```xml
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Night's Dream] from Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies.
          Published according to the true originall copies.</title>
        <title type="variant">Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories,
&amp;
          tragedies</title>
        <title type="distinctive">Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7</title>
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1616.</author>
        <editor>Heminge, John, approximately 1556-1630</editor>
        <editor>Condell, Henry, -1627</editor>
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          <persName>Droeshout, Martin, 1601-</persName>
          <resp>engraver</resp>
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        <respStmt>
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          <resp>printer</resp>
        </respStmt>
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          <resp>printer</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt>
          <persName>Jaggard, William, 1569-1623</persName>
          <resp>publisher</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt>
          <persName>Smethwicke, John, -1641</persName>
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Solutions PVT. LTD.</orgName>
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  <persName>Emma Stanford</persName>
  <resp>proofing</resp>
  <resp>encoding</resp>
</respStmt><respStmt xml:id="PW">
  <persName>Pip Willcox</persName>
  <resp>project management</resp>
  <resp>proofing</resp>
  <resp>encoding</resp>
</respStmt>
<respStmt xml:id="JC">
  <persName>James Cummings</persName>
  <resp>encoding consultation</resp>
</respStmt>
<funder><ref target="http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">Sprint for
Shakespeare</ref>
  Crowdfunding</funder>
<funder>The second phase of the Bodleian First Folio project was made
possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the
Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and
a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional
support, which brings new features to the digitized First Folio, enabling more efficient
and intuitive use for all with an interest in Shakespeare, early modern drama, theatre
and book history.</funder>
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April
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   <addrLine>Oxford</addrLine>
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  </address>
  <availability>
   <p> Available for reuse, according to the terms of the <ref
    target="http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/3.0/">Creative
Commons Attribution 3.0 Unported</ref>.</p>
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            <author key="LCCNn78095332">Shakespeare, William, 1564-
1616.</author>
            <title type="statement"> Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories,
&amp;
                tragedies. Published according to the true originall copies.</title>
            <title type="variant">Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories,
&amp;
                tragedies</title>
            <title type="distinctive">First Folio</title>
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<country>England</country></pubPlace>:
            <publisher><persName>William Jaggard</persName>,
<persName>Edward
                Blount</persName>, <persName>John
Smethwicke</persName></publisher>
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(entered)</date>
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            <note type="citation">Pforzheimer, 905</note>
            <note type="citation">STC (2nd ed.), 22273</note>
            <note type="citation">Rasmussen, E. &amp; West, A.J. "The
Shakespeare First Folios a
                descriptive catalogue", Palgrave Macmillan, 2012.</note>
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First Folio of
                Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30</note>
            <note type="citation">West, A.J. A Model for Describing Shakespeare
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                With Descriptions of Selected Copies, in The Library, v. s6-21, Issue 1
(March
                1999), p.1-19</note>
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            </altIdentifier>
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            <titlePage>
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                     >SHAKESPEARES</hi>
                     <lb/>COMEDIES, <lb/>HISTORIES, &amp;
<lb/>TRAGEDIES. </titlePart>
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               <docImprint>London : Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount [at
the charges
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                        <width unit="mm">323</width>
                     </dimensions>
                  </support>
                  <foliation><p>[18], 303, [1], 46, 49-100, [2], 69-232, [2], 79-80,
[26], 76,
                     79-82, 80-98, [2], 109-156, 257-993 [i.e. 399], [1] p.; fol.</p>
                     <p>Numbering peculiarities: 1st count: p.50 misnumbered 58;
p.59
                        misnumbered 51; p.86 misnumbered 88; p.153 misnumbered
151; p.161
                        misnumbered] 163; p.164 misnumbered 162; p. 165
misnumbered 163; p.
```

misnumbered 252; p. 189 misnumbered 187; p. 249 misnumbered 251; p.250

some copies; 265 misnumbered 273 -- 2nd count: p.37 misnumbered 39 in

p.165-166 p.89 misnumbered 91; p. 90 misnumbered 92 -- 3rd count:

5th count: numbered 167 and 168 respectively; p. 216 numbered 218 --

misnumbered 38; p. 279 misnumbered 259; p. 282 misnumbered 280; p.308

p. 379 misnumbered 389; p. 399 misnumbered 993.</p>
</foliation>
<collation><p>The signatures varies between sources, with the

most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: πA^6 (πA1+1)

[πB^2], ^{2}A-2B^6 2C^2 a-g^6 χgg^8 h-v^6 x^4 χ1.2 [para.]-2[para.]^6 3[para]^1 aa-ff^6 gg^2

Gg^6 hh^6 kk-bbb^6; 2. West: πA^6 (πA1+1, πA5+1.2)^{2}A-2B^6 2C^2 a-g^6

^{2}g^8 h-v^6 x^4 'gg3.4' ($\pm$'gg3') [para.]-2[para.]^6 3[para]^1 2a-2f^6 2g^2 2G^6 2h^6

2k-2v^6 x^6 2y-3b^6.</p>
<p>Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; ^{3}gg1 mis-signed

Gg; nn1-nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.</p>
<p>"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination

on leaf a1 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on

leaf aa1 recto.</p>
</collation>
<condition>Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the

reader". The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the

mount towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of

some the Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait

and the central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report,
including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact

Rare Books.</condition>

</supportDesc>
<layoutDesc>
<layout>
<p>Predominantly printed in double columns.</p>
<p>Text within simple lined frame.</p>

<p>Colophon reads: "Printed at the charges of W. Iaggard, Ed. Blount, I.
Smithweeke, and W. Aspley. 1623.".</p>
<p>Editors' dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry Condell.</p>
    </layout>

</layoutDesc>
</objectDesc>
<decoDesc>
<decoNote>Head- and tail- pieces; initials.</decoNote>
<decoNote>With an engraved title-page portrait of the author signed: "Martin
Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The earlier
state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier shading,
especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly with the
jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies have the plate
in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that the earlier
state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.
</decoNote>
</decoDesc>
<additions><p>Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an
unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap was seen".
2. A copy of Ben Jonson's printed "To the Reader"; MS note on t.p.
(mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor annotations on
leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after
leaving the Library.</p>
</additions>
<bindingDesc>
<p>Seventeenth-century (1624) English (Oxford) smooth calf. Bound for the
Bodleian Library by William Wildgoose, with evidence of two cloth ties, red
sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at the head
of the upper cover. Remains of paper label at the head of the spine.
Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S. Gibson in
Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items sent out

on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing
printed waste from
a copy of Cicero's "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard
Pafraet, between
1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this
work see: Bod.
Inc. Cat., C-322.</p>
            </bindingDesc>
         </physDesc>
         <history>
            <origin>
               <p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman,
Charleton. The
printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare:
Oxford, 1963.
               </p>
            </origin>
            <acquisition><p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in
sheets. It
was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on
<date
when="1624-02-17">17 February 1624</date> for binding (see:
Library
Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke
Humfrey at
shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian's <date
when="1635"
>1635</date> catalogue of printed books but was gone by the
publication
of the next catalogue in <date when="1674">1674</date>, replaced
by the
newer <bibl><title>Third Folio</title> (<date when="1664"
>1664</date>)</bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library
Records
to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of
"superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard
Davis</persName>, a
bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the
sum of <num
value="24">£24</num>.</p>
            <p>After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered
the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of
Ogston Hall,
Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the
family's possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when
it was
reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num
value="3000">£3000</num>,
raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the
rediscovery and

```xml
                                    purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The
                                    Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (theTurbutt
                                    Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)</p>
                                <p>For a full discussion of this copy and the
                                    digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West and
                                    Rasmussen (2011), 31.</p>
                            </acquisition>
                        </history>
                        <additional>
                            <surrogates>
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                                            target="http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/"
                                            >http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/</ref>.</bibl>
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                        replacementPattern="http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/page-cropped/$1">
                        <p>The private URIs with the prefix 'FFimg' should be
                            replaced with the URL pointing to the Bodleian's First Folio
                            website.</p>
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                </listPrefixDef>
            </encodingDesc>
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                            <persName type="form">1. Fai.</persName>
                        </person>
                        <person xml:id="F-mnd-fai.2">
                            <persName type="standard">Second Fairy</persName>
                            <persName type="form">2. Fai.</persName>
                        </person>
                        <person xml:id="F-mnd-fai.3">
                            <persName type="standard">Third Fairy</persName>
```

```xml
          <persName type="form">3. Fai.</persName>
        </person>
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          <persName type="form">All.</persName>
        </person>
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          <persName type="form">Bot.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Bottom.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Bottome.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Clo.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Clow.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Clown.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Clowne.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Pir.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Pyr.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Pyra.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-mnd-cob">
          <persName type="standard">Cobweb, a fairy</persName>
          <persName type="form">Cob.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-mnd-dem">
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Hermia</persName>
          <persName type="form">De.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Dem.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Deme.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Demet.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-mnd-duk">
          <persName type="standard">Theseus, Duke of Athens</persName>
          <persName type="form">Du.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Duk.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Duke.</persName>
          <persName type="form">The.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Thes.</persName>
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        <person xml:id="F-mnd-hip">
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betrothed to Theseus</persName>
          <persName type="form">Dut.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Hip.</persName>
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          <persName type="form">Egeus.</persName>
        </person>
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```xml
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   <persName type="form">Fair.</persName>
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   <persName type="form">Flu.</persName>
   <persName type="form">Flut.</persName>
   <persName type="form">This.</persName>
   <persName type="form">Thys.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-mnd-hel">
   <persName type="standard">Helena, in love with
Demetrius</persName>
   <persName type="form">Hel.</persName>
   <persName type="form">Hele.</persName>
   <persName type="form">Hell.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-mnd-her">
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Lysander</persName>
   <persName type="form">Her.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-mnd-lys">
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Hermia</persName>
   <persName type="form">Lis.</persName>
   <persName type="form">Lys.</persName>
   <persName type="form">Lysa.</persName>
   <persName type="form">Lysan.</persName>
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   <persName type="form">Snug.</persName>
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   <persName type="form">Moon.</persName>
   <persName type="form">Moone.</persName>
   <persName type="form">Star.</persName>
   <persName type="form">Staru.</persName>
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   <persName type="standard">Mustardseed, a fairy</persName>
   <persName type="form">Mus.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-mnd-obe">
   <persName type="standard">Oberon, king of the fairies</persName>
```

```xml
          <persName type="form">Ob.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Ober.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-mnd-pea">
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          <persName type="form">Peas.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Pease.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-mnd-qui">
          <persName type="standard">Quince, a carpenter</persName>
          <persName type="form">Pet.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Peter.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Pro.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Prol.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Qui.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Quin.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Quince.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-mnd-phi">
          <persName type="standard">Philostrate, master of the revels to
Theseus</persName>
          <persName type="form">Phi.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-mnd-puc">
          <persName type="standard">Puck, or Robin Goodfellow</persName>
          <persName type="form">Pu.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Puc.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Puck.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Pucke.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Puk.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Ro.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Rob.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Robin.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-mnd-tit">
          <persName type="standard">Titania, queen of the fairies</persName>
          <persName type="form">Qu.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Que.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Queen.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Tita.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Tyta.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-mnd-sno">
          <persName type="standard">Snout, a tinker</persName>
          <persName type="form">Sn.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Snout.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Snowt.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Wall.</persName>
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    </profileDesc>
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Dreame.</head>
                <div type="act" n="1">
                  <div type="scene" n="1">
                    <head rend="italic center">Actus primus.</head>
                    <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 1]</head>
                <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Theseus,
Hippolita, with
                    others.</stage>
                <cb n="1"/>
                    <sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
                        <speaker rend="italic center">Theseus.</speaker>
                <l>
            <c rend="decoratedCapital">N</c>Ow faire Hippolita, our nuptiall
                houre</l>
            <l>Drawes on apace: foure happy daies bring in</l>
            <l>Another Moon: but oh, me thinkes, how slow</l>
            <l>This old Moon wanes; She lingers my desires</l>
                    <l>Like to a Step&#x2011;dame, or a Dowager,</l>
            <l>Long withering out a yong mans reuennew.</l>
            </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-mnd-hip">
                <speaker rend="italic">Hip.</speaker>
                    <l>Foure daies wil quickly steep
<choice><abbr>the&#x0113;selues</abbr><expan>themselues</expan></choice> in
nights</l>
                <l>Foure nights wil quickly dreame away the time:</l>
                <l>And then the Moone, like to a siluer bow,</l>
                <l>Now bent in heauen, shal behold the night</l>
                <l>Of our solemnities.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
                <speaker rend="italic">The.</speaker>
                <l>Go <hi rend="italic">Philostrate</hi>,</l>
                <l>Stirre vp the Athenian youth to merriments,</l>
                <l>Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,</l>
                <l>Turne melancholy forth to Funerals:</l>
                <l>The pale companion is not for our pompe,</l>
                <l>Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,</l>
                <l>And wonne thy loue, doing thee iniuries:</l>
                <l>But I will wed thee in another key,</l>
                <l>With pompe, with triumph, and with reuelling.</l>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Egeus and his

daughter Hermia, Lysander,
        `<lb/>`and Demetrius.`</stage>`
       `<sp who="#F-mnd-ege">`
         `<speaker rend="italic">`Ege.`</speaker>`
         `<l>`Happy be `<hi rend="italic">`Theseus`</hi>`, our renowned
Duke.`</l>`
       `</sp>`
       `<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">`
         `<speaker rend="italic">`The.`</speaker>`
         `<l>`Thanks good `<hi rend="italic">`Egeus`</hi>`: what's the news
with thee?`</l>`
       `</sp>`
       `<sp who="#F-mnd-ege">`
         `<speaker rend="italic">`Ege.`</speaker>`
         `<l>`Full of vexation, come I, with complaint`</l>`
         `<l>`Against my childe, my daughter Hermia.`</l>`
         `<l>``<hi rend="italic center">`Stand forth Dometrius.`</hi>``</l>`
         `<l>`My Noble Lord,`</l>`
         `<l>`This man hath my consent to marrie her.`</l>`
         `<l>``<hi rend="italic center">`Stand forth Lysander.`</hi>``</l>`
         `<l>`And my gracious Duke,`</l>`
         `<l>`This man hath bewitch'd the bosome of my childe:`</l>`
         `<l>`Thou, thou `<hi rend="italic">`Lysander`</hi>`, thou hast giuen
her rimes,`</l>`
         `<l>`And interchang'd loue‑tokens with my childe:`</l>`
         `<l>`Thou hast by Moone‑light at her window sung,`</l>`
         `<l>`With faining voice, verses of faining loue,`</l>`
         `<l>`And stolne the impression of her fantasie,`</l>`
         `<l>`With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceits,`</l>`
         `<l>`Knackes, trifles, Nose‑gaies, sweet meats
(messengers`</l>`
         `<l>`Of strong preuailment in vnhardned youth)`</l>`
         `<cb n="2"/>`
         `<l>`With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughters heart,`</l>`
         `<l>`Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)`</l>`
         `<l>`To stubborne harshnesse. And my gracious Duke,`</l>`
         `<l>`Be it so she will not heere before your Grace,`</l>`
         `<l>`Consent to marrie with `<hi rend="italic">`Demetrius`</hi>`,`</l>`
         `<l>`I beg the ancient priuiledge of Athens;`</l>`
         `<l>`As she is mine, I may dispose of her;`</l>`
         `<l>`Which shall be either to this Gentleman,`</l>`
         `<l>`Or to her death, according to our Law,`</l>`
         `<l>`Immediately prouided in that case.`</l>``</sp>`
       `<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">`
         `<speaker rend="italic">`The.`</speaker>`
         `<l>`What say you Hermia? be aduis'd faire Maide,`</l>`
         `<l>`To you your Father should be as a God;`</l>`
         `<l>`One that compos'd your beauties; yea and one`</l>`
         `<l>`To whom you are but as a forme in waxe`</l>`
         `<l>`By him imprinted: and within his power,`</l>`

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    <l>To leaue the figure, or disfigure it:</l>
    <l><hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi> is a worthy Gentleman.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-her">
    <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
    <l>So is <hi rend="italic">Lysander</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
    <speaker rend="italic">The.</speaker>
    <l>In himselfe he is.</l>
    <l>But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voyce.</l>
    <l>The other must be held the worthier.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-her">
    <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
    <l>I would my father look'd but with my eyes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
    <speaker rend="italic">The.</speaker>
    <l>Rather your eies must with his iudgment looke.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-her">
    <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
    <l>I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.</l>
    <l>I know not by what power I am made bold,</l>
    <l>Nor how it may concerne my modestie</l>
    <l>In such a presence heere to pleade my thoughts:</l>
    <l>But I beseech your Grace, that I may know</l>
    <l>The worst that may befall me in this case,</l>
    <l>If I refuse to wed <hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
    <speaker rend="italic">The.</speaker>
    <l>Either to dye the death, or to abiure</l>
    <l>For euer the society of men.</l>
    <l>Therefore faire Hermia question your desires,</l>
    <l>Know of your youth, examine well your blood,</l>
    <l>Whether (if you yeeld not to your fathers choice)</l>
    <l>You can endure the liuerie of a Nunne,</l>
    <l>For aye to be in shady Cloister mew'd,</l>
    <l>To liue a barren sister all your life,</l>
    <l>Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruitlesse Moone,</l>
    <l>Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,</l>
    <l>To vndergo such maiden pilgrimage,</l>
    <l>But earthlier happie is the Rose distil'd,</l>
    <l>Then that which withering on the virgin thorne,</l>
    <l>Growes, liues, and dies, in single blessednesse.</l>
</sp>
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">N</fw>
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Her.</fw>
```

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<pb facs="FFimg:axc0166-0.jpg" n="146"/>
<fw type="rh">A Midsommer nights Dreame.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-mnd-her">
   <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
   <l>So will I grow, so liue, so die my Lord,</l>
   <l>Ere I will yeeld my virgin Patent vp</l>
   <l>Vnto his Lordship, whose vnwished yoake,</l>
   <l>My soule consents not to giue soueraignty.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
   <speaker rend="italic">The.</speaker>
   <l>Take time to pause, and by the next new Moon</l>
   <l>The sealing day betwixt my loue and me,</l>
   <l>For euerlasting bond of fellowship:</l>
   <l>Vpon that day either prepare to dye,</l>
   <l>For disobedience to your fathers will,</l>
   <l>Or else to wed <hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi> as hee
would,</l>
   <l>Or on <hi rend="italic">Dianaes</hi> Altar to protest</l>
   <l>For aie, austerity, and single life.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
   <l>Relent sweet <hi rend="italic">Hermia</hi>, and <hi
rend="italic">Lysander</hi>, yeelde</l>
   <l>Thy crazed title to my certaine right.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
   <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
   <l>You haue her fathers loue, <hi
rend="italic">Demetrius</hi>:</l>
   <l>Let me haue <hi rend="italic">Hermiaes</hi>: do you marry
him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-ege">
   <speaker rend="italic">Egeus.</speaker>
   <l>Scornfull <hi rend="italic">Lysander</hi>, true, he hath my
Loue;</l>
   <l>A<c rend="invertedType">n</c>d what is mine, my loue shall
render him.</l>
   <l>And she is mine, and all my right of her,</l>
   <l>I do estate vnto <hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
   <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
   <l>I am my Lord, as well deriu'd as he,</l>
   <l>As well possest: my loue is more then his:</l>
   <l>My fortunes euery way as fairely ranck'd</l>
   <l>(If not with vantage) as <hi
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rend="italic">Demetrius</hi>:</l>
                    <l>And (which is more then all these boasts can be)</l>
                    <l>I am belou'd of beauteous <hi rend="italic">Hermia</hi>.</l>
                    <l>Why should not I then prosecute my right?</l>
                    <l><hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi>, Ile auouch it to his head,</l>
                    <l>Made loue to <hi rend="italic">Nedars</hi> daughter, <hi rend="italic">Helena</hi>,</l>
                    <l>And won her soule: and she (sweet Ladie) dotes,</l>
                    <l>Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,</l>
                    <l>Vpon this spotted and inconstant man.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
                    <speaker rend="italic">The.</speaker>
                    <l>I must confesse, that I haue heard so much,</l>
                    <l>And with <hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi> thought to haue spoke thereof:</l>
                    <l>But being ouer‑full of selfe‑affaires,</l>
                    <l>My minde did lose it. But <hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi> come,</l>
                    <l>And come <hi rend="italic">Egeus</hi>, you shall go with me,</l>
                    <l>I haue some priuate schooling for you both.</l>
                    <l>For you faire <hi rend="italic">Hermia</hi>, looke you arme your selfe,</l>
                    <l>To fit your fancies to your Fathers will;</l>
                    <l>Or else the Law of Athens yeelds you vp</l>
                    <l>(Which by no meanes we may extenuate)</l>
                    <l>To death, or to a vow of single life.</l>
                    <l>Come my <hi rend="italic">Hippolita</hi>, what cheare my loue?</l>
                    <l><hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Egeus</hi> go along:</l>
                    <l>I must imploy you in some businesse</l>
                    <l>Against our nuptiall, and conferre with you</l>
                    <l>Of something, neerely that concernes your selues.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-ege">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Ege.</speaker>
                    <l>With dutie and desire we follow you.</l>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
                <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Manet Lysander and Hermia.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
                    <l>How now my loue? Why is your cheek so pale?</l>
                    <l>How chance the Roses there do fade so fast?</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-her">

