A Midsommer Nights Dreame [A Midsummer Night's Dream] from Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies. Published according to the true originall copies.

Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies

Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7

Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616.

Heminge, John, approximately 1556-1630
Condell, Henry, -1627
Droeshout, Martin, 1601
Jaggard, Isaac, -1627
Blount, Edward, fl. 1594-1632
Jaggard, William, 1569-1623
Smethwicke, John, -1641
Aspley, William, -1640

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First publication edition. <date when="2014-04-23">23 April 2014</date>

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Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30

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Bodleian

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misnumbered 252; p. 189 misnumbered 187; p. 249 misnumbered 251; p.250
some copies; p.265 misnumbered 273 -- 2nd count: p.37 misnumbered 39 in
p.89 misnumbered 91; p. 90 misnumbered 92 -- 3rd count:
5th count: numbered 167 and 168 respectively; p. 216 numbered 218 --
5th count: misnumbered 38;
p. 279 misnumbered 259; p. 282 misnumbered 280; p.308
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most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: πA⁸ (πA1+1)
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²g⁶ h-v⁶ x⁴
2k-2v⁶
Gg; nn1-nn2
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reader". The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the
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central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.</condition><layoutDesc><layout>
<p>Predominantly printed in double columns.</p>
<p>Text within simple lined frame.</p>
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Colophon reads: "Printed at the charges of W. Iaggard, Ed. Smithweeke, and W. Asplye. 1623.".

Editors’ dedication signed: John Heminge. Henry Condell.

Head- and tail-pieces; initials. With an engraved title-page portrait of the author signed: "Martin-Droeshout: sculpsit London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The earlier state has lighter shading generally; 2. Later state has heavier shading, especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly with the jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that the earlier state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.

Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap was seen". 2. A copy of Ben Jonson’s printed "To the Reader"; MS note on t.p. (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.

on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing printed waste from a copy of Cicero’s "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard Pafraet, between 1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this work see: Bod. Inc. Cat., C-322.

For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.

Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to William Wildgoose on 17 February 1624 for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian’s catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in 1674, replaced by the newer Third Folio (1664). There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of "superfluous library books" to Richard Davis. a bookseller in Oxford, in 1664 for the sum of £24. After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of Richard Turbutt of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family’s possession until 1906, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of £3000, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and
Gibson, The
Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare
(Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)</p>
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MIDSOMMER Nights Dreame.

Actus primus.

[Act 1, Scene 1]

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others.

N ow faire Hippolita, our nuptiall houre.

Drawes on apace: foure happy daies bring in Another Moon: but oh, me 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 reuennew.

Foure daies wil quickly steep the selues in nights

Foure nights wil quickly dreame away the time:

And then the Moone, like to a siluer bow, Now bent in heauen, shal behold the night Of our solemnities.

Go Philostrate

Stirre vp the Athenian youth to merriments,

Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,

Turne melancholy forth to Funerals:

The pale companion is not for our pompe,

Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,

And wonne thy loue, doing thee injuries:

But I will wed thee in another key,

With pompe, with triumph, and with reuelling.

Enter Egeus and his
daughter Hermia, Lysander,

and Demetrius.</stage>

Happy be Theseus, our renowned Duke.</l>

Happy be Egeus: what's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint

Against my childe, my daughter Hermia.

My Noble Lord,

This man hath my consent to marrie her.

And my gracious Duke,

This man hath bewitch'd the bosome of my childe:

Thou, thou Lysander, thou hast giuen

her rimes,

And interchang'd loue tokens with my childe:

Thou hast by Moone light at her window sung,

With faining voice, verses of faining loue,

And stolne the impression of her fantasie,

With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceits,

Knackes, trifles, Nose gaies, sweet meats

(messengers)

Of strong preuailment in vnhardned youth

With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughters heart,

Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)

To stubborne harshnesse. And my gracious Duke,

Be it so she will not heere before your Grace,

Consent to marrie with Demetrius, thou hast giuen

Duke.

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

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned Duke.
To leaue the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman.

So is Lysander.

In himselfe he is.

The other must be held the worthier.

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

Rather your eies must with his iudgment looke.

I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.

I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concerne my modestie
In such a presence heere to pleade 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.

Either to dye the death, or to abiure
For euer 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 liuerie of a Nunne,
For aye to be in shady Cloister mew'd,
To liue a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruitlesse Moone,
Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,
To vndergo such maiden pilgrimage,
But earthlier happie is the Rose distil'd,
Then that which withering on the virgin thorne,
Growes, liues, and dies, in single blessednesse.

N
Her.
A Midsommer nights Dreame.

So will I grow, so live, so die my Lord,

Ere I will yeeld my virgin Patent vp

Vnto his Lordship, whose vnwished yoake,

My soule consents not to giue soueraignty.

Take time to pause, and by the next new Moon

The sealing day betwixt my loue and me,

For euerlasting bond of fellowship:

Vpon that day either prepare to dye,

For disobedience to your fathers will,

Or else to wed Demetrius as hee would,

Or on Dianaes Altar to protest

For aie, austerity, and single life.

Relent sweet Hermia, and Lysander, yeelde

Thy crazed title to my certaine right.

Let me haue Hermiaes: do you marry him.

Scornfull Lysander, true, he hath my Loue;

d what is mine, my loue shall render him.

And she is mine, and all my right of her,

I do estate vnto Demetrius.

A n what is mine, my loue shall render him.

Lysander, true, he hath my Loue;

I am my Lord, as well deriu'd as he,

As well possest: my loue is more then his:

My fortunes euery way as fairely ranck'd

(If not with vantage) as
And (which is more then all these boasts can be) I am belou'd of beauteous Hermia. Why should not I then prosecute my right? Demetrius, Ile auouch it to his head, Made loue to Nedars daughter, and won her soule: and she (sweet Ladie) dotes, devoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry, Vpon this spotted and inconstant man. I must confess, that I haue heard so much, And with thought to haue spoke thereof: But being ouer full of selfe-#x2011;affaires, My minde did lose it. But Demetrius come, And come Egeus, you shall go with me, 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? Egeus, you shall go with Demetrius and go along: I must imploy you in some businesse Against our nuptiall, and conferre with you Of something, neerely that concernes your selues. With dutie and desire we follow you. Exeunt Manet Lysander and Hermia. How now my loue? Why is your cheek so pale? How chance the Roses there do fade so fast?
<speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>

Belike for want of raine, which I could well
Beteeme them, from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys.<speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>

For ought that euer I could reade,
Could euer heare by tale or historie,
The course of true loue neuer did run smooth,
But either it was different in blood.

Her.<speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>

O crosse! too high to be enthral'd to loue.
Or else misgraffed, in respect of yeares.
O spight! too old to be ingag'd to yong.
Or else it stood vpon the choise of merit.
O hell! to choose loue by anothers eie.
Or if there were a simpathie in choise,
Warre, death, or sicknesse, did lay siege to it;
Making it momentarie, as a sound:
Swift as a shadow, short as any dreame,
Briefe as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a spleene) vnfolds both heauen and earth;
And ere a man hath power to say, behold,
The iawes of darknesse do deuoure it vp:
So quicke bright things come to confusion.

Her.<speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>

If then true Louers haue beene euer crost,
It stands as an edict in destinie:
Then let vs teach our triall patience,
Because it is a customarie crosse,
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs, wishes and tears; poor fancies followers.

A good persuasion; therefore hear me. Herein,

I have a widow aunt, a dowager, of great revenue, and she hath no child, from Athens is her house removed seven leagues, and she respects me, as her only son. There gentle sir, may I marry thee,

And to that place, the sharp Athenian law cannot pursue us. If you love me, then steal forth your father's house tomorrow night: and in the wood, a league without the town, (where I did meet you once with Helena,) to do observance for a morrow of May,) there will I stay for you.

Keeps promise love: look here comes Helena.

God speed fair Helena, whither away?

Enter Helena. God speed you faire sir, Helena, whither away?
Cal you me faire? that faire againe vnsay,
Demetrius loues you faire: O happie faire!
Your eyes are loadstarres, and your tongues sweete ayre
More tuneable then Larke to shepheards eare,
When wheate is greene, when hauthorne buds appeare,
Sicknesse is catching: O were fauor so,
Your words I catch, faire Hermia ere I go,
My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongues sweete melodie,
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I eue to be to you translated.
O teach me how you looke, and with what art you sway the motion of Demetrius hart.

I frowne vpon him, yet he loues me still.
I giue him curses, yet he giue me loue.
O that your frownes would teach my smiles such skil.
I giue him curses, yet he giues me loue.
O that my prayers could such affection mooue.
The more I hate, the more he followes me.
The more I loue, the more he hateth me.
His folly Helena is none of mine.
None but your beauty, wold that fault wer mine.
Her.<\speaker></speaker>

Lysander</hi> and my selfe will flie this place.\<l><hi><hi><hi><hi>rend="italic"</hi>><hi><hi><hi>Lysander</hi></hi></hi></hi></hi></l>

Before the time I did \<hi><hi><hi><hi>rend="italic"</hi>><hi><hi><hi>Helen</hi></hi></hi></hi></hi></l> to you our mindes will unfold,\<l><hi><hi><hi><hi>rend="italic"</hi>><hi><hi><hi>Phoebe</hi></hi></hi></hi></hi></l> doth behold\<l><hi><hi><hi><hi>rend="italic"</hi>><hi><hi><hi>Athens</hi></hi></hi></hi></l> gates, haue we deuis'd to steale.\</l><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp><sp>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rend="italic">Helena</hi> adieu,<hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi> dotes on you.<hi rend="italic">Lysander</hi>.<hi rend="italic">Exiit</hi>

As you on him, <hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi> dotes on you.

