

SIDE 13 – Titania, Bottom (fairies invisible)

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, do what they can. I will walk up
and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear
I am not afraid. 125

He sings.

The ouzel cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill— 130

TITANIA, *waking up*

What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed?

BOTTOM *sings*

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plainsong cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark
And dares not answer “nay”— 135
for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a
bird? Who would give a bird the lie though he cry
“cuckoo” never so?

TITANIA

I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again.
Mine ear is much enamored 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. 140

BOTTOM Methinks, mistress, you should have little
reason for that. And yet, to say the truth, reason
and love keep little company together nowadays. 145
The more the pity that some honest neighbors will
not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon
occasion.

TITANIA

Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful. 150

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. 155
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 160
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, Mote, and Mustardseed!

Enter four invisible Fairies

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman. 170
Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes;
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 175
And light them at the fiery glowworms' 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.