

Original Text

Modern Text

Act 4, Scene 1

LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA, and HERMIA sleep.
*Enter TITANIA, Queen of the Fairies; and BOTTOM, with the ass's
head; and
fairies PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARDSEED; OB*

DEMETRIUS, HELENA, HERMIA,
*and LYSANDER are still sleeping on
the stage. TITANIA enters
with BOTTOM, who still has a donkey's*

Original Text

ERON the king behind them, unseen

TITANIA

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

BOTTOM

5 Where's Peaseblossom?

PEASEBLOSSOM

Ready.

BOTTOM

Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Where's Monsieur Cobweb?

COBWEB

Ready.

BOTTOM

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

1 Where's Monsieur Mustardseed?

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MUSTARDSEED

Ready.

Modern Text

*head, and the
fairies PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB,
MOTH,
and MUSTARDSEED. OBERON enters
behind them, unseen by those onstage.*

TITANIA

(to BOTTOM) Come over here and sit down on this flowery bed while I caress those lovable cheeks. I'll put roses on your silky, smooth head and kiss your big, beautiful ears, my gentle darling.

BOTTOM

Where's Peaseblossom?

PEASEBLOSSOM

Here.

BOTTOM

Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Where's Monsieur Cobweb?

COBWEB

Here.

BOTTOM

Monsieur Cobweb, sir, get out your weapons and kill me a striped bumblebee on a thistle, and bring me its honey. Don't tire yourself out, monsieur. Oh, and monsieur, be careful not to break the honey-sac. I'd hate to see you drowned in honey, sir.

Exit COBWEB

COBWEB exits.

Where's Monsieur Mustardseed?

MUSTARDSEED

Here.

Act 4, Scene 1, Page 2

BOTTOM

Give me your neaf, Monsieur Mustardseed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

MUSTARDSEED

What's your will?

BOTTOM

15 Nothing, good monsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur, for methinks I am marvelous hairy about the face. And I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

TITANIA

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

BOTTOM**BOTTOM**

Give me your first, Mr. Mustardseed. Please, stop bowing, good sir.

MUSTARDSEED

What would you like me to do?

BOTTOM

Nothing, good sir, except to help Sir Cobweb scratch my head. I should go to the barber's, monsieur, because I think I'm getting really hairy around the face. And I'm such a sensitive ass that if my hair even tickles me a little, I need to scratch.

TITANIA

Would you like to hear some music, my sweet love?

BOTTOM

Original Text

I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let's have the tongs and the bones.

TITANIA

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

BOTTOM

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

TITANIA

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

BOTTOM

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

TITANIA

Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.

Exeunt FAIRIES

Modern Text

I have a pretty good ear for music. Let's hear someone play the triangle and the sticks.

TITANIA

Or tell me, my sweet love, what you'd like to eat.

BOTTOM

Actually, I'd like a few pounds of grass. I'd like to munch on some good dry oats. Or maybe I've got a hankering for a bundle of hay. There's nothing like good hay, really sweet hay.

TITANIA

I have an adventurous fairy who'll go seek out the squirrel's secret stash and get you some fresh nuts.

BOTTOM

I'd rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But please don't let any of your people wake me up. I really want to sleep now.

TITANIA

Go to sleep, and I will wrap my arms around you.
Fairies, go away. Run off in all directions.

The FAIRIES exit.

Act 4, Scene 1, Page 3

- 25 So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwine. The female ivy so
Enrings the barked fingers of the elm.
Oh, how I love thee! How I dote on thee!

TITANIA and BOTTOM sleep

Enter ROBIN

OBERON

Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou this sweet sight?

- 30 Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favors from this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her and fall out with her.
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
35 With a coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers,
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
40 When I had at my pleasure taunted her
And she in mild terms begged my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child,
Which straight she gave me and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in Fairyland.
45 And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain,
That, he awaking when the other do,

I'm putting my arms around you just like the woodbine tendril gently twists itself around the sweet honeysuckle, and like the female ivy curls itself around the branches of the elm tree. Oh, how I love you! I'm so crazy about you!

BOTTOM and TITANIA sleep. ROBIN enters.