How happy some, ore othersome can be?

Through <hi rend="italic">Athens</hi> I am thought as faire as she.<hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi> thinkes not so:

He will not know, what all, but he doth know,

But what of that? <hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi> thinkes eyes;

So I, admiring of his qualities:

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,

Loue can transpose to forme and dignity,

Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde,

And therefore is wing'd <hi rend="italic">Cupid</hi> painted blinde.

Nor hath loues minde of any judgement taste:

Wings and no eyes, figure, vnheedy haste.

And therefore is Loue said to be a childe,

Because in choise he is often beguil'd,

As waggish boyes in game themselues forswear;

So the boy Loue is periur'd euery where.

For ere <hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi> lookt on <hi rend="italic">Hermias</hi> eyne,

He hail'd downe oaths that he was onely mine.

And when this Haile some heat from <hi rend="italic">Hermia</hi> felt,

So he dissolu'd, and shoures of oathes did melt,

I will goe tell him of faire <hi rend="italic">Hermias</hi> flight:

Then to the wood will he, to morrow night

Pursue her; and for his intelligence,

If I haue thankes, it is a deere expence:

But heerein meane I to enrich my paine,

To haue his sight thither, and backe againe.

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Ioyner, Bottome the Weaver, Flute the bellowes mender, Snout the Tinker, and
Starueling the Taylor.</stage>

Quin.</speaker>
<p>Is all our company heere?</p>

You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.</p>

Qui.
<p>Here is the scrowle of euery 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.</p>

Bot.
<p>First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on: then read the names of the Actors: and so grow on to a point.</p>

Quin.
<p>Marry our play is the most lamentable Come, and most cruell death of Pyramus and Thisbie.</p>

Bot.
<p>A very good peece of worke I assure you, and a merry. Now good Peter Quince, call forth your Actors by the scrowle. Masters spread your selues.</p>

Quince.</speaker>
<p>Answer as I call you. Nick Bottome</p>

Weauer.</p>

Bottome.</speaker>
<p>Ready; name what part I am for, and proceed.</p>
Quince.

You Nicke Bottome are set downe for Pyramus, a louer, or a tyrant?

A Louer that kills himselfe most gallantly for love.

That will aske some teares in the true perforning of it: if I do it, let the audience looke to their eies: I will mooue stormes; I will condole in some measure. To the rest yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all split the raging Rocks; and shiuering shocks shall break the locks of prison gates, and Phibbus carre shall shine from farre, and make and marre the foolish Fates. This was lofty. Now name the rest of the Players. This is Ercles vaine, a tyrants vaine: a louer is more condoling.

You must take Thisbie on you.

What is Thisbie, a wandring Knight?
Quin.  

It is the Lady that Pyramus must loue.

Flut.  

Nay faith, let not mee play a woman, I haue a beard comming.

Qui.  

That's 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 Thisbie too: Ile speake in a monstrous little voyce; Thisne, Thisne, ah Pyramus my louer deare, thy Thisbie deare, and Lady deare.

Quin.  

No no, you must play Pyramus, and Flute, you

Quince.  

Robin Starueling, you must play Thisbies mother? Tom Snowt, the Tinker.
Snowt.

Heere Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus father; my self, Thisbies father; Snugge the Ioyner, you the Lyons part: and I hope there is a play fitted.

Snug. Haue you the Lions part written? pray you if be, giue it me, for I am slow of studie.

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

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

Quin. If you should doe 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 euery mothers sonne.

Bottome. I graunt you friends, if that you should fright the Ladies out of their Wittes, they would shrike, and that were enough to hang vs all; but I will grauate my voyce so, that I will roare you as gently as any sucking Doue; I will roare and 'twere any Nightin.
Quin. You can play no part but Piramus, for a sweet-faced man, a proper man as one shall see in a summers day; a most lovely Gentleman-like man, therefore you must needs play Piramus.

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

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it, in either your straw-colour beard, your orange tawney beard, your purple in graine beard, or your French-crown colour'd beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French Crownes haue no haire at all, and then you will play bare-faced. But masters here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to morrow night: and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the Towne, by Moone-light, there we will rehearse: for if we meete in the Citie, we shall be dog'd with company, and our deuis knowne. In the meane time, I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you faile me.
not.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bottom.</speaker>
    <p>We will meete, and there we may rehearse</p>
    <lb>more obscenely and courageously. Take paines, be
</sp>

per;&lt;x00AD;

<lb>fect, adieu.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
    <speaker rend="italic">Quin.</speaker>
    <p>At the Dukes oake we meete.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
    <p>Enough, hold or cut bowstrings.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Fairie at
one doore, and Robin good fellow at another.</stage>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rob.</speaker>
    <l>How now spirit, whether wander you?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-fai">
    <speaker rend="italic">Fai.</speaker>
    <l>Ouer hil, ouer dale, through bush, through briar,</l>
    <l>Ouer parke, ouer pale, through flood, through fire,</l>
    <l>I do wander euerie where, swifter then y<hi rend="superscript">e</hi> Moons sphere;</l>
    <l>And I serue the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs vpon the</l>
    <l>The Cowslips tall, her pensioners bee;</l>
    <l>In their gold coats, spots you see;</l>
    <l>Those be Rubies, Fairie fauors;</l>
    <l>In those freckles, liue their sauors;</l>
    <l>I must go seeke some dew drops heere;</l>
    <l>And hang a pearle in euery cowslips eare.</l>
    <l>Farewell thou Lob of spirits, Ile be gon;</l>
    <l>Our Queene and all her Elues come heere anon.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
The King doth keep 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 stolne from an Indian King,
She never had so sweet 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 ioy,
And now they never meete in groue, or greene,
By fountaine cleere, or spangled star sheene,
But they do square, that all their Elues for feare creepe into Acorne cups and hide them there.

Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knauish spirit Cal'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not he,
That frights the maidens of the Villagree,
Skim milke, and sometimes labour in the querne,
And bootlesse make the breathlesse huswifes cherne,
And sometime make the drinke to beare no barme,
Misleade night-wanderers, laughing at their harme,
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Pucke,
You do their worke, and they shall have good lucke.
Are not you he?

Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merrie wanderer of the night:
I jest 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 Gossips bole,
In very likenes of a roasted crab:
And when she drinkes, against her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlop poure the Ale.
The wisest Aunt telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stoole, mistaketh me,
Then slip I from her bum, downe topples she,
And tailour cries, and falls into a coffe.
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and sweare,
But room Fairy, heere comes Oberon.

And heere my Mistris:
Would that he were gone.
Ill met by Moone-light,
Proud Tytania.
What, iealous Oberon? Fairy skip Hence.
I haue forsworne his bed and companie.
Tarrie rash Wanton; am not I thy Lord?
Then I must be thy Lady: but I know
When thou vvest stolne away from Fairy Land,
And in the shape of Corin, sate all day,
Playing on pipes of Corne, and versing loue
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou
Come from the farthest steepe of India?
But that forsooth the bouncing Amazon
Your buskin'd Mistresse, and your Warrior loue,
To Theseus must be Wedded; and you come,
To giue their bed ioy and prosperitie.

Fairy at one doore with his traine,
and the Queene at another with hers.
Enter the King of Fairies at one doore with his traine,
and the Queene at another with hers.
I haue forsworne his bed and companie.
Tarrie rash Wanton; am not I thy Lord?
Then I must be thy Lady: but I know
When thou vvest stolne away from Fairy Land,
And in the shape of Corin, sate all day,
Playing on pipes of Corne, and versing loue
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou
Come from the farthest steepe of India?
But that forsooth the bouncing Amazon
Your buskin'd Mistresse, and your Warrior loue,
To Theseus must be Wedded; and you come,
To giue their bed ioy and prosperitie.
How canst thou thus for shame Tytania, Glance at my credite, vvith Hippolita? Knowing I knowv thy loue to Theseus? Didst thou not leade him through the glimmering night From Peregenia, whom he rauished? And make him vwith faire Eagles breake his faith With Ariadne, and Atiopa?

These are the forgeries of iealousie, And neuer since the middle Summers spring Met vve on hil, in dale, forrest, or mead, By paued fountaine, or by rushie brooke, Or in the beached margent of the sea, To dance our ringlets to the whistling Winde, But vwith thy braules thou hast disturb'd our sport. Therefore the Windes, piping to vs in vaine, As in reuenge, haue suck'd vp from the sea Contagious fogges: Which falling in the Land, Hath euerie petty Riuer made so proud, That they haue ouer‑borne their Continents. The Ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoake in vaine, The Ploughman lost his sweat, and the greene Corne Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard; The fold stands empty in the drowned field, And Crowes are fatted vwith the murrion flocke, The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mud, And the queint Mazes in the wanton greene, For lacke of tread are vndistinguishable, The humane mortals want their winter heere, No night is now with hymne or caroll blest; Therefore the Moone (the gouernesse of floods) Pale in her anger, washes all the aire; That Rheumaticke diseases doe 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 Hyems chinne and Icecrowne. An odorous Chaplet of sweet Sommer buds.
Is as in mockry set. The Spring, the Sommer,
The childing Autumne, angry Winter change,
Their wonted Liueries, and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knowes not which is which;
And this same progeny of euills,
Comes from our debate, from our dissention,
We are their parents and originall.

