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| **5****10****15****20****25****30****35****40****45****50****55** | **ROMEO** I dream'd a dream to-night.**MERCUTIO** And so did I.**ROMEO** Well, what was yours?**MERCUTIO** That dreamers often lie.**ROMEO** In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.**MERCUTIO** O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.She is the fairies' midwife, and she comesIn shape no bigger than an agate-stoneOn the fore-finger of an alderman,Drawn with a team of little atomiesAthwart men's noses as they lie asleep;Her wagon-spokes made of long spiders' legs,The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,The traces of the smallest spider's web,The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,Not so big as a round little wormPrick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;Her chariot is an empty hazel-nutMade by the joiner squirrel or old grub,Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.And in this state she gallops night by nightThrough lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies straight,O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,O'er ladies ' lips, who straight on kisses dream,Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are:Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tailTickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,Then dreams, he of another benefice:Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,Of healths five-fathom deep; and then anonDrums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,And being thus frighted swears a prayer or twoAnd sleeps again. This is that very MabThat plaits the manes of horses in the night,And bakes the elflocks in foul sluttish hairs,Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes:This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,That presses them and learns them first to bear,Making them women of good carriage:This is she--**ROMEO** Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!Thou talk'st of nothing.**MERCUTIO** True, I talk of dreams,Which are the children of an idle brain,Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,Which is as thin of substance as the airAnd more inconstant than the wind. |  |
| *agate:* a precious stone  |
| *alderman:* a rich person |
| *atomies:*microscopic creatures |
| *athwart:* across*traces:* reins*joiner:* carpenter*time out o’ mind*: for a long time*sweetmeats:* a delicacy; soft meat*a suit:* a love affair*tithe-pig:* a pig given to the church as a donation*benefice:* blessing*breaches, ambuscadoes:* attacks and ambushes*healths:* drinking *fathom:* measure of depth of water (1.8m)*elflocks:* fetlocks; part of a horse’s leg where long hair grows*learns them first to bear:* teaches them about pregnancy*good carriage:* good at child-bearing*begot:* created from |



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| Lovers | Courtiers | Lawyers | Ladies | Courtier (again) |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| Parson | Soldiers | Horses | Maids |  |

What dreams does Mab bring to these people? Or what does she do to them whilst they are asleep? Draw their dreams in the boxes provided.