OBERON

Welcome, good Robin. Do you see this sweet sight? Now I'm starting to pity Titania for being so infatuated. I ran into her recently at the edge of the forest, looking for sweet presents for this hateful idiot, and I scolded her and argued with her. She had put a wreath of fresh, fragrant flowers around his hairy forehead, and the drops of dew that lay in the center of the flowers made the flowers look like they were crying with shame to be decorating the head of that ugly jackass. When I had taunted her as much as I wanted to, and she begged me very nicely to leave her alone, I asked her for the stolen Indian child. She said yes right away, and sent a fairy to bring him to my home in Fairyland. And now that I have the boy, I'll undo the spell that makes her vision so disgustingly wrong. And, gentle Puck, take this transformed ass's head off of the head of that Athenian man, so that when he wakes up at the same time as the rest of them do, they can all go back to Athens. They'll only remember the events

Original Text

- 50 May all to Athens back again repair
And think no more of this night's accidents
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.

(squeezing flower juice into TITANIA's eyes)

Modern Text

of tonight as a very unpleasant dream. But first I'll release the fairy queen from the spell.

(OBERON squeezes the juice from the second flower into TITANIA's eyes)

Act 4, Scene 1, Page 4

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

TITANIA

(waking) My Oberon, what visions have I seen!

- 60 Methought I was enamored of an ass.

OBERON

There lies your love.

TITANIA

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

OBERON

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

TITANIA

Music, ho! Music such as charmeth sleep!

Music

ROBIN

(taking the ass's head off BOTTOM)
Now when thou wakest, with thine own fool's eyes
peep.

OBERON

- Sound, music!—Come, my queen, take hands with
70 me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
(dances with TITANIA)
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will tomorrow midnight solemnly
75 Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair prosperity.
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Be like you used to be, and see like you used to see. This bud belongs to Diana, the goddess of virginity, and it has the power to undo the effects of Cupid's flower. Now, Titania, wake up, my sweet queen.

TITANIA

(waking up) Oberon, I've had such a strange dream! I dreamed I was in love with an ass.

OBERON

There's your boyfriend, sleeping right over there.

TITANIA

How did this happen? Oh, I hate looking at his face now!

OBERON

Be quiet for a while.—Robin, take off his donkey head.—Titania, get the fairies to play some music, and make these five people sleep more soundly than humans have ever slept before.

TITANIA

Music! Play the kind of music that puts people to sleep.

The music plays.

ROBIN

(removing the ass's head from BOTTOM) When you wake up, see things with your own foolish eyes again.

OBERON

Play the music.—Take my hands, my queen, and we'll lull these people to sleep with our soft dancing. *(he dances with TITANIA)* Now that you and I are friends again, we can dance for Duke Theseus tomorrow at midnight, and bless his marriage and his marriage bed. These other lovers will get married alongside him, and they'll all be in high spirits.

Act 4, Scene 1, Page 5

ROBIN

Fairy King, attend, and mark.
I do hear the morning lark.

OBERON**ROBIN**

Listen, Fairy King. I can hear the lark singing.
Morning's here.

OBERON

Original Text

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

TITANIA

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

Exeunt OBERON, TITANIA, and ROBIN

*Wind horn within Enter THESEUS and all his
train, EGEUS, and HIPPOLYTA*

THESEUS

Go, one of you, find out the forester.
For now our observation is performed.
90 And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley. Let them go.
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.

Exit one of the train

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

HIPPOLYTA

I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bayed the bear
With hounds of Sparta. Never did I hear
100 Such gallant chiding. For, besides the groves,

Modern Text

In that case, my queen, let's travel silently and
solemnly across the globe to where it's still night,
circling the earth faster than the moon does.

TITANIA

While we're walking, you can tell me how I ended
up sleeping on the ground with these humans
last night.

OBERON, TITANIA, and ROBIN exit.

*A hunting horn blows. THESEUS enters with his
servants, EGEUS and HIPPOLYTA.*

THESEUS

One of you go find the forest ranger. Since we're
done with the May Day rites and it's still so early
in the morning, my love will have a chance to
hear the beautiful music of my hunting dogs
barking as they chase their prey. Unleash the
dogs in the western valley. Let them go. Now go
find the forest ranger.

A servant exits.

My beautiful queen, we'll go up the mountain and
listen to the hounds as their barking echoes in
the cliffs and sounds like music.

HIPPOLYTA

I was with the heroes Hercules and Cadmus
once, when their Spartan hunting dogs cornered
a bear. I'd never heard such impressive barking
before.

