

Bottom. No, in truth, sir, he should not. 'Deceiving me' is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.*[Enter Thisbe]*

•Flute. *[as Thisbe]* O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me!
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

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

•Flute. *[as Thisbe]* My love thou art, my love I think.

•Bottom. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And, like Limander, am I trusty still.

•Flute. *[as Thisbe]* And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.

•Bottom. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

•Flute. *[as Thisbe]* As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

•Bottom. O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!

•Flute. *[as Thisbe]* I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

•Bottom. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?

•Flute. *[as Thisbe]* 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.

[Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe]

•Snout. *[as Wall]* Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.

- Quince. Is all our company here?
- Bottom. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.
- Quince. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess, on his wedding-day at night.
- Bottom. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on, then read the names of the actors, and so grow to a point.
- Quince. Marry, our play is, The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.
- Bottom. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.
- Quince. Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.
- Bottom. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.
- Quince. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.
- Bottom. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?
- Quince. A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.
- Bottom. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest: yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Eracles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

- Demetrius. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
get thee gone, and follow me no more.
- Helena. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.
- Demetrius. Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you, I do not, nor I cannot love you?
- Helena. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
- Demetrius. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick when I do look on thee.
- Helena. And I am sick when I look not on you.
- Demetrius. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night
And the ill counsel of a desert place
With the rich worth of your virginity.
- Helena. Your virtue is my privilege: for that
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack 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?
- Demetrius. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.
- Helena. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be changed:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;

- Demetrius. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.
- Helena. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!

- Demetrius. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.
- Hermia. Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse,
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.
- Demetrius. So should the murder'd look, and so should I,
Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.
- Hermia. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?
- Demetrius. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.
- Hermia. Out, dog! out, cur! thou drivest me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O, once tell true, tell true, even for my sake!
Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.
- Demetrius. You spend your passion on a misprised mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
- Hermia. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.
- Demetrius. An if I could, what should I get therefore?
- Hermia. A privilege never to see me more.
And from thy hated presence part I so:
See me no more, whether he be dead or no.

- Lysander. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way:
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
- Hermia. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed;
For I upon this bank will rest my head.
- Lysander. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms and one troth.
- Hermia. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.
- Lysander. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence!
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit
So that but one heart we can make of it;
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;
So then two bosoms and a single troth.
Then by your side no bed-room me deny;
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.
- Hermia. Lysander riddles very prettily:
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty,
Such separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,
So far be distant; and, good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!
- Lysander. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!
- Hermia. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd!

- Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?
- Fairy. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
Farewell, thou loe of spirits; I'll be gone:
Our queen and all our elves come here anon.
- Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night:
Take heed the queen come not within his sight;
- Fairy. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are not you he
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?
- Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon and make him smile
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab,
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh,
And waxen in their mirth and neeze and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.
But, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.
- Fairy. And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

- Theseus. What say you, Hermia? be advised fair maid:
 To you your father should be as a god;
 One that composed your beauties, yea, and one
 To whom you are but as a form in wax
 By him imprinted and within his power
 To leave the figure or disfigure it.
 Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
- Hermia. So is Lysander.
- Theseus. In himself he is;
 But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
 The other must be held the worthier.
- Hermia. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.
- Theseus. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.
- Hermia. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
 I know not by what power I am made bold,
 Nor how it may concern my modesty,
 In such a presence here to plead my thoughts;
 But I beseech your grace that I may know
 The worst that may befall me in this case,
 If I refuse to wed Demetrius.
- Theseus. Either to die the death or to abjure
 For ever the society of men.
 Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;
 Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
 Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice.
 But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
 Than that which withering on the virgin thorn
 Grows, lives and dies in single blessedness.
- Hermia. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
 Ere I will my virgin patent up
 Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
 My soul consents not to give sovereignty.
- Theseus. Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon—
 The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
 For everlasting bond of fellowship—
 Upon that day either prepare to die
 For disobedience to your father's will,
 Or else to wed Demetrius

- Bottom. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me;
to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir
from this place, do what they can: I will walk up
and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear
I am not afraid. [*Sings*]
- Titania. [*Awaking*] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?
- Bottom. [*Sings*]
- Titania. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me
On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.
- Bottom. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason
for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and
love keep little company together now-a-days; the
more the pity that some honest neighbours will not
make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.
- Titania. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.
- Bottom. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out
of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.
- Titania. Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state;
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep;
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.