QUINCE   
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  
Thisbe.”  
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 humor 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  
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 Flute, you must take Thisbe on you.  
FLUTE What is Thisbe—a wand’ring 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 Thisbe too.  
I’ll speak in a monstrous little voice: “Thisne,  
Thisne!”—“Ah Pyramus, my lover dear! Thy Thisbe  
dear and lady dear!”  
QUINCE No, no, you must play Pyramus—and, Flute,  
you Thisbe.  
BOTTOM Well, proceed.  
QUINCE Robin Starveling, the tailor.  
STARVELING Here, Peter Quince.  
QUINCE Robin Starveling, you must play Thisbe’s  
mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.  
SNOUT Here, Peter Quince.  
QUINCE You, Pyramus’ father.—Myself, Thisbe’s  
father.—Snug the joiner, you the lion’s part.—  
And I hope here is a play 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 gentlemanlike  
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-color  
beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain  
beard, or your French-crown-color beard,  
your perfit yellow.  
QUINCE Some of your French crowns have no hair at  
all, and then you will play barefaced. But, masters,  
here are your parts,*giving out the 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 dogged with company and our devices known. In  
the meantime 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. Take pains. Be  
perfit. Adieu.  
QUINCE At the Duke’s Oak we meet.  
BOTTOM Enough. Hold or cut bowstrings.  
*They exit.*

Scene 2 *Enter a Fairy at one door and Robin Goodfellow at  
another.*  
  
ROBIN   
How now, spirit? Whither wander you?  
FAIRY 1  
Over hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough brier,  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire;  
Fairy 2

I do wander everywhere,  
Swifter than the moon’s sphere.  
Fairy 3

And I serve the Fairy Queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green.  
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;  
In their gold coats spots you see;  
Those be rubies, fairy favors;  
In those freckles live their savors.  
Fairy 2

I must go seek some dewdrops here  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip’s ear.  
Farewell, thou lob of spirits. I’ll be gone.  
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.  
ROBIN   
The King doth keep his revels here tonight.  
Take heed the Queen come not within his sight,  
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath  
Because that she, as her attendant, hath  
A lovely boy stolen from an Indian king;  
  
And jealous Oberon would have the child  
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild.  
But she perforce withholds the lovèd boy,  
Crowns him with flowers and makes him all her  
joy.  
And now they never meet in grove or green,  
FAIRY 1  
Either I mistake your shape and making quite,  
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite  
Called Robin Goodfellow

Fairy 2

Those that “Hobgoblin” call you and “sweet Puck,”  
You do their work, and they shall have good luck.  
Are not you he?  
ROBIN Thou speakest aright.  
I am that merry wanderer of the night.  
But room, fairy. Here comes Oberon.  
FAIRY 3  
And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!  
  
*Enter Oberon the King of Fairies at one door, with his  
train, and Titania the Queen at another, with hers.*  
  
OBERON   
Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.  
TITANIA   
What, jealous Oberon? Fairies, skip hence.  
I have forsworn his bed and company.  
OBERON   
Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy lord?  
TITANIA   
Then I must be thy lady.   
OBERON   
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?  
I do but beg a little changeling boy  
To be my henchman.  
TITANIA Set your heart at rest:  
The Fairyland buys not the child of me.  
His mother was a vot’ress of my order,  
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die,  
And for her sake do I rear up her boy,  
And for her sake I will not part with him.  
OBERON   
How long within this wood intend you stay?  
TITANIA   
Perchance till after Theseus’ wedding day.  
If you will patiently dance in our round  
And see our moonlight revels, go with us.  
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.  
OBERON   
Give me that boy and I will go with thee.  
TITANIA   
Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away.  
We shall chide downright if I longer stay.  
*Titania and her fairies exit.*

OBERON   
Well, go thy way. Thou shalt not from this grove  
Till I torment thee for this injury.—  
My gentle Puck, come hither. Fetch me that flower;

That maidens call love-in-idleness.  
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid  
Will make or man or woman madly dote  
Upon the next live creature that it sees.  
Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again  
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.  
ROBIN   
I’ll put a girdle round about the Earth  
In forty minutes.*He exits.*  
OBERON Having once this juice,  
I’ll watch Titania when she is asleep  
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.  
The next thing then she, waking, looks upon  
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull),  
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.  
  
