

Let's have a  
look at some  
play text



A MIDSUMMER-  
of me !  
your love and might  
her knight ! [Exit.  
Lysander, help me ! do

nt from my breast !  
am was here !  
ke with fear :  
heart away,  
uel prey.  
Lysander ! lord !  
? no sound, no word ?  
k, an if you hear ;  
almost with fear.  
u are not nigh :  
immediately. [Exit.

NIGHT'S DREAM

[ACT III, SCENE I

ACT III

SCENE I

*The wood. TITANIA lying asleep.*

[Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and  
STARVELING.]

*Bot.* Are we all met ?

*Quin.* Pat, pat ; and here's a marvellous con-  
venient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall  
be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house ;  
and we will do it in action as we will do it before the  
duke.

*Bot.* Peter Quince,—

*Quin.* What sayest thou, bully Bottom ?

*Bot.* There are things in this comedy of Pyramus  
and Thisbe that will never please. First, Pyramus  
must draw a sword to kill himself ; which the ladies  
cannot abide. How answer you that ?

*Snout.* By'r lakin, a parlous fear.

*Star.* I believe we must leave the killing out, when  
all is done.

*Bot.* Not a whit : I have a device to make all well.

2. *Pat*, Exactly at the right moment.

4. *Tiring-house*, Green-room, actors' attiring-room.

8. *Bully*, Fine fellow ; used as a term of endearment.

13. *By'r lakin*, By our ladykin, an oath, like "marry" by the  
Virgin Mary ; *Parlous*, Perilous, dreadful.

ACT THREE SCENE II

*Helena*

Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.

I evermore did love you, Hermia,

Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you ;

Save that, in love unto Demetrius,

I told him of your stealth unto this wood. 310

He followed you ; for love I followed him ;

But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me

To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too ;

And now, so you will let me quiet go,

To Athens will I bear my folly back, 315

And follow you no further. Let me go.

You see how simple and how fond I am.

*Hermia*

Why, get you gone ! Who is't that hinders you ?

*Helena*

A foolish heart that I leave here behind.

*Hermia*

What ! with Lysander ?

*Helena*

With Demetrius. 320

*Lysander*

Be not afraid ; she shall not harm thee, Helena.

*Demetrius*

No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

*Helena*

O, when she is angry, she is keen and shrewd ;

She was a vixen when she went to school ;

And, though she be but little, she is fierce. 325

*Hermia*

'Little' again ! Nothing but 'low' and 'little' !

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus ?

Let me come to her.

*Lysander*

Get you gone, you dwarf

You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass made ;

You bead, you acorn.

*Demetrius*

You are too officious 330

In her behalf that scorns your services.