
Or else commit thy knavery willing.

Puck. Believe me. King of shadowes, my mislooke,
Did not you tell me, I should know the man,
By the Athenian garments he hath on?
And so farre blamable proue my enterprize,
That I have noised an Athenian cies,
And so farre am I glad, I did dit forth,
As thus their laughving I interme a sport.

Ober. Then the Lovers seekes a place to fight,
Hic therefore Robin, ope the night,
The swarde Welkin enter thou anon,
With drooping fogge as blacke as Askeron,
And lead thee'st Fettius so for to,
As one come not within another way.
Like to Lyfander, sometime frame thy tongue,
Then thine Demetrius vp with bittere wrong;
And sometime rage thou like Demetrius;
And from each other looke thou leade them thus,
Till ore their brouses, death-counterfettling, festepe,
With leadsen legs, and Battie-winges doth decrepe;
Then crutch this hearbe into Lysanders cie,
Whose liquor hath this vertuous proprie,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his cie-bals role with wondert light.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall feeme a dreame, and truellste vision,
And backe to Ascons shall the Louses wend
With league, whose date till death shall never end.
While I in this affaire do thee imply,
Ile to my Queene, and beg her Indian boy:
And then I will her charmed cie releafe
From mountors view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My Fairie Lord, this must be done with haste,
For nightes-lust Dragons cut the Clouds full fall,
And yonder thines Amaras barbinger:
At whose approach Ghosts wandering here and there,
Tropoe home to Church-yards; dammed spirits all,
That in crofte-waters, and floodes have burrial,
Aldearic to their wormie beds are gone;
For fear least day should looke their smantes vp,
They willfully themselves display from light.
And must for aye content with blacke frowst night.

Ober. But we are spirits of another sort:
I, with the mornings loue have oft made sport,
And like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the Esterne gate all fierie red,
Opening on Neptrum, with faire bleeded beams,
Turnes into yellow gold, his faules greeneste flame.

But notwithstanding halfe, make no delay.
We may effect this business, yet ere day.
Puck. Vp and downe, vp and downe, I will leade them vp and downe: I am lest'd in field and towe.
Ober. Lead them vp and downe, here comes one.

Enter Lyfander.

Lyf. Where art thou, proud Demetrius?

Spake thou now?

Rob. Here villain, drawn'e & readie. Where art thou?

Lyf. I will be with thee straight.

Rob. Follow me then to planter ground,

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lyfander, speake againe;
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Spake in some bush: Where doft thou hide thy head?

Rob. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the buls that thou look't for war,
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou child,
He whip thee with a rod. He is defill'd
That drawes a fire of thee.

Dem. Yes, art thou there?

Re. Follow my voice, we'll try no manhood here. Enter Lyf.

Lyf. He goes before me, and still dares me on.

When I come where he eats, then he's gone.
The villain is much lighter heell thine then I:
I followed fast, but after he did flye;
Setting places.
That fallen am I darkest knewe way.

And here will I come thou gentle day: lye down.
For if but once thou fliewe me thy gray light,
Re finde Demetrius, and renoue this spight.

Enter Robin and Demetrius.

Rob. Ho, ho, ho, coward, why con't thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar't. For well I wot,
Thou runn before me, shifting every place,
And dar't not stand, nor looke me in the face.

Where art thou?

Rob. Come hither, I am here.

Dem. Nay then thou mock'st me; thou flat't buy this sheere,

If ever thy face by day-light fee.

Now goe thy way: fannelle confrainnest me,
To measure out my length on this cold bed,
By dairc approach looke to be vifited.

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weares night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thys hours, these comforts from the East,
That I may backe to Athens by day-light.

From these that my poore companie detest;
And festepe that sometyme fells vp forrowes eie,
Steale me a while from mine owne companie. Sleep.

Rob. Yet but three? Come onemore,
Two of both kindes makes vp four.
Here she comest, curst and sad,
Copious is a knauish lad.

Enter Hermia.