*Enter Robin.*  
  
Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.  
ROBIN   
Ay, there it is.  
OBERON I pray thee give it me.  
*Robin gives him the flower.*  
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,  
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,  
Quite overcanopied with luscious woodbine,  
With sweet muskroses, and with eglantine.  
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,  
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight.  
And there the snake throws her enameled skin,  
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.  
And with the juice of this I’ll streak her eyes  
And make her full of hateful fantasies.  
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.  
ROBIN   
Fear not, my lord. Your servant shall do so.  
*They exit.*

Scene 3

*Enter Titania, Queen of Fairies, with her train.*  
  
TITANIA   
Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;  
Some to kill cankers in the muskrose buds,  
Sing me now asleep.  
Then to your offices and let me rest. *She lies down.*

OBERON   
What thou seest when thou dost wake  
Do it for thy true love take.  
Love and languish for his sake.  
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,  
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,  
In thy eye that shall appear  
When thou wak’st, it is thy dear.  
Wake when some vile thing is near. *He exits.*

*With Titania still asleep onstage, enter the Clowns,  
Bottom, Quince, Snout, Starveling, Snug, and Flute.*  
  
BOTTOM Are we all met?  
QUINCE Pat, pat. And here’s a marvels convenient  
place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be  
our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house,  
and we will do it in action as we will do it before  
the Duke.  
BOTTOM Peter Quince?  
QUINCE What sayest thou, bully Bottom?  
BOTTOM There are things in this comedy of Pyramus  
and Thisbe that will never please. First, Pyramus  
must draw a sword to kill himself, which the ladies  
cannot abide. How answer you that?  
SNOUT By ’r lakin, a parlous fear.  
STARVELING I believe we must leave the killing out,  
when all is done.  
BOTTOM Not a whit! I have a device to make all well.  
Write me a prologue, and let the prologue seem to  
say we will do no harm with our swords and that  
Pyramus is not killed indeed. And, for the more  
better assurance, tell them that I, Pyramus, am not  
Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. This will put them  
out of fear.  
QUINCE Well, we will have such a prologue, and it shall  
be written in eight and six.  
BOTTOM No, make it two more. Let it be written in  
eight and eight.  
SNOUT Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?  
STARVELING I fear it, I promise you.  
BOTTOM Masters, you ought to consider with yourself,  
to bring in (God shield us!) a lion among ladies is a  
most dreadful thing. For there is not a more fearful  
wildfowl than your lion living, and we ought to look  
to ’t.  
SNOUT Therefore another prologue must tell he is not  
a lion.  
BOTTOM Nay, you must name his name, and half his  
face must be seen through the lion’s neck, and he  
himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the  
same defect: “Ladies,” or “Fair ladies, I would  
wish you,” or “I would request you,” or “I would  
entreat you not to fear, not to tremble! My life for  
yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were  
pity of my life. No, I am no such thing. I am a man as  
other men are.” And there indeed let him name his  
name and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.  
QUINCE Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard  
things: that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber,  
for you know Pyramus and Thisbe meet by  
moonlight.  
SNOUT Doth the moon shine that night we play our  
play?  
BOTTOM A calendar, a calendar! Look in the almanac.  
Find out moonshine, find out moonshine.  
*Quince takes out a book.*  
QUINCE Yes, it doth shine that night.  
BOTTOM Why, then, may you leave a casement of the  
great chamber window, where we play, open, and  
the moon may shine in at the casement.  
QUINCE Ay, or else one must come in with a bush of  
thorns and a lantern and say he comes to disfigure  
or to present the person of Moonshine. Then there  
is another thing: we must have a wall in the great  
chamber, for Pyramus and Thisbe, says the story,  
did talk through the chink of a wall.  
SNOUT You can never bring in a wall. What say you,  
Bottom?  
BOTTOM Some man or other must present Wall. And  
let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some  
roughcast about him to signify wall, or let him  
hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall  
Pyramus and Thisbe whisper.  
QUINCE If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down,  
every mother’s son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus,  
you begin. When you have spoken your  
speech, enter into that brake, and so everyone  
according to his cue.  
  
*Enter Robin invisible to those onstage.*  
  
ROBIN*, aside*   
What hempen homespuns have we swagg’ring here  
So near the cradle of the Fairy Queen?  
What, a play toward? I’ll be an auditor—  
An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.  
QUINCE Speak, Pyramus.—Thisbe, stand forth.  
BOTTOM*, as Pyramus*   
*Thisbe, the flowers of odious savors sweet—*  
QUINCE Odors, odors!  
BOTTOM*, as Pyramus*   
*…odors savors sweet.  
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisbe dear.—  
But hark, a voice! Stay thou but here awhile,  
And by and by I will to thee appear.He exits.*  
ROBIN*, aside*   
A stranger Pyramus than e’er played here.*He exits.*  
FLUTE Must I speak now?  
QUINCE Ay, marry, must you, for you must understand  
he goes but to see a noise that he heard and is to  
come again.  
FLUTE*, as Thisbe*   
*Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,  
Of color like the red rose on triumphant brier,  
Most brisky juvenal and eke most lovely Jew,  
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.  
I’ll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny’s tomb.*  
QUINCE “Ninus’ tomb,” man! Why, you must not  
speak that yet. That you answer to Pyramus. You  
speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus,  
enter. Your cue is past. It is “never tire.”  
FLUTE O!  
*As Thisbe. As true as truest horse, that yet would never  
tire.*  
  