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

Set your heart at rest,
The Fairy land buyes 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 gossipt by my side,
And sat with me on Neptunes yellow sands,
Marking th'embarked traders on the flood,
When we haue laught to see the sailes conceiue,
And grow big bellied with the wanton winde:
Which she with pretty and with swimming gate,
Following (her wombe then rich with my yong squire)
Would imitate, and saile vpon the Land,
To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize,
But she being mortall, of that boy did die,
And for her sake I doe reare vp her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

How long within this wood intend you stay?
Perchance till after Theseus wedding day.
If you will patiently dance in our Round,
And see our Moone light reuels, goe with vs;
If not, shun me and I will spare your haunts.
Ob. Give me that boy, and I will goe with thee.

Qu. Not for thy Fairy Kingdome. Fairies away:

We shall chide downe right, if I longer stay.

Exeunt.

Ob. Wel, go thy way: thou shalt not from this groue,

Till I torment thee for this iniury.

My gentle Pucke come hither; thou remembrest

Since once I sat vpon a promontory,

And heard a Meare maide on a Dolphins backe,

Vttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,

That the rude sea grew ciuill at her song,

And certaine starres shot madly from their Spheares,

To heare the Sea maids musicke.

I remember.

That very time I say (but thou couldst not)

Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,

Cupids all arm'd; a certaine aime he tooke

At a faire Vestall, throned by the West,

And loosd his loue shaft smartly from his bow,

As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts,

But I might see young Cupids fiery shaft

Quencht in the chaste beames of the watry Moone;

And the imperiall Votresse passed on,

Yet markt I where the bolt of Cupid fell.

It fell vpon a little westerne flower;

Before, milke; now purple with loues wound,

And maidens call it, Loue in idlenesse.

Fetch me that flower; the hearb I shew'd thee once,
The juice of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote,
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou here againe,
Ere the Leviathan can swim a league.

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

Ile watch Titania, when she is asleepe,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing when she waking looks upon,
(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 invisible,
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

I loue thee not, therefore pursue me not,
Where is Lysander, and faire Hermia?
The one Ile stay, the other stayeth me.
Thou toldst me they were stolne into this wood;
And heere am I, and wood within this wood;
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.

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

You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant,
But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart
Is true as steele. Leaue you your power to draw,
And I shall haue no power to follow you.
Do I entice you? do I speake you faire?
Or rather doe I not in plainest truth,
Tell you I doe not, nor I cannot loue you?

And euen for that do I loue thee the more;
I am your spaniell, and Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawne on you,
Neglect me, lose me; onely giue me leaue
(Vnworthy as I am) to follow you.

Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am sicke when I do looke on thee.
You doe impeach your modesty too much,
To leaue the Citty, and commit your selfe
Into the hands of one that loues you not,
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsell of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

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

For you in my respect are
all the world.
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

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

I, in the Temple, in the Towne, and Field
You do me mischief. Fye Demetrius,
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sexe:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
To die upon the hand I love so well.

Fare thee well Nymph, ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.
Hast thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

I, there it is.
I pray thee give it me.
I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,
Where Oxlips and the nodding Violet growes,
Quite ouer cannoped with luscious woodbine,
With sweet muske roses, and with Eglandine;
There sleepes Tytania, sometime of the night,
Lul'd in these flowers, with dances and delight:
And there the snake throwes her enammel'd skinne,
Weed wide enoug 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 seek through this groue;
A sweet Athenian Lady is in loue
With a disdainefull youth: annoint his eyes,
But doe 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 proue
More fond on her, then she vpon her loue;
And looke thou meet me ere the first Cocke crow.

Pu.

Feare not my Lord, your seruant shall do so.
Exit.

Enter Queene of Fairies, with her traine.

You spotted Snakes with double tongue,
Thorny Hedgehogges be not seene,
Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong,
The clamorous Owle that nightly hoots and wonders
At our queint spirits: Sing me now asleepe,
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

Fairies Sing.

Philomele with melodie,
Sing in your sweet Lullaby.
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Neuer harme, nor spell, nor charme,
Come our louely Lady nye,
So good night with Lullaby.

2. Fairy.
Weauing Spiders come not heere,
Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence:
Beetles blacke approach not neere;
Worme nor Snayle doe no offence.
Philomele with melody,

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

Shee sleepe.

Enter Oberon.

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

Faire loue, you faint with wandring in y\textsuperscript{e} woods,
And to speake troth I haue forgot our way:
Wee'll rest vs \textit{Hermia}, if you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Be it so \textit{Lysander}; finde you out a bed,
For I vpon this banke will rest my head.
One turfè shall serve as pillow for us both,
One heart, one bed, two bosomes, and one troth.

Nay good Lysander, for my sake my deere Lie further off yet, doe not lie so neere.

O take the sence sweet, of my innocence,
Loue takes the meaning, in loues conference,
I meane that my heart vnto yours is knit,
So that but one heart can you make of it.
Two bosomes interchanged with an oath,
So then two bosomes, and a single troth.
Then by your side, no bed &#211; roome me deny,
For lying so, Hermia, I doe not lye.

But gentle friend, for loue and courtesie
Lie further off, in humane modesty,
Such separation, as may well be said,
Becomes a vertuous batchelour, and a maide,
So farre be distant, and good night sweet friend;
Thy loue nere alter, till thy sweet life end.

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

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

With halfe that wish, the wishers eyes be prest.

Enter Pucke.

They
Through the Forest have I gone,
But Athenian I finde I none,
One whose eyes I might approve
This flowers force in stirring love.
Night and silence: who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he (my master said)
And heere the maiden sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soule, she durst not lie
This lacke-love, this kill-curtesie.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
So awake when I am gone:
For I must now to Oberon.

On the dance and dirty ground.
Pretty soule, she durst not lye
Neere this lacke-love, this kill-curtesie.
Churl, vpon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleepe his seate on thy eyelid.
So awake when I am gone:
For I must now to Oberon.

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Pretty soule, she durst not lye
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When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleepe his seate on thy eyelid.
So awake when I am gone:
For I must now to Oberon.

Heere are the maiden sleeping sound,
This is he (my master said)
Despised the Athenian maide:
And heere the maiden sleeping sound,
This flowers force in stirring love.
Night and silence: who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
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Night and silence: who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he (my master said)
Despised the Athenian maide:
And heere the maiden sleeping sound,
This flowers force in stirring love.
O I am out of breath, in this fond chace,
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace,
Happy is Hermia, wheresoere she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt teares.
If so, my eyes are oftner washt then hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a Beare;
For beasts that meete me, runne away for feare,
Therefore no maruaile, though
Doe as a monster, flie my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glasse of mine,
Made me compare with Hermias sphery eyne?
But who is here? Lysander on the ground;
Deade or asleepe? I see no bloud, no wound,
Lysander, if you liue, good sir awake.

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

Do not say so Lysander, say not so:
What though he loue your Hermia? oh how fit a word
Yet Hermia still loues you; then be content.

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 sway'd:
And reason saies you are the worthier Maide.
Things growing are not ripe until 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 orelooke Loues stories, written in Loues richest booke.

Wherefore was I to this keen mockery borne? When at your hands did I deserve this scorn? Ist not enough, ist not enough, yong man, That I did neuer, no nor neuer can, Deserve a sweete looke from Demetrius eye,

But you must flout my insufficiency? Good troth you do me wrong (good sooth 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, that a Lady of one man refus'd, Should of another therefore be abus'd.

She sees not Hermia: And neuer maist thou come 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 that did deceiue: 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.

To plucke this crawling serpent from my brest. Aye me, for pitty; what a dreame was here?
feare:

Me&x2011;thought a serpent eate my heart away,

And yet sat smiling at his cruell prey,

Lysander, what remoou'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 sound almost with feare.

No, then I well perceiue you are not nye,

Either death or you Ile finde immediately.

Exit.

Enter the Clownes.

Are we all met?

Pat, pat, and here's a maruailous conuenient place for our rehearsall. This greene plot shall be our stage, this hauthorne brake our tyring house, and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Peter quince?

What saist thou, bully Bottome?

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 Ladies cannot abide.

