

Midsummer Night's Dream III.1: The Wood

BOTTOM I see their knavery: this is to make an
ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I
will not stir from this place: I will walk up
and down here, and I will sing, that they
shall hear I am not afraid.

[Sings] The ousel cock so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,

TITANIA [Awaking] What angel wakes me from
my flowery bed?

BOTTOM [Sings] The throstle with his note so
true,
The wren with little quill, --

TITANIA I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth
move me
On the first view to say, to swear, I love
thee.

BOTTOM Methinks, mistress, you should have
little reason for that: and yet, to say the
truth, reason and love keep little company
together now-a-days.

TITANIA Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

BOTTOM Not so, neither: but if I had wit
enough to get out of this wood, I have
enough to serve mine own turn.

TITANIA Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt
or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state;
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the
deep,
And sing while thou on pressed flowers
dost sleep;
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and
Mustardseed!

[Enter PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH,
and MUSTARDSEED]

PEASEBLOSSOM Ready.

COBWEB And I.

MOTH And I.

MUSTARDSEED And I.

ALL Where shall we go?

TITANIA Be kind and courteous to this
gentleman;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and
mulberries;

The honey-bags steal from the humble-
bees,

And for night-tapers crop their waxen
thighs

And light them at the fiery glow-worm's
eyes,

To have my love to bed and to arise;

And pluck the wings from Painted
butterflies

To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping
eyes:

Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

PEASEBLOSSOM Hail, mortal!

COBWEB Hail!

MOTH Hail!

MUSTARDSEED Hail!

BOTTOM I cry your worship's mercy, heartily: I
beseech your worship's name.

COBWEB Cobweb.

BOTTOM I shall desire you of more
acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I
cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.
Your name, honest gentleman?

PEASEBLOSSOM Peaseblossom.

BOTTOM I pray you, commend me to Mistress
Squash, your mother, and to Master
Peascod, your father. Good Master
Peaseblossom, I shall desire you of more
acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech
you, sir?

MUSTARDSEED Mustardseed.

BOTTOM Good Master Mustardseed, I know
your patience well: I promise you your
kindred had made my eyes water ere now.
I desire your more acquaintance, good
Master Mustardseed.

TITANIA Come, wait upon him; lead him to my
bower.

The moon methinks looks with a watery
eye;

And when she weeps, weeps every little
flower,

Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my love's tongue bring him silently.