*Enter Robin, and Bottom as Pyramus with the  
ass-head.*  
  
BOTTOM*, as Pyramus*   
*, ⌜fair⌝ Thisbe, I were only thine.*  
QUINCE O monstrous! O strange! We are haunted. Pray,  
masters, fly, masters! Help!  
*Quince, Flute, Snout, Snug, and Starveling exit.*  
ROBIN   
I’ll follow you. I’ll lead you about a round,  
Through bog, through bush, through brake,  
through brier.  
Sometime a horse I’ll be, sometime a hound,  
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire,  
And neigh and bark and grunt and roar and burn,  
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.  
*He exits.*  
BOTTOM Why do they run away? This is a knavery of  
them to make me afeard.  
*Enter Snout.*  
  
SNOUT O Bottom, thou art changed! What do I see on  
thee?  
BOTTOM What do you see? You see an ass-head of your  
own, do you?*Snout exits.*  
  
*Enter Quince.*  
  
QUINCE Bless thee, Bottom, bless thee! Thou art  
translated!*He exits.*  
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.  
*He sings.The ouzel cock, so black of hue,  
With orange-tawny bill,  
The throstle with his note so true,  
The wren with little quill—*  
TITANIA*, waking up*   
What angel wakes me from my flow’ry bed?  
BOTTOM*sings*   
*The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,  
The plainsong cuckoo gray,  
Whose note full many a man doth mark  
And dares not answer “nay”—*  
for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a  
bird? Who would give a bird the lie though he cry  
“cuckoo” never so?  
TITANIA   
I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again.  
Mine ear is much enamored of thy note,  
So is mine eye enthrallèd 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 nowadays.  
The more the pity that some honest neighbors 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 pressèd flowers dost sleep.  
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so  
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—  
Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Mote, and Mustardseed!  
  
*Enter four Fairies: Peaseblossom, Cobweb,  
Moth, and Mustardseed.*  
  
PEASEBLOSSOM Ready.  
COBWEB And I.  
MOTH And I.  
MUSTARDSEED And I.  
ALL Where shall we go?  
TITANIA   
Be kind and courteous to this gentleman.  
Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes;  
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,  
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;  
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,  
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs  
And light them at the fiery glowworms’ eyes  
To have my love to bed and to arise;  
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies  
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.  
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.  
PEASEBLOSSOM Hail, mortal!  
COBWEB Hail!  
MOTH Hail!  
MUSTARDSEED Hail!  
BOTTOM I cry your Worships mercy, heartily.—I beseech  
your Worship’s name.  
COBWEB Cobweb.  
BOTTOM I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good  
Master Cobweb. If I cut my finger, I shall make  
bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?  
PEASEBLOSSOM Peaseblossom.  
BOTTOM I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash,  
your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father.  
Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall desire you of  
more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech  
you, sir?  
MUSTARDSEED Mustardseed.  
BOTTOM Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience  
well. That same cowardly, giantlike ox-beef  
hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I  
promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes  
water ere now. I desire you of more acquaintance,  
good Master Mustardseed.  
TITANIA   
Come, wait upon him. Lead him to my bower.  
The moon, methinks, looks with a wat’ry eye,  
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,  
Lamenting some enforcèd chastity.  
Tie up my lover’s tongue. Bring him silently.  
*They exit.*

*Enter Oberon, King of Fairies.*  
  
OBERON   
I wonder if Titania be awaked;  
Then what it was that next came in her eye,  
Which she must dote on in extremity.  
  
*Enter Robin Goodfellow.*  
  
Here comes my messenger. How now, mad spirit?  
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?  
ROBIN   
My mistress with a monster is in love.  
Near to her close and consecrated bower,  
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,  
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,  
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,  
Were met together to rehearse a play  
Intended for great Theseus’ nuptial day.  
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,  
Who Pyramus presented in their sport,  
Forsook his scene and entered in a brake.  
When I did him at this advantage take,  
An ass’s noll I fixèd on his head.  
Anon his Thisbe must be answerèd,  
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,  
Frit at this sight away his fellows fly,  
And, at our stamp, here o’er and o’er one falls.  
He “Murder” cries and help from Athens calls.  
I led them on in this distracted fear  
And left sweet Pyramus translated there.  
When in that moment, so it came to pass,  
Titania waked and straightway loved an ass.  
OBERON   
This falls out better than I could devise.