How answere you that?
<p>Berlaken, a parlous feare.</p>

<sp who="#F-mnd-sta">
    <speaker rend="italic">Star.</speaker>

    <p>I beleue we must leaue the killing out, when all is done.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>

    <p>Not a whit, I haue a deuice to make all well. Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue seeme to say, we will do no harme with our swords, and that <hi rend="italic">Pyramus</hi> is not kill'd indeede: and for the more better assurance, tell them, that I <hi rend="italic">Piramus</hi> am not <hi rend="italic">Piramus</hi>, but <hi rend="italic">Bottome</hi> the Weauer; this will put them out of feare.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
    <speaker rend="italic">Quin.</speaker>

    <p>Well, we will haue such a Prologue, and it shall be written in eight and sixe.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>

    <p>No, make it two more, let it be written in eight and eight.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-sno">
    <speaker rend="italic">Snout.</speaker>

    <p>Will not the Ladies be afear'd of the Lyon?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-sta">
    <speaker rend="italic">Star.</speaker>

    <p>I feare it, I promise you.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>

    <p>Masters, you ought to consider with your selues, to bring in (God shield vs) a Lyon among Ladies, is a most dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull wilde foule then your Lyon liuing: and wee ought to looke to it.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-sno">
    <speaker rend="italic">Snout.</speaker>

    <p>Therefore another Prologue must tell he is not a Lyon.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-bot"/>
<speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>

<p>Nay, you must name his name, and halfe his face
must be seene through the Lyons necke, and he 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 hither
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 him plainly hee is <hi rend="italic">Snug</hi> the
joyner.</p>

<sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
  <p>Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard
things, that is, to bring the Moone-light into a
chamber: for you know <hi rend="italic">Piramus</hi> and
Thisby/meete by Moone-light.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-sno">
  <p>Doth the Moone shine that night wee play our
play?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
  <p>A Calender, a Calender, looke in the Almanack,
finde out Moone-shine, finde out Moone-shine.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Pucke.</stage>

<sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
  <p>Yes, it doth shine that night.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
  <p>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.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
  <p>Quin.</p>
</sp>
I, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns
and a lanthorne, and say he comes to disfigure, or to
sent the person of Moone shine. Then there is
another
thing, we must haue a wall in the great Chamber; for Pi
ramus/hi and (saies the
story) did talke through the
chinke of a wall.</p>

You can neuer bring in a wall. What say you
Bottome?

Some man or other must present wall, and let
him haue some Plaster, or some Lome, or some rough
cast about him, to signifie wall; or let him hold his
Piramus and Thisby whisper.

If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit
downe euery mothers sonne, and rehearse your parts.

Piramus, you begin; when you
haue spoken your speech,

enter into that Brake, and so euery one according to his
cue.</p>

Enter Robin.</p>
Pir. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweete.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pir. Odours savours sweete, So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby deare.

But harke, a voyce: stay thou but here a while, And by and by I will to thee appeare.

Exit. Pir.

A stranger Piramus, then ere plaid here.

I marry must you. For you must understand he goes but to see a noyse that he heard, and is to come a-gaine.

Most radiant Piramus, most Lilly white of hue, Of colour like the red rose on triumphant bryer, Most brisky juuenall, and eke most louely liew, As true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre, Ile meete thee Piramus, at Ninus toome, toombe. man: why, you must not speake that yet; that you answere to Piramus: you speake all your part at once, cues and all.
Piramus enter, your cue is
past; it is neuer tyre.

Thys.
O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer

Pir.
If I were faire, Thisby I were onely thine.

Pet.
O monstrous. O strange. We are hanted; pray masters, flye masters, helpe.

The Clownes all Exit.

Puk.
Ile follow you, Ile leade you about a Round, through bogge, through bush, through brake, through
Sometime a horse Ile be, sometime a hound:
A hogge, a headlesse beare, sometime a fire,
Like horse, hound, hog, beare, fire, at euery turne.

Exit.

Sn.
O Bottom, thou art chang'd; What doe I see on thee?

Bot.
What do you see? You see an Asse\textsuperscript{2011} of your owne, do you?

Enter Snowt.

Enter Piramus with the Asse head.
Enter Peter Quince.

Blesse thee Bottome, blesse thee; thou art translation;

Exit.

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 here, and I will sing that they shall heare I am not afraid.

The Woosell cocke, so blacke of hew,
With Orenge tawny bill.
The Throstle, with his note so true,
The Wren and little quill.

What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?
The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke,
The plainsong Cuckow gray;
Whose note full many a man doth marke,
And dares not answere, nay.

For indeede, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? Who would giue a bird the lye, though he cry Cuckow, neuer so?

I pray thee gentle mortall, sing againe, 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.

Me thinkes mistresse, you should haue little reason for that: and yet to say the truth, reason and loue keepe little company together, nowadayes.
The more the pittie, that some honest neighbours will
not make them friends. Nay, I can gleekke vpon occasion.

Tyta.

Thou art as wise, as thou art beautifull.

Out of this wood, I haue enough to serue mine owne turne.

Tyta.

Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.
The Summer still doth tend vpon my state,
And I doe loue thee; therefore goe with me,
Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee Iewels from the deepe,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleepe:
And I will purge thy mortall grossenesse so,
That thou shalt like an airie spirit go.

Enter Pease blossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard seede, and foure Fairies.

Ready; and I, and I, and I, Where shall we go?

Be kind and curteous to this Gentleman,
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
The honie bags steale from the humble Bees,
And for night tapers crop their waxen thighes,
To haue my loue to bed, and to arise:

To haue my loue to bed, and to arise:
And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,
To fan the Moone beams from his sleeping eyes.

Nod to him Elues, and doe him curtesies.

Haile mortall, haile.

I cry your worships mercy hartily; I beseech your worships name.

I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.

Your name honest Gentleman?

I pray you commend mee to mistresse Squash, your mother, and to master Peascod: I shal desire of you more acquaintance, good master Pease blossom, I beseech you sir?
Mustard-seede.

Peas.

Pease-blossome.

Bot.

Good master Mustard seede, I know your patience well: that same cowardly giant-like Oxen beafo 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 Mustard seede.

Tita.

Come waite vpon him, lead him to my bower.

The Moone methinks, lookes with a watrie eie,
And when she weepes, weepe euerie little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastitie.
Ty e my louers tongue, bring him silently.

Exit.

Enter King of Pharies, solus.

I wonder if Titania be awak't;
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on, in extremity.

Enter Pucke.

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

My Mistris with a monster is in love,
Neere to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping howe,
A crew of patches, rude

Mechanicals

That worke for bread vpon Athenian stals,
Were met together to rehearse a Play,<n>
Intended for great Theseus\n
Tempted by the barren sort of that shallowest thick skin, Piramus presented, in their sport.

Forsooke his Scene, and entered in a brake, when I did him at this advantage take, And Asses nole I fixed on his head. Anon his Thisbie must be answered, and forth my Mimmick comes: when they him spie, As Wilde geese, that the creeping Fowler eye, Or russet pated choughes, many in sort

Seuer themselves, and madly sweep the sky: So at his sight, away his fellowes flye, And at our stampe, here ore and ore one fals; He murther cries, and helpe from Athens cals.

Made senselesse things begin to do them wrong. For briars and thornes at their apparell snatch, Some sleeues, some hats, from yeelders all things catch, I led them on in this distracted feare, And left sweete Piramus translated there:

When in that moment (so it came to passe) Tytania waked, and straightway lou'd an Asse.

Their sense thus weake, lost with their fears thus strong, Made senselesse things begin to do them wrong, For briars and thornes at their apparell snatch, Some sleeues, some hats, from yeelders all things catch,

I led them on in this distracted feare, And left sweete Piramus translated there:

When in that moment (so it came to passe)

But hast thou yet lacht the Athenians eyes,

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

I tooke him sleeping (that is finisht to) And the Athenian woman by his side,

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

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

That when he wak't, of force she must be eyde.
Stand close, this is the same Athenian.

This is the woman, but not this the man.

O why rebuke you him that loues you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse.
For thou (I feare) hast giuen me cause to curse,
If thou hast slaine Lysander in his sleepe,
Being ore shooes in bloud, plunge in the deepe, and kill
The Sunne was not so true vnto the day,
As he to me. Would he haue stollen away,
From sleeping Hermia? Ile beleue as soone
This whole earth may be bord, and that the Moone
May through the Center creepe, and so displease
Her brothers noonetide, with th'Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murdred him,
So should a mutrherer looke, so dead, so grim.

I'de rather giue his carkasse to my hounds.
Ah good Demetrius, wilt thou giue him me?
I'de rather giue his carkasse to my hounds.
Out dog, out cur, thou dru'st me past the bounds
Of maidens patience. Hast thou slaine him then?
Henceforth be neuer numbred among men.
Oh, once tell true, euen for my sake,
Durst thou a lookt vpon him, being awake?
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O braueutch:
Could not a worme, an Adder do so much?
An Adder did it: for with doubler tongue
Then thine (thou serpent) neuer Adder stung.

You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood,
Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.
And if I could, what should I get therefore?
A priuiledge, neuer to see me more:
And from thy hated presence part I: see me no more
Whether he be dead or no.
Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.
And if I could, what should I get therefore?
A priuiledge, neuer to see me more:
And from thy hated presence part I: see me no more
Whether he be dead or no.

If for his tender here I make some stay.
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 slight measure it will pay.
If

A Midsommer nights Dreame.
If for his tender here I make some stay.
Lie downe.
Ob. What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite
And laid the love iuyce on some true loves sight:
Of thy misprision, must perforce ensue
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Rob. Then fate or 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 love, that costs the fresh blood deare.
By some illusion see thou bring her heere,
Ile charme his eyes against she doth appeare.

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

Exit.

Ob. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with Cupids archery,
Sinke in apple of his eye,
When his love he doth espie,
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.