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  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <l>Belike for want of raine, which I could well</l>
  <l>Beteeme them, from the tempest of mine eyes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
  <l>For ought that euer I could reade,</l>
  <l>Could euer heare by tale or historie,</l>
  <l>The course of true loue neuer did run smooth,</l>
  <l>But either it was different in blood.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <l>O crosse! too high to be enthral'd to loue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
  <l>Or else misgraffed, in respect of yeares.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <l>O spight! too old to be ingag'd to yong.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
  <l>Or else it stood vpon the choise of merit.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <l>O hell! to choose loue by anothers eie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
  <l>Or if there were a simpathie in choise,</l>
  <l>Warre, death, or sicknesse, did lay siege to it;</l>
  <l>Making it momentarie, as a sound:</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>Swift as a shadow, short as any dreame,</l>
  <l>Briefe as the lightning in the collied night,</l>
  <l>That (in a spleene) vnfolds both heauen and earth;</l>
  <l>And ere a man hath power to say, behold,</l>
  <l>The iawes of darknesse do deuoure it vp:</l>
  <l>So quicke bright things come to confusion.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <l>If then true Louers haue beene euer crost,</l>
  <l>It stands as an edict in destinie:</l>
  <l>Then let vs teach our triall patience,</l>
  <l>Because it is a customarie crosse,</l>
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    <l>As due to loue, as thoughts, and dreames, and sighes,</l>
    <l>Wishes and teares; poore Fancies followers.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
    <l>A good perswasion; therefore heare me <hi
rend="italic">Hermia</hi>,</l>
    <l>I haue a Widdow Aunt, a dowager,</l>
    <l>Of great reuennew, and she hath no childe,</l>
    <l>From Athens is her house remou'd seuen leagues,</l>
    <l>And she respects me, as her onely sonne:</l>
    <l>There gentle <hi rend="italic">Hermia</hi>, may I marrie
thee,</l>
    <l>And to that place, the sharpe Athenian Law</l>
    <l>Cannot pursue vs. If thou lou'st me, then</l>
    <l>Steale forth thy fathers house to morrow night:</l>
    <l>And in the wood, a league without the towne,</l>
    <l>(Where I did meete thee once with <hi
rend="italic">Helena</hi>,</l>
    <l>To do obseruance for a morne of May)</l>
    <l>There will I stay for thee.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mnd-her">
    <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
    <l>My good <hi rend="italic">Lysander</hi>,</l>
    <l>I sweare to thee, by Cupids strongest bow,</l>
    <l>By his best arrow with the golden head,</l>
    <l>By the simplicitie of Venus Doues,</l>
    <l>By that which knitteth soules, and prospers loue,</l>
    <l>And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage
      Queene,</l>
    <l>When the false Troyan vnder saile was seene,</l>
    <l>By all the vowes that euer men haue broke,</l>
    <l>(In number more then euer women spoke)</l>
    <l>In that same place thou hast appointed me,</l>
    <l>To morrow truly will I meete with thee.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
    <l>Keepe promise loue: looke here comes <hi
rend="italic">Helena</hi>.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Helena.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-mnd-her">
    <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
    <l>God speede faire <hi rend="italic">Helena</hi>, whither
away?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
```

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<l>Cal you me faire? that faire againe vnsay,</l>
<l><hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi> loues you faire: O happie
   faire!</l>
<l>Your eyes are loadstarres, and your tongues sweete ayre</l>
<l>More tuneable then Larke to shepheards eare,</l>
<l>When wheate is greene, when hauthorne buds appeare,</l>
<l>Sicknesse is catching: O were fauor so,</l>
<l>Your words I catch, faire <hi rend="italic">Hermia</hi> ere I
go,</l>
<l>My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eye,</l>
<l>My tongue should catch your tongues sweete melodie,</l>
<l>Were the world mine, <hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi> being
bated,</l>
<l>The rest Ile giue to be to you translated.</l>
<l>O teach me how you looke, and with what art</l>
<l>you sway the motion of <hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi>
hart.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <l>I frowne vpon him, yet he loues me still.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
  <l>O that your frownes would teach my smiles
     <lb/>such skil.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <l>I giue him curses, yet he giues me loue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
  <l>O that my prayers could such affection mooue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <l>The more I hate, the more he followes me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
  <l>The more I loue, the more he hateth me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <l>His folly Helena is none of mine.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
  <l>None but your beauty, wold that fault wer mine</l>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-her">
          <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
          <l>Take comfort: he no more shall see my face,</l>
          <l><hi rend="italic">Lysander</hi> and my selfe will flie this
place.</l>
          <l>Before the time I did <hi rend="italic">Lysander</hi>
see,</l>
          <l>Seem'd Athens like a Paradise to mee.</l>
          <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">O</fw>
          <pb facs="FFimg:axc0167-0.jpg" n="147"/>
          <fw type="rh">A Midsommer nights Dreame.</fw>
          <cb n="1"/>
          <l>O then, what graces in my Loue do dwell,</l>
          <l>That he hath turn'd a heauen into hell.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
          <l><hi rend="italic">Helen</hi>, to you our mindes we will
vnfold,</l>
          <l>To morrow night, when <hi rend="italic">Phoebe</hi> doth
behold</l>
          <l>Her siluer visage, in the watry glasse,</l>
          <l>Decking with liquid pearle, the bladed grasse</l>
          <l>(A time that Louers flights doth still conceale)</l>
          <l>Through <hi rend="italic">Athens</hi> gates, haue we deuis'd
to steale.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-her">
          <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
          <l>And in the wood, where often you and I,</l>
          <l>Vpon faint Primrose beds, were wont to lye,</l>
          <l>Emptying our bosomes, of their counsell sweld:</l>
          <l>There my <hi rend="italic">Lysander</hi>, and my selfe shall
meete,</l>
          <l>And thence from <hi rend="italic">Athens</hi> turne away
our eyes</l>
          <l>To seeke new friends and strange companions,</l>
          <l>Farwell sweet play&#x2011;fellow, pray thou for vs,</l>
          <l>And good lucke grant thee thy <hi
rend="italic">Demetrius</hi>.</l>
          <l>Keepe word <hi rend="italic">Lysander</hi> we must starue
our sight,</l>
          <l>From louers foode, till morrow deepe midnight.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit
Hermia.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
          <l>I will my <hi rend="italic">Hermia</hi>. <hi
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rend="italic">Helena</hi> adieu,</l>
                    <l>As you on him, <hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi> dotes on
you.</l>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit
Lysander.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Hele.</speaker>
                    <l>How happy some, ore othersome can be?</l>
                    <l>Through <hi rend="italic">Athens</hi> I am thought as faire
as she.</l>
                    <l>But what of that? <hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi> thinkes
not so:</l>
                    <l>He will not know, what all, but he doth know,</l>
                    <l>And as hee erres, doting on <hi rend="italic">Hermias</hi>
eyes;</l>
                    <l>So I, admiring of his qualities:</l>
                    <l>Things base and vilde, holding no quantity,</l>
                    <l>Loue can transpose to forme and dignity,</l>
                    <l>Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde,</l>
                    <l>And therefore is wing'd <hi rend="italic">Cupid</hi> painted
blinde.</l>
                    <l>Nor hath loues minde of any iudgement taste:</l>
                    <l>Wings and no eyes, figure, vnheedy haste.</l>
                    <l>And therefore is Loue said to be a childe,</l>
                    <l>Because in choise he is often beguil'd,</l>
                    <l>As waggish boyes in game themselues forsweare;</l>
                    <l>So the boy Loue is periur'd euery where.</l>
                    <l>For ere <hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi> lookt on <hi
rend="italic">Hermias</hi> eyne,</l>
                    <l>He hail'd downe oathes that he was onely mine.</l>
                    <l>And when this Haile some heat from <hi
rend="italic">Hermia</hi> felt,</l>
                    <l>So he dissolu'd, and showres of oathes did melt,</l>
                    <l>I will goe tell him of faire <hi rend="italic">Hermias</hi>
flight:</l>
                    <l>Then to the wood will he, to morrow night</l>
                    <l>Pursue her; and for his intelligence,</l>
                    <l>If I haue thankes, it is a deere expence:</l>
                    <l>But heerein meane I to enrich my paine,</l>
                    <l>To haue his sight thither, and backe againe.</l>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
                </div>
                    <div type="scene" n="2">
                        <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 2]</head>
                    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Quince the
Carpenter, Snug the Ioyner, Bottome the
                        <lb/>Weauer, Flute the bellowes‑mender, Snout the
Tinker, and

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<lb/>Starueling the Taylor.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
  <speaker rend="italic">Quin.</speaker>
  <p>Is all our company heere?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
  <p>You were best to call them generally, man by
    <lb/>man, according to the scrip.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qui.</speaker>
  <p>Here is the scrowle of euery mans name, which
    <lb/>is thought fit through all <hi rend="italic">Athens</hi>,
to play in our Enter&#x00AD;
    <lb/>lude before the Duke and the Dutches, on his wedding
    <lb/>day at night.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
  <p>First, good <hi rend="italic">Peter Quince</hi>, say what the
play treats
    <lb/>on: then read the names of the Actors: and so grow on
    <lb/>to a point.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
  <speaker rend="italic">Quin.</speaker>
  <p>Marry our play is the most lamentable Come&#x00AD;
    <lb/>dy, and most cruell death of <hi
rend="italic">Pyramus</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Thisbie</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
  <p>A very good peece of worke I assure you, and a
<cb n="2"/>
    <lb/>merry. Now good <hi rend="italic">Peter Quince</hi>,
call forth your Actors
    <lb/>by the scrowle. Masters spread your selues.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
  <speaker rend="italic">Quince.</speaker>
  <p>Answere as I call you. <hi rend="italic">Nick Bottome</hi>
the
    <lb/>Weauer.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bottome.</speaker>
  <p>Ready; name what part I am for, and
    <lb/>proceed.</p>
</sp>
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            <sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
              <speaker rend="italic">Quince.</speaker>
              <p>You <hi rend="italic">Nicke Bottome</hi> are set downe for
<hi rend="italic">Py&#x00AD;
                <lb/>ramus</hi>.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
              <speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
              <p>What is <hi rend="italic">Pyramus</hi>, a louer, or a
tyrant?</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
              <speaker rend="italic">Quin.</speaker>
              <p>A Louer that kills himselfe most gallantly for
                <lb/>loue.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
              <speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
              <p>That will aske some teares in the true perfor&#x00AD;
                <lb/>ming of it: if I do it, let the audience looke to their eies:
                <lb/>I will mooue stormes; I will condole in some measure.
                <lb/>To the rest yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could
                <lb/>play <hi rend="italic">Ercles</hi> rarely, or a part to
teare a Cat in, to make all
                <lb/>split the raging Rocks; and shiuering shocks shall break
                <lb/>the locks of prison gates, and <hi
rend="italic">Phibbus</hi> carre shall shine
                <lb/>from farre, and make and marre the foolish Fates. This
                <lb/>was lofty. Now name the rest of the Players. This
                <lb/>is <hi rend="italic">Ercles</hi> vaine, a tyrants vaine: a
louer is more condo-
                <lb/>ling.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
              <speaker rend="italic">Quin.</speaker>
              <p><hi rend="italic">Francis Flute</hi> the
Bellowes&#x2011;mender.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-mnd-flu">
              <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
              <p>Heere <hi rend="italic">Peter Quince</hi>.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
              <speaker rend="italic">Quin.</speaker>
              <p>You must take <hi rend="italic">Thisbie</hi> on you.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-mnd-flu">
              <speaker rend="italic">Flut.</speaker>
              <p>What is <hi rend="italic">Thisbie</hi>, a wandring
Knight?</p>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
          <speaker rend="italic">Quin.</speaker>
          <p>It is the Lady that <hi rend="italic">Pyramus</hi> must
loue.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-flu">
          <speaker rend="italic">Flut.</speaker>
          <p>Nay faith, let not mee play a woman, I haue a
            <lb/>beard comming.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
          <speaker rend="italic">Qui.</speaker>
          <p>That's all one, you shall play it in a Maske, and
            <lb/>you may speake as small as you will.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
          <speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
          <p>And I may hide my face, let me play <hi
rend="italic">Thisbie</hi> too:
            <lb/>Ile speake in a monstrous little voyce; <hi
rend="italic">Thisne, Thisne</hi>, ah
            <lb/><hi rend="italic">Pyramus</hi> my louer deare, thy <hi
rend="italic">Thisbie</hi> deare, and Lady
            <lb/>deare.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
          <speaker rend="italic">Quin.</speaker>
          <p>No no, you must play <hi rend="italic">Pyramus</hi>, and
<hi rend="italic">Flute</hi>, you
            <lb/><hi rend="italic">Thisby</hi>.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
          <speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
          <p>Well, proceed.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
          <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
          <p><hi rend="italic">Robin Starueling</hi> the Taylor.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-sta">
          <speaker rend="italic">Star.</speaker>
          <p>Heere <hi rend="italic">Peter Quince</hi>.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
          <speaker rend="italic">Quince.</speaker>
          <p><hi rend="italic">Robin Starueling</hi>, you must play <hi
rend="italic">Thisbies</hi>
            <lb/>mother?
            <lb/><hi rend="italic">Tom Snowt</hi>, the Tinker.</p>
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                              </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-mnd-sno">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Snowt.</speaker>
                       <p>Heere <hi rend="italic">Peter Quince</hi>.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Quin.</speaker>
                       <p>You, <hi rend="italic">Pyramus</hi> father; my self, <hi
rend="italic">Thisbies</hi> father;
                          <lb/><hi rend="italic">Snugge</hi> the Ioyner, you the Lyons
part: and I hope there
                          <lb/>is a play fitted.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-mnd-snu">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Snug.</speaker>
                       <p>Haue you the Lions part written? pray you if
                          <lb/>be, giue it me, for I am slow of studie.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Quin.</speaker>
                       <p>You may doe it <hi rend="italic">extemporie</hi>, for it is
nothing
                          <lb/>but roaring.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
                       <p>Let mee play the Lyon too, I will roare that I
                          <lb/>will doe any mans heart good to heare me. I will roare,
                          <lb/>that I will make the Duke say, Let him roare againe, let
                          <lb/>him roare againe.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Quin.</speaker>
                       <p>If you should doe it too terribly, you would
                          <lb/>fright the Dutchesse and the Ladies, that they would
                          <lb/>shrike, and that were enough to hang vs all.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-mnd-all">
                       <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
                       <p>That would hang vs euery mothers sonne.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Bottome.</speaker>
                       <p>I graunt you friends, if that you should
                          <lb/>fright the Ladies out of their Wittes, they would
                          <lb/>haue no more discretion but to hang vs: but I will
ag&#x00AD;
                          <lb/>grauate my voyce so, that I will roare you as gently as
                          <lb/>any sucking Doue; I will roare and 'twere any
Nightin&#x00AD;
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            <lb/>gale.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
            <speaker rend="italic">Quin.</speaker>
            <p>You can play no part but <hi rend="italic">Piramus</hi>, for
<hi rend="italic">Pira&#x00AD;</hi>
            <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">N2</fw>
            <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">mus</fw>
            <pb facs="FFimg:axc0168-0.jpg" n="148"/>
            <fw type="rh">A Midsommer nights Dreame.</fw>
            <cb n="1"/>
            <lb/><hi rend="italic">mus</hi> is a sweet&#x2011;fac'd
man, a proper man as one shall see in
            <lb/>a summers day; a most louely Gentleman&#x2011;like
man, ther&#x00AD;
            <lb/>fore you must needs play <hi
rend="italic">Piramus</hi>.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
            <speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
            <p>Well, I will vndertake it. What beard were I
            <lb/>best to play it in?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
            <speaker rend="italic">Quin.</speaker>
            <p>Why, what you will.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
            <speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
            <p>I will discharge it, in either your straw&#x2011;colour
            <lb/>beard, your orange tawnie beard, your purple in graine
            <lb/>beard, or your French&#x2011;crowne colour'd beard,
your per&#x00AD;
            <lb/>fect yellow.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
            <speaker rend="italic">Quin.</speaker>
            <p>Some of your French Crownes haue no haire
            <lb/>at all, and then you will play bare&#x2011;fac'd. But
masters here
            <lb/>are your parts, and I am to intreat you, request you, and
            <lb/>desire you, to con them by too morrow night: and meet
            <lb/>me in the palace wood, a mile without the Towne, by
            <lb/>Moone&#x2011;light, there we will rehearse: for if we
meete in
            <lb/>the Citie, we shalbe dog'd with company, and our
deui&#x00AD;
            <lb/>ses knowne. In the meane time, I wil draw a bil of
pro&#x00AD;
            <lb/>perties, such as our play wants. I pray you faile me
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not.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Bottom.</speaker>
                       <p>We will meete, and there we may rehearse
                          <lb/>more obscenely and couragiously. Take paines, be
per&#x00AD;
                          <lb/>fect, adieu.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Quin.</speaker>
                       <p>At the Dukes oake we meete.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
                       <p>Enough, hold or cut bow&#x2011;strings.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
                 </div>
                  </div>
                  <div type="act" n="2">
                     <div type="scene" n="1">
                        <head rend="italic center">Actus Secundus.</head>
                        <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 1]</head>
                     <cb n="1"/>
                        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Fairie at
one doore, and Robin good&#x00AD;
                        <lb/>fellow at another.</stage>
                     <sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Rob.</speaker>
                        <l>How now spirit, whether wander you?</l>
                     </sp>
                     <sp who="#F-mnd-fai">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Fai.</speaker>
                        <l>Ouer hil, ouer dale, through bush, through briar,</l>
                        <l>Ouer parke, ouer pale, through flood, through fire,</l>
                        <l>I do wander euerie where, swifter then y<hi
rend="superscript">e</hi> Moons sphere;</l>
                        <l>And I serue the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs vpon the <lb
rend="turnunder"/>(green.</l>
                        <l>The Cowslips tall, her pensioners bee,</l>
                        <l>In their gold coats, spots you see,</l>
                        <l>Those be Rubies, Fairie fauors,</l>
                        <l>In those freckles, liue their sauors,</l>
                        <l>I must go seeke some dew drops heere,</l>
                        <l>And hang a pearle in euery cowslips eare.</l>
                        <l>Farewell thou Lob of spirits, Ile be gon,</l>
                        <l>Our Queene and all her Elues come heere anon.</l>
                     </sp>
                     <sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
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      <speaker rend="italic">Rob.</speaker>
      <l>The King doth keepe his Reuels here to night,</l>
      <l>Take heed the Queene come not within his sight,</l>
      <l>For <hi rend="italic">Oberon</hi> is passing fell and
wrath,</l>
      <l>Because that she, as her attendant, hath</l>
      <l>A louely boy stolne from an Indian King,</l>
      <l>She neuer had so sweet a changeling,</l>
      <l>And iealous <hi rend="italic">Oberon</hi> would haue the
childe</l>
      <l>Knight of his traine, to trace the Forrests wilde.</l>
      <l>But she (perforce) with&#x2011;holds the loued boy,</l>
      <l>Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her ioy.</l>
      <l>And now they neuer meete in groue, or greene,</l>
      <l>By fountaine cleere, or spangled star&#x2011;light
sheene,</l>
      <l>But they do square, that all their Elues for feare</l>
      <l>Creepe into Acorne cups and hide them there.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mnd-fai">
      <speaker rend="italic">Fai.</speaker>
      <l>Either I mistake your shape and making quite,</l>
      <l>Or else you are that shrew'd and knauish spirit</l>
      <l>Cal'd Robin Good&#x2011;fellow. Are you not hee,</l>
      <l>That frights the maidens of the Villagree,</l>
      <l>Skim milke, and sometimes labour in the querne,</l>
      <l>And bootlesse make the breathlesse huswife cherne,</l>
      <l>And sometime make the drinke to beare no barme,</l>
      <cb n="2"/>
      <l>Misleade night&#x2011;wanderers, laughing at their
harme,</l>
      <l>Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Pucke,</l>
      <l>You do their worke, and they shall haue good lucke.</l>
      <l>Are not you he?</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
      <speaker rend="italic">Rob.</speaker>
      <l>Thou speak'st aright;</l>
      <l>I am that merrie wanderer of the night:</l>
      <l>I iest to <hi rend="italic">Oberon</hi>, and make him
smile,</l>
      <l>When I a fat and beane&#x2011;fed horse beguile,</l>
      <l>Neighing in likenesse of a silly foale,</l>
      <l>And sometime lurke I in a Gossips bole,</l>
      <l>In very likenesse of a roasted crab:</l>
      <l>And when she drinkes, against her lips I bob,</l>
      <l>And on her withered dewlop poure the Ale.</l>
      <l>The wisest Aunt telling the saddest tale,</l>
      <l>Sometime for three&#x2011;foot stoole, mistaketh me,</l>
      <l>Then slip I from her bum, downe topples she,</l>
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    <l>And tailour cries, and fals into a coffe.</l>
    <l>And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,</l>
    <l>And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and sweare,</l>
    <l>A merrier houre vvas neuer wasted there.</l>
    <l>But roome Fairy, heere comes <hi rend="italic">Oberon</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-fai">
    <speaker rend="italic">Fair.</speaker>
    <l>And heere my Mistris:</l>
    <l>Would that he vvere gone.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the King of Fairies at one doore with his traine,
    <lb/>and the Queene at another with hers.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mnd-obe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ob.</speaker>
    <l>Ill met by Moone&#x2011;light,</l>
    <l>Proud <hi rend="italic">Tytania</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-tit">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>What, iealous <hi rend="italic">Oberon</hi>? Fairy skip hence.</l>
    <l>I haue forsworne his bed and companie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-obe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ob.</speaker>
    <l>Tarrie rash Wanton; am not I thy Lord?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-tit">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>Then I must be thy Lady: but I know</l>
    <l>When thou vvast stolne away from Fairy Land,</l>
    <l>And in the shape of <hi rend="italic">Corin</hi>, sate all day,</l>
    <l>Playing on pipes of Corne, and versing loue</l>
    <l>To amorous <hi rend="italic">Phillida</hi>. Why art thou heere</l>
    <l>Come from the farthest steepe of <hi rend="italic">India</hi>?</l>
    <l>But that forsooth the bouncing <hi rend="italic">Amazon</hi></l>
    <l>Your buskin'd Mistresse, and your Warrior loue,</l>
    <l>To <hi rend="italic">Theseus</hi> must be Wedded; and you come,</l>
    <l>To giue their bed ioy and prosperitie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-obe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ob.</speaker>
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<l>How canst thou thus for shame <hi rend="italic">Tytania</hi>,</l>
<l>Glance at my credite, vvith <hi rend="italic">Hippolita</hi>?</l>
<l>Knowing I knovv thy loue to <hi rend="italic">Theseus</hi>?</l>
<l>Didst thou not leade him through the glimmering night</l>
<l>From <hi rend="italic">Peregenia</hi>, whom he rauished?</l>
<l>And make him vvith faire Eagles breake his faith</l>
<l>With <hi rend="italic">Ariadne</hi>, and <hi rend="italic">Atiopa</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-tit">
<speaker rend="italic">Que.</speaker>
<l>These are the forgeries of iealousie,</l>
<l>And neuer since the middle Summers spring</l>
<l>Met vve on hil, in dale, forrest, or mead,</l>
<l>By paued fountaine, or by rushie brooke,</l>
<l>Or in the beached margent of the sea,</l>
<l>To dance our ringlets to the whistling Winde,</l>
<l>But vvith thy braules thou hast disturb'd our sport.</l>
<l>Therefore the Windes, piping to vs in vaine,</l>
<l>As in reuenge, haue suck'd vp from the sea</l>
<l>Contagious fogges: Which falling in the Land,</l>
<l>Hath euerie petty Riuer made so proud,</l>
<l>That they haue ouer&#x2011;borne their Continents.</l>
<l>The Oxe hath therefore stretch'd his yoake in vaine,</l>
<l>The Ploughman lost his sweat, and the greene Corne</l>
<l>Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:</l>
<l>The fold stands empty in the drowned field,</l>
<l>And Crowes are fatted vvith the murrion flocke,</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">The</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0169-0.jpg" n="149"/>
<fw type="rh">A Midsommer nights Dreame.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mud,</l>
<l>And the queint Mazes in the wanton greene,</l>
<l>For lacke of tread are vndistinguishable.</l>
<l>The humane mortals want their winter heere,</l>
<l>No night is now with hymne or caroll blest;</l>
<l>Therefore the Moone (the gouernesse of floods)</l>
<l>Pale in her anger, washes all the aire;</l>
<l>That Rheumaticke diseases doe abound.</l>
<l>And through this distemperature, we see</l>
<l>The seasons alter; hoared headed frosts</l>
<l>Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson Rose,</l>
<l>And on old <hi rend="italic">Hyems</hi> chinne and Icie crowne,</l>
<l>An odorous Chaplet of sweet Sommer buds</l>
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    <l>Is as in mockry set. The Spring, the Sommer,</l>
    <l>The childing Autumne, angry Winter change</l>
    <l>Their wonted Liueries, and the mazed world,</l>
    <l>By their increase, now knowes not which is which;</l>
    <l>And this same progeny of euills,</l>
    <l>Comes from our debate, from our dissention,</l>
    <l>We are their parents and originall.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-obe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ober.</speaker>
    <l>Do you amend it then, it lies in you,</l>
    <l>Why should <hi rend="italic">Titania</hi> crosse her <hi rend="italic">Oberon</hi>?</l>
    <l>I do but beg a little changeling boy,</l>
    <l>To be my Henchman.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-tit">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>Set your heart at rest,</l>
    <l>The Fairy land buyes not the childe of me,</l>
    <l>His mother was a Votresse of my Order,</l>
    <l>And in the spiced <hi rend="italic">Indian</hi> aire, by night</l>
    <l>Full often hath she gossipt by my side,</l>
    <l>And sat with me on <hi rend="italic">Neptunes</hi> yellow sands,</l>
    <l>Marking th'embarked traders on the flood,</l>
    <l>When we haue laught to see the sailes conceiue,</l>
    <l>And grow big bellied with the wanton winde:</l>
    <l>Which she with pretty and with swimming gate,</l>
    <l>Following (her wombe then rich with my yong squire)</l>
    <l>Would imitate, and saile vpon the Land,</l>
    <l>To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,</l>
    <l>As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.</l>
    <l>But she being mortall, of that boy did die,</l>
    <l>And for her sake I doe reare vp her boy,</l>
    <l>And for her sake I will not part with him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-obe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ob.</speaker>
    <l>How long within this wood intend you stay?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-tit">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>Perchance till after <hi rend="italic">Theseus</hi> wedding day.</l>
    <l>If you will patiently dance in our Round,</l>
    <l>And see our Moone&#x2011;light reuels, goe with vs;</l>
    <l>If not, shun me and I will spare your haunts.</l>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-mnd-obe">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ob.</speaker>
   <l>Giue me that boy, and I will goe with thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-tit">
   <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
   <l>Not for thy Fairy Kingdome. Fairies away:</l>
   <l>We shall chide downe right, if I longer stay.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mnd-obe">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ob.</speaker>
   <l>Wel, go thy way: thou shalt not from this groue,</l>
   <l>Till I torment thee for this iniury.</l>
   <l>My gentle <hi rend="italic">Pucke</hi> come hither; thou
remembrest</l>
   <l>Since once I sat vpon a promontory,</l>
   <l>And heard a Meare&#x2011;maide on a Dolphins backe,</l>
   <l>Vttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,</l>
   <l>That the rude sea grew ciuill at her song,</l>
   <l>And certaine starres shot madly from their Spheares,</l>
   <l>To heare the Sea&#x2011;maids musicke.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
   <speaker rend="italic">Puc.</speaker>
   <l>I remember.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-obe">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ob.</speaker>
   <l>That very time I say (but thou couldst not<hi
rend="italic">)</hi></l>
   <l>Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,</l>
   <l><hi rend="italic">Cupid</hi> all arm'd; a certaine aime he
tooke</l>
   <l>At a faire Vestall, throned by the West,</l>
   <l>And loos'd his loue&#x2011;shaft smartly from his bow,</l>
   <l>As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts,</l>
   <l>But I might see young <hi rend="italic">Cupids</hi> fiery
shaft</l>
   <cb n="2"/>
   <l>Quencht in the chaste beames of the watry Moone;</l>
   <l>And the imperiall Votresse passed on,</l>
   <l>In maiden meditation, fancy free.</l>
   <l>Yet markt I where the bolt of <hi rend="italic">Cupid</hi>
fell.</l>
   <l>It fell vpon a little westerne flower;</l>
   <l>Before, milke&#x2011;white; now purple with loues
wound,</l>
   <l>And maidens call it, Loue in idlenesse.</l>
   <l>Fetch me that flower; the hearb I shew'd thee once,</l>
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<l>The iuyce of it, on sleeping eye&#x2011;lids laid,</l>
<l>Will make or man or woman madly dote</l>
<l>Vpon the next liue creature that it sees.</l>
<l>Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou heere againe,</l>
<l>Ere the <hi rend="italic">Leuiathan</hi> can swim a league.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
<speaker rend="italic">Pucke.</speaker>
<l>Ile put a girdle about the earth, in forty mi&#x00AD;
<lb/>nutes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-obe">
<speaker rend="italic">Ober.</speaker>
<l>Hauing once this iuyce,</l>
<l>Ile watch <hi rend="italic">Titania</hi>, when she is asleepe,</l>
<l>And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:</l>
<l>The next thing when she waking lookes vpon,</l>
<l>(Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,</l>
<l>On medling Monkey, or on busie Ape)</l>
<l>Shee shall pursue it, with the soule of loue.</l>
<l>And ere I take this charme off from her sight,</l>
<l>(As I can take it with another hearbe<hi rend="italic">)</hi></l>
<l>Ile make her render vp her Page to me.</l>
<l>But who comes heere? I am inuisible,</l>
<l>And I will ouer&#x2011;heare their conference.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
<speaker rend="italic">Deme.</speaker>
<l>I loue thee not, therefore pursue me not,</l>
<l>Where is <hi rend="italic">Lysander</hi>, and faire <hi rend="italic">Hermia</hi>?</l>
<l>The one Ile stay, the other stayeth me.</l>
<l>Thou toldst me they were stolne into this wood;</l>
<l>And heere am I, and wood within this wood,</l>
<l>Because I cannot meet my <hi rend="italic">Hermia</hi>.</l>
<l>Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
<speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
<l>You draw me, you hard&#x2011;hearted Adamant,</l>
<l>But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart</l>
<l>Is true as steele. Leaue you your power to draw,</l>
<l>And I shall haue no power to follow you.</l>

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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
          <speaker rend="italic">Deme.</speaker>
          <l>Do I entice you? do I speake you faire?</l>
          <l>Or rather doe I not in plainest truth,</l>
          <l>Tell you I doe not, nor I cannot loue you?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
          <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
          <l>And euen for that doe I loue thee the more;</l>
          <l>I am your spaniell, and <hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi>,</l>
          <l>The more you beat me, I will fawne on you.</l>
          <l>Vse me but as your spaniell; spurne me, strike me,</l>
          <l>Neglect me, lose me; onely giue me leaue</l>
          <l>(Vnworthy as I am) to follow you.</l>
          <l>What worser place can I beg in your loue,</l>
          <l>(And yet a place of high respect with me)</l>
          <l>Then to be vsed as you doe your dogge.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
          <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
          <l>Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,</l>
          <l>For I am sicke when I do looke on thee.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
          <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
          <l>And I am sicke when I looke not on you.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
          <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
          <l>You doe impeach your modesty too much,</l>
          <l>To leaue the Citty, and commit your selfe</l>
          <l>Into the hands of one that loues you not,</l>
          <l>To trust the opportunity of night,</l>
          <l>And the ill counsell of a desert place,</l>
          <l>With the rich worth of your virginity.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
          <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
          <l>Your vertue is my priuiledge: for that</l>
          <l>It is not night when I doe see your face.</l>
          <l>Therefore I thinke I am not in the night,</l>
          <l>Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company,</l>
          <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">N3</fw>
          <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">For</fw>
          <pb facs="FFimg:axc0170-0.jpg" n="150"/>
          <fw type="rh">A Midsommer nights Dreame.</fw>
          <cb n="1"/>
          <l>For you in my respect are
<choice><orig>nll</orig><corr>all</corr></choice> the world.</l>
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    <l>Then how can it be said I am alone,</l>
    <l>When all the world is heere to looke on me?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
    <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
    <l>Ile run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,</l>
    <l>And leaue thee to the mercy of wilde beasts.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
    <l>The wildest hath not such a heart as you;</l>
    <l>Runne when you will, the story shall be chang'd:</l>
    <l><hi rend="italic">Apollo</hi> flies, and <hi
rend="italic">Daphne</hi> holds the chase;</l>
    <l>The Doue pursues the Griffin, the milde Hinde</l>
    <l>Makes speed to catch the Tyger. Bootlesse speede,</l>
    <l>When cowardise pursues, and valour flies.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
    <speaker rend="italic">Demet.</speaker>
    <l>I will not stay thy questions, let me go;</l>
    <l>Or if thou follow me, doe not beleeue,</l>
    <l>But I shall doe thee mischiefe in the wood.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
    <l>I, in the Temple, in the Towne, and Field</l>
    <l>You doe me mischiefe. Fye <hi
rend="italic">Demetrius</hi>,</l>
    <l>Your wrongs doe set a scandall on my sexe:</l>
    <l>We cannot fight for loue, as men may doe;</l>
    <l>We should be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.</l>
    <l>I follow thee, and make a heauen of hell,</l>
    <l>To die vpon the hand I loue so well.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-mnd-obe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ob.</speaker>