I’ll crush this herb into into Titania’s eyes,  
*He gives a flower to Robin.*  
  
I’ll from my queen entreat her Indian boy;  
And then I will her charmèd eye release  
From monster’s view, and all things shall be peace.

⌜Scene 1⌝⌜*Titania,*⌝*Queen of Fairies, and*⌜*Bottom*⌝*and Fairies,  
and*⌜*Oberon,*⌝*the King, behind them*⌜*unseen by those  
onstage.*⌝  
  
TITANIA   
 Come, sit thee down upon this flow’ry bed,  
  While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,  
 And stick muskroses in thy sleek smooth head,  
  And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.  
BOTTOM 5Where’s Peaseblossom?  
PEASEBLOSSOM Ready.  
BOTTOM Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Where’s  
 Monsieur Cobweb?  
COBWEB Ready.  
BOTTOM 10Monsieur Cobweb, good monsieur, get you  
 your weapons in your hand and kill me a red-hipped  
 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,  
15 good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break  
 not; I would be loath to have you overflown with a  
 honey-bag, signior.⌜*Cobweb exits.*⌝ Where’s Monsieur  
 Mustardseed?  
MUSTARDSEED Ready.

123

BOTTOM 20Give me your neaf, Monsieur Mustardseed.  
 Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.  
MUSTARDSEED What’s your will?  
BOTTOM Nothing, good monsieur, but to help Cavalery  
 Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber’s,  
25 monsieur, for methinks I am marvels 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  
30 have the tongs and the bones.  
TITANIA   
 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  
35 fellow.  
TITANIA   
 I have a venturous fairy that shall seek  
 The squirrel’s hoard and fetch thee new nuts.  
BOTTOM I had rather have a handful or two of dried  
 peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir  
40 me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.  
TITANIA   
 Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.—  
 Fairies, begone, and be all ways away.  
⌜*Fairies exit.*⌝  
 So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle  
 Gently entwist; the female ivy so  
45 Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.  
 O, how I love thee! How I dote on thee!  
⌜*Bottom and Titania sleep.*⌝  
  
*Enter Robin Goodfellow.*  
  
OBERON   
 Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou this sweet sight

 Her dotage now I do begin to pity.  
 For, meeting her of late behind the wood,

 Seeking sweet favors 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 flouriets’ eyes,  
 Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.  
 When I had at my pleasure taunted her,  
 And she in mild terms begged 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 Fairyland.  
 And now I have the boy, I will undo  
 This hateful imperfection of her eyes.

 And, gentle Puck, take this transformèd scalp  
 From off the head of this Athenian swain,  
 That he, awaking may 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.  
⌜*He applies the nectar to her eyes.*⌝  
 Be as thou wast wont to be.  
 See as thou wast wont to see.  
 Dian’s bud o’er Cupid’s flower Hath such force and blessèd power.  
 Now, my Titania, wake you, my sweet queen.  
TITANIA*,*⌜*waking*⌝   
 My Oberon, what visions have I seen!  
 Methought I was enamoured of an ass.  
OBERON   
 There lies your love.  
TITANIA 80 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   
85 Music, ho, music such as charmeth sleep!  
ROBIN*,*⌜*removing the ass-head from Bottom*⌝   
 Now, when thou wak’st, with thine own fool’s eyes  
 peep.  
OBERON

 Come, my queen, take hands with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.  
⌜*Titania and Oberon dance.*⌝  
ROBIN   
 Fairy king, attend and mark.  
 I do hear the morning lark.  
OBERON   
 Then, my queen, in silence sad  
100 Trip we after night’s shade.  
 We the globe can compass soon,  
 Swifter than the wand’ring moon.  
TITANIA   
 Come, my lord, and in our flight  
 Tell me how it came this night  
105 That I sleeping here was found  
 With this mortal on the ground.  
⌜*Oberon, Robin, and Titania*⌝*exit.*

BOTTOM*, waking up*

When my cue comes, call me,  
and I will answer. My next is “Most fair Pyramus.”  
Hey-ho! Peter Quince! Flute the bellows-mender!  
Snout the tinker! Starveling! God’s my life! Stolen  
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 patched 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 ballad 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.  
*He exits.*