

BOTTOM

Why do they run away? This is a knavery of them to make me afeard. 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.

(Sings)

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

TITANIA

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”—

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.

BOTTOM

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

TITANIA

Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

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.
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
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep.
Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Mote, and Mustardseed!