    <l>Fare thee well Nymph, ere he do leaue this groue,</l>
    <l>Thou shalt flie him, and he shall seeke thy loue.</l>
    <l>Hast thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Pucke.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Puck.</speaker>
    <l>I, there it is.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mnd-obe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ob.</speaker>
    <l>I pray thee giue it me.</l>
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<l>I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,</l>
<l>Where Oxslips and the nodding Violet growes,</l>
<l>Quite ouer‑cannoped with luscious woodbine,</l>
<l>With sweet muske roses, and with Eglantine;</l>
<l>There sleepes <hi rend="italic">Tytania</hi>, sometime of the night,</l>
<l>Lul'd in these flowers, with dances and delight:</l>
<l>And there the snake throwes her enammel'd skinne,</l>
<l>Weed wide enough to rap a Fairy in.</l>
<l>And with the iuyce of this Ile streake her eyes,</l>
<l>And make her full of hatefull fantasies.</l>
<l>Take thou some of it, and seek through this groue;</l>
<l>A sweet <hi rend="italic">Athenian</hi> Lady is in loue</l>
<l>With a disdainefull youth: annoint his eyes,</l>
<l>But doe it when the next thing he espies,</l>
<l>May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the man,</l>
<l>By the <hi rend="italic">Athenian</hi> garments he hath on.</l>
<l>Effect it with some care, that he may proue</l>
<l>More fond on her, then she vpon her loue;</l>
<l>And looke thou meet me ere the first Cocke crow.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
      <speaker rend="italic">Pu.</speaker>
      <l>Feare not my Lord, your seruant shall do so.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
    </div>
        <div type="scene" n="2">
          <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 2]</head>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Queene of Fairies, with her traine.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-tit">
      <speaker rend="italic">Queen.</speaker>
      <l>Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy song;</l>
      <l>Then for the third part of a minute hence,</l>
      <l>Some to kill Cankers in the muske rose buds,</l>
      <l>Some warre with Reremise, for their leathern wings,</l>
      <l>To make my small Elues coates, and some keepe backe</l>
      <l>The clamorous Owle that nightly hoots and wonders</l>
      <l>At our queint spirits: Sing me now asleepe,</l>
      <l>Then to your offices, and let me rest.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Fairies Sing.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-mnd-fai">
      <l rend="italic">You spotted Snakes with double tongue,</l>
      <l rend="italic">Thorny Hedgehogges be not seene,</l>
      <l rend="italic">Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong,</l>
      <l rend="italic">Come not neere our Fairy Queene.</l>
      <l rend="italic">Philomele with melodie,</l>

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<cb n="2"/>
<l rend="italic">Sing in your sweet Lullaby.</l>
<l rend="italic">Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,</l>
<l rend="italic">Neuer harme, nor spell, nor charme,</l>
<l rend="italic">Come our louely Lady nye,</l>
<l rend="italic">So good night with Lullaby.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-fai.2">
<speaker rend="italic">2. Fairy.</speaker>
<l rend="italic">Weauing Spiders come not heere,</l>
<l rend="italic">Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence:</l>
<l rend="italic">Beetles blacke approach not neere;</l>
<l rend="italic">Worme nor Snayle doe no offence.</l>
<l rend="italic">Philomele with melody, &amp;c.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-fai.1">
<speaker rend="italic">1. Fairy.</speaker>
<l rend="italic">Hence away, now all is well;</l>
<l rend="italic">One aloofe, stand Centinell.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Shee sleepes.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Oberon.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mnd-obe">
<speaker rend="italic">Ober.</speaker>
<l>What thou seest when thou dost wake,</l>
<l>Doe it for thy true Loue take:</l>
<l>Loue and languish for his sake.</l>
<l>Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,</l>
<l>Pard, or Boare with bristled haire,</l>
<l>In thy eye that shall appeare,</l>
<l>When thou wak'st, it is thy deare,</l>
<l>Wake when some vile thing is neere.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lisander and Hermia.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
<speaker rend="italic">Lis.</speaker>
<l>Faire loue, you faint with wandring in y<hi rend="superscript">e</hi> woods,</l>
<l>And to speake troth I haue forgot our way:</l>
<l>Wee'll rest vs <hi rend="italic">Hermia</hi>, if you thinke it good,</l>
<l>And tarry for the comfort of the day.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-her">
<speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
<l>Be it so <hi rend="italic">Lysander</hi>; finde you out a bed,</l>
<l>For I vpon this banke will rest my head.</l>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
          <l>One turfe shall serue as pillow for vs both,</l>
          <l>One heart, one bed, two bosomes, and one troth.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-her">
          <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
          <l>Nay good <hi rend="italic">Lysander</hi>, for my sake my
deere</l>
          <l>Lie further off yet, doe not lie so neere.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
          <l>O take the sence sweet, of my innocence,</l>
          <l>Loue takes the meaning, in loues conference,</l>
          <l>I meane that my heart vnto yours is knit,</l>
          <l>So that but one heart can you make of it.</l>
          <l>Two bosomes interchanged with an oath,</l>
          <l>So then two bosomes, and a single troth.</l>
          <l>Then by your side, no bed&#x2011;roome me deny,</l>
          <l>For lying so, <hi rend="italic">Hermia</hi>, I doe not
lye.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-her">
          <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
          <l><hi rend="italic">Lysander</hi> riddles very prettily;</l>
          <l>Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,</l>
          <l>If <hi rend="italic">Hermia</hi> meant to say, <hi
rend="italic">Lysander</hi> lied.</l>
          <l>But gentle friend, for loue and courtesie</l>
          <l>Lie further off, in humane modesty,</l>
          <l>Such separation, as may well be said,</l>
          <l>Becomes a vertuous batchelour, and a maide,</l>
          <l>So farre be distant, and good night sweet friend;</l>
          <l>Thy loue nere alter, till thy sweet life end.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
          <l>Amen, amen, to that faire prayer, say I,</l>
          <l>And then end life, when I end loyalty:</l>
          <l>Heere is my bed, sleepe giue thee all his rest.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-her">
          <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
          <l>With halfe that wish, the wishers eyes be prest.</l>
        </sp>
                <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Pucke.</stage>

                <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">They
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sleepe.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
<speaker rend="italic">Puck.</speaker>
<l>Through the Forest haue I gone,</l>
<l>But <hi rend="italic">Athenian</hi> finde I none,</l>
<l>One whose eyes I might approue</l>
<l>This flowers force in stirring loue.</l>
<l>Night and silence: who is heere?</l>
<l>Weedes of <hi rend="italic">Athens</hi> he doth weare:</l>
<l>This is he (my master said)</l>
<l>Despised the <hi rend="italic">Athenian</hi> maide:</l>
<l>And heere the maiden sleeping sound,</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">On</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0171-0.jpg" n="151"/>
<fw type="rh">A Midsommer nights Dreame.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>On the danke and durty ground.</l>
<l>Pretty soule, she durst not lye</l>
<l>Neere this lacke&#x2011;loue, this kill&#x2011;curtesie.</l>
<l>Churle, vpon thy eyes I throw</l>
<l>All the power this charme doth owe:</l>
<l>When thou wak'st, let loue forbid</l>
<l>Sleepe his seate on thy eye&#x2011;lid.</l>
<l>So awake when I am gone:</l>
<l>For I must now to <hi rend="italic">Oberon</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Demetrius and
Helena running.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
<speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
<l>Stay, though thou kill me, sweete <hi
rend="italic">Demetrius</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
<speaker rend="italic">De.</speaker>
<l>I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
<speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
<l>O wilt thou darkling leaue me? do not so.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
<speaker rend="italic">De.</speaker>
<l>Stay on thy perill, I alone will goe.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit
Demetrius.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
<speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>

<l>O I am out of breath, in this fond chace,</l>
<l>The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace,</l>
<l>Happy is <hi rend="italic">Hermia</hi>, wheresoere she lies;</l>
<l>For she hath blessed and attractiue eyes.</l>
<l>How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt teares.</l>
<l>If so, my eyes are oftner washt then hers.</l>
<l>No, no, I am as vgly as a Beare;</l>
<l>For beasts that meete me, runne away for feare,</l>
<l>Therefore no maruaile, though <hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi></l>
<l>Doe as a monster, flie my presence thus.</l>
<l>What wicked and dissembling glasse of mine,</l>
<l>Made me compare with <hi rend="italic">Hermias</hi> sphery eyne?</l>
<l>But who is here? <hi rend="italic">Lysander</hi> on the ground;</l>
<l>Deade or asleepe? I see no bloud, no wound,</l>
<l><hi rend="italic">Lysander</hi>, if you liue, good sir awake.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
<speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
<l>And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.</l>
<l>Transparent <hi rend="italic">Helena</hi>, nature her shewes art,</l>
<l>That through thy bosome makes me see thy heart.</l>
<l>Where is <hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi>? oh how fit a word</l>
<l>Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
<speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
<l>Do not say so <hi rend="italic">Lysander</hi>, say not so:</l>
<l>What though he loue your <hi rend="italic">Hermia</hi>? Lord, what though?</l>
<l>Yet <hi rend="italic">Hermia</hi> still loues you; then be content.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
<speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
<l>Content with <hi rend="italic">Hermia</hi>? No, I do repent</l>
<l>The tedious minutes I with her haue spent.</l>
<l>Not <hi rend="italic">Hermia</hi>, but <hi rend="italic">Helena</hi> now I loue;</l>
<l>Who will not change a Rauen for a Doue?</l>
<l>The will of man is by his reason sway'd:</l>
<l>And reason saies you are the worthier Maide.</l>

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        <l>Things growing are not ripe vntill their season;</l>
        <l>So I being yong, till now ripe not to reason,</l>
        <l>And touching now the point of humane skill,</l>
        <l>Reason becomes the Marshall to my will,</l>
        <l>And leades me to your eyes, where I orelooke</l>
        <l>Loues stories, written in Loues richest booke.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
        <l>Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?</l>
        <l>When at your hands did I deserue this scorne?</l>
        <l>Ist not enough, ist not enough, yong man,</l>
        <l>That I did neuer, no nor neuer can,</l>
        <l>Deserue a sweete looke from <hi
rend="italic">Demetrius</hi> eye,</l>
        <l>But you must flout my insufficiency?</l>
        <l>Good troth you do me wrong (good&#x2011;sooth you
do)</l>
        <l>In such disdainfull manner, me to wooe.</l>
        <l>But fare you well; perforce I must confesse,</l>
        <l>I thought you Lord of more true gentlenesse.</l>
        <l>Oh, that a Lady of one man refus'd,</l>
        <l>Should of another therefore be abus'd.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
        <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
        <l>She sees not <hi rend="italic">Hermia</hi>: <hi
rend="italic">Hermia</hi> sleepe thou there,</l>
        <l>And neuer maist thou come <hi rend="italic">Lysander</hi>
neere;</l>
        <cb n="2"/>
        <l>For as a surfeit of the sweetest things</l>
        <l>The deepest loathing to the stomacke brings:</l>
        <l>Or as the heresies that men do leaue,</l>
        <l>Are hated most of those that did deceiue:</l>
        <l>So thou, my surfeit, and my heresie,</l>
        <l>Of all be hated; but the most of me;</l>
        <l>And all my powers addresse your loue and might,</l>
        <l>To honour <hi rend="italic">Helen</hi>, and to be her
Knight.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-mnd-her">
        <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
        <l>Helpe me <hi rend="italic">Lysander</hi>, helpe me; do thy
best</l>
        <l>To plucke this crawling serpent from my brest.</l>
        <l>Aye me, for pitty; what a dreame was here?</l>
        <l><hi rend="italic">Lysander</hi> looke, how I do quake with
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feare:</l>
                <l>Me&#x2011;thought a serpent eate my heart away,</l>
                <l>And yet sat smiling at his cruell prey.</l>
                <l><hi rend="italic">Lysander</hi>, what remoou'd? <hi
rend="italic">Lysander</hi>, Lord,</l>
                <l>What, out of hearing, gone? No sound, no word?</l>
                <l>Alacke where are you? speake and if you heare:</l>
                <l>Speake of all loues; I sound almost with feare.</l>
                <l>No, then I well perceiue you are not nye,</l>
                <l>Either death or you Ile finde immediately.</l>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
        </div>
            </div>
            <div type="act" n="3">
                <div type="scene" n="1">
                    <head rend="italic center">Actus Tertius.</head>
                    <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 1]</head>
                <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the
Clownes.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
                    <p>Are we all met?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Quin.</speaker>
                    <p>Pat, pat, and here's a maruailous conuenient
                        <lb/>place for our rehearsall. This greene plot shall be our
                        <lb/>stage, this hauthorne brake our tyring house, and we will
                        <lb/>do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
                    <p><hi rend="italic">Peter quince</hi>?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Peter.</speaker>
                    <p>What saist thou, bully <hi rend="italic">Bottome</hi>?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
                    <p>There are things in this Comedy of <hi
rend="italic">Piramus</hi>and
                        <lb/><hi rend="italic">Thisby</hi>, that will neuer please.
First, <hi rend="italic">Piramus</hi> must draw a
                        <lb/>sword to kill himselfe; which the Ladies cannot abide.
                        <lb/>How answere you that?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-sno">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Snout.</speaker>
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        <p>Berlaken, a parlous feare.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-sta">
        <speaker rend="italic">Star.</speaker>
        <p>I beleeue we must leaue the killing out, when
          <lb/>all is done.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
        <speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
        <p>Not a whit, I haue a deuice to make all well.
          <lb/>Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue seeme to say,
          <lb/>we will do no harme with our swords, and that <hi
rend="italic">Pyramus</hi>
            <lb/>is not kill'd indeede: and for the more better assurance,
            <lb/>tell them, that I <hi rend="italic">Piramus</hi> am not
<hi rend="italic">Piramus</hi>, but <hi rend="italic">Bottome</hi> the
            <lb/>Weauer; this will put them out of feare.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
        <speaker rend="italic">Quin.</speaker>
        <p>Well, we will haue such a Prologue, and it shall
          <lb/>be written in eight and sixe.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
        <speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
        <p>No, make it two more, let it be written in eight
          <lb/>and eight.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-sno">
        <speaker rend="italic">Snout.</speaker>
        <p>Will not the Ladies be afear'd of the Lyon?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-sta">
        <speaker rend="italic">Star.</speaker>
        <p>I feare it, I promise you.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
        <speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
        <p>Masters, you ought to consider with your selues, to
          <lb/>bring in (God shield vs) a Lyon among Ladies, is a most
          <lb/>dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull wilde
          <lb/>foule then your Lyon liuing: and wee ought to looke
          <lb/>to it.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-sno">
        <speaker rend="italic">Snout.</speaker>
        <p>Therefore another Prologue must tell he is not
          <lb/>a Lyon.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
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            <speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
            <p>Nay, you must name his name, and halfe his face
               <lb/>must be seene through the Lyons necke, and he himselfe
               <lb/>must speake through, saying thus, or to the same defect;
               <lb/>Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wish you, or I would
      <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">request</fw>
      <pb facs="FFimg:axc0172-0.jpg" n="152"/>
      <fw type="rh">A Midsommer nights Dreame.</fw>
      <cb n="1"/>
               <lb/>request you, or I would entreat you, not to feare, not to
               <lb/>tremble: my life for yours. If you thinke I come hither
               <lb/>as a Lyon, it were pitty of my life. No, I am no such
               <lb/>thing, I am a man as other men are; and there indeed let
               <lb/>him name his name, and tell him plainly hee is <hi
rend="italic">Snug</hi> the
               <lb/>ioyner.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
            <speaker rend="italic">Quin.</speaker>
            <p>Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard
               <lb/>things, that is, to bring the Moone&#x2011;light into a
cham&#x00AD;
               <lb/>ber: for you know <hi rend="italic">Piramus</hi> and
<hi rend="italic">Thisby</hi> meete by Moone&#x2011;
               <lb/>light.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mnd-sno">
            <speaker rend="italic">Sn.</speaker>
            <p>Doth the Moone shine that night wee play our
               <lb/>play?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
            <speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
            <p>A Calender, a Calender, looke in the Almanack,
               <lb/>finde out Moone&#x2011;shine, finde out
Moone&#x2011;shine.</p>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Pucke.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
            <speaker rend="italic">Quin.</speaker>
            <p>Yes, it doth shine that night.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
            <speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
            <p>Why then may you leaue a casement of the great
               <lb/>chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moone
               <lb/>may shine in at the casement.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
            <speaker rend="italic">Quin.</speaker>
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<p>I, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns
<lb/>and a lanthorne, and say he comes to disfigure, or to pre&#x00AD;
<lb/>sent the person of Moone&#x2011;shine. Then there is another
<lb/>thing, we must haue a wall in the great Chamber; for <hi rend="italic">Pi&#x00AD;
<lb/>ramus</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Thisby</hi> (saies the story<hi rend="italic">)</hi> did talke through the
<lb/>chinke of a wall.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-sno">
<speaker rend="italic">Sn.</speaker>
<p>You can neuer bring in a wall. What say you
<lb/><hi rend="italic">Bottome</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
<speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
<p>Some man or other must present wall, and let
<lb/>him haue some Plaster, or some Lome, or some rough
<lb/>cast about him, to signifie wall; or let him hold his fin&#x00AD;
<lb/>gers thus; and through that cranny, shall <hi rend="italic">Piramus</hi> and
<lb/>Thisby whisper.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
<speaker rend="italic">Quin.</speaker>
<p>If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit
<lb/>downe euery mothers sonne, and rehearse your parts.
<lb/><hi rend="italic">Piramus</hi>, you begin; when you haue spoken your speech,
<lb/>enter into that Brake, and so euery one according to his
<lb/>cue.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Robin.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
<speaker rend="italic">Rob.</speaker>
<l>What hempen home&#x2011;spuns haue we swagge&#x00AD;<lb/>ring here,</l>
<l>So neere the Cradle of the Faierie Queene?</l>
<l>What, a Play toward? Ile be an auditor,</l>
<l>An Actor too perhaps, if I see cause.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
<speaker rend="italic">Quin.</speaker>
<p>Speake <hi rend="italic">Piramus:</hi> <hi rend="italic">Thisby</hi> stand forth.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-bot">

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              <speaker rend="italic">Pir.</speaker>
              <l><hi rend="italic">Thisby</hi>, the flowers of odious sauors
sweete.</l>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
              <speaker rend="italic">Quin.</speaker>
              <p>Odours, odours.</p>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
              <speaker rend="italic">Pir.</speaker>
              <l>Odours sauors sweete,</l>
              <l>So hath thy breath, my dearest <hi rend="italic">Thisby</hi>
deare.</l>
              <l>But harke, a voyce: stay thou but here a while,</l>
              <l>And by and by I will to thee appeare.</l>
              </sp>
              <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.Pir.</stage>
              <sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
              <speaker rend="italic">Puck.</speaker>
              <l>A stranger <hi rend="italic">Piramus</hi>, then ere plaid
here.</l>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-mnd-flu">
              <speaker rend="italic">This.</speaker>
              <p>Must I speake now?</p>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
              <speaker rend="italic">Pet.</speaker>
              <p>I marry must you. For you must vnderstand he
                 <lb/>goes but to see a noyse that he heard, and is to come
a&#x00AD;
                 <lb/>gaine.</p>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-mnd-flu">
              <speaker rend="italic">Thys.</speaker>
              <l>Most radiant <hi rend="italic">Piramus</hi>, most Lilly
white of hue,</l>
              <l>Of colour like the red rose on triumphant bryer,</l>
              <l>Most brisky Iuuenall, and eke most louely Iew,</l>
              <l>As true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre,</l>
              <l>Ile meete thee <hi rend="italic">Piramus</hi>, at <hi
rend="italic">Ninnies</hi> toombe.</l>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
              <speaker rend="italic">Pet.</speaker>
              <p><hi rend="italic">Ninus</hi> toombe man: why, you must
not speake
                 <lb/>that yet; that you answere to <hi
rend="italic">Piramus</hi>: you speake all
                 <lb/>your part at once, cues and all. <hi
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rend="italic">Piramus</hi> enter, your cue is
                    <lb/>past; it is neuer tyre.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-flu">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Thys.</speaker>
                    <l>O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer <lb/>tyre:</l>
                </sp>
                <cb n="2"/>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Pir.</speaker>
                    <l>If I were faire, <hi rend="italic">Thisby</hi> I were onely
thine.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Pet.</speaker>
                    <p>O monstrous. O strange. We are hanted; pray
                        <lb/>masters, flye masters, helpe.</p>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">The Clownes all
Exit.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Puk.</speaker>
                    <l>Ile follow you, Ile leade you about a Round,</l>
                    <l>Through bogge, through bush, through brake, through <lb
rend="turnunder"/><pc type="turnunder">(</pc>bryer,</l>
                    <l>Sometime a horse Ile be, sometime a hound:</l>
                    <l>A hogge, a headlesse beare, sometime a fire,</l>
                    <l>And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,</l>
                    <l>Like horse, hound, hog, beare, fire, at euery turne.</l>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
                <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Piramus with the
Asse head.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
                    <p>Why do they run away? This is a knauery of
                        <lb/>them to make me afeard.</p>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Snowt.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-sno">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Sn.</speaker>
                    <p>O <hi rend="italic">Bottom</hi>, thou art chang'd; What doe
I see on
                        <lb/>thee?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
                    <p>What do you see? You see an Asse‑head of your
                        <lb/>owne, do you?</p>
                </sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Peter Quince.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pet.</speaker>
  <p>Blesse thee <hi rend="italic">Bottome</hi>, blesse thee; thou art transla&#x00AD;
    <lb/>ted.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
  <p>I see their knauery; this is to make an asse of me,
    <lb/>to fright me if they could; but I will not stirre from
    <lb/>this place, do what they can. I will walke vp and downe
    <lb/>here, and I will sing that they shall heare I am not a&#x00AD;

    <lb/>fraid.</p>
  <l>The Woosell cocke, so blacke of hew,</l>
  <l>With Orenge&#x2011;tawny bill.</l>
  <l>The Throstle, with his note so true,</l>
  <l>The Wren and little quill.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-tit">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tyta.</speaker>
  <l>What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
  <l>The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke,</l>
  <l>The plainsong Cuckow gray;</l>
  <l>Whose note full many a man doth marke,</l>
  <l>And dares not answere, nay.</l>
  <p>For indeede, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird?
    <lb/>Who would giue a bird the lye, though he cry Cuckow,
    <lb/>neuer so?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-tit">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tyta.</speaker>
  <l>I pray thee gentle mortall, sing againe,</l>
  <l>Mine eare is much enamored of thy note;</l>
  <l>On the first view to say, to sweare I loue thee.</l>
  <l>So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape.</l>
  <l>And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth moue me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
  <p>Me&#x2011;thinkes mistresse, you should haue little
    <lb/>reason for that: and yet to say the truth, reason and
    <lb/>loue keepe little company together, now&#x2011;adayes.
    <lb/>The more the pittie, that some honest neighbours will

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                        <lb/>not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeke vpon
occa&#x00AD;
                        <lb/>sion.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-tit">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Tyta.</speaker>
                    <l>Thou art as wise, as thou art beautifull.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
                    <p>Not so neither: but if I had wit enough to get
                        <lb/>out of this wood, I haue enough to serue mine owne
                        <lb/>turne.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-tit">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Tyta.</speaker>
                    <l>Out of this wood, do not desire to goe,</l>
                    <l>Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.</l>
                    <l>I am a spirit of no common rate:</l>
                    <l>The Summer still doth tend vpon my state,</l>
                    <l>And I doe loue thee; therefore goe with me,</l>
                    <l>Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee;</l>
                    <l>And they shall fetch thee Iewels from the deepe,</l>
                    <l>And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleepe:</l>
                    <l>And I will purge thy mortall grossenesse so,</l>
                    <l>That thou shalt like an airie spirit go.</l>
                </sp>
                        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Pease&#x2011;blossome, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard&#x2011;
                        <lb/>seede, and foure Fairies.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-fai">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Fai.</speaker>
                    <p>Ready; and I, and I, and I, Where shall we go?</p>
                </sp>
                <fw type="catchword" place="footRight"><hi
rend="italic">Tita.</hi> Be</fw>
                <pb facs="FFimg:axc0173-0.jpg" n="153"/>
                <fw type="rh">A Midsommer nights Dreame.</fw>
                <cb n="1"/>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-tit">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Tita.</speaker>
                    <l>Be kinde and curteous to this Gentleman,</l>
                    <l>Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eies,</l>
                    <l>Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,</l>
                    <l>With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries,</l>
                    <l>The honie&#x2011;bags steale from the humble Bees,</l>
                    <l>And for night&#x2011;tapers crop their waxen thighes,</l>
                    <l>And light them at the fierie&#x2011;Glow&#x2011;wormes
eyes,</l>
                    <l>To haue my loue to bed, and to arise:</l>
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                    <l>And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,</l>
                    <l>To fan the Moone&#x2011;beames from his sleeping
eies.</l>
                    <l>Nod to him Elues, and doe him curtesies.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-fai.1">
                    <speaker rend="italic">1. Fai.</speaker>
                    <p>Haile mortall, haile.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-fai.2">
                    <speaker rend="italic">2. Fai.</speaker>
                    <p>Haile.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-fai.3">
                    <speaker rend="italic">3. Fai.</speaker>
                    <p>Haile.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
                    <p>I cry your worships mercy hartily; I beseech
                        <lb/>your worships name.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-cob">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cob.</speaker>
                    <p><hi rend="italic">Cobweb</hi>.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
                    <p>I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good
                        <lb/>Master <hi rend="italic">Cobweb</hi>: if I cut my
finger, I shall make bold
                        <lb/>with you.
                        <lb/>Your name honest Gentleman?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-pea">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Peas.</speaker>
                    <l><hi rend="italic">Pease blossome.</hi></l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
                    <p>I pray you commend mee to mistresse <hi
rend="italic">Squash</hi>,
                        <lb/>your mother, and to master <hi rend="italic">Peascod</hi>
your father. Good
                        <lb/>master <hi rend="italic">Pease&#x2011;blossome</hi>, I
shal desire of you more acquain&#x00AD;
                        <lb/>tance to. Your name I beseech you sir?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-mus">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Mus.</speaker>
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            <p><hi rend="italic">Mustard&#x2011;seede</hi>.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mnd-pea">
            <speaker rend="italic">Peas.</speaker>
            <p><hi rend="italic">Pease&#x2011;blossome</hi>.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
            <speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
            <p>Good master <hi rend="italic">Mustard seede</hi>, I know
your pati&#x00AD;
               <lb/>ence well: that same cowardly gyant&#x2011;like Oxe
beefe
               <lb/>hath deuoured many a gentleman of your house. I
pro&#x00AD;
               <lb/>mise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere
               <lb/>now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Master
               <lb/><hi rend="italic">Mustard&#x2011;seede</hi>.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mnd-tit">
            <speaker rend="italic">Tita.</speaker>
            <l>Come waite vpon him, lead him to my bower.</l>
            <l>The Moone me&#x2011;thinks, lookes with a watrie eie,</l>
            <l>And when she weepes, weepe euerie little flower,</l>
            <l>Lamenting some enforced chastitie.</l>
            <l>Tye vp my louers tongue, bring him silently.</l>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
      </div>
            <div type="scene" n="2">
               <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 2]</head>
         <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King of
Pharies, solus.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-mnd-obe">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ob.</speaker>
            <l>I wonder if <hi rend="italic">Titania</hi> be awak't;</l>
            <l>Then what it was that next came in her eye,</l>
            <l>Which she must dote on, in extremitie.</l>
         <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Pucke.</stage>
            <l>Here comes my messenger: how now mad spirit,</l>
            <l>What night&#x2011;rule now about this gaunted groue?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
            <speaker rend="italic">Puck.</speaker>
            <l>My Mistris with a monster is in loue,</l>
            <l>Neere to her close and consecrated bower,</l>
            <l>While she was in her dull and sleeping hower,</l>
            <l>A crew of patches, rude
<choice><orig>Mcehanicals</orig><corr>Mechanicals</corr></choice>,</l>
            <l>That worke for bread vpon <hi rend="italic">Athenian</hi>
stals,</l>
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        <l>Were met together to rehearse a Play,</l>
        <l>Intended for great <hi rend="italic">Theseus</hi> nuptiall day:</l>
        <l>The shallowest thick&#x2011;skin of that barren sort,</l>
        <l>Who <hi rend="italic">Piramus</hi> presented, in their sport,</l>
        <l>Forsooke his Scene, and entred in a brake,</l>
        <l>When I did him at this aduantage take,</l>
        <l>An Asses nole I fixed on his head.</l>
        <l>Anon his <hi rend="italic">Thisbie</hi> must be answered,</l>
        <l>And forth my Mimmick comes: when they him spie,</l>
        <l>As Wilde&#x2011;geese, that the creeping Fowler eye,</l>
        <l>Or russed&#x2011;pated choughes, many in sort</l>
        <l>(Rising and cawing at the guns report)</l>
        <l>Seuer themselues, and madly sweepe the skye:</l>
        <cb n="2"/>
        <l>So at his sight, away his fellowes flye,</l>
        <l>And at our stampe, here ore and ore one fals;</l>
        <l>He murther cries, and helpe from <hi rend="italic">Athens</hi> cals.</l>
        <l>Their sense thus weake, lost with their fears thus strong,</l>
        <l>Made senselesse things begin to do them wrong.</l>
        <l>For briars and thornes at their apparell snatch,</l>
        <l>Some sleeues, some hats, from yeelders all things catch,</l>
        <l>I led them on in this distracted feare,</l>
        <l>And left sweete <hi rend="italic">Piramus</hi> translated there:</l>
        <l>When in that moment (so it came to passe)</l>
        <l> <hi rend="italic">Tytania</hi> waked, and straightway lou'd an Asse.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-obe">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ob.</speaker>
        <l>This fals out better then I could deuise:</l>
        <l>But hast thou yet lacht the <hi rend="italic">Athenians</hi> eyes,</l>
        <l>With the loue iuyce, as I did bid thee doe?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rob.</speaker>
        <l>I tooke him sleeping (that is finisht to)</l>
        <l>And the <hi rend="italic">Athenian</hi> woman by his side,</l>
        <l>That when he wak't, of force she must be eyde.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Demetrius and Hermia.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-obe">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ob.</speaker>
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            <l>Stand close, this is the same <hi
rend="italic">Athenian</hi>.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Rob.</speaker>
                    <l>This is the woman, but not this the man.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
                    <l>O why rebuke you him that loues you so?</l>
                    <l>Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-her">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
                    <l>Now I but chide, but I should vse thee worse.</l>
                    <l>For thou (I feare) hast giuen me cause to curse,</l>
                    <l>If thou hast slaine <hi rend="italic">Lysander</hi> in his
sleepe,</l>
                    <l>Being ore shooes in bloud, plunge in the deepe, and kill
                        <lb/>me too:</l>
                    <l>The Sunne was not so true vnto the day,</l>
                    <l>As he to me. Would he haue stollen away,</l>
                    <l>From sleeping <hi rend="italic">Hermia</hi>? Ile beleeue as
soone</l>
                    <l>This whole earth may be bord, and that the Moone</l>
                    <l>May through the Center creepe, and so displease</l>
                    <l>Her brothers noonetide, with th'<hi
rend="italic">Antipodes</hi>.</l>
                    <l>It cannot be but thou hast murdred him,</l>
                    <l>So should a mutrherer looke, so dead, so grim.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
                    <l>So should the murderer looke, and so should I,</l>
                    <l>Pierst through the heart with your stearne cruelty:</l>
                    <l>Yet you the murderer looks as bright as cleare,</l>
                    <l>As yonder <hi rend="italic">Venus</hi> in her glimmering
spheare.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-her">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
                    <l>What's this to my <hi rend="italic">Lysander</hi>? where is
he<hi rend="italic">?</hi></l>
                    <l>Ah good <hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi>, wilt thou giue
him me?</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
                    <l>I'de rather giue his carkasse to my hounds.</l>
                </sp>
```