Captaine of our Fairy band,
Helena is heere at hand,
The youth, mistooke by me,
Pleading for a lovers fee.
Shall we their fond Pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!
Stand aside: the noyse they make,
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

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

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Why should you think y I should wooe in scorn?
Scorne and derision neuer comes in teares:
Looke when I vow I weepe; and vowes so borne,
In their natiiuty all truth appeares.
How can these things in me, seeme scorne to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to proue them true.

You doe aduance your cunning more & more,
When truth kils truth, O diuelish holy fray!
These vowes are Hermias. Will you giue her ore?

I had no iudgement, when to her I swore.
Nor none in my minde, now you giue her ore.
Lys. (h) Demetrius loues her, and he loues not you.

Awa.
<speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
<br>
O Helen, goddesse, nimph, perfect, diuine,
To what my, loue, shall I compare thine eyn!
Christall is muddy, O how ripe in show,
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high

rend="italic">Taurus</hi> snow,

Fan'd with the Easterne winde, turns to a crow,
When thou holdst vp thy hand. O let me kisse
This Princesse of pure white, this scale of blisse.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
<speaker rend="italic">Hell.</speaker>

O spight! O hell! I see you are all bent
To set against me, for your merriment:
If you were ciuill, and knew curtesie,
You would not doe me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you doe,
But you must ioyne in soules to mocke me to?
If you are men, as men you are in show,
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 loue <hi rend="italic">Hermia</hi>;
And now both Riuals to mocke <hi>
<br>
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To conjure teares vp in a poore maids eyes,
With your derision; none of noble sort,
Would so offend a Virgin, and extort
A poore soules patience, all to make you sport.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
<speaker rend="italic">Lysa.</speaker>

You are vnkind <hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi>; be not
For you loue <hi rend="italic">Hermia</hi>; this you know I know;
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In <hi rend="italic">Hermias</hi> loue I yeeld you vp my part;
And yours of <hi rend="italic">Helena</hi>, to me bequeath,
Whom I do loue, and will do to my death.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
<speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>

Neuer did mockers wast more idle breth.

Dem. If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone.
My heart to her, but as guest; wise soiourn'd.
And now to Helen it is home return'd,
There to remaine.

Lys. It is not so.

De. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest to thy perill thou abide it deare.
Looke where thy Loue comes, yonder is thy deare.
Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The eare more quicke of apprehension makes,
Wher ein it doth impaire the seeing sense,
It paies the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander found,
Mine eare (I thanke it) brought me to that sound.
But why vnkindly didst thou leaue me so?

Lysan. Why should hee stay whom Loue doth presse
to go?

Her. What loue could presse Lysander from my side?

Lys. Why should hee stay whom Loue doth presse
to go?

Lysanders loue (that would not let him
bide) Faire Helena; who more engilds the
night.

Then all yon fierie oes, and eies of light.
Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made me leave thee so?

You speak not as you thinke; it cannot be.

You are one of this confederacy,
Now I perceiue they haue conioyn'd all three,
To fashion this false sport in spight of me.
Injurous Hermia, most vngratefull maid,
Haue you conspir'd, haue you with these contriued
To baite me, with this foule derision?
Is all the counsell that we two haue shar'd,
The sisters vowes, the houres that we haue spent,
When wee haue chid the hasty footed time,
For parting vs; O, is all forgot?
All schooledaies friendship, child
innocence?

We Hermia, like two Artificiall gods,
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 beene incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a vnion in partition,
Two louely berries molded on one stem,
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 loue asunder,
To ioyne 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 doe feele the injurie.

I am amazed at your passionate words,
I scorne you not; It seemes that you scorne me.

I Lo, she is one of this confederacy,
Now I perceiue they haue conioyn'd all three,
To fashion this false sport in spight of me.
Injurous Hermia, most vngratefull maid,
Haue you conspir'd, haue you with these contriued
To baite me, with this foule derision?
Is all the counsell that we two haue shar'd,
The sisters vowes, the houres that we haue spent,
When wee haue chid the hasty footed time,
For parting vs; O, is all forgot?
All schooledaies friendship, child
innocence?
Haue you not set Lysander, as in scorne

To follow me, and praise my eies and face?

And made your other loue, Demetrius

(Who euen but now did spurne me with his foote)

To call me goddesse, nimph, diuine, and rare,

Precious, celestiall? Wherefore speakes he this

To her he hates? And wherefore doth

Denie your loue (so rich within his soule)

But by your setting on, by your consent?

What though I be not so in grace as you,

(But miserable most, to loue vnlovd)

This you should pittie, rather then despise.

I vnderstand not what you meane by this.

I, doe, perseuer, counterfeit sad lookes,

Make mouthes vpon me when I turne my backe,

Winke each at other, hold the sweete iest vp:

This sport well carried, shall be chronicled.

If you haue any pittie, grace, or manners,

But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine owne fault,

Which death or absence soone shall remedie.

Stay gentle Helena, heare my excuse,

My loue, my life, my soule, faire

Helena, heare my excuse,

O excellent!

Stay gentle Helena, heare my excuse,

Sweete, do not scorne her so.
<speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
<l> If she cannot entreate, I can compell.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
  <l> Thou canst compell, no more then she entreate.</l>
  <l> Thy threats haue no more strength then her weak praise.</l>
  <hi rend="italic">Helen</hi>, I loue thee, by my life I doe;</sp>

<l> I sweare by that which I will lose for thee.</l>
<l> To proue him false, that saies I loue thee not.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
  <l> I say, I loue thee more then he can do.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
  <l> If thou say so, with draw and proue it too.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
  <l> Quick, come.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <l> Away, you Ethiope.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
  <l> Hang off thou cat, thou bur; vile thing let loose;</l>
  <l> Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <l> Why are you growne so rude?</l>
  <l> What change is this sweete Loue?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
</sp>
Thy loue? out tawny Tartar, out; Out loathed medicine; O hated poison hence.

Do you not iest?

Yes sooth, and so do you.

What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead? Although I hate her, Ile not harme her so.

I am as faire now, as I was ere while. Since night you lou'd me: yet since night you left me. Why then you left me (O the gods forbid) In earnest, shall I say?

I, by my life; And neuer did desire to see thee more. Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt; Be certaine, nothing truer: 'tis no iest,

That I doe hate thee, and loue

O me, you iugler, you canker blossom,
You theefe of loue; What, haue you come by night, And stolne my loues heart from him?

Fine yfaith:

Haue you no modesty, no maiden shame,

No touch of bashfulnesse? What, will you teare Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?

Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you.

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

Now I perceiue that she hath made compare Betweene our statures, she hath urg'd her height, And with her personage, her tall personage, Her height (forsooth) she hath preuail'd 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.

I pray you though you mocke me, gentlemen, Let her not hurt me; I was neuer curst: I haue no gift at all in shrewishnesse; I am a right maide for my cowardize; Let her not strike me: you perhaps may thinke, Because she is something lower then my selfe, That I can match her.

Lower? harke againe.

Good, do not be so bitter with me,

I euermore did loue you Did euere 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 too; And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back, and follow you no further. Let me go.

You see how simple, and how fond I am.

Her. Why get you gone: who is that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander?

Lys. Be not afraid, she shall not harm thee. No sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. Little againe? Nothing but low and little? Why will you suffer her to flout me thus? Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone you dwarfe, You bead, you acorne.

Knot and grass made,
Dem. You are too officious, In her behalfe that scornes your seruices. Let

You are too officious, In her behalfe that scornes your seruices. Let her alone, speake not of Helena, Take not her part. For if thou dost intend Neuer so little shew of loue to her, Thou shalt abide it.

Let A Midsommer nights Dreame. Now she holds me not, Now follow if thou dar'st, to try whose right, Of thine or mine is most in Helena.

Follow? Nay, Ile goe with thee cheeke by iowle.

Exit Lysander and Demetrius.

This is thy negligence, still thou mistak'st, Or else committ'st thy knaueries willingly.

Beleeue me, King of shadowes, I mistooke, Did not you tell me, I should know the man,
By the Athenian garments he hath on?
And so far blamelesse proues my enterprize,
That I haue nointed an Athenians eies,
And so far am I glad, it so did sort,
As this their iangling I esteeme a sport.

Thou seest these Louers seeke a place to fight,
Hie therefore Robin, ouercast the night,
The starrie Welkin couer thou anon,
With drooping fogge as blacke as Acheron,
And lead these testie Riuals so astray,
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,
Whose liquor hath this vertuous propertie,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eie bals role with wonted 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 neuer end.
Whiles I in this affaire do thee imply,
Ile to my Queene, and beg her Indian,
And then I will her charmed eie release
From monsters view, and all things shall be peace.

My Fairie Lord, this must be done with haste,
For night swift Dragons cut the Clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Auroras harbinger;
At whose approach Ghosts wandring here and there,
Troope home to Church yards; damned spirits all.

That in crosse waies and flouds haue buriall,
Alreadie to their wormie beds are gone;
For feare least day should looke their shames vpon,
They wilfully themselues dxile from light,
And must for aye consort with blacke browd night.

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 Easterne gate all fierie red,
Opening on Neptune, with faire blessed beames,
Turnes into yellow gold, his salt greene streames.
But notwithstanding haste, make no delay:
We may effect this businesse, yet ere day.

