

「Scene 2」

Enter 「Oberon,」 King of Fairies.

OBERON

FTLN 1012 I wonder if Titania be awaked;
FTLN 1013 Then what it was that next came in her eye,
FTLN 1014 Which she must dote on in extremity.

「Enter Robin Goodfellow.」

FTLN 1015 Here comes my messenger. How now, mad spirit?
FTLN 1016 What night-rule now about this haunted grove? 5

ROBIN

FTLN 1017 My mistress with a monster is in love.
FTLN 1018 Near to her close and consecrated bower,
FTLN 1019 While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
FTLN 1020 A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
FTLN 1021 That work for bread upon Athenian stalls, 10
FTLN 1022 Were met together to rehearse a play
FTLN 1023 Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
FTLN 1024 The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
FTLN 1025 Who Pyramus presented in their sport,
FTLN 1026 Forsook his scene and entered in a brake. 15
FTLN 1027 When I did him at this advantage take,
FTLN 1028 An ass's noll I fixèd on his head.
FTLN 1029 Anon his Thisbe must be answerèd,
FTLN 1030 And forth my 「mimic」 comes. When they him spy,
FTLN 1031 As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye, 20
FTLN 1032 Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
FTLN 1033 Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
FTLN 1034 Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,
FTLN 1035 So at his sight away his fellows fly,
FTLN 1036 And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls. 25
FTLN 1037 He "Murder" cries and help from Athens calls.
FTLN 1038 Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus
FTLN 1039 strong,
FTLN 1040 Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;

FTLN 1041 For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch, 30
 FTLN 1042 Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things
 FTLN 1043 catch.
 FTLN 1044 I led them on in this distracted fear
 FTLN 1045 And left sweet Pyramus translated there.
 FTLN 1046 When in that moment, so it came to pass, 35
 FTLN 1047 Titania waked and straightway loved an ass.

OBERON

FTLN 1048 This falls out better than I could devise.
 FTLN 1049 But hast thou yet latched the Athenian's eyes
 FTLN 1050 With the love juice, as I did bid thee do?

ROBIN

FTLN 1051 I took him sleeping—that is finished, too— 40
 FTLN 1052 And the Athenian woman by his side,
 FTLN 1053 That, when he waked, of force she must be eyed.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

OBERON

FTLN 1054 Stand close. This is the same Athenian.

ROBIN

FTLN 1055 This is the woman, but not this the man.
They step aside.

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 1056 O, why rebuke you him that loves you so? 45
 FTLN 1057 Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe!

HERMIA

FTLN 1058 Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse,
 FTLN 1059 For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
 FTLN 1060 If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
 FTLN 1061 Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep 50
 FTLN 1062 And kill me too.
 FTLN 1063 The sun was not so true unto the day
 FTLN 1064 As he to me. Would he have stolen away
 FTLN 1065 From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
 FTLN 1066 This whole Earth may be bored, and that the moon 55
 FTLN 1067 May through the center creep and so displease