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<sp who="#F-mnd-her">
   <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
   <l>Out dog, out cur, thou driu'st me past the bounds</l>
   <l>Of maidens patience. Hast thou slaine him then?</l>
   <l>Henceforth be neuer numbred among men.</l>
   <l>Oh, once tell true, euen for my sake,</l>
   <l>Durst thou a lookt vpon him, being awake?</l>
   <l>And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O braue tutch:</l>
   <l>Could not a worme, an Adder do so much?</l>
   <l>An Adder did it: for with doubler tongue</l>
   <l>Then thine (thou serpent) neuer Adder stung.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
   <l>You spend your passion on a
<choice><orig>mispri'sd</orig><corr>mispris'd</corr></choice> mood,</l>
   <l>I am not guiltie of <hi rend="italic">Lysanders</hi>
blood:</l>
   <l>Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-her">
   <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
   <l>I pray thee tell me then that he is well.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
   <l>And if I could, what should I get therefore?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-her">
   <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
   <l>A priuiledge, neuer to see me more;</l>
   <l>And from thy hated presence part I: see me no more</l>
   <l>Whether he be dead or no.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
   <l>There is no following her in this fierce vaine,</l>
   <l>Here therefore for a while I will remaine.</l>
   <l>So sorrowes heauinesse doth heauier grow:</l>
   <l>For debt that bankrout slip doth sorrow owe,</l>
   <l>Which now in some slight measure it will pay,</l>
   <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">If</fw>
   <pb facs="FFimg:axc0174-0.jpg" n="154"/>
   <fw type="rh">A Midsommer nights Dreame.</fw>
   <cb n="1"/>
   <l>If for his tender here I make some stay.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Lie
downe.</stage>
```

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<sp who="#F-mnd-obe">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ob.</speaker>
   <l>What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite</l>
   <l>And laid the loue iuyce on some true loues sight:</l>
   <l>Of thy misprision, must perforce ensue</l>
   <l>Some true loue turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
   <speaker rend="italic">Rob.</speaker>
   <l>Then fate ore&#x2011;rules, that one man holding troth,</l>
   <l>A million faile, confounding oath on oath.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-obe">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ob.</speaker>
   <l>About the wood, goe swifter then the winde,</l>
   <l>And <hi rend="italic">Helena</hi> of <hi rend="italic">Athens</hi> looke thou finde.</l>
   <l>All fancy sicke she is, and pale of cheere,</l>
   <l>With sighes of loue, that costs the fresh bloud deare.</l>
   <l>By some illusion see thou bring her heere,</l>
   <l>Ile charme his eyes against she doth appeare.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
   <speaker rend="italic">Robin.</speaker>
   <l>I go, I go, looke how I goe,</l>
   <l>Swifter then arrow from the <hi rend="italic">Tartars</hi> bowe.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mnd-obe">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ob.</speaker>
   <l>Flower of this purple die,</l>
   <l>Hit with <hi rend="italic">Cupids</hi> archery,</l>
   <l>Sinke in apple of his eye,</l>
   <l>When his loue he doth espie,</l>
   <l>Let her shine as gloriously</l>
   <l>As the <hi rend="italic">Venus</hi> of the sky.</l>
   <l>When thou wak'st if she be by,</l>
   <l>Beg of her for remedy.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Pucke.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
   <speaker rend="italic">Puck.</speaker>
   <l>Captaine of our Fairy band,</l>
   <l><hi rend="italic">Helena</hi> is heere at hand,</l>
   <l>And the youth, mistooke by me,</l>
   <l>Pleading for a Louers fee.</l>
   <l>Shall we their fond Pageant see?</l>
   <l>Lord, what fooles these mortals be!</l>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-mnd-obe">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ob.</speaker>
  <l>Stand aside: the noyse they make,</l>
  <l>Will cause <hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi> to awake.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Puck.</speaker>
  <l>Then will two at once wooe one,</l>
  <l>That must needs be sport alone:</l>
  <l>And those things doe best please me,</l>
  <l>That befall preposterously.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lysander and
  Helena.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
  <l>Why should you think y<hi rend="superscript">t</hi> I
should wooe in scorn?</l>
  <l>Scorne and derision neuer comes in teares:</l>
  <l>Looke when I vow I weepe; and vowes so borne,</l>
  <l>In their natiuity all truth appeares.</l>
  <l>How can these things in me, seeme scorne to you?</l>
  <l>Bearing the badge of faith to proue them true.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
  <l>You doe aduance your cunning more &amp; more,</l>
  <l>When truth kils truth, O diuelish holy fray!</l>
  <l>These vowes are <hi rend="italic">Hermias</hi>. Will you
giue her ore?</l>
  <l>Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.</l>
  <l>Your vowes to her, and me, (put in two scales<hi
rend="italic">)</hi></l>
  <l>Will euen weigh, and both as light as tales.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
  <l>I had no iudgement, when to her I swore.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
  <l>Nor none in my minde, now you giue her ore.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
  <l><hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi> loues her, and he loues not
you.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Awa.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
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<speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
<l>O Helen, goddesse, nimph, perfect, diuine,</l>
<l>To what my, loue, shall I compare thine eyne!</l>
<l>Christall is muddy, O how ripe in show,</l>
<l>Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!</l>
<l>That pure congealed white, high <hi
rend="italic">Taurus</hi> snow,</l>
<l>Fan'd with the Easterne winde, turnes to a crow,</l>
<l>When thou holdst vp thy hand. O let me kisse</l>
<l>This Princesse of pure white, this seale of blisse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
<speaker rend="italic">Hell.</speaker>
<l>O spight! O hell! I see you are all bent</l>
<l>To set against me, for your merriment:</l>
<l>If you were ciuill, and knew curtesie,</l>
<l>You would not doe me thus much iniury.</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>Can you not hate me, as I know you doe,</l>
<l>But you must ioyne in soules to mocke me to?</l>
<l>If you are men, as men you are in show,</l>
<l>You would not vse a gentle Lady so;</l>
<l>To vow, and sweare, and superpraise my parts,</l>
<l>When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.</l>
<l>You both are Riuals, and loue <hi
rend="italic">Hermia</hi>;</l>
<l>And now both Riuals to mocke <hi
rend="italic">Helena</hi>.</l>
<l>A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,</l>
<l>To coniure teares vp in a poore maids eyes,</l>
<l>With your derision; none of noble sort,</l>
<l>Would so offend a Virgin, and extort</l>
<l>A poore soules patience, all to make you sport.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
<speaker rend="italic">Lysa.</speaker>
<l>You are vnkind <hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi>; be not
so,</l>
<l>For you loue <hi rend="italic">Hermia</hi>; this you know I
know;</l>
<l>And here with all good will, with all my heart,</l>
<l>In <hi rend="italic">Hermias</hi> loue I yeeld you vp my
part;</l>
<l>And yours of <hi rend="italic">Helena</hi>, to me
bequeath,</l>
<l>Whom I do loue, and will do to my death.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
<speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
<l>Neuer did mockers wast more idle breth.</l>
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                    </sp>
                  <sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
                     <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
                     <l><hi rend="italic">Lysander</hi>, keep thy <hi
rend="italic">Hermia</hi>, I will none:</l>
                     <l>If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone.</l>
                     <l>My heart to her, but as guest&#x2011;wise soiourn'd,</l>
                     <l>And now to <hi rend="italic">Helen</hi> it is home
return'd,</l>
                     <l>There to remaine.</l>
                  </sp>
                  <sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
                     <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
                     <l>It is not so.</l>
                  </sp>
                  <sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
                     <speaker rend="italic">De.</speaker>
                     <l>Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,</l>
                     <l>Lest to thy perill thou abide it deare.</l>
                     <l>Looke where thy Loue comes, yonder is thy deare.</l>
                  </sp>
                  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hermia.</stage>
                  <sp who="#F-mnd-her">
                     <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
                     <l>Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,</l>
                     <l>The eare more quicke of apprehension makes,</l>
                     <l>Wherein it doth impaire the seeing sense,</l>
                     <l>It paies the hearing double recompence.</l>
                     <l>Thou art not by mine eye, <hi rend="italic">Lysander</hi>
found,</l>
                     <l>Mine eare (I thanke it) brought me to that sound.</l>
                     <l>But why vnkindly didst thou leaue me so?</l>
                  </sp>
                  <sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
                     <speaker rend="italic">Lysan.</speaker>
                     <l>Why should hee stay whom Loue doth presse
                        <lb rend="turnover"/><pc rend="turnover">(</pc>to go?</l>
                  </sp>
                  <sp who="#F-mnd-her">
                     <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
                     <l>What loue could presse <hi rend="italic">Lysander</hi> from
my side?</l>
                  </sp>
                  <sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
                     <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
                     <l><hi rend="italic">Lysanders</hi> loue (that would not let him
bide)</l>
                     <l>Faire <hi rend="italic">Helena</hi>; who more engilds the
night,</l>
                     <l>Then all yon fierie oes, and eies of light.</l>
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    <l>Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,</l>
    <l>The hate I bare thee, made me leaue thee so?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-her">
    <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
    <l>You speake not as you thinke; it cannot be.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
    <l>Loe, she is one of this confederacy,</l>
    <l>Now I perceiue they haue conioyn'd all three,</l>
    <l>To fashion this false sport in spight of me.</l>
    <l>Iniurous Hermia, most vngratefull maid,</l>
    <l>Haue you conspir'd, haue you with these contriu'd</l>
    <l>To baite me, with this foule derision?</l>
    <l>Is all the counsell that we two haue shar'd,</l>
    <l>The sisters vowes, the houres that we haue spent,</l>
    <l>When wee haue chid the hasty footed time,</l>
    <l>For parting vs; O, is all forgot?</l>
    <l>All schooledaies friendship, child&#x2011;hood
innocence?</l>

    <l>We Hermia, like two Artificiall gods,</l>
    <l>Haue with our needles, created both one flower,</l>
    <l>Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,</l>
    <l>Both warbling of one song, both in one key;</l>
    <l>As if our hands, our sides, voices, and mindes</l>
    <l>Had beene incorporate. So we grew together,</l>
    <l>Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,</l>
    <l>But yet a vnion in partition,</l>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Two</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0175-0.jpg" n="155"/>
    <fw type="rh">A Midsommer nights Dreame.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>Two louely berries molded on one stem,</l>
    <l>So with two seeming bodies, but one heart,</l>
    <l>Two of the first life coats in Heraldry,</l>
    <l>Due but to one and crowned with one crest.</l>
    <l>And will you rent our ancient loue asunder,</l>
    <l>To ioyne with men in scorning your poore friend?</l>
    <l>It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.</l>
    <l>Our sexe as well as I, may chide you for it,</l>
    <l>Though I alone doe feele the iniurie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-her">
    <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
    <l>I am amazed at your passionate words,</l>
    <l>I scorne you not; It seemes that you scorne me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
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<l>Haue you not set <hi rend="italic">Lysander</hi>, as in scorne</l>
<l>To follow me, and praise my eies and face?</l>
<l>And made your other loue, <hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi></l>
<l>(Who euen but now did spurne me with his foote)</l>
<l>To call me goddesse, nimph, diuine, and rare,</l>
<l>Precious, celestiall? Wherefore speakes he this</l>
<l>To her he hates? And wherefore doth <hi rend="italic">Lysander</hi></l>
<l>Denie your loue (so rich within his soule)</l>
<l>And tender me (forsooth<hi rend="italic">)</hi> affection,</l>
<l>But by your setting on, by your consent?</l>
<l>What though I be not so in grace as you,</l>
<l>So hung vpon with loue, so fortunate?</l>
<l>(But miserable most, to loue vnlou'd)</l>
<l>This you should pittie, rather then despise.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-her">
<speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
<l>I vnderstand not what you meane by this.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
<speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
<l>I, doe, perseuer, counterfeit sad lookes,</l>
<l>Make mouthes vpon me when I turne my backe,</l>
<l>Winke each at other, hold the sweete iest vp:</l>
<l>This sport well carried, shall be chronicled.</l>
<l>If you haue any pittie, grace, or manners,</l>
<l>You would not make me such an argument:</l>
<l>But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine owne fault,</l>
<l>Which death or absence soone shall remedie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
<speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
<l>Stay gentle <hi rend="italic">Helena</hi>, heare my excuse,</l>
<l>My loue, my life, my soule, faire <hi rend="italic">Helena</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
<speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
<l>O excellent!</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-her">
<speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
<l>Sweete, do not scorne her so.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-dem">

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        <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
        <l>If she cannot entreate, I can compell.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
        <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
        <l>Thou canst compell, no more then she entreate.</l>
        <l>Thy threats haue no more strength then her weak praise.</l>
        <l><hi rend="italic">Helen</hi>, I loue thee, by my life I
doe;</l>

        <l>I sweare by that which I will lose for thee,</l>
        <l>To proue him false, that saies I loue thee not.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
        <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
        <l>I say, I loue thee more then he can do.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
        <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
        <l>If thou say so, with&#x2011;draw and proue it too.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
        <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
        <l>Quick, come.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-her">
        <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
        <l><hi rend="italic">Lysander</hi>, whereto tends all this?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
        <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
        <l>Away, you <hi rend="italic">Ethiope</hi>.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
        <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
        <l>No, no, Sir, seeme to breake loose;</l>
        <l>Take on as you would follow,</l>
        <l>But yet come not: you are a tame man, go.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
        <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
        <l>Hang off thou cat, thou bur; vile thing let loose,</l>
        <l>Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-her">
        <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
        <l>Why are you growne so rude?</l>
        <l>What change is this sweete Loue?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
        <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
```

```xml
      <l>Thy loue? out tawny <hi rend="italic">Tartar</hi>, out;</l>
      <l>Out loathed medicine; O hated poison hence.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mnd-her">
      <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
      <l>Do you not iest?</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
      <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
      <l>Yes sooth, and so do you.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
      <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
      <l><hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi>: I will keepe my word with thee.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
      <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
      <l>I would I had your bond: for I perceiue</l>
      <l>A weake bond holds you; Ile not trust your word.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
      <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
      <l>What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?</l>
      <l>Although I hate her, Ile not harme her so.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mnd-her">
      <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
      <l>What, can you do me greater harme then hate?</l>
      <cb n="2"/>
      <l>Hate me, wherefore? O me, what newes my Loue?</l>
      <l>Am not I <hi rend="italic">Hermia</hi>? Are not you <hi rend="italic">Lysander?</hi></l>
      <l>I am as faire now, as I was ere while.</l>
      <l>Since night you lou'd me: yet since night you left me.</l>
      <l>Why then you left me (O the gods forbid</l>
      <l>In earnest, shall I say?</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
      <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
      <l>I, by my life;</l>
      <l>And neuer did desire to see thee more.</l>
      <l>Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;</l>
      <l>Be certaine, nothing truer: 'tis no iest,</l>
      <l>That I doe hate thee, and loue <hi rend="italic">Helena</hi>.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mnd-her">
      <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
      <l>O me, you iugler, you canker blossome,</l>
```

