

Now all the faith, the virtue of my heart, the object and the pleasure of mine eye, is only Helena.
 To her, my lord, was I betrothed ere I saw Hermia,
 but, like in sickness, did I loathe this food;
 but, as in health, come to my natural taste,
 now I do wish it, love it, long for it, and will for evermore be true to it.

THESEUS

Fair lovers, you are fortunately met.
 Egeus, I will overbear your will; for in the temple by and by with us, these couples shall eternally be knit.
 And, for the morning now is something worn, our purposed hunting shall be set aside.
 Away with us to Athens! Three and three, we'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
 Come, Hippolyta.

(Exeunt THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS and train.)

DEMETRIUS

These things seem small and undistinguishable.

HERMIA

Methinks I see these things with parted eye, when every thing seems double.

HELENA

And I have found Demetrius like a jewel, mine own, and not mine own.

DEMETRIUS

Are you sure that we are awake? It seems to me that yet we sleep, we dream.
 Do not you think the Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

HERMIA

Yea, and my father.

HELENA

And Hippolyta.

LYSANDER

And he did bid us follow to the temple.

DEMETRIUS

Why then, we are awake. Let's follow him, and by the way let us recount our dreams.

(Exeunt.)

BOTTOM

(Awaking.) When my cue* comes, call me, and I will answer. My next is, 'Most fair Pyramus.'
 Heigh-ho!*

cue - the line before Bottom's next line in the play, **Heigh-ho** - perhaps a yawn

Peter Quince? Flute, the bellows-mender? Snout, the tinker? Starveling?
God's my life! Stolen hence, and left me asleep.
I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was.
Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream.
Methought I was—there is no man can tell what.
Methought I was—and methought I had—
but man is but a patched fool,* if he will offer to say what methought I had.
The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste,
his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was.*
I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream.
It shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom.
And I will sing it in the latter end of our play, before the Duke.
Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.*

(Exit BOTTOM.)

patched fool - a fool in a motley or many-colored suit,

the eye...what my dream was - Bottom's senses appear to be all mixed up, *her death* - probably Thisby's