

MNDream/ActIV 1

ACT IV, SCENE I.

[The wood. LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA, and HERMIA, lying asleep. Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM; PEAS-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARD-SEED, and other FAIRIES attending; OBERON behind unseen.]

TITANIA.

Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,  
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,  
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,  
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

BOTTOM.

Where's Peas-blossom?

PEAS-BLOSSOM.

Ready.

BOTTOM.

Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.- Where's Monsieur Cobweb?

COBWEB.

Ready.

BOTTOM.

Monsieur Cobweb, good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipp'd humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior.-

Where's Monsieur Mustard-Seed?

MUSTARD-SEED.

Ready.

BOTTOM.

Give me your neaf, Monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

MUSTARD-SEED.

What's your will?

BOTTOM.

Nothing, good monsieur, but to help Cavalery Peas-blossom to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

TITANIA.

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

BOTTOM.

I have a reasonable good ear in music: let's have the tongs and bones.[Tongs. Rural music.]

TITANIA.

MNDream/ActIV 2

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

BOTTOM.

Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry  
oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay:  
good hay, sweet hay hath no fellow.

TITANIA.

I have a venturous fairy that shall seek  
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee hence new nuts.

BOTTOM.

I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I  
pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have an  
exposition of sleep come upon me.

TITANIA.

Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.-  
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.-[Exeunt  
FAIRIES.]

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle  
Gently entwist; the female ivy so  
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.  
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee![They sleep.]  
[Enter PUCK.]

OBERON [advancing].

Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity:

For, meeting her of late behind the wood,  
Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,  
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her;  
For she his hairy temples then had rounded  
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;  
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds  
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,  
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes,  
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.

When I had at my pleasure taunted her,  
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,  
I then did ask of her her changeling child;  
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent  
To bear him to my bower in fairy-land.

And now I have the boy, I will undo

This hateful imperfection of her eyes:

And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp  
From off the head of this Athenian swain;

That he, awaking when the other do,

MNDream/ActIV 3

May all to Athens back again repair,  
And think no more of this night's accidents,  
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.  
But first I will release the fairy queen.  
Be as thou wast wont to be; [Touching her eyes  
with an herb.]

See as thou wast wont to see:  
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower  
Hath such force and blessed power.  
Now, my Titania: wake you, my sweet queen.

TITANIA.

My Oberon! what visions have I seen!  
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

OBERON.

There lies your love.

TITANIA.

How came these things to pass?  
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

OBERON.

Silence awhile.- Robin, take off this head.-  
Titania, music call; and strike more dead  
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

TITANIA.

Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep! [Music, still.]

PUCK.

Now, when thou wakest, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

OBERON.

Sound, music!- Come, my queen, take hands with me,  
And rock 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 bless it to all fair prosperity:  
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be  
Wedded, with Theseus all in jollity.

PUCK.

Fairy king, attend, and mark:

I do hear the morning lark.

OBERON.

Then, my queen, in silence sad,  
Trip we after the night's shade:  
We the globe can compass soon,  
Swifter than the wandering moon.

TITANIA.

Come, my lord; and in our flight,  
Tell me how it came this night  
That I sleeping here was found  
With these mortals on the ground. [Exeunt. Wind  
horns.]

[Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and TRAIN.]

THESEUS.

Go, one of you, find out the forester;  
For now our observation is perform'd;  
And since we have the vaward of the day,  
My love shall hear the music of my hounds:  
Uncouple in the western valley; go:-  
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.-[Exit an  
ATTENDANT.]

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,  
And mark the musical confusion  
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

HIPPOLYTA.

I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,  
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear  
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear  
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,  
The skies, the fountains, every region near  
Seem all one mutual cry: I never heard  
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

THESEUS.

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,  
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung  
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;  
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls:  
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,  
Each under each. A cry more tuneable  
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,  
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:  
Judge when you hear.- But, soft! what nymphs are these?

EGEUS.

My lord, this is my daughter here asleep  
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;  
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:  
I wonder of their being here together.

THESEUS.

No doubt they rose up early to observe

MNDream/ActIV 5

The rites of May; and, hearing our intent,  
Came here in grace of our solemnity.-  
But speak, Egeus; is not this the day  
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

EGEUS.

It is, my lord.

THESEUS.

Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.[Horns,  
and they wake. Shout within, and they all start up.]

Good morrow, friends.- Saint Valentine is past:

Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

LYSANDER.

Pardon, my lord.

THESEUS.

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 jealousy,

To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

LYSANDER.

My lord, I shall reply amazedly,

Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,

I cannot truly say how I came here;

But, as I think,- for truly would I speak,

And now I do bethink me, so it is,-

I came with Hermia hither: our intent

Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,

Without the peril of the Athenian law,-

EGEUS.

Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:

I beg the law, the law, upon his head.-

They would have stol'n away; they would, Demetrius,

Thereby to have defeated you and me,

You of your wife, and me of my consent,-

Of my consent that she should be your wife.

DEMETRIUS.

My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,

Of this their purpose hither to this wood;

And I in fury hither follow'd them,

Fair Helena in fancy following me.

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

But by some power it is,- my love to Hermia,

Melted as the snow, seems to me now

MNDream/ActIV                    6

As the remembrance of an idle gaud,  
Which in my childhood I did dote upon;  
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,  
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,  
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,  
Was I bethroth'd ere I saw Hermia:  
But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food;  
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,  
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,  
And will for evermore be true to it.

THESEUS.

Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:  
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.-  
Egeus, I will overbear your will;  
For in the temple, by and by, with us  
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, Hippolyta.[Exeunt THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and  
TRAIN.]

DEMETRIUS.

These things seem small and undistinguishable,  
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

HERMIA.

Methinks I see these things with parted eye,  
When everything seems double.

HELENA.

So methinks:

And I have found Demetrius like a gemel,  
Mine own, and not mine own.

DEMETRIUS.

Are you sure

That we are awake? It seems to me  
That yet we sleep, we dream.- Do not you think  
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

HERMIA.

Yea; and my father.

HELENA.

And Hippolyta.

LYSANDER.

And he did bid us follow to the temple.

MNDream/ActIV 7

DEMETRIUS.

Why, then, we are awake: let's follow him;  
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams.[Exeunt.]

BOTTOM [awaking].

When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:- my next is,  
"Most fair Pyramus,"- Heigh-ho!- Peter Quince! Flute the  
bellows-mender! Snout the tinker! Starveling!- God's my  
life, stol'n hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most  
rare vision. I have had a dream,- past the wit of man to say  
what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to  
expound this dream. Methought I was- there is no man can  
tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,- but man is  
but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to say what methought I  
had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not  
seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to  
conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will  
get Peter Quince to write a ballet of this dream: it shall  
be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I  
will sing it in the latter end of a play before the duke:  
peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it  
at her death.[Exit.]

ACT IV, SCENE II.

[Athens. A room in Quince's house. Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and  
STARVELING.]

QUINCE.

Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

STARVELING.

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

FLUTE.

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

QUINCE.

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

FLUTE.

No, he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in  
Athens.

QUINCE.

Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for  
a sweet voice.

FLUTE.

You must say paragon: a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.

[Enter SNUG.]

SNUG.

Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

FLUTE.

O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have scaped sixpence a day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hang'd; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

[Enter BOTTOM.]

BOTTOM.

Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

QUINCE.

Bottom!- O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

BOTTOM.

Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you everything, right as it fell out.

QUINCE.

Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

BOTTOM.

Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferr'd. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go; away!

[Exeunt.]