<l>You theefe of loue; What, haue you come by night,</l>
    <l>And stolne my loues heart from him?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
    <l>Fine yfaith:</l>
    <l>Haue you no modesty, no maiden shame,</l>
    <l>No touch of bashfulnesse? What, will you teare</l>
    <l>Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?</l>
    <l>Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-her">
    <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
    <l>Puppet? why so? I, that way goes the game.</l>
    <l>Now I perceiue that she hath made compare</l>
    <l>Betweene our statures, she hath vrg'd her height,</l>
    <l>And with her personage, her tall personage,</l>
    <l>Her height (forsooth) she hath preuail'd with him.</l>
    <l>And are you growne so high in his esteeme,</l>
    <l>Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?</l>
    <l>How low am I, thou painted May&#x2011;pole? Speake,</l>
    <l>How low am I? I am not yet so low,</l>
    <l>But that my nailes can reach vnto thine eyes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
    <l>I pray you though you mocke me, gentlemen,</l>
    <l>Let her not hurt me; I was neuer curst:</l>
    <l>I haue no gift at all in shrewishnesse;</l>
    <l>I am a right maide for my cowardize;</l>
    <l>Let her not strike me: you perhaps may thinke,</l>
    <l>Because she is something lower then my selfe,</l>
    <l>That I can match her.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-her">
    <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
    <l>Lower? harke againe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
    <l>Good <hi rend="italic">Hermia</hi>, do not be so bitter with
me,</l>