Vp and downe, vp and downe, I will leade
them vp and downe: I am fear'd in field and towne.
Goblin, lead them vp and downe:
here comes one.

Where art thou, proud Demetrius?
Speake thou now.
Here villaine, drawne & ready. Where art thou?

I will be with thee straight.

Follow me then to plainer ground.

Enter Demetrius.

Enter Lysander.

Where art thou, proud Demetrius?
Speake thou now.

Here villaine, drawne & ready. Where art thou?

I will be with thee straight.

Follow me then to plainer ground.

Enter Demetrius.
<speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
<l><hi rend="italic">Lysander</hi>, speake againe;</l>
<l>Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?</l>
<l>Speake in some bush: Where dost thou hide thy head?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rob.</speaker>
  <l>Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars.</l>
  <l>Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars.</l>
  <l>And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childe,</l>
  <l>That drawes a sword on thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
  <l>Yea, art thou there?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ro.</speaker>
  <l>Follow my voice, we'l try no manhood here.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
  <l>He goes before me, and still dares me on,</l>
  <l>When I come where he calls, then he's gone.</l>
  <l>The villaine is much lightner heel'd then I.</l>
  <l>I followed fast, but faster he did flye;</l>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">shifting places.</stage>
  <l>That fallen am I in darke vneuen way,</l>
  <l>And here wil rest me. Come thou gentle day.</l>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">lye down.</stage>
  <l>For if but once thou shew me thy gray light,</l>
  <l>Ile finde <hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi>, and reuenge this spight.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Robin and Demetrius.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rob.</speaker>
  <l>Ho, ho, ho; coward, why com'st thou not?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
  <l>Abide me, if thou dar'st. For well I wot,</l>
  <l>Thou runst before me, shifting every place,</l>
  <l>And dar'st not stand, nor looke me in the face.</l>
  <l>Where art thou?</l>
</sp>
Come hither, I am here.

Nay then thou mock'st me; thou shalt buy this deer,
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 approach looke to be visited.

Enter Helena.
O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy houres, shine comforts from the East,
That I may backe to Athens by day-light,
From these that my poore companie detest;
And sleepe that sometime shuts vp sorrowes eie,
Steale me a while from mine owne companie.

Sleepe.
Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kindes makes vp four.
Here she comes, curst and sad,
Cupid is a knauish lad,
Enter Hermia.
Thus to make poore females mad.

Neuer so wearie, neuer so 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 Lysander, if they meane a fray.

On the ground sleepe sound,
Ile apply your eie gentle lover, remedy.
When thou wak'st, thou tak'st
True delight in the sight of thy former Ladies eye,
And

A Midsommer nights Dreame.

And the Country Prouerb knowne,

That euery man should take his owne,

In your waking shall be showne.

Iacke

Iill, nought shall goe ill,

The man shall haue his Mare againe, and all shall bee well.

They sleepe all the Act.

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

Come, sit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,

While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,

And sticke muske roses in thy sleeke smoothe head,

And kisse thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy.

Where's Pease blossome?

Ready.

Scratch my head, Pease&text:2011;blossome. Wher's Moun&text:00AD;

sieur Cobweb.

Peas.

Ready.

Clowne.

Clown.
Mounsieur Cobweb, good Mounsier get your weapons in your hand, & kill me a red hipt humble Bee,
on the top of a thistle; and good Mounsier bring mee the hony bag. Doe not fret your selfe too much in the action, Mounsier; and good Mounsier haue a care the hony bag breake not, I would be loth to haue yo c u ouer flowne with a hony bag signiour. Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed?

Mus. Ready.

Clo. Giue me your neafe, Mounsieur Mustardseed. Pray you leaue your courtesie good Mounsier.

Mus. What's your will?

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

Tita. What, wilt thou heare some musicke, my sweet loue.

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

Musicke. Musicke Tongs, Rurall Musicke.
Or say sweete Loue, what thou desirest to eat.

Truly a pecke of Prouender; I could munch your good dry Oates. Me and thinkes I haue a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweete hay hath no fellow.

I haue a venturous Fairy, That shall seeke the Squirrels hoard, and fetch thee new Nuts.

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

Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my arms, Fairies be gone, and be alwaies away. So doth the woodbine, the sweet Honislekke, Gently entwist; the female Iuy so Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme.

O how I loue thee! how I dote on thee!
Like teares that did their owne disgrace bewaile.

When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in milde termes beg'd 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 eyes.
And gentle Pucke, take this transformed scalpe,
From off the head of this Athenian swaine;
That he awaking when the other doe,
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 thou 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 sweet Queene.
My Oberon, what visions haue I seen!
Me thought I was enamoured of an Asse.
Their lies your loue.
How came these things to passe?
Oh, how mine eyes doth loath this visage now!
Silence a while. Robin take off his head:
Then common sleepe; of all these, fine the sense.

Titania, musick call, and strike more dead
Then common sleepe; of all these, fine the sense.
Musicke, ho musicke, such as charmeth sleepe.

Musick still.

When thou wak'st, with thine owne fooles eies peepe.

Sound musick; 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 blesse it to all faire posterity.
There shall the paires of faithfull Louers be Wedded, with Theseus, all in iollity.

Faire King attend, and marke,
I doe heare the morning Larke.
Then my Queene in silence sad,
Trip we after the nights shade;
We the Globe can compasse soone,
Swifter then the wandring Moone.

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

O
With these mortals on the ground.

With these mortals on the ground.
Exeunt.
Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolita and all his traine.

Thes. Goe one of you, finde out the Forrester, For now our observation is perform'd; And since we have the vaward of the day, My Loue shall heare the musicke of my hounds. Vncouple in the Westerne valley, let them goe; Dispatch I say, and finde the Forrester. We will faire Queene, vp to the Mountaines top. Of hounds and eccho in conjunction.

I was with Hercules and Cadmus, when in a wood of Creete they bayed the Beare With hounds of Sparta; neuer did I heare Such gallant chiding. For besides the groues, The skies, the fountaines, euery region neere, Seeme all one mutuall cry. I neuer heard So musicall a discord, such sweet thunder.

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kinde, So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung With eares that sweepe away the morning dew, Crooke kneed, and dew-lapt, like Thessalian Buls, Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bels, Each vnder each. A cry more tuneable Wase neuer hallowed to, nor cheer'd with horne, In Creete, in Creete, Sparta, nor in Thessaly, Iudge when you heare. But u t soft, what nimphs are these?

My Lord, this is my daughter heere asleepe, And this Lysander, this Demetrius is,
This Helena, olde Nedars Helena.

I wonder of this being here together.

The. No doubt they rose up early, to observe The right of May; and hearing our intent, Came here in grace of our solemnity.

But speake Egeus, is not this the day?

That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

It is, my Lord.

Goe bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns. Hornes and they wake.

Shout within, they all start up.

Good morrow friends: Saint Valentine is past,

Begin these wood birds but to couple now?

Pardon my Lord.

I pray you all stand up.

I know you two are Rival enemies.

How comes this gentle concord in the world,

That hatred is so far from jealousie,

To sleepe by hate, and feare no enmity.

To sleepe by hate, and feare no enmity.
I cannot truly say how I came heere.

But as I thinke (for truly would I speake)

And now I doe bethinke me, so it is;

I came with Hermia hither. Our intent

Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be

Without the perill of the Athenian Law.

Enough, enough, my Lord: you haue enough;

They would have 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.

My Lord, faire Helen told me of their stealth,

And I in furie 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 (melted as the snow)

Seems to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,

Which in my childehood I did doat vpon:

And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,

The obiect and the pleasure of mine eye,

Is onely Helena. To her, my Lord,

Was I betroth'd, ere I see Hermia (melted as the snow)

But like a sickness did I loath this food,

But as in health, come to my naturall taste,

Now doe I wish it, loue it, long for it,

And will for euermore be true to it.

Faire Louers, you are fortunately met;

Of this discourse we shall heare more anon.

Of this their purpose hither, to this wood,

And I in furie hither followed them;

Faire Helena, in fancy followed me.

For in the Temple, by and by with vs,
These couples shall eternally be knit.

And for the morning now is something worn,

Our purposed hunting shall be set aside.

Away, with us to Athens; three and three,

We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.

Come Hippolitæ.

Exit Duke and Lords.

These things seem small and indistinguishable,

Like far off mountains turned into Clouds.

Me thinks I see these things with parted eye,

When every things seems double.

So me thinkes: and I have found Demetrius, like a jewel,

Mine owne, and not mine owne.

It seems to mee,

That yet we sleepe, we dreame. Do not you thinke,

The Duke was here, and bid vs follow him?

Yea, and my Father.

And he bid vs follow to the Temple.

Why then we are awake; lets follow him, and by the way let us recount our dreames.
Bottome wakes. Exit Louers.

Closus. My next is, most faire Piramus.

Hey ho. Peter Quince? 

Flute the bellowes & mender? Snout? the tinker? Starue? Gods my life! Stolne hence, and left me asleepe: I have had a most rare vision. I had a dreame, past the wit of man, to say, what dreame it was. Man is but an Asse, if he goe about to expound this dreame. Me thought I was, there is no man can tell what. Me thought I had. But man is but a patch'd foole, if he will offer to say, what me thought I had. But man is but a patch'd foole, if he will offer to say, what me thought I had.

