

TITANIA

Come, sit thee down upon this flow'ry bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick muskroses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

BOTTOM

Where's Peaseblossom?

PEASEBLOSSOM

Ready.

BOTTOM

Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Where's
Monsieur Cobweb?

COBWEB Ready.

BOTTOM

Monsieur Cobweb, good monsieur, get you
your weapons in your hand and kill me a red-hipped
humble-bee on the top of a thistle, and, good
monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret
yourself too much in the action, monsieur, and,
good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break
not; I would be loath to have you overflown with a
honey-bag, signior. Where's Monsieur Mustardseed?

MUSTARDSEED

Ready.

BOTTOM

Give me your neaf, Monsieur Mustardseed.
Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

MUSTARDSEED

What's your will?

BOTTOM

Nothing, good monsieur, but to help Cavalery
Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's,
monsieur, for methinks I am marvels hairy about
the face. And I am such a tender ass, if my hair do
but tickle me, I must scratch.

TITANIA

Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

BOTTOM

Truly, a peck of provender. I could munch your good
dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of
hay. Good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

TITANIA

I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard and fetch thee new nuts.

BOTTOM

I had rather have a handful or two of dried
peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir
me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

TITANIA

Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.—
Fairies, begone, and be all ways away.

(Fairies exit.)

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist; the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! How I dote on thee!