    <l>I euermore did loue you <hi rend="italic">Hermia</hi>,</l>
    <l>Did euer keepe your counsels, neuer wronged you,</l>
    <l>Saue that in loue vnto <hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi>,</l>
    <l>I told him of your stealth vnto this wood.</l>
    <l>He followed you, for loue I followed him,</l>
    <l>But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me</l>
    <l>To strike me, spurne me, nay to kill me too;</l>
    <l>And now, so you will let me quiet go,</l>

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        <l>To <hi rend="italic">Athens</hi> will I beare my folly
backe,</l>
        <l>And follow you no further. Let me go.</l>
        <l>You see how simple, and how fond I am.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-her">
        <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
        <l>Why get you gone: who ist that hinders you?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
        <l>A foolish heart, that I leaue here behinde.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-her">
        <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
        <l>What, with <hi rend="italic">Lysander</hi>?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-her">
        <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
        <l>With <hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi>.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
        <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
        <l>Be not afraid, she shall not harme thee <hi
rend="italic">Helena</hi>.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
        <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
        <l>No sir, she shall not, though you take her part.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
        <l>O when she's angry, she is keene and shrewd,</l>
        <l>She was a vixen when she went to schoole,</l>
        <l>And though she be but little, she is fierce.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-her">
        <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
        <l>Little againe? Nothing but low and little?</l>
        <l>Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?</l>
        <l>Let me come to her.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
        <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
        <l>Get you gone you dwarfe,</l>
        <l>You <hi rend="italic">minimus</hi>, of hindring
knot&#x2011;grasse made,</l>
        <l>You bead, you acorne.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
```

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<speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
<l>You are too officious,</l>
<l>In her behalfe that scornes your seruices.</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Let</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0176-0.jpg" n="156"/>
<fw type="rh">A Midsommer nights Dreame.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>Let her alone, speake not of <hi
rend="italic">Helena</hi>,</l>
<l>Take not her part. For if thou dost intend</l>
<l>Neuer so little shew of loue to her,</l>
<l>Thou shalt abide it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
<speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
<l>Now she holds me not,</l>
<l>Now follow if thou dar'st, to try whose right,</l>
<l>Of thine or mine is most in <hi
rend="italic">Helena</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
<speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
<l>Follow? Nay, Ile goe with thee cheeke by
   <lb/>iowle.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Lysander and
Demetrius.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mnd-her">
<speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
<l>You Mistris, all this coyle is long of you.</l>
<l>Nay, goe not backe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
<speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
<l>I will not trust you I,</l>
<l>Nor longer stay in your curst companie.</l>
<l>Your hands then mine, are quicker for a fray,</l>
<l>My legs are longer though to runne away.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Oberon and
   Pucke.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mnd-obe">
<speaker rend="italic">Ob.</speaker>
<l>This is thy negligence, still thou mistak'st,</l>
<l>Or else committ'st thy knaueries willingly.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
<speaker rend="italic">Puck.</speaker>
<l>Beleeue me, King of shadowes, I mistooke,</l>
<l>Did not you tell me, I should know the man,</l>
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        <l>By the <hi rend="italic">Athenian</hi> garments he hath on?</l>
        <l>And so farre blamelesse proues my enterprize,</l>
        <l>That I haue nointed an Athenians eies,</l>
        <l>And so farre am I glad, it so did sort,</l>
        <l>As this their iangling I esteeme a sport.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-obe">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ob.</speaker>
        <l>Thou seest these Louers seeke a place to fight,</l>
        <l>Hie therefore <hi rend="italic">Robin</hi>, ouercast the night,</l>
        <l>The starrie Welkin couer thou anon,</l>
        <l>With drooping fogge as blacke as <hi rend="italic">Acheron</hi>,</l>
        <l>And lead these testie Riuals so astray,</l>
        <l>As one come not within anothers way.</l>
        <l>Like to <hi rend="italic">Lysander</hi>, sometime frame thy tongue,</l>
        <l>Then stirre <hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi> vp with bitter wrong;</l>
        <l>And sometime raile thou like <hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi>;</l>
        <l>And from each other looke thou leade them thus,</l>
        <l>Till ore their browes, death&#x2011;counterfeiting, sleepe</l>
        <l>With leaden legs, and Battie&#x2011;wings doth creepe:</l>
        <l>Then crush this hearbe into <hi rend="italic">Lysanders</hi> eie,</l>
        <l>Whose liquor hath this vertuous propertie,</l>
        <l>To take from thence all error, with his might,</l>
        <l>And make his eie&#x2011;bals role with wonted sight.</l>
        <l>When they next wake, all this derision</l>
        <l>Shall seeme a dreame, and fruitlesse vision,</l>
        <l>And backe to <hi rend="italic">Athens</hi> shall the Louers wend</l>
        <l>With league, whose date till death shall neuer end.</l>
        <l>Whiles I in this affaire do thee imply,</l>
        <l>Ile to my Queene, and beg her <hi rend="italic">Indian</hi> Boy;</l>
        <l>And then I will her charmed eie release</l>
        <l>From monsters view, and all things shall be peace.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
        <speaker rend="italic">Puck.</speaker>
        <l>My Fairie Lord, this must be done with haste,</l>
        <l>For night&#x2011;swift Dragons cut the Clouds full fast,</l>
        <l>And yonder shines <hi rend="italic">Auroras</hi> harbinger;</l>
        <l>At whose approach Ghosts wandring here and there,</l>
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            <l>Troope home to Church&#x2011;yards; damned spirits all,</l>
            <l>That in crosse&#x2011;waies and flouds haue buriall,</l>
            <l>Alreadie to their wormie beds are gone;</l>
            <l>For feare least day should looke their shames vpon,</l>
            <l>They wilfully themselues dxile from light,</l>
            <l>And must for aye consort with blacke browd night.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-obe">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ob.</speaker>
          <l>But we are spirits of another sort:</l>
          <l>I, with the mornings loue haue oft made sport,</l>
          <l>And like a Forrester, the groues may tread,</l>
          <l>Euen till the Easterne gate all fierie red,</l>
          <l>Opening on <hi rend="italic">Neptune</hi>, with faire blessed beames,</l>
          <l>Turnes into yellow gold, his salt greene streames.</l>
          <cb n="2"/>
          <l>But notwithstanding haste, make no delay:</l>
          <l>We may effect this businesse, yet ere day.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
          <speaker rend="italic">Puck.</speaker>
          <p>Vp and downe, vp and downe, I will leade
            <lb/>them vp and downe: I am fear'd in field and towne.
            <lb/><hi rend="italic">Goblin</hi>, lead them vp and downe: here comes one.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lysander.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
          <l>Where art thou, proud <hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi>?</l>
          <l>Speake thou now.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
          <speaker rend="italic">Rob.</speaker>
          <l>Here villaine, drawne &amp; readie. Where art thou?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
          <l>I will be with thee straight.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
          <speaker rend="italic">Rob.</speaker>
          <l>Follow me then to plainer ground.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Demetrius.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
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        <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
        <l><hi rend="italic">Lysander</hi>, speake againe;</l>
        <l>Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?</l>
        <l>Speake in some bush: Where dost thou hide thy head?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rob.</speaker>
        <l>Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,</l>
        <l>Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,</l>
        <l>And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childe,</l>
        <l>Ile whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd</l>
        <l>That drawes a sword on thee.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
        <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
        <l>Yea, art thou there?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ro.</speaker>
        <l>Follow my voice, we'l try no manhood here.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
        <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
        <l>He goes before me, and still dares me on,</l>
        <l>When I come where he cals, then he's gone.</l>
        <l>The villaine is much lighter heel'd then I:</l>
        <l>I followed fast, but faster he did flye;</l>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">shifting
places.</stage>
        <l>That fallen am I in darke vneuen way,</l>
        <l>And here wil rest me. Come thou gentle day:</l>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">lye
down.</stage>
        <l>For if but once thou shew me thy gray light,</l>
        <l>Ile finde <hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi>, and reuenge this
spight.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Robin and
Demetrius.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
        <speaker rend="italic">Rob.</speaker>
        <l>Ho, ho, ho; coward, why com'st thou not?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
        <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
        <l>Abide me, if thou dar'st. For well I wot,</l>
        <l>Thou runst before me, shifting euery place,</l>
        <l>And dar'st not stand, nor looke me in the face.</l>
        <l>Where art thou?</l>
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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
       <speaker rend="italic">Rob.</speaker>
       <l>Come hither, I am here.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
       <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
       <l>Nay then thou mock'st me; thou shalt buy this
          <lb/>deere,</l>
       <l>If euer I thy face by day&#x2011;light see.</l>
       <l>Now goe thy way: faintnesse constraineth me,</l>
       <l>To measure out my length on this cold bed,</l>
       <l>By daies approach looke to be visited.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Helena.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
       <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
       <l>O weary night, O long and tedious night,</l>
       <l>Abate thy houres, shine comforts from the East,</l>
       <l>That I may backe to Athens by day&#x2011;light,</l>
       <l>From these that my poore companie detest;</l>
       <l>And sleepe that sometime shuts vp sorrowes eie,</l>
       <l>Steale me a while from mine owne companie.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Sleepe.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
       <speaker rend="italic">Rob.</speaker>
       <l>Yet but three? Come one more,</l>
       <l>Two of both kindes makes vp foure.</l>
       <l>Here she comes, curst and sad,</l>
       <l><hi rend="italic">Cupid</hi> is a knauish lad,</l>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hermia.</stage>
       <l>Thus to make poore females mad.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mnd-her">
       <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
       <l>Neuer so wearie, neuer so in woe,</l>
       <l>Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with briars,</l>
       <l>I can no further crawle, no further goe;</l>
       <l>My legs can keepe no pace with my desires.</l>
       <l>Here will I rest me till the breake of day,</l>
       <l>Heauens shield <hi rend="italic">Lysander</hi>, if they
meane a fray.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
       <speaker rend="italic">Rob.</speaker>
       <l>On the ground sleepe sound,</l>
       <l>Ile apply your eie gentle louer, remedy.</l>
       <l>When thou wak'st, thou tak'st</l>
       <l>True delight in the sight of thy former Ladies eye,</l>
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```xml
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0177-0.jpg" n="157"/>
<fw type="rh">A Midsommer nights Dreame.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>And the Country Prouerb knowne,</l>
<l>That euery man should take his owne,</l>
<l>In your waking shall be showne.</l>
<l><hi rend="italic">Iacke</hi> shall haue <hi
rend="italic">Iill</hi>, nought shall goe ill,</l>
<l>The man shall haue his Mare againe, and all shall bee
    <lb/>well.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">They sleepe all
the Act.</stage>
</div>
</div>
<div type="act" n="4">
<div type="scene" n="1">
<head rend="italic center">Actus Quartus.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 1]</head>
<stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter Queene of Fairies, and
Clowne, and Fairies, and the
<lb/>King behinde them.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mnd-tit">
<speaker rend="italic">Tita.</speaker>
<l>Come, sit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,</l>
<l>While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,</l>
<l>And sticke muske roses in thy sleeke smoothe head,</l>
<l>And kisse thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
<speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
<p>Where's <hi rend="italic">Pease blossome?</hi></p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-pea">
<speaker rend="italic">Peas.</speaker>
<p>Ready.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
<speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
<p>Scratch my head, <hi
rend="italic">Pease&#x2011;blossome</hi>. Wher's Moun&#x00AD;
    <lb/>sieuer <hi rend="italic">Cobweb</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-cob">
<speaker rend="italic">Cob.</speaker>
<p>Ready.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
<speaker rend="italic">Clowne.</speaker>
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            <p>Mounsieur <hi rend="italic">Cobweb</hi>, good Mounsier get your
                <lb/>weapons in your hand, &amp; kill me a red hipt humble&#x2011;Bee,
                <lb/>on the top of a thistle; and good Mounsieur bring mee
                <lb/>the hony bag. Doe not fret your selfe too much in the
                <lb/>action, Mounsieur; and good Mounsieur haue a care the
                <lb/>hony bag breake not, I would be loth to haue yo<c rend="invertedType">u</c> ouer&#x2011;
                <lb/>flowne with a hony&#x2011;bag signiour. Where's Mounsieur
                <lb/><hi rend="italic">Mustardseed</hi>?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mnd-mus">
            <speaker rend="italic">Mus.</speaker>
            <p>Ready.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
            <p>Giue me your neafe, Mounsieur <hi rend="italic">Mustardseed</hi>.
                <lb/>Pray you leaue your courtesie good Mounsieur.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mnd-mus">
            <speaker rend="italic">Mus.</speaker>
            <p>What's your will?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
            <p>Nothing good Mounsieur, but to help Caualery
                <lb/><hi rend="italic">Cobweb</hi> to scratch. I must to the Barbers Mounsieur, for
                <lb/>me&#x2011;thinkes I am maruellous hairy about the face. And I
                <lb/>am such a tender asse, if my haire do but tickle me, I must
                <lb/>scratch.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mnd-tit">
            <speaker rend="italic">Tita.</speaker>
            <p>What, wilt thou heare some musicke, my sweet <lb/>loue.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
            <p>I haue a reasonable good eare in musicke. Let
                <lb/>vs haue the tongs and the bones.</p>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Musicke Tongs, Rurall Musicke.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-mnd-tit">
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<speaker rend="italic">Tita.</speaker>
<l>Or say sweete Loue, what thou desirest to eat.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
<speaker rend="italic">Clowne.</speaker>
<p>Truly a pecke of Prouender; I could munch
<lb/>your good dry Oates. Me&#x2011;thinkes I haue a great
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desire
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<lb/>to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweete hay hath no
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fel­
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<lb/>low.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-tit">
<speaker rend="italic">Tita.</speaker>
<l>I haue a venturous Fairy,</l>
<l>That shall seeke the Squirrels hoard,</l>
<l>And fetch thee new Nuts.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
<speaker rend="italic">Clown.</speaker>
<p>I had rather haue a handfull or two of dried
<lb/>pease. But I pray you let none of your people stirre me, I
<lb/>haue an exposition of sleepe come vpon me.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-tit">
<speaker rend="italic">Tyta.</speaker>
<l>Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my arms,</l>
<l>Fairies be gone, and be alwaies away.</l>
<l>So doth the woodbine, the sweet Honisuckle,</l>
<l>Gently entwist; the female Iuy so</l>
<l>Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme.</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>O how I loue thee! how I dote on thee<hi
```
rend="italic">!</hi></l>
```
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Robin
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goodfellow and Oberon.</stage>
```
<sp who="#F-mnd-obe">
<speaker rend="italic">Ob.</speaker>
<l>Welcome good <hi rend="italic">Robin</hi>:</l>
<l>Seest thou this sweet sight?</l>
<l>Her dotage now I doe begin to pitty.</l>
<l>For meeting her of late behinde the wood,</l>
<l>Seeking sweet sauors for this hatefull foole,</l>
<l>I did vpbraid her, and fall out with her.</l>
<l>For she his hairy temples then had rounded,</l>
<l>With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers.</l>
<l>And that same dew which somtime on the buds,</l>
<l>Was wont to swell like round and orient pearles;</l>
<l>Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes,</l>
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<l>Like teares that did their owne disgrace bewaile.</l>
<l>When I had at my pleasure taunted her,</l>
<l>And she in milde termes beg'd my patience,</l>
<l>I then did aske of her, her changeling childe,</l>
<l>Which straight she gaue me, and her Fairy sent</l>
<l>To beare him to my Bower in Fairy Land.</l>
<l>And now I haue the Boy, I will vndoe</l>
<l>This hatefull imperfection of her eyes.</l>
<l>And gentle <hi rend="italic">Pucke</hi>, take this transformed scalpe,</l>
<l>From off the head of this <hi rend="italic">Athenian</hi> swaine;</l>
<l>That he awaking when the other doe,</l>
<l>May all to <hi rend="italic">Athens</hi> backe againe repaire,</l>
<l>And thinke no more of this nights accidents,</l>
<l>But as the fierce vexation of a dreame.</l>
<l>But first I will release the Fairy Queene.</l>
<l rend="italic centre">Be thou as thou wast wont to be;</l>
<l rend="italic centre">See as thou wast wont to see.</l>
<l rend="italic centre">Dians bud, or Cupids flower,</l>
<l rend="italic centre">Hath such force and blessed power.</l>
<l>Now my <hi rend="italic">Titania</hi> wake you my sweet Queene.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-tit">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tita.</speaker>
  <l>My <hi rend="italic">Oberon</hi>, what visions haue I seene!</l>
  <l>Me‑thought I was enamoured of an Asse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-obe">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ob.</speaker>
  <l>There lies your loue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-tit">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tita.</speaker>
  <l>How came these things to passe?</l>
  <l>Oh, how mine eyes doth loath this visage now!</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-obe">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ob.</speaker>
  <l>Silence a while. <hi rend="italic">Robin</hi> take off his head:</l>
  <l><hi rend="italic">Titania</hi>, musick call, and strike more dead</l>
  <l>Then common sleepe; of all these, fine the sense.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-tit">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tita.</speaker>

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    <l>Musicke, ho musicke, such as charmeth sleepe.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Musick
    still.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rob.</speaker>
    <l>When thou wak'st, with thine owne fooles eies
      <lb/>peepe.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mnd-obe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ob.</speaker>
    <l>Sound musick; come my Queen, take hands with <lb
rend="turnover"/><pc rend="turnover">(</pc>me</l>
    <l>And rocke the ground whereon these sleepers be.</l>
    <l>Now thou and I are new in amity,</l>
    <l>And will to morrow midnight, solemnly</l>
    <l>Dance in Duke <hi rend="italic">Theseus</hi> house
triumphantly,</l>
    <l>And blesse it to all faire posterity.</l>
    <l>There shall the paires of faithfull Louers be</l>
    <l>Wedded, with <hi rend="italic">Theseus</hi>, all in
iollity.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rob.</speaker>
    <l>Faire King attend, and marke,</l>
    <l>I doe heare the morning Larke.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mnd-obe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ob.</speaker>
    <l>Then my Queene in silence sad,</l>
    <l>Trip we after the nights shade;</l>
    <l>We the Globe can compasse soone,</l>
    <l>Swifter then the wandring Moone.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mnd-tit">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tita.</speaker>
    <l>Come my Lord, and in our flight,</l>
    <l>Tell me how it came this night,</l>
    <l>That I sleeping heere was found,</l>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Sleepers Lye
still.</stage>
    <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">O</fw>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">With</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0178-0.jpg" n="158"/>
    <fw type="rh">A Midsommer nights Dreame.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>With these mortals on the ground.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
```

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<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Winde
Hornes.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Theseus, Egeus,
    Hippolita and all his traine.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
    <speaker rend="italic">Thes.</speaker>
    <l>Goe one of you, finde out the Forrester,</l>
    <l>For now our obseruation is perform'd;</l>
    <l>And since we haue the vaward of the day,</l>
    <l>My Loue shall heare the musicke of my hounds.</l>
    <l>Vncouple in the Westerne valley, let them goe;</l>
    <l>Dispatch I say, and finde the Forrester.</l>
    <l>We will faire Queene, vp to the Mountaines top.</l>
    <l>And marke the musicall confusion</l>
    <l>Of hounds and eccho in coniunction.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-hip">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hip.</speaker>
    <l>I was with <hi rend="italic">Hercules</hi> and <hi
rend="italic">Cadmus</hi> once,</l>
    <l>When in a wood of <hi rend="italic">Creete</hi> they bayed
the Beare</l>
    <l>With hounds of <hi rend="italic">Sparta</hi>; neuer did I
heare</l>
    <l>Such gallant chiding. For besides the groues,</l>
    <l>The skies, the fountaines, euery region neere,</l>
    <l>Seeme all one mutuall cry. I neuer heard</l>
    <l>So musicall a discord, such sweet thunder.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
    <speaker rend="italic">Thes.</speaker>
    <l>My hounds are bred out of the <hi rend="italic">Spartan</hi>
kinde,</l>
    <l>So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung</l>
    <l>With eares that sweepe away the morning dew,</l>
    <l>Crooke kneed, and dew&#x2011;lapt, like <hi
rend="italic">Thessalian</hi> Buls,</l>
    <l>Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bels,</l>
    <l>Each vnder each. A cry more tuneable</l>
    <l>Was neuer hallowed to, nor cheer'd with horne,</l>
    <l>In <hi rend="italic">Creete</hi>, in <hi
rend="italic">Sparta</hi>, nor in <hi rend="italic">Thessaly</hi>;</l>
    <l>Iudge when you heare. B<c rend="invertedType">u</c>t soft,
what nimphs are these?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-ege">
    <speaker rend="italic">Egeus.</speaker>
    <l>My Lord, this is my daughter heere asleepe,</l>
    <l>And this <hi rend="italic">Lysander</hi>, this <hi
rend="italic">Demetrius</hi> is,</l>
```