Thus to make poor females mad,

Herm. Neuer so wearie, noevr so in wo.
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers,
I can no further crawl, no further gee;
My legs can keepe no pace vp to my desires.
Here will I rest me till the breaks of day,
Heauen's shiled Lyfander, if they meanes a fray.

Rob. On the ground sleepes found,

Ie applye yor cite gentle louver, remedy.
When thou wak'it, thou tak'it.
True delight in the fight of thy former. Ladies eye.

And
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Enter Queen of Fairies, and Clowns, and Fairies, and the King amongst them.

TITAN. Come, fit thee down upon this flowery bed, While I thy amiable cheeks do toy, And fickle muskette notes thy tinkle bosom, the head, And killy sun fair large cares, my gentle joy. Clew. Where's Pease-blossome? Peasf. Ready. Clew. scratch my head, Pease-blossome. Wher's Moun- frater Crab. Crab. Read. Clowe, Mounfrater Crab. good Mounfrater get your weapons in your hand, & kill me a red hip humble-lice, on the top of a thistle ; and good Mounfrater bring me the honey bag. Doe not fret your self too much in the action, Mounfrater; and good Mounfrater have a care the honey bag brake not; I would be loth to have you other- wise a honey-bag figure. Where's Mounfrater?

Mounfrater? Mounfrater.

Cla. Give me your neate, Mounfrater. Mounfrater. Pray you leave your courteous good Mounfrater. Mounfrater. What's your will? Cla. Nothing good Mounfrater, but to help Cauley to scratch. I must to the Barbers Mounfrater, for me-thinks I am a most lousy hair on the face. And I am such a tender sore, if I have done but tickle me, I must scratch. Titania. What, wilt thou heare some muskette, my sweet love. Clew. I have a reasonable good care in muskette. Let vs have the songes and the bones.

Musick Tonge, barde Musick. Titania. Or lay sweete Lone, what thou defirest to eat. Clowe. Truly a pecke of Pretender; I could match thy good dry Oates. Me-thinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay; good hay. forere hay hath no fellow. Titania. I have a venturesome Fairy, That shall lick the Squirrel's board, And fetch the new Nuts.

Clowe. I had rather have a handfull or two of dried pease. But I pray you let none of your people fire me. I have an expedition of sleepie come upon me.

Titania. Sleepst thou, and I will whine thee in my arms, Fairies be gone, and be stvaeis away.
So doth the woodbine, the sweet Honickuckle, Gently entwist; the fraddle Toy to
Enring the binge-fingers of the Elime.
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

With these mortals on the ground.

Exeunt.

Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolyta and all his train.

These. Go one of you, find out the Forrester,
For now our deliberation is perform'd.
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My lady shall hear the musick of my hounds.
Vencouple in the Wethering vale let them go;
Dispatch I say, and finde the Forrester.
We will faire Queene, vp to the Mountains top.
And make the musick confusion
Of hounds and echo in Contention.

Hipp. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bydde the Beare
With hounds of Sparta, neither did I heare
Such gallant chiding, for besides the groves,
The skies, the mountains, every region nere;
Scene one all mutuall cry. I never heard
So musickall a discord, such sweet thunder.

Now my hounds are bred out of the Spartan kinde,
So flewd, & fo fanned, and their heads are hung
With ears that swepe away the morning dew,
Crooke kneede, and dew-lapt, like Thessalian Buls,
Slow in pursiut, but match'd in mouth like belys,
Each vnder euery. A cry more tunable
Was never hallowed to, nor cheer'd with horne,
In Crete, in Sparta, or in Theseus sall;
That when you heare, But for what nimphs are these?

Egeus. My Lord, this is my daughter heare asleep;
And this Lyssander, this Demetrius is,
This Helena, old Hebe Helena,
I wonder of this heere together.

These. No doubt they rote vp early, to obserue
The right of May; and hearing our intent,
Came heere in grace of our solemnitie.
But speake Egeus, is not this the day
That Hermione should give anawer of her choice?

Egeus. It is, my Lord.

These. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horses,
Horses and they wake.

Shout within, they all start vp.

