

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.