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    <l>This <hi rend="italic">Helena</hi>, olde <hi rend="italic">Nedars Helena</hi>,</l>
    <l>I wonder of this being heere together.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
    <speaker rend="italic">The.</speaker>
    <l>No doubt they rose vp early, to obserue</l>
    <l>The right of May; and hearing our intent,</l>
    <l>Came heere in grace of our solemnity.</l>
    <l>But speake <hi rend="italic">Egeus</hi>, is not this the day</l>
    <l>That <hi rend="italic">Hermia</hi> should giue answer of her choice?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-ege">
    <speaker rend="italic">Egeus.</speaker>
    <l>It is, my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
    <speaker rend="italic">Thes.</speaker>
    <l>Goe bid the hunts&#x2011;men wake them with their <lb/>hornes.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Hornes and they wake.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Shout within, they all start vp.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
    <speaker rend="italic">Thes.</speaker>
    <l>Good morrow friends: Saint <hi rend="italic">Valentine</hi> is past,</l>
    <l>Begin these wood birds but to couple now?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
    <l>Pardon my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
    <speaker rend="italic">Thes.</speaker>
    <l>I pray you all stand vp.</l>
    <l>I know you two are Riuall enemies.</l>
    <l>How comes this gentle concord in the world,</l>
    <l>That hatred <choice><orig>is is</orig><corr>is</corr></choice> so farre from iealousie,</l>
    <l>To sleepe by hate, and feare no enmity.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
    <l>My Lord, I shall reply amazedly,</l>
    <l>Halfe sleepe, halfe waking. But as yet, I sweare,</l>
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<l>I cannot truly say how I came heere.</l>
<l>But as I thinke (for truly would I speake)</l>
<l>And now I doe bethinke me, so it is;</l>
<l>I came with <hi rend="italic">Hermia</hi> hither. Our intent</l>
<l>Was to be gone from <hi rend="italic">Athens</hi>, where we might be</l>
<l>Without the perill of the <hi rend="italic">Athenian</hi> Law.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-ege">
<speaker rend="italic">Ege.</speaker>
<l>Enough, enough, my Lord: you haue enough;</l>
<l>I beg the Law, the Law, vpon his head:</l>
<l>They would have stolne away, they would <hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi>,</l>
<l>Thereby to haue defeated you and me:</l>
<l>You of your wife, and me of my consent;</l>
<l>Of my consent, that she should be your wife.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
<speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
<l>My Lord, faire <hi rend="italic">Helen</hi> told me of their stealth,</l>
<l>Of this their purpose hither, to this wood,</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>And I in furie hither followed them;</l>
<l>Faire <hi rend="italic">Helena</hi>, in fancy followed me.</l>
<l>But my good Lord, I wot not by what power,</l>
<l>(But by some power it is) my loue</l>
<l>To <hi rend="italic">Hermia</hi> (melted as the snow)</l>
<l>Seems to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,</l>
<l>Which in my childehood I did doat vpon:</l>
<l>And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,</l>
<l>The obiect and the pleasure of mine eye,</l>
<l>Is onely <hi rend="italic">Helena</hi>. To her, my Lord,</l>
<l>Was I betroth'd, ere I see <hi rend="italic">Hermia</hi>,</l>
<l>But like a sickenesse did I loath this food,</l>
<l>But as in health, come to my naturall taste,</l>
<l>Now doe I wish it, loue it, long for it,</l>
<l>And will for euermore be true to it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
<speaker rend="italic">Thes.</speaker>
<l>Faire Louers, you are fortunately met;</l>
<l>Of this discourse we shall heare more anon.</l>
<l><hi rend="italic">Egeus</hi>, I will ouer&#x2011;beare your will;</l>
<l>For in the Temple, by and by with vs,</l>
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    <l>These couples shall eternally be knit.</l>
    <l>And for the morning now is something worne,</l>
    <l>Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.</l>
    <l>Away, with vs to <hi rend="italic">Athens</hi>; three and three,</l>
    <l>Wee'll hold a feast in great solemnitie.</l>
    <l>Come <hi rend="italic">Hippolit&#x00E6;</hi>.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Duke and Lords.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
    <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
    <l>These things seeme small &amp; vndistinguishable,</l>
    <l>Like farre off mountaines turned into Clouds.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mnd-her">
    <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
    <l>Me&#x2011;thinks I see these things with parted eye,</l>
    <l>When euery things seemes double.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
    <l>So me&#x2011;thinkes:</l>
    <l>And I haue found <hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi>, like a iewell,</l>
    <l>Mine owne, and not mine owne.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
    <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
    <l>It seemes to mee,</l>
    <l>That yet we sleepe, we dreame. Do not you thinke,</l>
    <l>The Duke was heere, and bid vs follow him?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mnd-her">
    <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
    <l>Yea, and my Father.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mnd-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
    <l>And <hi rend="italic">Hippolit&#x00E6;</hi>.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
    <l>And he bid vs follow to the Temple.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
    <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
    <l>Why then we are awake; lets follow him, and
      <lb/>by the way let vs recount our dreames.</l>
  </sp>
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                    <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Bottome
wakes.</stage>
                    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Louers.</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                       <p>When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer.
                          <lb/>My next is, most faire <hi rend="italic">Piramus</hi>.
Hey ho. <hi rend="italic">Peter Quince</hi>?
                          <lb/><hi rend="italic">Flute</hi> the
bellowes&#x2011;mender? <hi rend="italic">Snout</hi> the tinker? <hi
rend="italic">Starue&#x00AD;
                          <lb/>ling</hi>? Gods my life! Stolne hence, and left me
asleepe: I
                          <lb/>haue had a most rare vision. I had a dreame, past the wit
                          <lb/>of man, to say, what dreame it was. Man is but an Asse,
                          <lb/>if he goe about to expound this dreame.
Me&#x2011;thought I
                          <lb/>was, there is no man can tell what. Me&#x2011;thought I
was,
                          <lb/>and me&#x2011;thought I had. But man is but a patch'd
foole,
                          <lb/>if he will offer to say, what me&#x2011;thought I had.
The eye of
                          <lb/>man hath not heard, the eare of man hath not seen, mans
                          <lb/>hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceiue, nor his
                          <lb/>heart to report, what my dreame was. I will get <hi
rend="italic">Peter
                          <lb/>Quince</hi> to write a ballet of this dreame, it shall be
called
                          <lb/><hi rend="italic">Bottomes Dreame</hi>, because it hath
no bottome; and I will
                          <lb/>sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke.
Per&#x00AD;
                          <lb/>aduenture, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it
                          <lb/>at her death.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
                 </div>
                    <div type="scene" n="2">
                       <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 2]</head>
                    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Quince, Flute,
                    Thisbie, Snout, and Starueling.</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Quin.</speaker>
                       <p>Haue you sent to <hi rend="italic">Bottomes</hi> house? Is
he come
                          <lb/>home yet?</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-mnd-sta">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Staru.</speaker>
```

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          <p>He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt hee is
              <lb/>transported.</p>
        </sp>
        <fw type="catchword" place="footRight"><hi
rend="italic">This.</hi> If</fw>
        <pb facs="FFimg:axc0179-0.jpg" n="159"/>
        <fw type="rh">A Midsommer nights Dreame.</fw>
        <cb n="1"/>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-flu">
          <speaker rend="italic">This.</speaker>
          <p>If he come not, then the play is mar'd. It goes
              <lb/>not forward, doth it?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
          <speaker rend="italic">Quin.</speaker>
          <p>It is not possible: you haue not a man in all
              <lb/><hi rend="italic">Athens</hi>, able to discharge <hi
rend="italic">Piramus</hi> but he.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-flu">
          <speaker rend="italic">This.</speaker>
          <p>No, hee hath simply the best wit of any handy&#x00AD;
              <lb/>craft man in <hi rend="italic">Athens</hi>.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
          <speaker rend="italic">Quin.</speaker>
          <p>Yea, and the best person too, and hee is a very
              <lb/>Paramour, for a sweet voyce.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-flu">
          <speaker rend="italic">This.</speaker>
          <p>You must say, Paragon. A Paramour is (God
              <lb/>blesse vs) a thing of nought.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Snug the
Ioyner.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-snu">
          <speaker rend="italic">Snug.</speaker>
          <p>Masters, the Duke is comming from the Tem&#x00AD;
              <lb/>ple, and there is two or three Lords &amp; Ladies more
mar&#x00AD;
              <lb/>ried. If our sport had gone forward, we had all bin made
              <lb/>men.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-flu">
          <speaker rend="italic">This.</speaker>
          <p>O sweet bully <hi rend="italic">Bottome</hi>: thus hath he
lost sixe&#x00AD;
              <lb/>pence a day, during his life; he could not haue scaped
six&#x00AD;
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<lb/>pence a day. And the Duke had not giuen him sixpence
<lb/>a day for playing <hi rend="italic">Piramus</hi>, Ile be hang'd. He would haue
<lb/>deserued it. Sixpence a day in <hi rend="italic">Piramus</hi>, or nothing.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Bottome.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
<speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
<p>Where are these Lads? Where are these hearts?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
<speaker rend="italic">Quin.</speaker>
<p>Bottome, &#x00F4; most couragious day! O most hap&#x00AD;
<lb/>pie houre!</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
<speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
<p>Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me
<lb/>not what. For if I tell you, I am no true <hi rend="italic">Athenian</hi>. I
<lb/>will tell you euery thing as it fell out.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
<p>Let vs heare, sweet <hi rend="italic">Bottome</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
<speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
<p>Not a word of me: all that I will tell you, is, that
<lb/>the Duke hath dined. Get your apparell together, good
<lb/>strings to your beards, new ribbands to your pumps,
<lb/>meete presently at the Palace, euery man looke ore his
<lb/>part: for the short and the long is, our play is preferred:
<lb/>In any case let <hi rend="italic">Thisby</hi> haue cleane linnen: and let not him
<lb/>that playes the Lion, paire his nailes, for they shall hang
<lb/>out for the Lions clawes. And most deare Actors, eate
<lb/>no Onions, nor Garlicke; for wee are to vtter sweete
<lb/>breath, and I doe not doubt but to heare them say, it is a
<lb/>sweet Comedy. No more words: away, go away.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
</div>
<div type="act" n="5">
<div type="scene" n="1">
<head rend="italic center">Actus Quintus.</head>

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<head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 1]</head>
<stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter Theseus, Hippolita,
Egeus and his Lords.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mnd-hip">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hip.</speaker>
  <l>'Tis strange my <hi rend="italic">Theseus</hi>, y<hi
rend="superscript">t</hi> these louers speake of.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
  <speaker rend="italic">The.</speaker>
  <l>More strange then true. I neuer may beleeue</l>
  <l>These anticke fables, nor these Fairy toyes,</l>
  <l>Louers and mad men haue such seething braines,</l>
  <l>Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend more</l>
  <l>Then coole reason euer comprehends.</l>
  <l>The Lunaticke, the Louer, and the Poet,</l>
  <l>Are of imagination all compact.</l>
  <l>One sees more diuels then vaste hell can hold<gap
rend="damage" agent="tear" extent="2" unit="chars"/>hold.<note resp="#ES">Here
a tear in the page partially obscures the final character of the line, and entirely
obscures the final punctuation mark.</note></l>
  <l>That is the mad man. The Louer, all as frantick<gap
rend="repair" agent="patch" extent="2" unit="chars"/>franticke,<note
resp="#ES">Here a paper patch obscures the end of the line</note></l>
  <l>Sees <hi rend="italic">Helens</hi> beauty in a brow of <hi
rend="italic">Egipt</hi>.</l>
  <l>The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance</l>
  <l>From heauen to earth, from earth to heauen.</l>
  <l>And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things</l>
  <l>Vnknowne; the Poets pen turnes them to shapes,</l>
  <l>And giues to aire nothing, a locall habitation,</l>
  <l>And a name. Such tricks hath strong imagination,</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>That if it would but apprehend some ioy,</l>
  <l>It comprehends some bringer of that ioy.</l>
  <l>Or in the night, imagining some feare,</l>
  <l>Howe easie is a bush suppos'd a Beare?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-hip">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hip.</speaker>
  <l>But all the storie of the night told ouer,</l>
  <l>And all their minds transfigur'd so together,</l>
  <l>More witnesseth than fancies images,</l>
  <l>And growes to something of great constancie;</l>
  <l>But howsoeuer, strange, and admirable.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter louers, Lysander,
Demetrius, Hermia,
  <lb/>and Helena.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
```

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    <speaker rend="italic">The.</speaker>
    <l>Heere come the louers, full of ioy and mirth:</l>
    <l>Ioy, gentle friends, ioy and fresh dayes</l>
    <l>Of loue accompany your hearts.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
    <l>More then to vs, waite in your royall walkes,
        <lb/>your boord, your bed.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
    <speaker rend="italic">The.</speaker>
    <l>Come now, what maskes, what dances shall
        <lb/>we haue,</l>
    <l>To weare away this long age of three houres,</l>
    <l>Between our after supper, and bed&#x2011;time?</l>
    <l>Where is our vsuall manager of mirth?</l>
    <l>What Reuels are in hand? Is there no play,</l>
    <l>To ease the anguish of a torturing houre?</l>
    <l>Call <hi rend="italic">Egeus</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-ege">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ege.</speaker>
    <l>Heere mighty <hi rend="italic">Theseus</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
    <speaker rend="italic">The.</speaker>
    <l>Say, what abridgement haue you for this eue&#x00AD;
        <lb/>ning?</l>
    <l>What maske? What musicke? How shall we beguile</l>
    <l>The lazie time, if not with some delight?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-ege">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ege.</speaker>
    <l>There is a breefe how many sports are rife:</l>
    <l>Make choise of which your Highnesse will see first.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lis.</speaker>
    <l>The battell with the Centaurs to be sung</l>
    <l>By an Athenian Eunuch, to the Harpe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
    <speaker rend="italic">The.</speaker>
    <l>Wee'l none of that. That haue I told my Loue</l>
    <l>In glory of my kinsman Hercules.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lis.</speaker>
    <l>The riot of the tipsie Bachanals,</l>
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        <l>Tearing the Thracian singer, in their rage<hi
rend="italic">?</hi></l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
        <speaker rend="italic">The.</speaker>
        <l>That is an old deuice, and it was plaid</l>
        <l>When I from <hi rend="italic">Thebes</hi> came last a
Conqueror.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
        <speaker rend="italic">Lis.</speaker>
        <l>The thrice three Muses, mourning for the death
          <lb/>of learning, late deceast in beggerie.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
        <speaker rend="italic">The.</speaker>
        <l>That is some Satire keene and criticall,</l>
        <l>Not sorting with a nuptiall ceremonie.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
        <speaker rend="italic">Lis.</speaker>
        <l>A tedious breefe Scene of yong <hi
rend="italic">Piramus</hi>,</l>
        <l>And his loue <hi rend="italic">Thisby</hi>; very tragicall
mirth.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
        <speaker rend="italic">The.</speaker>
        <p>Merry and tragicall? Tedious, and briefe? That
          <lb/>is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow. How shall wee
          <lb/>finde the concord of this discord?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-ege">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ege.</speaker>
        <l>A play there is, my Lord, some ten words long,</l>
        <l>Which is as breefe, as I haue knowne a play;</l>
        <l>But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long;</l>
        <l>Which makes it tedious. For in all the play,</l>
        <l>There is not one word apt, one Player fitted.</l>
        <l>And tragicall my noble Lord it is: for <hi
rend="italic">Piramus</hi></l>
        <l>Therein doth kill himselfe. Which when I saw</l>
        <l>Rehearst, I must confesse, made mine eyes water:</l>
        <l>But more merrie teares, the passion of loud laughter</l>
        <l>Neuer shed.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
        <speaker rend="italic">Thes.</speaker>
        <l>What are they that do play it?</l>
      </sp>
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<sp who="#F-mnd-ege">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ege.</speaker>
   <l>Hard handed men, that worke in Athens heere,</l>
   <l>Which neuer labour'd in their mindes till now;</l>
   <l>And now haue toyled their vn<gap rend="damage"
agent="tear" extent="16" unit="chars"/><note resp="#ES">Here the corner of the
page is torn away, obscuring the second part of the last three lines of the
column.</note></l>
   <l>With this same play, against <gap rend="damage"
agent="tear" extent="12" unit="chars"/></l>
   <l><gap/>e will he<gap rend="damage" agent="tear" extent="6"
unit="chars"/></l>
</sp>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0180-0.jpg" n="160"/>
<fw type="rh">A Midsommer nights Dreame.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-mnd-phi">
   <speaker rend="italic">Phi.</speaker>
   <l>No my noble Lord, it is not for you. I haue heard</l>
   <l>It ouer, and it is nothing, nothing in the world;</l>
   <l>Vnlesse you can finde sport in their intents,</l>
   <l>Extreamely stretcht, and cond with cruell paine,</l>
   <l>To doe you seruice.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
   <speaker rend="italic">Thes.</speaker>
   <l>I will heare that play. For neuer any thing</l>
   <l>Can be amisse, when simplenesse and duty tender it.</l>
   <l>Goe bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-hip">
   <speaker rend="italic">Hip.</speaker>
   <l>I loue not to see wretchednesse orecharged;</l>
   <l>And duty in his seruice perishing.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
   <speaker rend="italic">Thes.</speaker>
   <l>Why gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-hip">
   <speaker rend="italic">Hip.</speaker>
   <l>He saies, they can doe nothing in this kinde.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
   <speaker rend="italic">Thes.</speaker>
   <l>The kinder we, to giue them thanks for nothing</l>
   <l>Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake;</l>
   <l>And what poore duty cannot doe, noble respect</l>
   <l>Takes it in might, not merit.</l>
   <l>Where I haue come, great Clearkes haue purposed</l>
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<l>To greete me with premeditated welcomes;</l>
<l>Where I haue seene them shiuer and looke pale,</l>
<l>Make periods in the midst of sentences,</l>
<l>Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares,</l>
<l>And in conclusion, dumbly haue broke off,</l>
<l>Not paying me a welcome. Trust me sweete,</l>
<l>Out of this silence yet, I pickt a welcome:</l>
<l>And in the modesty of fearefull duty,</l>
<l>I read as much, as from the ratling tongue</l>
<l>Of saucy and audacious eloquence.</l>
<l>Loue therefore, and tongue&#x2011;tide simplicity,</l>
<l>In least, speake most, to my capacity.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-ege">
  <speaker rend="italic">Egeus.</speaker>
  <l>So please your Grace, the Prologue is addrest.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
  <l>Let him approach.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Flor.
Trum.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the
Prologue.</stage>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="entrance">Quince.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pro.</speaker>
  <l>If we offend, it is with our good will.</l>
  <l>That you should thinke, we come not to offend,</l>
  <l>But with good will. To shew our simple skill,</l>
  <l>That is the true beginning of our end.</l>
  <l>Consider then, we come but in despight.</l>
  <l>We do not come, as minding to content you,</l>
  <l>Our true intent is. All for your delight,</l>
  <l>We are not heere. That you should here repent you,</l>
  <l>The Actors are at hand; and by their show,</l>
  <l>You shall know all, that you are like to know.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Thes.</speaker>
  <l>This fellow doth not stand vpon points.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
  <p>He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt: he
    <lb/>knowes not the stop. A good morall my Lord. It is not
    <lb/>enough to speake, but to speake true.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-hip">
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            <speaker rend="italic">Hip.</speaker>
            <p>Indeed hee hath plaid on his Prologue, like a
                <lb/>childe on a Recorder, a sound, but not in
gouernment.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
            <speaker rend="italic">Thes.</speaker>
            <p>His speech was like a tangled chaine: nothing
                <lb/>impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?</p>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Tawyer with a Trumpet
before them.</stage>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Pyramus
and Thisby, Wall, Moone&#x2011;shine, and Lyon.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-mnd-qui">
            <speaker rend="italic">Prol.</speaker>
            <l>Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show,</l>
            <l>But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine.</l>
            <l>This man is <hi rend="italic">Piramus</hi>, if you would
know;</l>
            <l>This beauteous Lady, <hi rend="italic">Thisby</hi> is
certaine.</l>
            <l>This man, with lyme and rough&#x2011;cast, doth
present</l>
            <l>Wall, that vile wall, which did these louers sunder:</l>
            <l>And through walls chink (poor soules) they are content</l>
            <l>To whisper. At the which, let no man wonder.</l>
            <l>This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and bush of thorne,</l>
            <l><gap rend="damage" agent="tear" extent="2"
unit="words"/><note resp="#ES">Here the corner of the page is torn away, obscuring
the first part of the last three lines of the column.</note> For if you will know,</l>
            <l><gap rend="damage" agent="tear" extent="4" unit="words"/>
Louers thinke no scorne</l>
            <l><gap rend="damage" agent="tear" extent="6.4"
unit="words"/>ere, there to wooe:</l>
            <cb n="2"/>
            <l>This grizy beast (which Lyon hight by name)</l>
            <l>The trusty <hi rend="italic">Thisby</hi>, comming first by
night,</l>
            <l>Did scarre away, or rather did affright:</l>
            <l>And as she fled, her mantle she did fall;</l>
            <l>Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did staine.</l>
            <l>Anon comes <hi rend="italic">Piramus</hi>, sweet youth and
tall,</l>
            <l>And findes his <hi rend="italic">Thisbies</hi> Mantle
slaine;</l>
            <l>Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,</l>
            <l>He brauely broacht his boiling bloudy breast,</l>
            <l>And <hi rend="italic">Thisby</hi>, tarrying in Mulberry
shade,</l>
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<l>His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,</l>
    <l>Let <hi rend="italic">Lyon, Moone&#x2011;shine, Wall</hi>, and Louers twaine,</l>
    <l>At large discourse, while here they doe remaine.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit all but Wall.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
    <speaker rend="italic">Thes.</speaker>
    <l>I wonder if the Lion be to speake.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
    <speaker rend="italic">Deme.</speaker>
    <p>No wonder, my Lord: one Lion may, when
        <lb/>many Asses doe.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Lyon, Thisbie, and Mooneshine.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mnd-sno">
    <speaker rend="italic">Wall.</speaker>
    <l>In this same Interlude, it doth befall,</l>
    <l>That I, one <hi rend="italic">Snowt</hi> (by name) present a wall:</l>
    <l>And such a wall, as I vvould haue you thinke,</l>
    <l>That had in it a crannied hole or chinke:</l>
    <l>Through which the Louers, <hi rend="italic">Piramus</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Thisbie</hi></l>
    <l>Did whisper often, very secretly.</l>
    <l>This loame, this rough&#x2011;cast, and this stone doth shew,</l>
    <l>That I am that same Wall; the truth is so.</l>
    <l>And this the cranny is, right and sinister,</l>
    <l>Through which the fearefull Louers are to whisper.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
    <speaker rend="italic">Thes.</speaker>
    <p>Would you desire Lime and Haire to speake
        <lb/>better?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
    <speaker rend="italic">Deme.</speaker>
    <p>It is the vvittiest partition, that euer I heard
        <lb/>discourse, my Lord.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
    <speaker rend="italic">Thes.</speaker>
    <l><hi rend="italic">Pyramus</hi> drawes neere the Wall, silence.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter