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The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seemed all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

THESEUS

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
105 So flewed, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew,
Crook-kneed, and dew-lapped like Thessalian bulls,
Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tunable
110 Was never hollaed to, nor cheered with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.
Judge when you hear.
(sees the four sleeping lovers)
But, soft! What nymphs are these?

EGEUS

My lord, this is my daughter here asleep.

The forests, the skies, the mountains, everything
around us seemed to echo the barks of the
hounds. I'd never heard such raucous music,
such pleasant thunder.

THESEUS

My dogs are bred from Spartan hounds. They
have the same folds of flesh around their
mouths, the same sandy-colored fur, and
hanging ears that brush the morning dew off the
grass. They have crooked knees and folds of
skin under their necks, just like the Spartan
hounds. They're not very fast in the chase, but
their barking sounds like bells ringing. Each bark
is perfectly in tune with the others, like notes on a
scale. No one, anywhere, has ever gone hunting
with a more musical pack of dogs. Judge for
yourself when you hear them. (he sees the four
lovers sleeping) But wait a minute! Who are
these women?

EGEUS

My lord, that's my daughter asleep on the ground

Original Text

115 And this, Lysander. This Demetrius is.
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena.
I wonder of their being here together.

THESEUS

No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May, and hearing our intent

120 Came here in grace our solemnity.
But speak, Egeus. Is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

EGEUS

It is, my lord.

THESEUS

Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

Exit one of the train

*Wind horns and shout
within LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA,
and HERMIA wake and start up*

125 Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past.

Modern Text

over there, and this is Lysander here, and this is Demetrius, and this is Helena, old Nedar's daughter. I don't understand why they're all here together.

THESEUS

They probably woke up early to celebrate May Day and came here for my celebration when they heard I'd be here. But tell me, Egeus. Isn't today the day when Hermia has to tell us her decision about whether she'll marry Demetrius?

EGEUS

It is, my lord.

THESEUS

Go tell the hunters to blow their horns and wake them up.

A servant exits.

Someone shouts offstage. Horns are blown. LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA, and HERMIA wake up.

Good morning, my friends. Valentine's Day is over.

Act 4, Scene 1, Page 7

Begin these woodbirds but to couple now?

**LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA,
and HERMIA** kneel

LYSANDER

Pardon, my lord.

THESEUS

I pray you all, stand up.

**LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA,
and HERMIA** stand

(to LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS)

I know you two are rival enemies.

130 How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy
To sleep by hate and fear no enmity?

LYSANDER

My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking. But as yet, I swear,

135 I cannot truly say how I came here.
But as I think—for truly would I speak,
And now do I bethink me, so it is—
I came with Hermia hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,
140 Without the peril of the Athenian law—

EGEUS

(to THESEUS) Enough, enough, my lord. You have enough!

I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—
They would have stol'n away, they would,

Are you lovebirds only starting to pair up now?

**LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA,
and HERMIA** all kneel.

LYSANDER

Forgive us, my lord.

THESEUS

Please, all of you, stand up.

**LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA,
and HERMIA** get up.

(to LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS) I know you two are enemies. Has the world really become so gentle and peaceful that people who hate each other have started to trust each other and sleep beside each other without being afraid?

LYSANDER

My lord, what I say may be a little confused, since I'm half asleep and half awake. I swear, at the moment I really couldn't tell you how I ended up here. But I think—I want to tell you the truth, and now that I think about it, I think this is true—I came here with Hermia. We were planning to leave Athens to escape the Athenian law and—

EGEUS

(to THESEUS) Enough, enough, my lord. You've heard enough evidence! I insist that the law punish him—They were going to run away, Demetrius, they were running away to defeat us,

Original Text

- 145 Demetrius,
 Thereby to have defeated you and me,
 You of your wife and me of my consent,
 Of my consent that she should be your wife.
- DEMETRIUS**
 (to THESEUS) My lord, fair Helen told me of their
 stealth,
 Of this their purpose hither to this wood.
- 150 And I in fury hither followed them,
 Fair Helena in fancy following me.

Act 4, Scene 1, Page 8

- But, my good lord, I wot not by what power—
 But by some power it is—my love to Hermia,
 Melted as the snow, seems to me now
 As the remembrance of an idle gaud
- 155 Which in my childhood I did dote upon.
 And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
 The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
 Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
 Was I betrothed ere I saw Hermia.
- 160 But like in sickness did I loathe this food.
 But as in health, come to my natural taste,
 Now I do wish it, love it, long for it,
 And will for evermore be true to it.

