

FTLN 1524	BOTTOM	Give me your neaf, Monsieur Mustardseed.	20
FTLN 1525		Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.	
FTLN 1526	MUSTARDSEED	What's your will?	
FTLN 1527	BOTTOM	Nothing, good monsieur, but to help Cavalery	
FTLN 1528		Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's,	
FTLN 1529		monsieur, for methinks I am marvels hairy about	25
FTLN 1530		the face. And I am such a tender ass, if my hair do	
FTLN 1531		but tickle me, I must scratch.	
	TITANIA		
FTLN 1532		What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?	
FTLN 1533	BOTTOM	I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let's	
FTLN 1534		have the tongs and the bones.	30
	TITANIA		
FTLN 1535		Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.	
FTLN 1536	BOTTOM	Truly, a peck of provender. I could munch	
FTLN 1537		your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire	
FTLN 1538		to a bottle of hay. Good hay, sweet hay, hath no	
FTLN 1539		fellow.	35
	TITANIA		
FTLN 1540		I have a venturous fairy that shall seek	
FTLN 1541		The squirrel's hoard and fetch thee new nuts.	
FTLN 1542	BOTTOM	I had rather have a handful or two of dried	
FTLN 1543		peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir	
FTLN 1544		me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.	40
	TITANIA		
FTLN 1545		Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.—	
FTLN 1546		Fairies, begone, and be all ways away.	
		<i>「Fairies exit.」</i>	
FTLN 1547		So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle	
FTLN 1548		Gently entwist; the female ivy so	
FTLN 1549		Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.	45
FTLN 1550		O, how I love thee! How I dote on thee!	
		<i>「Bottom and Titania sleep.」</i>	

Enter Robin Goodfellow.

OBERON

FTLN 1551 Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou this sweet sight?