Pyramus.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
<speaker rend="italic">Pir.</speaker>
<l>O grim lookt night, &#x00F4; night with hue so blacke,</l>
<l>O night, which euer art, when day is not:</l>
<l>O night, &#x00F4; night, alacke, alacke, alacke,</l>
<l>I feare my <hi rend="italic">Thisbies</hi> promise is forgot.</l>
<l>And thou &#x00F4; vvall, thou sweet and louely vvall,</l>
<l>That stands between her fathers ground and mine,</l>
<l>Thou vvall, &#x00F4; vvall, &#x00F4; sweet and louely vvall,</l>
<l>Shew me thy chinke, to blinke through vvith mine eine.</l>
<l>Thankes courteous vvall. <hi rend="italic">Ioue</hi> shield thee vvell for this.</l>
<l>But vvhat see I? No <hi rend="italic">Thisbie</hi> doe I see.</l>
<l>O vvicked vvall, through vvhom I see no blisse,</l>
<l>Curst be thy stones for thus deceiuing mee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
<speaker rend="italic">Thes.</speaker>
<p>The vvall me&#x2011;thinkes being sensible, should
<lb/>curse againe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
<speaker rend="italic">Pir.</speaker>
<l>No in truth sir, he should not. <hi rend="italic">Deceiuing me</hi>,</l>
<l>Is <hi rend="italic">Thisbies</hi> cue; she is to enter, and I am to spy</l>
<l>Her through the vvall. You shall see it vvill fall.</l>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Thisbie.</stage>
<l>Pat as I told you; yonder she comes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-flu">
<speaker rend="italic">This.</speaker>
<l>O vvall, full often hast thou heard my mones,</l>
<l>For parting my faire <hi rend="italic">Piramus</hi>, and me.<note resp="#PW">There is damage from here for five lines, although no text is rendered illegible due to it: a tear, repaired with a paper patch on the recto of this page.</note></l>
<l>My cherry lips haue often kist thy stones;</l>
<l>Thy stones vvith Lime and Haire knit vp in thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
<speaker rend="italic">Pyra.</speaker>
<l>I see a voyce; now vvill I to the chinke,</l>
<l>To spy and I can heare my <hi rend="italic">Thisbies</hi> face. <hi rend="italic">Thisbie</hi>?</l>

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          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mnd-flu">
            <speaker rend="italic">This.</speaker>
            <l>My Loue thou art, my Loue I thinke.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pir.</speaker>
            <l>Thinke vvhat thou vvilt, I am thy Louers grace,</l>
            <l>And like <hi rend="italic">Limander</hi> am I trusty
still.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mnd-flu">
            <speaker rend="italic">This.</speaker>
            <l>And like <hi rend="italic">Helen</hi> till the Fates me
kill.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pir.</speaker>
            <l>Not <hi rend="italic">Shafalus</hi> to <hi
rend="italic">Procrus</hi>, was so true.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mnd-flu">
            <speaker rend="italic">This.</speaker>
            <l>As <hi rend="italic">Shafalus</hi> to <hi
rend="italic">Procrus</hi>, I to you.</l>
          </sp>
          <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
        <hi rend="italic">Pir.</hi> O</fw>
          <pb facs="FFimg:axc0181-0.jpg" n="163"/>
          <fw type="rh">A Midsommer nights Dreame.</fw>
          <cb n="1"/>
          <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pir.</speaker>
            <l>O kisse me through the hole of this vile wall.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mnd-flu">
            <speaker rend="italic">This.</speaker>
            <l>I kisse the wals hole, not your lips at all.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pir.</speaker>
            <l>Wilt thou at <hi rend="italic">Ninnies</hi> tombe meete me
straight
              <lb/>way?</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mnd-flu">
            <speaker rend="italic">This.</speaker>
            <l>Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mnd-sno">
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      <speaker rend="italic">Wall.</speaker>
      <l>Thus haue I <hi rend="italic">Wall</hi>, my part discharged
so;</l>
      <l>And being done, thus <hi rend="italic">Wall</hi> away doth
go.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Clow.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
      <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
      <p>Now is the morall downe betweene the two
      <lb/>Neighbors.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
      <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
      <p>No remedie my Lord, when Wals are so wil&#x00AD;
        <lb/>full, to heare without vvarning.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mnd-hip">
      <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
      <p>This is the silliest stuffe that ere I heard.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
      <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
      <p>The best in this kind are but shadowes, and the
        <lb/>worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mnd-hip">
      <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
      <p>It must be your imagination then, &amp; not theirs.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
      <speaker rend="italic">Duk.</speaker>
      <p>If wee imagine no worse of them then they of
        <lb/>themselues, they may passe for excellent men. Here com
        <lb/>two noble beasts, in a man and a Lion.</p>
    </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lyon and
Moone&#x2011;shine.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-mnd-snu">
      <speaker rend="italic">Lyon.</speaker>
      <l>You Ladies, you (whose gentle harts do feare</l>
      <l>The smallest monstrous mouse that creepes on floore)</l>
      <l>May now perchance, both quake and tremble heere,</l>
      <l>When Lion rough in wildest rage doth roare.</l>
      <l>Then know that I, one <hi rend="italic">Snug</hi> the Ioyner
am</l>
      <l>A Lion fell, nor else no Lions dam:</l>
      <l>For if I should as Lion come in strife</l>
      <l>Into this place, 'twere pittie of my life.</l>
    </sp>
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<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
   <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
   <p>A verie gentle beast, and of good conscience.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
   <p>The verie best at a beast, my Lord, y<hi
rend="superscript">t</hi> ere I saw.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
   <speaker rend="italic">Lis.</speaker>
   <p>This Lion is a verie Fox for his valor.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
   <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
   <p>True, and a Goose for his discretion.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
   <p>Not so my Lord: for his valor cannot carrie
      <lb/>his discretion, and the Fox carries the Goose.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
   <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
   <p>His discretion I am sure cannot carrie his valor:
      <lb/>for the Goose carries not the Fox. It is well; leaue it to
      <lb/>his discretion, and let vs hearken to the Moone.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-sta">
   <speaker rend="italic">Moone.</speaker>
   <l>This Lanthorne doth the horned Moone pre&#x00AD;
      <lb/>sent.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
   <speaker rend="italic">De.</speaker>
   <p>He should haue worne the hornes on his head.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
   <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
   <p>Hee is no crescent, and his hornes are inuisible,
      <lb/>within the circumference.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-sta">
   <speaker rend="italic">Moon.</speaker>
   <p>This lanthorne doth the horned Moone pre&#x00AD;
      <lb/>sent: My selfe, the man i'th Moone doth seeme to be.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
   <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
   <p>This is the greatest error of all the rest; the man
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        <lb/>should be put into the Lanthorne. How is it els the man
        <lb/>i'th Moone?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
        <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
        <l>He dares not come there for the candle.</l>
        <l>For you see, it is already in snuffe.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mnd-hip">
        <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
        <p>I am vvearie of this Moone; vvould he would
            <lb/>change.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
        <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
        <p>It appeares by his smal light of discretion, that
            <lb/>he is in the wane: but yet in courtesie, in all reason, vve
            <lb/>must stay the time.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
        <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
        <p>Proceed Moone.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mnd-sta">
        <speaker rend="italic">Moon.</speaker>
        <p>All that I haue to say, is to tell you, that the
            <lb/>Lanthorne is the Moone; I, the man in the Moone; this
            <lb/>thorne bush, my thorne bush; and this dog, my dog.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
        <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
        <p>Why all these should be in the Lanthorne: for <lb/>they are in
            the Moone. But silence, heere comes <hi
rend="italic">Thisby</hi>.</p>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Thisby.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-mnd-flu">
        <speaker rend="italic">This.</speaker>
        <l>This is old <hi rend="italic">Ninnies</hi> tombe: where is
my loue?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mnd-snu">
        <speaker rend="italic">Lyon.</speaker>
        <l>Oh.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">The Lion roares,
Thisby runs off.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
        <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
        <p>Well roar'd Lion.</p>
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</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
   <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
   <p>Well run <hi rend="italic">Thisby</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-hip">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
   <l>Well shone Moone.</l>
   <l>Truly the Moone shines with a good grace.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
   <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
   <p>Wel mouz'd Lion.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
   <p>And then came <hi rend="italic">Piramus</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
   <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
   <p>And so the Lion vanisht.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Piramus.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pyr.</speaker>
   <l>Sweet Moone, I thank thee for thy sunny beames,</l>
   <l>I thanke thee Moone, for shining now so bright:</l>
   <l>For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames,</l>
   <l>I trust to taste of truest <hi rend="italic">Thisbies</hi>
sight.</l>

   <l>But stay: O spight! but marke, poore Knight,</l>
   <l>What dreadful dole is heere?</l>
   <l>Eyes do you see! How can it be!</l>
   <l>O dainty Ducke: O Deere!</l>
   <l>Thy mantle good; what staind with blood!</l>
   <l>Approch you Furies fell:</l>
   <l>O Fates! come, come: Cut thred and thrum,</l>
   <l>Quaile, crush, conclude, and quell.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
   <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
   <l>This passion, and the death of a deare friend,</l>
   <l>Would go neere to make a man looke sad.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-hip">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
   <l>Beshrew my heart, but I pittie the man.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
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      <speaker rend="italic">Pir.</speaker>
      <l>O wherefore Nature, did'st thou Lions frame?</l>
      <l>Since Lion vilde hath heere deflour'd my deere:</l>
      <l>Which is: no, no, which was the fairest Dame</l>
      <l>That liu'd, that lou'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheere.</l>
      <l>Come teares, confound: Out sword, and wound</l>
      <l>The pap of <hi rend="italic">Piramus</hi>:</l>
      <l>I, that left pap, where heart doth hop;</l>
      <l>Thus dye I, thus, thus, thus.</l>
      <l>Now am I dead, now am I fled, my soule is in the sky,</l>
      <l>Tongue lose thy light, Moone take thy flight,</l>
      <l>Now dye, dye, dye, dye, dye.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
      <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
      <p>No Die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
      <speaker rend="italic">Lis.</speaker>
      <p>Lesse then an ace man. For he is dead, he is no&#x00AD;
         <lb/>thing.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
      <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
      <p>With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet reco&#x00AD;
         <lb/>uer, and proue an Asse.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mnd-hip">
      <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
      <l>How chance Moone&#x2011;shine is gone before?</l>
      <l><hi rend="italic">Thisby</hi> comes backe, and findes her
Louer.</l>
   </sp>
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Thisby.</stage>
   <sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
      <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
      <l>She wil finde him by starre&#x2011;light.</l>
      <l>Heere she comes, and her passion ends the play.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mnd-hip">
      <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
      <p>Me thinkes shee should not vse a long one for
         <lb/>such a <hi rend="italic">Piramus</hi>: I hope she will be
breefe.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
      <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
      <p>A Moth wil turne the ballance, which <hi
rend="italic">Piramus</hi>
         <lb/>which <hi rend="italic">Thisby</hi> is the better.</p>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-lys">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lys.</speaker>
          <p>She hath spyed him already, with those sweete
            <lb rend="turnover"/><pc rend="turnover">(</pc>eyes.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
          <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
          <p>And thus she meanes, <hi rend="italic">videlicit</hi>.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-flu">
          <speaker rend="italic">This.</speaker>
          <l>Asleepe my Loue? What, dead my Doue?</l>
          <l>O <hi rend="italic">Piramus</hi> arise:</l>
          <l>Speake, Speake. Quite dumbe? Dead, dead? A tombe</l>
          <l>Must couer thy sweet eyes.</l>
          <l>These Lilly Lips, this cherry nose,</l>
          <l>These yellow Cowslip cheekes</l>
          <l>Are gone, are gone: Louers make mone:</l>
          <l>His eyes were greene as Leekes.</l>
          <l>O sisters three, come, come to mee,</l>
          <l>With hands as pale as Milke,</l>
          <l>Lay them in gore, since you haue shore</l>
          <l>With sheeres, his thred of silke.</l>
          <l>Tongue not a word: Come trusty sword:</l>
          <l>Come blade, my brest imbrue:</l>
          <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">O3</fw>
          <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw>
          <pb facs="FFimg:axc0182-0.jpg" n="162"/>
          <fw type="rh">A Midsommer nights Dreame.</fw>
          <cb n="1"/>
          <l>And farwell friends, thus <hi rend="italic">Thisbie</hi>
ends;</l>
          <l>Adieu, adieu, adieu.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
          <speaker rend="italic">Duk.</speaker>
          <p>Moone&#x2011;shine &amp; Lion are left to burie the
dead.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-dem">
          <speaker rend="italic">Deme.</speaker>
          <p>I, and Wall too.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mnd-bot">
          <speaker rend="italic">Bot.</speaker>
          <p>No, I assure you, the wall is downe, that parted
            <lb/>their Fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or
            <lb/>to heare a Bergomask dance, betweene two of our
com&#x00AD;
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          <lb/>pany?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-duk">
         <speaker rend="italic">Duk.</speaker>
         <p>No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs
            <lb/>no excuse. Neuer excuse; for when the plaiers are all
            <lb/>dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if hee that
            <lb/>writ it had plaid <hi rend="italic">Piramus</hi>, and
hung himselfe in <hi rend="italic">Thisbies</hi>
            <lb/>garter, it would haue beene a fine Tragedy: and so it is
            <lb/>truely, and very notably discharg'd. But come, your
            <lb/>Burgomaske; let your Epilogue alone.</p>
         <l>The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelue.</l>
         <l>Louers to bed, 'tis almost Fairy time.</l>
         <l>I feare we shall out&#x2011;sleepe the comming
morne,</l>

         <l>As much as we this night haue ouer&#x2011;watcht.</l>
         <l>This palpable grosse play hath well beguil'd</l>
         <l>The heauy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed.</l>
         <l>A fortnight hold we this solemnity.</l>
         <l>In nightly Reuels; and new iollitie.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Pucke.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
         <speaker rend="italic">Puck</speaker>
         <l>Now the hungry Lyons rores,</l>
         <l>And the Wolfe beholds the Moone:</l>
         <l>Whilest the heauy ploughman snores,</l>
         <l>All with weary taske fore&#x2011;done.</l>
         <l>Now the wasted brands doe glow,</l>
         <l>Whil'st the scritch&#x2011;owle, scritching loud,</l>
         <l>Puts the wretch that lies in woe,</l>
         <l>In remembrance of a shrowd.</l>
         <l>Now it is the time of night,</l>
         <l>That the graues, all gaping wide,</l>
         <l>Euery one lets forth his spright,</l>
         <l>In the Church&#x2011;way paths to glide,</l>
         <l>And we Fairies, that do runne,</l>
         <l>By the triple <hi rend="italic">Hecates</hi> teame,</l>
         <l>From the presence of the Sunne,</l>
         <l>Following darkenesse like a dreame,</l>
         <l>Now are frollicke; not a Mouse</l>
         <l>Shall disturbe this hallowed house.</l>
         <l>I am sent with broome before,</l>
         <l>To sweep the dust behinde the doore.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King and Queene
of Fairies, with their traine.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-mnd-obe">
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        <speaker rend="italic">Ob.</speaker>
        <l>Through the house giue glimmering light,</l>
        <cb n="2"/>
        <l>By the dead and drowsie fier,</l>
        <l>Euerie Elfe and Fairie spright,</l>
        <l>Hop as light as bird from brier,</l>
        <l>And this Ditty after me, sing and dance it trippinglie.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mnd-tit">
        <speaker rend="italic">Tita.</speaker>
        <l>First rehearse this song by roate,</l>
        <l>To each word a warbling note.</l>
        <l>Hand in hand, with Fairie grace,</l>
        <l>Will we sing and blesse this place.</l>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="business">The Song.</stage>
        <l rend="italic">Now vntill the breake of day,</l>
        <l rend="italic">Through this house each Fairy stray.</l>
        <l rend="italic">To the best Bride&#x2011;bed will we,</l>
        <l rend="italic">Which by vs shall blessed be:</l>
        <l rend="italic">And the issue there create,</l>
        <l rend="italic">Euer shall be fortunate:</l>
        <l rend="italic">So shall all the couples three,</l>
        <l rend="italic">Euer true in louing be:</l>
        <l rend="italic">And the blots of Natures hand,</l>
        <l rend="italic">Shall not in their issue stand.</l>
        <l rend="italic">Neuer mole, harelip, nor scarre,</l>
        <l rend="italic">Nor marke prodigious, such as are</l>
        <l rend="italic">Despised in Natiuitie,</l>
        <l rend="italic">Shall vpon their children be.</l>
        <l rend="italic">With this field dew consecrate,</l>
        <l rend="italic">Euery Fairy take his gate,</l>
        <l rend="italic">And each seuerall chamber blesse,</l>
        <l rend="italic">Through this Pallace with sweet peace,</l>
        <l rend="italic">Euer shall in safety rest,</l>
        <l rend="italic">And the owner of it blest.</l>
        <l rend="italic">Trip away, make no stay;</l>
        <l rend="italic">Meet me all by breake of day.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mnd-puc">
        <speaker rend="italic">Robin.</speaker>
        <l>If we shadowes haue offended,</l>
        <l>Thinke but this (and all is mended)</l>
        <l>That you haue but slumbred heere,</l>
        <l>While these visions did appeare.</l>
        <l>And this weake and idle theame,</l>
        <l>No more yeelding but a dreame,</l>

<l><choice><orig>Centles</orig><corr>Gentles</corr></choice>, doe not
reprehend.</l>
        <l>If you pardon, we will mend.</l>
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        <l>And as I am an honest <hi rend="italic">Pucke</hi>,</l>
        <l>If we haue vnearned lucke,</l>
        <l>Now to scape the Serpents tongue,</l>
        <l>We will make amends ere long:</l>
        <l>Else the <hi rend="italic">Pucke</hi> a lyar call.</l>
        <l>So good night vnto you all.</l>
        <l>Giue me your hands, if we be friends,</l>
        <l>And <hi rend="italic">Robin</hi> shall restore amends.</l>
      </sp>
    </div>
      </div>
    <trailer>FINIS.</trailer>
    </div>
        </body>
  </text>
</TEI>
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