World of the Play slips

Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass... I.i line 211

Those be rubies, fairy favors;
In those freckles live their savors. II.i line 12

...hang a pearl in every cowslip’s ear. II.i line 15

By fountain clear or spangled starlight sheen... II.i line 29

...hoary headed frosts
Fall in the lap of the crimson rose... II.i line 107

...in the spiced Indian air by night... II.i line 124
...a mermaid on a dolphin’s back, Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath... II.i line 150

...the rude sea grew civil at her song... II.i line 152

...certain Stars shot madly from their spheres... II.i line 153
Flying between the cold moon and the earth
Cupid all armed. II.i line 156

...young Cupid’s fiery shaft II.i line 161
Quenched in the chaste beams of the wat’ry moon

...a little western flower, II.i line 166
Before milk-white, now purple with love’s wound...

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows, II.i line 249
Where Oxslips and the nodding violet grows...
Quite overcanopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk roses and with eglantine… II.i line 251

There sleeps Titania some times of the night,
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight. II.i line 253

...there the snake throws her enameled skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in. II.i line 255

Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds… II.ii line 3

Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings
To make my small elves coats… II.ii line 4

The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits… II.ii line 5
You spotted snakes with double tongue…

Thorny hedgehogs be not seen.

Weaving spiders come not here, Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence!

One heart, one bed, two bosoms and one troth…

Methought a serpent ate my heart away.

…they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep…
Thorough bog, thorough bush, thorough brake, thorough brier…

III.i line 101

And pluck the wings from painted butterflies
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.

III.i line 168

Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty.

III.ii line 59

Two lovely berries molded on one stem,
So with two seeming bodies but one heart…

III.ii line 211

With drooping fog, black as Acheron…

III.ii line 357

…night’s swift dragons cut the clouds full fast…

III.ii line 379
Damned spirits all
That in crossways and floods have burial
Already to their wormy beds are gone... III.ii line 382

...the eastern gate, all fiery red III.ii line 391
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams...

...a red hipped humble bee on top of a thistle... IV.i line 11

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist... IV.i line 41

...the female ivy so
Enrings the barky finger of the elm. IV.i line 42

So musical a discord, such sweet thunder. IV.i line 117
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain... V.i line 142

Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee... V.i line 188

Now it is the time of night
That the graves, all gaping wide
Every one lets forth his sprite
In the churchway paths to glide V.i line 369