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

Egeus. Pardon my Lord,

These. I pray you all stand vp.

I know you two are Rival enemies,
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is to farre from jealousy,
To sleepe by harte, and feare no enmy.

Egeus. My Lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Hale sleepe, hale waking, But as yet, I seeare,
I cannot truly say how I came heere.
But as I think (for truly would I speake)
And now I dobesakes me, fo it is;
I came with Hermione hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian Law.

Egeus. Enough, enough, my Lord: you haue enough;
I beg the Law, the Law, upon his head;
They would have fleue away, they would Demetria,
Thereby to haue defeated you and me;
You of your wife, and me of my content;
Of my confed, that she should be your wife.

Dem. My Lord, fare Queene telled me of their stead;
Of this their purpos hither, to this wood,
And I in furie hither followed them;
Faire Helena, in fancy followed me.
But my good Lord, I vow not by what power,
(But by some power is it) my loue
To Hermione (melted as the snow)
Seems to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,
Which in my childhood. I did doat upon;
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,
The obied, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my Lord;
Was I not dooth d, ere I see Hermione,
But like a tickenelle did I loath this food,
But as in health, come to my natural taste.
Now doe I wish it, loue, long for it,
And will for euermore be true to it.

These. Faire Louters, you are fortunately met;
Of this discourse we shall heare more anon.

Egeus. I will ouer-see your will.

For in the Temple, by aid with vs,
The couples shall easilie be knott;
And for the morning now is something worne;
Our purpos d' hunting shall be fet aside,
Away, with vs to Athens; three and three;
We'll hold a feast in great solemnitie.

Come Hippolyta.

Exit Duke and Lords.

Dem. These things seeme small, & vnprofitable,
Like farre off mountaine turned into Clouds.
Her. methinks I see their things with parted eye,
When euyy things seemes double.

Hel. So me-thinks:
And I have found Demetrius, like a newell,
Mine owne, and not mine owne.

Dem. It feenes to mee,
That yet we sleepe, we sleepe. Do not you think,
The Duke was heere, and bid vs follow him?

Her. Yea, and my Father,

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he bid vs follow to the Temple.

Dem. Why then we are awake; lets follow him, and
By the way let vs recount our dreams.

Bottoms wake.

Exit Lovers.

Clo. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer,
My next is, must faire Piramus. Fly by no. Peter Quince? Play the hewer and mender? Sham the Miller? Stare out? Gods my life! Stone hence, and let me asleepe: I have had a most rare vision. I had dreame, pass the wit of man, to say, what dreame it was. Man is but an Asse, if he goe about to expound this dreame. Methought I was, there is no man can tell what. Me-thought I was, and me-thoughts I had. But man is but a patchd fool, if he will offer to say, what me-thought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to tasse, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dreame was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballet of this dreame, it shall be called Bottoms 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 as her death.

Exit.

Enter Quince. Feste, Snug, Starveling, and Starling.

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

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

Thes. If
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That if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some braver of that sort.
Or in the night, imagining some face,
How eke is a bull lupus’ da Beare?  

But all the floriz of the night told ouer,
And all their minds transfigur’d to together,
More wittie ease than fancies images,
And grooves to something of great constancie;
But how lochter, Strange, and admirable.

Enter Lovers, Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

Thee. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirch:
Joy, gentle friends, joy, and fresh days
Oh lone accompany your hearts.

Lys. More then to vs, wise in your royall walkes,
your board, your bed.

Thee. Come now, what masket, what dances shall we have,
To were away this long age of three hours,
Between our after supper, and bed-time?

Where is our vizza maneger of mirch?
What Renels is in hand? Is there no play,
To eate the angulph of a tourning hour?

Call Egues.

Egus. Here mighty Theseus.

Thee. Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?

What maske? What musick? How shall we beguile
Thee same time, if not with some delight?

Egus. There is a brieve how many sports are rife:
Make choice of which your Highnesse, will see frith.

Lys. The battall with the Centaur is to be sung
By an Athenian Lurnel, to the Harpe.

