

MNDream/ActI
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

HERMIA, in love with Lysander.

LYSANDER, in love with Hermia.

DEMETRIUS, in love with Hermia.

HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.

HIPPOLYTA, queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.

EGEUS, father of Hermia.

PHILOSTRATE, master of the revels to Theseus.

ATTENDANTS, to Theseus and Hippolyta.

OBERON, king of the fairies.

TITANIA, queen of the fairies.

PUCK, or Robin Goodfellow.

PEAS-BLOSSOM, fairy.

COBWEB, fairy.

MOTH, fairy.

MUSTARD-SEED, fairy.

Other FAIRIES attending Oberon and Titania.

BOTTOM, a weaver.

QUINCE, a carpenter.

SNUG, a joiner.

FLUTE, a bellows-mender.

SNOUT, a tinker.

STARVELING, a tailor.

PYRAMUS, character in the interlude performed by the Clowns.

THISBE, character in the interlude performed by the Clowns.

WALL, character in the interlude performed by the Clowns.

MOONSHINE, character in the interlude performed by the Clowns.

LION, character in the interlude performed by the Clowns.

ACT I, SCENE I.

[Athens. The palace of Theseus. Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE,
and ATTENDANTS.]

THESEUS.

Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, O, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

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HIPPOLYTA.

Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

THESEUS.

Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth:
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,-
The pale companion is not for our pomp.[Exit
PHILOSTRATE.]

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.
[Enter EGEUS and his daughter HERMIA, LYSANDER,
and DEMETRIUS.]

EGEUS.

Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

THESEUS.

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

EGEUS.

Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.
Stand forth, Lysander: and, my gracious duke,
This hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:-
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rimes,
And interchanged love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gauds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats,- messengers
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness:- and, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your Grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,

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I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,-
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.

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 judgement 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,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;

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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 yield 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, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest
For aye austerity and single life.

DEMETRIUS.

Relent, sweet Hermia:- and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

LYSANDER.

You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

EGEUS.

Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,-
And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine,- and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

LYSANDER.

I am, my lord, as well derived as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am beloved of beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I, then, prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

THESEUS.

I must confess that I have heard so much,

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And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up-
Which by no means we may extenuate-
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial; and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

EGEUS.

With duty and desire we follow you.[Exeunt THESEUS,
HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, DEMETRIUS, and TRAIN.]
LYSANDER.

How now, my love! why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?
HERMIA.

Belike for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes.
LYSANDER.

Ay me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood,-
HERMIA.

O cross! too high to be enthral'd to low!
LYSANDER.

Or else misgraffed in respect of years,-
HERMIA.

O spite! too old to be engaged to young!
LYSANDER.

Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,-
HERMIA.

O hell! to choose love by another's eyes!
LYSANDER.

Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary as a sound,

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Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say, "Behold!"
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

HERMIA.

If, then, true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

LYSANDER.

A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me, then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

HERMIA.

My good Lysander!

I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;-
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

LYSANDER.

Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

[Enter HELENA.]

HERMIA.

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God speed fair Helena! whither away?

HELENA.

Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.

Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!

Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,

When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.

Sickness is catching: O, were favour so,

Yours would I catch, fair Hermia! ere I go,

My hair should catch your hair, my eye your eye,

My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.

Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,

The rest I'd give to be to you translated.

O, teach me how you look; and with what art

You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart!

HERMIA.

I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

HELENA.

O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

HERMIA.

I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

HELENA.

O, that my prayers could such affection move!

HERMIA.

The more I hate, the more he follows me.

HELENA.

The more I love, the more he hateth me.

HERMIA.

His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

HELENA.

None, but your beauty: would that fault were mine!

HERMIA.

Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;

Lysander and myself will fly this place.

Before the time I did Lysander see,

Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:

O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

LYSANDER.

Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:

To-morrow night, when Phoebe doth behold

Her silver visage in the watery glass,

Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,-

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A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,-
Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.

HERMIA.

And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us;
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!-
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

LYSANDER.

I will, my Hermia. [Exit HERMIA.] Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [Exit.]

HELENA.

How happy some o'er other-some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know:
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath love's mind of any judgement taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjured every where:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again. [Exit.]

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ACT I, SCENE II.

[Athens. A room in Quince's house. Enter QUINCE the Carpenter, SNUG the Joiner, BOTTOM the Weaver, FLUTE the Bellows-mender, SNOOT the Tinker, and STARVELING the Tailor.]

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 Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

The raging rocks

And shivering shocks

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Shall break the locks
Of prison-gates;
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish Fates.

This was lofty!- Now name the rest of the players.- This is
Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein;- a lover is more condoling.

QUINCE.

Francis Flute the bellows-mender.

FLUTE.

Here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE.

You must take Thisby on you.

FLUTE.

What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

QUINCE.

It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

FLUTE.

Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

QUINCE.

That's all one: you shall play it in a mask, and you may
speak as small as you will.

BOTTOM.

An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too: I'll speak in
a monstrous little voice;- "Thisne, Thisne,"- "Ah, Pyramus,
my lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!"

QUINCE.

No, no; you must play Pyramus:- and, Flute, you Thisby.

BOTTOM.

Well, proceed.

QUINCE.

Robin Starveling the tailor.

STARVELING.

Here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE.

Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.- Tom Snout
the tinker.

SNOUT.

Here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE.

You, Pyramus' father; myself, Thisby's father;- Snug the
joiner, you, the lion's part:- and, I hope, here is a play

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fitted.

SNUG.

Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

QUINCE.

You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

BOTTOM.

Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, "Let him roar again, let him roar again."

QUINCE.

An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

ALL.

That would hang us, every mother's son.

BOTTOM.

I grant you, friends, if you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

QUINCE.

You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

BOTTOM.

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

QUINCE.

Why, what you will.

BOTTOM.

I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

QUINCE.

Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play barefaced.- But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by tomorrow night; and meet me in the palace-wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight: there will we rehearse, for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogg'd with company,

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and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

BOTTOM.

We will meet; and there we may rehearse most obscenely and courageously.

QUINCE.

Take pains; be perfit: adieu. At the duke's oak we meet.

BOTTOM.

Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings. [Exeunt.]