Peter Quince to write a ballet of this dreame, it shall be called 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.
He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt hee is transported.

If he come not, then the play is mar'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

No, hee hath simply the best wit of any handy craft man in Athens.

You must say, Paragon. A Paramour is (God blesse vs) a thing of nought.

Enter Snug the Ioyner.

Masters, the Duke is comming from the Temple, and there is two or three Lords married. If our sport had gone forward, we had all bin made men.

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

Enter Bottome.

Where are these Lads? Where are these hearts? Bottome, ô most couragious day! O most hap& 00AD:

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 preferred: In any case let Thisby haue cleane linnen: and let not him that playes the Lion, paire his nailes, for they shall hang out for the Lions clawes. And most deare Actors, eate no Onions, nor Garlicke; for wee are to vtter sweete breath, and I doe not doubt but to heare them say, it is a sweet Comedy. No more words: away, go away.

Enter Quin.

Let vs heare, sweet Bottome.

Bot. Not a word of me: all that I will tell you, euery thing as it fell out.

Qu. Let vs heare, sweet Bottome.

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me not what. For if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you euery thing as it fell out.

Qu. Let vs heare, sweet Bottome.

Bot. Not a word of me: all that I will tell you, euery thing as it fell out.

Qu. Let vs heare, sweet Bottome.

Bot. Not a word of me: all that I will tell you, euery thing as it fell out.

Qu. Let vs heare, sweet Bottome.

Bot. Not a word of me: all that I will tell you, euery thing as it fell out.

Qu. Let vs heare, sweet Bottome.

Bot. Not a word of me: all that I will tell you, euery thing as it fell out.

Qu. Let vs heare, sweet Bottome.

Bot. Not a word of me: all that I will tell you, euery thing as it fell out.

Qu. Let vs heare, sweet Bottome.

Bot. Not a word of me: all that I will tell you, euery thing as it fell out.

Exeunt.
Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Egeus and his Lords.

Tis strange my Theseus, y these louers speake of.

More strange then true. I neuer may beleue

These anticke fables, nor these Fairy toyes,

Louers and mad men haue such seething braines,

Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend more

Then coole reason euer comprehends.

The Lunaticke, the Louer, and the Poet,

Are of imagination all compact.

One sees more diuels then vaste hell can hold.

That is the mad man. The Louer, all as frantick

Sees Helens beauty in a brow of Egipt.

The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance

From heauen to earth, from earth to heauen.

And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things

Vnknowne; the Poets pen turns them to shapes,

And gies to aire nothing, a locall habitation,

And a name. Such tricks hath strong imagination,

That if it would but apprehend some ioy,

It comprehends some bringer of that ioy.

Or in the night, imagining some feare,

Howe easie is a bush suppos'd a Beare?

But all the storie of the night told ouer,

And all their minds transfigur'd so together,

More witnesseth than fancies images,

And growes to something of great constancie;

But howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Enter louers, Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia,

and Helena.
Heere come the louers, full of ioy and mirth:
Ioy, gentle friends, ioy and fresh dayes
Of loue accompany your hearts.

More then to vs, waite in your royall walkes,
your boord, your bed.

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

There is a breefe how many sports are rife:
Make choise of which your Highnesse will see first.

The battell with the Centaurs to be sung
By an Athenian Eunuch, to the Harpe.

Wee'l none of that. That haue I told my Loue
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

The riot of the tipsie Bachanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer, in their rage

Conqueror.

That is some Satire keene and criticall,

Not sorting with a nuptiall ceremonie.

And his loue Thisby; very tragicall mirth.

What are they that do play it?
Hard handed men, that worke in Athens heere,
Which neuer labour'd in their mindes till now;
And now haue toyled their vn

Here the corner of the page is torn away, obscuring the second part of the last three lines of the column.

With this same play, against

e will he

I will heare that play. For neuer any thing
Can be amisse, when simplenesse and duty t

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

Why gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

He saies, they can doe nothing in this kinde.

The kinder we, to giue them thanks for nothing
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake;
And what poore duty cannot doe, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit.
Where I haue come, great Clearkes haue purposed.
To greeete me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I haue seene them shiuer and looke pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares,
And in conclusion, dumbly haue broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me sweete,
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.

Egeus.
So please your Grace, the Prologue is addrest.

Duke.
Let him approach.

Enter the Prologue.

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 heere. 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.

This fellow doth not stand vpon points.
He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt: he
knowes not the stop. A good morall my Lord. It is not
enough to speake, but to spake true.

Thes.
Lys.
Flor.
<speaker rend="italic">Hip.</speaker>
<p>Indeed hee hath plaid on his Prologue, like a
<lb>childe on a Recorder, a sound, but not in
gouernment.</p>

<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
<br/>His speech was like a tangled chaine: nothing
<lb>impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Tawyer with a Trumpet before them.</stage>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Pyramus and Thisby, Wall, Moone&amp;#x211;shine, and Lyon.</stage>

<sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
<br/>Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show,
<br/>But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine.
<br/>This man is <hi rend="italic">Piramus</hi>, if you would
<br/>know;
<br/>This beauteous Lady, <hi rend="italic">Thisby</hi> is
certaine.
<br/>This man, with lyme and rough&#x211;cast, doth
<br/>present:
<br/>Wall, that vile wall, which did these louers sunder:
<br/>And through walls chink (poor soules) they are content
<br/>To whisper. At the which, let no man wonder.
<br/>This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and bush of thorne,
<br/>Louers thinke no scorne
<br/>ere, there to wooe:
<br/>This grizy beast (which Lyon hight by name)
<br/>The trusty <hi rend="italic">Thisby</hi>, comming first by
<br/>night,
<br/>Did scarre away, or rather did affright:
<br>As she fled, her mantle she did fall;
<br>Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did staine.
<br>Anon comes <hi rend="italic">Piramus</hi>, sweet youth and
tall,
<br>And findes his <hi rend="italic">Thisbies</hi> Mantle
<br>Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,
<br>He brauely broacht his boiling bloudy breast,
<br>And <hi rend="italic">Thisby</hi>, tarrying in Mulberry
<br>shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,

Let Lyon, Moone and Louers twaine,

At large discourse, while here they doe remaine.

Exit all but Wall.

I wonder if the Lion be to speake.

No wonder, my Lord: one Lion may, when

That I, one Snowt (by name) present a wall:

And such a wall, as I vvould haue you thinke,

That had in it a crannied hole or chinke:

This loame, this rough cast, and this stone doth shew,

That I am that same Wall; the truth is so.

And this the cranny is, right and sinister,

Through which the fearefull Louers are to whisper.

Would you desire Lime and Haire to speake

It is the vvittiest partition, that euer I heard

It drawes neere the Wall, silence.

Enter
Pyramus.

*<sp who="#F-mnd-bot">*

*<speaker rend="italic">Pir.</speaker>*

*<l>*

O grim lookt night, &amp;#x00F4; night with hue so blacke,<</l>*

*<l>*

O night, which euer art, when day is not:<</l>*

*<l>*

O night, &amp;#x00F4; night, alacke, alacke, alacke,<</l>*

*<l>*

I feare my &lt;hi rend="italic">Thisbies</hi&gt; promise is forgot.&lt;/l&gt*

*<l>*

And thou &amp;#x00F4; vvall, thou sweet and louely vvall,&lt;/l&gt*

*<l>*

That stands between her fathers ground and mine,&lt;/l&gt*

*<l>*

Thou vvall, &amp;#x00F4; vvall, &amp;#x00F4; sweet and louely vvall,&lt;/l&gt*

*<l>*

Shew me thy chinke, to blinke through vvith mine eine.&lt;/l&gt*

*<l>*

Thankes courteous vvall.&lt;hi rend="italic">Ioue</hi&gt; shield thee vvell for this.&lt;/l&gt*

*<l>*

But vvhat see I? No &lt;hi rend="italic">Thisbie</hi&gt; doe I see.&lt;/l&gt*

*<l>*

O vvicked vvall, through vvhom I see no blisse,&lt;/l&gt*

*<l>*

Curst be thy stones for thus deceiuing mee.&lt;/l&gt*

*<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">*

*<speaker rend="italic">Thes.</speaker>*

*<p>*

The vvall me &amp;#x2011;thinkes being sensible, should&lt;/p&gt;

*<sp who="#F-mnd-bot">*

*<speaker rend="italic">Pir.</speaker>*

*<l>*

No in truth sir, he should not. &lt;hi rend="italic">Deceiuing me</hi&gt;,&lt;/l&gt*

*<l>*

Is &lt;hi rend="italic">Thisbies</hi&gt; cue; she is to enter, and I am to spy.&lt;/l&gt*

*<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">*

Enter Thisbie.&lt;/stage&gt*

*<l>*

Pat as I told you; yonder she comes.&lt;/l&gt*

*<sp who="#F-mnd-flu">*

*<speaker rend="italic">This.</speaker>*

*<l>*

O vvall, full often hast thou heard my mones,&lt;/l&gt*

*<l>*

For parting my faire &lt;hi rend="italic">Pyramus</hi&gt;,&lt;/l&gt;

*<note resp="#PW">*

There is damage from here for five lines, although no text is rendered illegible due to it: a tear, repaired with a paper patch on the recto of this page.&lt;/note&gt;&lt;/l&gt;

*<l>*

My cherry lips haue often kist thy stones;&lt;/l&gt*

*<l>*

Thy stones vvith Lime and Haire knit vp in thee.&lt;/l&gt*

*<sp who="#F-mnd-bot">*

*<speaker rend="italic">Pyra.</speaker>*

*<l>*

I see a voyce; now vvill I to the chinke,&lt;/l&gt*

*<l>*

To spy and I can heare my &lt;hi rend="italic">Thisbies</hi&gt; face. &lt;hi rend="italic">Thisbie</hi&gt;?&lt;/l&gt;
This. My Loue thou art, my Loue I thinke.