Thee. Wee none of that. That have I told my Lune
In glory of my kinman Hercules.

Lys. The riot of the spicke Banchalls,
Tearing the Thracian finger, in their rage?

Thee. That is an old deade, and it was plaid
When I loone Theseus cause lai a Conqueror.

Lys. The chiefes of the Muses, mourning for the death
Of learning, late decreas’d in barbarie.

Thee. That is some Satire keen and critical,
Not forting with a grandall ceremone.

Lys. The deocrous Scene of yong Piramus,
And his love Thalya; very tragical minr.

Thee. Merry and tragical? Tediou, and briefe; that
Is hot, ice, and wondrous strange now.
How shall we finde the concord of this discord?

Egus. A play there is, my Lord, some thee words long,
Which is at brieve, as I have knowne a play;
But by thee words, my Lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious. For in all the play,
There is not one word apte, one Player fittet.
And tragical my noble Lord is it for Piramus,
Therin doth kill himselfe. Which when I saw
Beheaded, I must despighte, made mine eyes water:
But more mortal tears, the passion of loude laughe
Never fled.

Thee. What are they that do play it?

Egus. Hard headed men, that doke play it?

With this same play, against the Lord will he
This grizzly beast (which Lyon night by name)
The truly Thibis, coming first by night,
Did farse away, or rather did aspire:
And as she fled, her mantle she did fall;
Which Lyon vive with bloody mouth did staine.
And comes Perisus, sweet youth and rill,
And findeth his Thibis Mantle staine;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamelfull blade,
He bravely brought his boiling bloody breath,
And Thibis, tarrying in Mulberry Shade,
His dagger drew, and died.
For all the rest,
Let Lyon, Moune, Fower, and Louers twaine,
At large disconve, while here they doe remaine.

This I wonder if the Lyon be to speake.

Deme. No wonder, my Lord: one Lion may,
When many Affes doe.

Exit Lyon, Thibis, and Moune, Fower.

Wall. In this fame Interverlud, it doth befall,
That I, one{\textit{Sower}} (by name) present a wall:
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
Thou findest in a cranborne hole or chink:
Through which the Louers, Pyramus and Thibis
Did whisper often, very secretly.
And loome, this rough-caf, and this stone doth they,
That I am that fame Wall: the truth is so.
And this the cranby is right and sinifter,
Through which the fearefull Louers are to whisper.

Thibis. Would you aspire Lyrie and Haire to speake better?

Deme. It is the vittesse partition, that never I heard
disconve, my Lord.

Thibis. Pyramus draws near the Wall, silence.

Enter Pyramus.

Pir. O grim lookout, now night with hue so blacke,
O night, which ever art, when day is not:
O night, & night, slacke, slacke, slacke,
I feare my Thibis promise is forgot.
And thou o'vall, thou sweet and lovely vall,
That standes between her fathers ground and mine,
Thou vall, o vall, o sweet and lovely vall,
Shew me thy chinkes, to blithe thy mind with mine cines.
Thankes courteous vall. Oo flow thy vall for this,
But vist who fee if No Thibis doe fee,
O tickled vall, there whom I fee no blisse,
Curst be thy stones for this deceiving me.

Thibis. The vall me-thinks being sensible, should curse again.

Pir. No in truth fr, he should not. Disceiue me,
Is Thibis cure, she is to enter, and I am to spy
Her thorough the vall, you shall fee it will fall.

Enter Thibis.

Pir. As I told you, wonder she is come.

Thibis. O vall, full ofen hath thou heard my mones,
For parting my faire Pyramus, and me.
My cherry lips have oftene kist thy flones,
Thy flones, with Lyrie and Haire knit up in thee.

Pyra. I fee a voyce; now vall I thine chinke,
To syp and I can heare my Thibis face. Thibis?
Thibis. My Loue thou art, my Loue I thine.

Pir. Thibis what thou vist, I am thy Louers grace,
And like Lamander am I truly still.

Thibis. And like Helen will the Fatnes me kill.

Pir. Not Shakesbee to Pyramus, was true.

