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.

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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.*