

[Scene 2]

Enter [Oberon,] King of Fairies.

OBERON

FTLN 1012 I wonder if Titania be awaked;
 FTLN 1013 Then what it was that next came in her eye,
 FTLN 1014 Which she must dote on in extremity.

START

[Enter Robin Goodfellow.]

FTLN 1015	Here comes my messenger. How now, mad spirit?	
FTLN 1016	What night-rule now about this haunted grove?	5
ROBIN		
FTLN 1017	My mistress with a monster is in love.	
FTLN 1018	Near to her close and consecrated bower,	
FTLN 1019	While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,	
FTLN 1020	A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,	
FTLN 1021	That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,	10
FTLN 1022	Were met together to rehearse a play	
FTLN 1023	Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.	
FTLN 1024	The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,	
FTLN 1025	Who Pyramus presented in their sport,	
FTLN 1026	Forsook his scene and entered in a brake.	15
FTLN 1027	When I did him at this advantage take,	
FTLN 1028	An ass's noll I fixèd on his head.	
FTLN 1029	Anon his Thisbe must be answerèd,	
FTLN 1030	And forth my [mimic] comes. When they him spy,	
FTLN 1031	As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,	20
FTLN 1032	Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,	
FTLN 1033	Rising and cawing at the gun's report,	
FTLN 1034	Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,	
FTLN 1035	So at his sight away his fellows fly,	
FTLN 1036	And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls.	25
FTLN 1037	He "Murder" cries and help from Athens calls.	
FTLN 1038	Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus	
FTLN 1039	strong,	
FTLN 1040	Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;	

FTLN 1041	For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch,	30
FTLN 1042	Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things	
FTLN 1043	catch.	
FTLN 1044	I led them on in this distracted fear	
FTLN 1045	And left sweet Pyramus translated there.	
FTLN 1046	When in that moment, so it came to pass,	35
FTLN 1047	Titania waked and straightway loved an ass.	
	OBERON	
FTLN 1048	This falls out better than I could devise.	
FTLN 1049	But hast thou yet latched the Athenian's eyes	
FTLN 1050	With the love juice, as I did bid thee do?	
	ROBIN	
FTLN 1051	I took him sleeping—that is finished, too—	40
FTLN 1052	And the Athenian woman by his side,	
FTLN 1053	That, when he waked, of force she must be eyed.	

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

	OBERON	
FTLN 1054	Stand close. This is the same Athenian.	
	ROBIN	
FTLN 1055	This is the woman, but not this the man.	
END	<i>「They step aside.」</i>	

	DEMETRIUS	
FTLN 1056	O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?	45
FTLN 1057	Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe!	
	HERMIA	
FTLN 1058	Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse,	
FTLN 1059	For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.	
FTLN 1060	If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,	
FTLN 1061	Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep	50
FTLN 1062	And kill me too.	
FTLN 1063	The sun was not so true unto the day	
FTLN 1064	As he to me. Would he have stolen away	
FTLN 1065	From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon	
FTLN 1066	This whole Earth may be bored, and that the moon	55
FTLN 1067	May through the center creep and so displease	

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 1095 There is no following her in this fierce vein.
 FTLN 1096 Here, therefore, for a while I will remain. 85
 FTLN 1097 So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
 FTLN 1098 For debt that bankrout *「sleep」* doth sorrow owe,
 FTLN 1099 Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
 FTLN 1100 If for his tender here I make some stay.

「He」 lies down 「and falls asleep.」

START

OBERON, *「to Robin」*

FTLN 1101 What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite 90
 FTLN 1102 And laid the love juice on some true-love's sight.
 FTLN 1103 Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
 FTLN 1104 Some true-love turned, and not a false turned true.

ROBIN

FTLN 1105 Then fate o'errules, that, one man holding troth,
 FTLN 1106 A million fail, confounding oath on oath. 95

OBERON

FTLN 1107 About the wood go swifter than the wind,
 FTLN 1108 And Helena of Athens look thou find.
 FTLN 1109 All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer
 FTLN 1110 With sighs of love that costs the fresh blood dear.
 FTLN 1111 By some illusion see thou bring her here. 100
 FTLN 1112 I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

FTLN 1113 ROBIN I go, I go, look how I go,
 FTLN 1114 Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. *「He exits.」*

OBERON, *「applying the nectar to Demetrius' eyes」*

FTLN 1115 Flower of this purple dye,
 FTLN 1116 Hit with Cupid's archery, 105
 FTLN 1117 Sink in apple of his eye.
 FTLN 1118 When his love he doth espy,
 FTLN 1119 Let her shine as gloriously
 FTLN 1120 As the Venus of the sky.—
 FTLN 1121 When thou wak'st, if she be by, 110
 FTLN 1122 Beg of her for remedy.

Enter 「Robin.」

ROBIN

FTLN 1123 Captain of our fairy band,
 FTLN 1124 Helena is here at hand,
 FTLN 1125 And the youth, mistook by me,
 FTLN 1126 Pleading for a lover's fee. 115
 FTLN 1127 Shall we their fond pageant see?
 FTLN 1128 Lord, what fools these mortals be!

OBERON

FTLN 1129 Stand aside. The noise they make
 FTLN 1130 Will cause Demetrius to awake.

ROBIN

FTLN 1131 Then will two at once woo one. 120
 FTLN 1132 That must needs be sport alone.
 FTLN 1133 And those things do best please me
 FTLN 1134 That befall prepost'rously.

「*They step aside.*」

END

Enter Lysander and Helena.

LYSANDER

FTLN 1135 Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
 FTLN 1136 Scorn and derision never come in tears. 125
 FTLN 1137 Look when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
 FTLN 1138 In their nativity all truth appears.
 FTLN 1139 How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
 FTLN 1140 Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?

HELENA

FTLN 1141 You do advance your cunning more and more. 130
 FTLN 1142 When truth kills truth, O devilish holy fray!
 FTLN 1143 These vows are Hermia's. Will you give her o'er?
 FTLN 1144 Weigh oath with oath and you will nothing
 FTLN 1145 weigh.
 FTLN 1146 Your vows to her and me, put in two scales, 135
 FTLN 1147 Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

LYSANDER

FTLN 1148 I had no judgment when to her I swore.

HELENA

FTLN 1149 Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.