Thibis. As Shakesbee to Pyramus, I to you.

Pir. O
Pr. O cell me through the holle of this vile wall.
Thes. I kniffe the walh holle, not your lips at all.
Pr. Whil thou at Niniette tombe mette me straight way?
Thes. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.
Wal. Thus have I pr'st my part discharged for;
And being done, thus Wall away doth go. Ext. Clew.
Dn. Now is the moral downe betweene the two
Neighbours.
Dem. No remedy my Lord, when Wals are so full,
to bear without warning.
Dn. This is the silliest thicke that are I heard.
Thes. The bell in this kind are but shadowes, and the
worst are no worse, if imagination amends them.
Dn. It must be your imagination then, & not theirs.
Thes. If wee imagine no worse of them then they of
themselfes, they may passe for excellent men.Here com
two noble beasts, in a man and a Lion.

Enter Lyon and Moone-shine.
Lyon. You Ladies, you (whole gentle hearts do feare
The smallest moutious motte that creepes on floore)
May not chance, both quake and shemele and herem,
When Lione rough in widdell rapse doth move.
Then know that I, one Sagu the voyser am.
A Lion fell, nor else no Lions dam:
For if I should as Lion come in stiffe.
Into this place, were pitty of my life.
Dn. A verie gentle beast, and of a good confidence.
Dem. The verie beast at a beast, my Lord, y ere I law.
Lig. This Lion is a verie Fox for his valor.
Dn. True, and a Gentle for his discretion.
Dem. Not to my Lord, for his valor cannot carrie his
discretion, and the Fox carrie the Goofe.
Dn. His discretion I am sure cannot carrie his valor:
For the Goofe carrie not the Fox. It is well; leave it to
his discretion, and let vs hearken to the Moone.
Mon. This Lanthorne doth the horned Moone presen.
Dr. He should have borne the horses on his head.
Dn. He is no cresent, and his horses are inuitive.
within the circumstance.
Mon. This Lanthorne doth the horned Moone presen:
My selfe, the man ith Moone doth seeme to be.
Dn. This is the greatest error of all the rest, the man
should be put into the Lanthorne. How is it in the man
ith Moone?
Dem. He dare not come there for the candle.
For you see, it is already in snuffe.

Dn. I am weary of this Moone; wou'd it would change.

Dn. Proceed Moone.
Mon. All that I have to say, is to tell you, that the
Lanthorne is the Moone. I, the man in the Moone, this thorn
thou, my thorne butt, and this dog, my dog.
Dem. Why all these should be in the Lanthorne for
they are in the Moone. But silence, here comes Thicky.

Enter Thicky.
Thf. This is old Niniette tombe, where is my louse?
Lyon. Oh. The Lion roares, Thicky runs off.
Dn. Well roard, Lion.

Dn. Well run Thicky.
Dn. Well shine Moone.
Thicky. Truly the Moone shines with a good grace.
Dn. Well mou'd Lion.
Dem. And then came Piramus.
Lig. And to the Lion vanteeth.

Enter Piramus.
Pyr. Sweet Moone, I thank thee for thy sunny beames,
I thank thee Moone, for shining now to bright.
For by that gracious, golden, glittering beames,
I truant to taste of truest Thruhs light.
But fly: O spight: but marque, poor Knight,
What dreadful dole is heret?
Eyes do you see? How can it be?
O empty Ducke: O Deere!
Thy mantle good; what fraught with blood!
Approach you Fairies fell?
O Fate, come, come: Cut thred and thrum,
Qual, cruell, conclude, and quell.
Dn. This passion, and the death of a dear friend,
Would gentle to make a man looksad.
Dn. Befrew my heart, but I pittie the man.
Prv. Wherefore Nature, did it shou Noons frame?
Since Lione wild hath heere defor'd my deere:
Which is: no no, which was the fairest Dame.
That Iu'd, that lust, that lye d, that lock'd with cheese.
Come teares, confounded: Out sword, and wound:
The pap of Piramus:
I, that left pap, where heart doth hop:
Thus dye, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead, now am I fed, my soule is in the sky.
Tongue lofts thy light, Moone take thy light,
Now dye, dye, dye, dye, dye.
Dem. No Dice, but an ace for him; for he is but one.
Lig. Lefe then an ace man. For he is dead, he is no thing.
Dn. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet reco
and proue an Affe.
Dn. How chance Moone-shine is gone before?
Thicky comes backe, and findes her Louer.