THESEUS

- Fair lovers, you are fortunately met.
- 165 Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—
 Egeus, I will overbear your will.
 For in the temple by and by with us
 These couples shall eternally be knit.—
 And, for the morning now is something worn,
- 170 Our purposed hunting shall be set aside.
 Away with us to Athens. Three and three,
 We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
 Come, Hippolyta.

Exeunt THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train

DEMETRIUS

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

HERMIA

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

HELENA

So methinks.

Act 4, Scene 1, Page 9

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

Modern Text

robbing you of your wife and me of my fatherly
 right to decide who my son-in-law will be.

DEMETRIUS

(to THESEUS) My lord, the beautiful Helena told
 me about their secret plan to escape into this
 forest. I was furious and followed them here, and
 the lovely Helena was so in love with me that she
 followed me.

I'm not sure how it happened—but somehow,
 something made my love for Hermia melt away
 like snow. My past love for Hermia now seems
 like a memory of some cheap toy I used to love
 as a child. Now the only person I love, and
 believe in, and want to look at, is Helena. I was
 engaged to her before I ever met Hermia. Then I
 hated her for a time, as a sick person hates the
 food he usually loves. But now I have my natural
 taste back, like a sick person when he recovers.
 Now I want Helena, I love her, I long for her, and
 I will always be true to her.

THESEUS

You pretty lovers are lucky you met me here.
 We'll talk more about this later.—Egeus, I'm
 overriding your wishes. These couples will be
 married along with me and Hippolyta in the
 temple later today.—And now, since the morning
 is almost over, we'll give up on the idea of
 hunting. Come with us to Athens. We three
 couples will celebrate with a sumptuous feast.
 Come, Hippolyta.

*THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, and EGEUS exit with
 their followers.*

DEMETRIUS

What exactly just happened? The events of last
 night seem small and hard to see clearly, like far-
 off mountains that look like clouds in the
 distance.

HERMIA

Yes, it's like my eyes are out of focus, and I'm
 seeing everything double.

HELENA

Me too.

I won Demetrius so easily, as if he were a
 precious diamond I just found lying around. It's

Original Text

DEMETRIUS

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

HERMIA

Yea, and my father.

HELENA

And Hippolyta.

LYSANDER

And he did bid us follow to the temple.

DEMETRIUS

Why then, we are awake. Let's follow him
185 And by the way let us recount our dreams.

*Exeunt LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA,
and HERMIA*

BOTTOM

(waking) When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer. My next is "Most fair Pyramus." Heigh-ho! Peter Quince? Flute the bellows-mender? Snout the tinker? Starveling? God's my life, stol'n hence, and left me asleep? I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream—past the wit of man to say what dream it was. Man is but an ass if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had—but man is but a patched fool if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream.

Modern Text

mine because I found it, but I feel like someone else could easily come and claim it was hers.

DEMETRIUS

Are you sure we're awake? It seems to me like we're still sleeping, still dreaming. Do you remember seeing the duke here? Did he tell us to follow him?

HERMIA

Yes, he did. And my father was here too.

HELENA

And Hippolyta.

LYSANDER

And he told us to follow him to the temple.

DEMETRIUS

Well, then, we're awake. Let's follow him. We can tell one another our dreams along the way.

*LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA,
and HERMIA exit.*

BOTTOM

(waking up) Tell me when my cue comes, and I'll say my line. My next cue is "Most handsome Pyramus." Hey! Peter Quince? Flute the bellows-repairman? Snout the handyman? Starveling? My God, they've all run away and left me sleeping here? What a weird dream I had.—You can't even describe such a weird dream. You'd be an ass if you even tried to explain it. I thought I was—no, nobody can even describe what I was. I thought I was, I thought I had—but a person would be an idiot to try to say what I thought I had. No eye has ever heard, no ear has ever seen, no hand has tasted, or tongue felt, or heart described what my dream was like. I'll get Peter Quince to write this dream down as a ballad.

Act 4, Scene 1, Page 10

It shall be called "Bottom's Dream" because it hath no bottom. And I will sing it in the latter end of a play before the duke. Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

Exit

I'll call it "Bottom's Dream" because it's so deep that it has no bottom. And I'll sing it for the duke in the intermission of a play. Or maybe, to make it even more lovely, I'll sing it when the heroine dies.

BOTTOM exits.