

**TITANIA**

Never, since the middle summer's spring,  
Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,  
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,  
Or in the beached margent of the sea,  
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,  
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.  
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,  
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea  
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land  
Have every pelting river made so proud  
That they have overborne their continents:  
And this same progeny of evils comes  
From our debate, from our dissension;  
We are their parents and original.

---

**OBERON**

Welcome, good Robin.  
See'st thou this sweet sight?  
Her dotage now I do begin to pity:  
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,  
Seeking sweet favours from this hateful fool,  
I did upbraid her and fall out with her;  
When I had at my pleasure taunted her  
And she in mild terms begg'd 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 fairy land.  
And now I have the boy, I will undo  
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.  
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.

**LYSANDER**

Transparent Helena! Nature shows art,  
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.  
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word  
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!  
Content with Hermia? No; I do repent  
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.  
Not Hermia but Helena I love:  
Who will not change a raven for a dove?  
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;  
And reason says you are the worthier maid.  
Things growing are not ripe until their season  
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason,  
That leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook  
Love's stories written in love's richest book.

---

**HELENA**

O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent  
To set against me for your merriment:  
If you were civil and knew courtesy,  
You would not do me thus much injury.  
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,  
But you must join in souls to mock me too?  
If you were men, as men you are in show,  
You would not use a gentle lady so;  
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,  
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.  
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;  
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:  
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,  
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes  
With your derision! none of noble sort  
Would so offend a virgin, and extort  
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

**PUCK**

My mistress with a monster is in love.  
Near to her close and consecrated bower,  
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,  
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,  
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,  
Were met together to rehearse a play  
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day.  
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,  
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport  
Forsook his scene and enter'd in a brake  
When I did him at this advantage take,  
An ass's nole I fixed on his head:  
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;  
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,  
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;  
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;  
Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things catch.  
I led them on in this distracted fear,  
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:  
When in that moment, so it came to pass,  
Titania waked and straightway loved an ass.

---

**BOTTOM**

[Awaking] 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, stolen 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: 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.

**GOWER (a Chorus figure who introduces each act)**

To sing a song that old was sung,  
From ashes ancient Gower is come;  
Assuming man's infirmities,  
To glad your ear and please your eyes.  
If you, born in these latter times,  
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,  
And that to hear an old man sing  
May to your wishes pleasure bring,  
I life would wish, and that I might  
Waste it for you, like taper-light.  
This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great  
Built up this city for his chiefest seat.  
This king unto him took a fere,  
Who died and left a female heir,  
So buxom, blithe, and full of face,  
As heaven had lent her all his grace;  
With whom the father liking took,  
And her to incest did provoke.

**BAWD/PANDER (runs a brothel that Marina refuses to work for)**

Fie, fie upon her! I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er  
come here. She's able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole  
generation! We must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she  
should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession,  
she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her  
knees, that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a  
kiss of her.

**PERICLES (at sea in a violent storm)**

Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,  
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast  
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,  
Having call'd them from the deep!

**PERICLES (worrying that Antiochus will attack him to prevent him from revealing a secret)**

Why should this change of thoughts,  
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,  
Be my so used a guest as not an hour  
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,  
The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me quiet?  
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them.  
And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,  
Whose aim seems far too short to hit me here.  
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,  
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.  
The great Antiochus,  
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,  
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;  
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,  
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,  
Amazement shall drive courage from the state.  
Our men be vanquished ere they do resist,  
And subjects punished that ne'er thought offence.

### **MARINA (arguing and pleading with the attendant in a brothel)**

Thou hold'st a place for which the most tortured fiend  
Of hell would not in reputation change:  
Thou art the damned doorkeeper to every  
Coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib.  
O, that the gods  
Would safely deliver me from this place!  
Here, here's gold for thee.  
If that thy master would gain by thee,  
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,  
And I will undertake all these to teach.  
I doubt not but this populous city will  
Yield many scholars.

### **DIONYZA (justifying having had Marina killed)**

She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?  
Unless you play the pious innocent,  
And for an honest attribute cry out,  
'She died by foul play.'  
She did disdain my child, and stood between  
Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,  
But cast their gazes on Marina's face,  
Whilst ours was blurted at and held a malkin  
Not worth the time of day. It pierced me through.  
And as for Pericles,  
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,  
And yet we mourn; her monument  
Is almost finished, and her epitaphs  
In glittering golden characters express  
A general praise to her, and care in us,  
At whose expense 'tis done.