Enter Thicky.

Dn. She wil finde him by stare-light.
Here he comes, and her passion ends the play.
Dn. Me thinkes thine should not vie a long one for
such a Piramus: I hope she will be breede.

Dem. A Moth will turne the balance, which Piramus
which Thicky is the better.
Lig. She hath fiftyed him already, with those sweete
Dem. And thus the meanes, vindicte.
Thicky. Asleep my Louer? What, dead my Done?

O Piramus arise:

Speake, speake. Quite dumb? Dead, dead? A tombe
Mou etne thy sweete eyes.
Thefe Lilly Lips, this cherry noe,
Thefe yellow Cowflincheckes
Are gone, are gone: Louers make mone:
His eyes were greene as Leekes.
O sifters three, come, come to mee,
With hands as pale as Milke,
Lay them in gorse, since you have shore,
With thee, his thred of like.
Tongue nor a word: Come truly sworde:
Come blade, my brieft imbrues.

O 3 And
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

And farewell friends, thus Thisbe sends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu.
Duke, Moonshine & Lion are left to bury the dead.
Demi, 1, and Wall too.

But, No, I offer you, the wall is down, that parted
their Fathers. Will it please you re see the Epilogue,
or hear a bergomask dance, between two of our
companys?

Duke: No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs
no excuse; never excuse; for when the players are all
dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if hee that
write it had plass'd "Pirouette" and hung himselfe in "Throstle
garter," it would have become a fine Tragedy: and so it is
truly, and very nobly dictur'd. But come; your
Burgomaskes; let your Epilogue alone.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.
Lovers to bed; this almost Fairy time,
I see we shall out-driee the coming morn,
As much as we this night have over-watched.
This palpable groose play hath well beguilde
The heavy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed.
A fortnight hold we this tempestuous,
In nightly Rendezvouz; and new follies.

Enter Puck.

Puck: Now the hungry Lyons roars,
And the Wolfe beholds the Moone;
Whilest the heavy ploughman stoors,
All with weary toke for done.
Now the waffed brands doe glow,
With the stretch't edow, stretch't ing loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in wo,
In remembrance of a thowed.

Now it is the time of night,
That the grasse, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the Cruish way parts to glide.
And we Fairies, that do runne,
By the triple Flower's rayne,
From the preference of the Sunne,
Following darke-shefe like a dreame,
Now are frolicking: not a Mouse
Shall disturb this hallowd house.
I am fent with broome before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter King and Queen of Fairies, with their traine.

Ob. Through the house give gimmering light,

By the dead and drown'd she,
Euerie Elfe and Fairie sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier.
And this Ditty after me, sing and dance it trippingly.

The Song.
Now until the breaks of day,
Through this house each Fairy stray,
To the left: Bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall be paid:
And the fire there create.
Every shall be fortunate:
So fed all the couples there,
Every true in loving be.

And the blasts of Nature's hand,
Shall not on their issue stand,
Never while harelip nor fairest,
With mark predestinate, such as are.

Now to the Naiad's aisle,
Shall young their children be,
With this field dew consecrate,
Every Fairy take his gate,
And each general chamber blest,
Through this Palace with sweete peace,
Every station safely rest,
And the course of it done.

Trip away, make we fly;
Meet me all by breaks of day.

Robin: If we finde we have offended,
Think but this (and all is mended)
That you have but thundred here,
While these wifons did appeare,
And this wakke and idle thame,
No more yeedling but a dreame,
Centes, doe not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend,
And as I am an honest Puck,
If we have vnersed lucke,
Now to scape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Elie the Puck's spy call.
So good night vnto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

FINIS.