This. Thinke vvhat thou vvilt, I am thy Louers grace, And like Limander am I trusty still.

This. And like Helen till the Fates me kill.

Not Shafalus to Procrus, was so true.

As Shafalus to you. O kisse me through the hole of this vile wall.

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

Wilt thou at Ninnies tombe meete me straight way?

Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

O kisse me through the hole of this vile wall.

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

Wilt thou at Ninnies tombe meete me straight way?
<speaker rend="italic">Wall.</speaker>
<l>Thus haue I <hi rend="italic">Wall</hi>, my part discharged so;</l>
<l>And being done, thus <hi rend="italic">Wall</hi> away doth go.</l>

</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Clow.</stage>

<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
  <p>Now is the morall downe betweene the two</p>
  <lb/>Neighbors.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
  <p>No remedie my Lord, when Wals are so wilful, to heare without vvarning.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-hip">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
  <p>This is the silliest stuffe that ere I heard.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
  <p>The best in this kind are but shadowes, and the</p>
  <lb/>worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-hip">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
  <p>It must be your imagination then, &amp; not theirs.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duk.</speaker>
  <p>If wee imagine no worse of them then they of</p>
  <lb/>themselves, they may passe for excellent men. Here com</p>
  <lb/>two noble beasts, in a man and a Lion.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lyon and Moone shine.</stage>

<sp who="#F-mnd-snu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lyon.</speaker>
  <p>You Ladies, you (whose gentle harts do feare)</p>
  <p>The smallest monstrous mouse that creepes on floore)</p>
  <p>May now perchance, both quake and tremble heere,</p>
  <p>When Lion rough in wildest rage doth roare.</p>
  <p>Then know that I, one <hi rend="italic">Snug</hi> the Ioyner am</p>
  <p>A Lion fell, nor else no Lions dam:</p>
  <p>For if I Should as Lion come in strife</p>
  <p>Into this place, 'twere pittie of my life.</p>
</sp>
A verie gentle beast, and of good conscience.

The verie best at a beast, my Lord, yere I saw.

This Lion is a verie Fox for his valor.

True, and a Goose for his discretion.

Not so my Lord: for his valor cannot carrie his discretion, and the Fox carries the Goose.

His discretion I am sure cannot carrie his valor: for the Goose carries not the Fox. It is well; leaue it to his discretion, and let vs hearken to the Moone.

This Lanthorne doth the horned Moone present: My selfe, the man i'th Moone doth seeme to be.

This is the greatest error of all the rest; the man
should be put into the Lanthorne. How is it els the man
i'th Moone?

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

I am vvearie of this Moone; vwould he would change.

It appeares by his smal light of discretion, that
he is in the wane: but yet in courtesie, in all reason, vve
must stay the time.

Proceed Moone.

All that I haue 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.

Why all these should be in the Lanthorne: for they are in
the Moone. But silence, heere comes Thisby.

Enter Thisby.

This is old Ninnies tombe: where is my loue?

This. Thisby runs off.

The Lion roares, Thisby runs off.
Du.

Well run Thisby.

Dut.

Well shone Moone.

Truly the Moone shines with a good grace.

Du.

Wel mouz'd Lion.

Dem.

And then came Piramus.

Lys.

And so the Lion vanisht.

Enter Piramus.

Sweet Moone, I thank thee for thy sunny beames,
I thanke thee Moone, for shining now so bright:
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames,
I trust to taste of truest Thisbies sight.

But stay: O spight! but marke, poore Knight,
What dreadful dole is heere?
Eyes do you see! How can it be!
O dainty Ducke: O Deere!
Thy mantle good; what staind with blood!
Approch you Furies fell:
O Fates! come, come: Cut thred and thrum,
Quaile, crush, conclude, and quell.

This passion, and the death of a deare friend,
Would go neere to make a man looke sad.

Beshrew my heart, but I pittie the man.

Quaile, crush, conclude, and quell.
<speaker rend="italic">Pir.</speaker>
O wherefore Nature, did'st thou Lions frame?
Since Lion vilde hath heere deflour'd my deere:
Which is: no, no, which was the fairest Dame
That liu'd, that lou'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheere.
Come teares, confound: Out sword, and wound
The pap of Piramus:
I, that left pap, where heart doth hop;
Thus dye 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.
</sp>

<speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
No Die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.
</sp>

<speaker rend="italic">Lis.</speaker>
Lesse then an ace man. For he is dead, he is no thing.
</sp>

<speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet reco&uuml;ver, and proue an Asse.
</sp>

<speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
How chance Moone shine is gone before?
Thisby comes backe, and findes her Louer.
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Thisby.</stage>

<speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
She wil finde him by starre light.
Heere she comes, and her passion ends the play.
</sp>

<speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
Me thinkes shee should not vse a long one for such a Piramus: I hope she will be breefe.
</sp>

<speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
A Moth wil turne the ballance, which Piramus: Thisby is the better.
She hath spyed him already, with those sweete eyes.

And thus she meanes, videlicet.


Are gone, are gone: Louers make mone:

His eyes were greene as Leekes.

Tongue not a word: Come trusty sword:

O3

Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Moone-shine & Lion are left to burie the dead.

I, and Wall too.

No, I assure 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 com"
pany?

No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Neuer excuse; for when the plaiers are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if hee that writ it had plaid Piramus, and hung himselfe in "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.

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The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelue.

Louers to bed, 'tis almost Fairy time.

I feare we shall out sleepe the comming morn,

As much as we this night haue ouer watcht.

This palpable grosse play hath well beguil'd The heauy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed.

A fortnight hold we this solemnity.

In nightly Reuels; and new iollitie.

Now the hungrye Lyons rores,

And the Wolfe beholds the Moone:

Whilest the heauy ploughman snores,

Now the wasted brands doe glow,

Whil'st the scritch owle, scritching loud,

Puts the wretch that lies in woe,

In remembrance of a shrowd.

Now it is the time of night,

That the graues, all gaping wide,

Euery one lets forth his spright,

In the Church way paths to glide,

And we Fairies, that do runne,

By the triple Hecates teame,

From the presence of the Sunne,

Following darkenesse like a dreame,

Now are frollicke; not a Mouse

Shall disturbe this hallowed house.

I am sent with broome before,

To sweep the dust behinde the doore.

I am sent with broome before,

To sweep the dust behinde the doore.

Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with their traine.
Ob. Through the house giue glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsie fier,
Euerie Elfe and Fairie spright,
Hop as light as bird from brier,
And this Ditty after me, sing and dance it trippinglie.

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

Now untill the breake of day,
Through this house each Fairy stray.
To the best Bride-bed will we,
Which by vs shall blessed be:
And the issue there create,
Euer shall be fortunate:
So shall all the couples three,
Euer true in louing be:
The blots of Natures hand,
Shall not in their issue stand.
Neuer mole, harelip, nor scarre,
Nor marke prodigious, such as are,
Despised in Natiuitie,
Shall vpon their children be.
With this field dew consecrate,
Euery Fairy take his gate,
And each seuerall chamber blesse,
Through this Pallace with sweet peace,
Euer shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away, make no stay;
Meet me all by breake of day.

If we shadowes haue offended,
Thinke but this (and all is mended)
That you haue but slumbred heere,
While these visions did appeare.
And this weake and idle theame,
No more yeelding but a dreame,

If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am an honest Pucke, If we haue vnearned lucke, Now to scape the Serpents tongue, We will make amends ere long: Else the Pucke a lyar call. So good night vnto you all. Giue me your hands, if we be friends, And Robin shall restore amends. Good night vnto you all. Giue me your hands, if we be friends, And Robin shall restore amends. Good night vnto you all. Giue me your hands, if we be friends, And Robin shall restore amends. Good night vnto you all. Giue me your hands, if we be friends, And Robin shall restore amends. Good night vnto you all. Giue me your hands, if we be friends, And Robin shall restore amends. Good night vnto you all. Giue me your hands, if we be friends, And Robin shall restore amends. Good night vnto you all. Giue me your hands, if we be friends, And Robin shall restore amends. Good night vnto you all. Giue me your hands, if we be friends, And Robin shall restore amends. Good night vnto you all. Giue me your hands, if we be friends, And Robin shall restore amends. Good night vnto you all. Giue me your hands, if we be friends, And Robin shall restore amends. Good night vnto you all. Giue me your hands, if we be friends, And Robin shall restore amends. Good night vnto you all. Giue me your hands, if we be friends, And Robin shall restore amends. Good night vnto you all. Giue me your hands, if we be friends, And Robin shall restore amends. Good night vnto you all. Giue me your hands, if we be friends, And Robin shall restore amends.

FINIS.