

Act III Scene I

THE FOREST,
NEAR ATHENS.

ARE WE
ALL MET?

PAT, PAT;
AND HERE'S
A MARVELLOUS
CONVENIENT
PLACE FOR OUR
REHEARSAL.

THIS GREEN PLOT
SHALL BE OUR STAGE,
THIS HAWTHORN-BRAKE OUR
TIRING HOLISE; AND WE WILL
DO IT IN ACTION AS WE
WILL DO IT BEFORE
THE DUKE.



PETER
QUINCE, -

WHAT SAY'ST
THOU, BULLY
BOTTOM?



THERE
ARE THINGS IN
THIS COMEDY OF
"PYRAMUS AND THISBE"
THAT WILL NEVER
PLEASE.

FIRST,
PYRAMUS MUST
DRAW A SWORD TO
KILL HIMSELF; WHICH
THE LADIES CANNOT
ABIDE. HOW ANSWER
YOU THAT?



BY 'R LAKIN,
A PARLOUS
FEAR.

I BELIEVE
WE MUST LEAVE THE
KILLING OUT, WHEN
ALL IS DONE.

NOT A
WHIT: I HAVE A
DEVICE TO MAKE
ALL WELL.



WRITE ME A PROLOGUE; AND LET THE PROLOGUE SEEM TO SAY, WE WILL DO NO HARM WITH OUR SWORDS, AND THAT PYRAMUS IS NOT KILLED INDEED; AND, FOR THE MORE BETTER ASSURANCE, TELL THEM THAT I, PYRAMUS, AM NOT PYRAMUS, BUT BOTTOM THE WEAVER.

THIS WILL PUT THEM OUT OF FEAR.



WELL, WE WILL HAVE SUCH A PROLOGUE; AND IT SHALL BE WRITTEN IN EIGHT AND SIX.

NO, MAKE IT TWO MORE; LET IT BE WRITTEN IN EIGHT AND EIGHT.



WILL NOT THE LADIES BE AFEARD OF THE LION?

I FEAR IT, I PROMISE YOU.



MASTERS, YOU OUGHT TO CONSIDER WITH YOURSELVES: TO BRING IN - GOD SHIELD US! - A LION AMONG LADIES, IS A MOST DREADFUL THING; FOR THERE IS NOT A MORE FEARFUL WILD-FOWL THAN YOUR LION LIVING, AND WE OUGHT TO LOOK TO IT.

THEREFORE, ANOTHER PROLOGUE MUST TELL HE IS NOT A LION.



NAY, YOU MUST NAME HIS NAME, AND HALF HIS FACE MUST BE SEEN THROUGH THE LION'S NECK;

AND HE HIMSELF MUST SPEAK THROUGH, SAYING THIS, OR TO THE SAME DEFECT, -

"LADIES," - OR,

"FAIR LADIES, I WOULD WISH YOU," - OR,

"I WOULD REQUEST YOU," - OR,

"I WOULD ENTREAT YOU, NOT TO FEAR, NOT TO TREMBLE: MY LIFE FOR YOURS."



"IF YOU THINK I COME HITHER AS A LION, IT WERE PITY OF MY LIFE: NO, I AM NO SUCH THING; I AM A MAN AS OTHER MEN ARE;"

AND THERE, INDEED, LET HIM NAME HIS NAME, AND TELL THEM PLAINLY, HE IS SNUG THE JOINER.

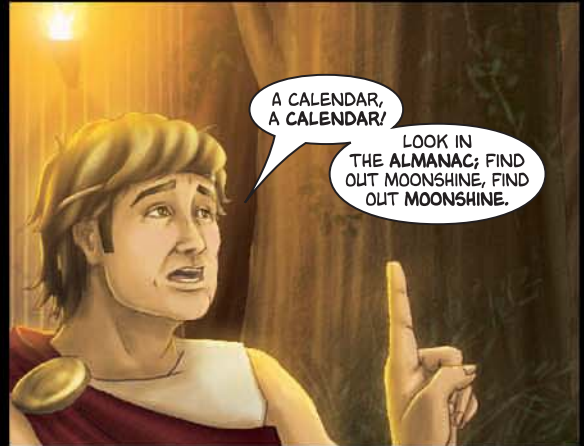


WELL, IT SHALL BE SO.



BUT THERE IS TWO HARD THINGS: THAT IS, TO BRING THE MOONLIGHT INTO A CHAMBER; FOR, YOU KNOW, PYRAMUS AND THISBE MEET BY MOONLIGHT.

DO TH THE MOON SHINE THAT NIGHT WE PLAY OUR PLAY?



A CALENDAR, A CALENDAR!

LOOK IN THE ALMANAC; FIND OUT MOONSHINE; FIND OUT MOONSHINE.



YES, IT DO TH SHINE THAT NIGHT.

WHY, THEN MAY YOU LEAVE A CASEMENT OF THE GREAT CHAMBER-WINDOW, WHERE WE PLAY, OPEN;

AND THE MOON MAY SHINE IN AT THE CASEMENT.



AY; OR ELSE ONE MUST COME IN WITH A BUSH OF THORNS AND A LANTERN, AND SAY, HE COMES TO DISFIGURE, OR TO PRESENT, THE PERSON OF MOONSHINE.

THEN, THERE IS ANOTHER THING: WE MUST HAVE A WALL IN THE GREAT CHAMBER; FOR PYRAMUS AND THISBE, SAYS THE STORY, DID TALK THROUGH THE CHINK OF A WALL.

YOU CAN NEVER BRING IN A WALL. WHAT SAY YOU, BOTTOM?



SOME MAN OR OTHER MUST PRESENT WALL; AND LET HIM HAVE SOME PLASTER, OR SOME LOAM, OR SOME ROUGH-CAST ABOUT HIM, TO SIGNIFY WALL;

AND LET HIM HOLD HIS FINGER THUS, AND THROUGH THAT CRANNY SHALL PYRAMUS AND THISBE WHISPER.



IF THAT MAY BE, THEN ALL IS WELL.



COME SIT DOWN, EVERY MOTHER'S SON, AND REHEARSE YOUR PARTS. PYRAMUS, YOU BEGIN.

WHEN YOU HAVE SPOKEN YOUR SPEECH, ENTER INTO THAT BRAKE;

AND SO EVERY ONE ACCORDING TO HIS CLUE.



WHAT HEMPEN HOME-SPUNS HAVE WE SWAGGERING HERE, SO NEAR THE CRADLE OF THE FAIRY QUEEN?

WHAT, A PLAY TOWARD? I'LL BE AN AUDITOR; AN ACTOR TOO, PERHAPS, IF I SEE CAUSE.

SPEAK, PYRAMUS. THISBE, STAND FORTH.



THISBE, THE FLOWERS OF ODIOUS SAVOURS SWEET, -



ODOURS, ODOURS.



- ODOURS SAVOURS SWEET:

SO HATH THY BREATH, MY DEAREST THISBE DEAR. BUT HARK, A VOICE! STAY THOU BUT HERE AWHILE, AND BY AND BY I WILL TO THEE APPEAR.

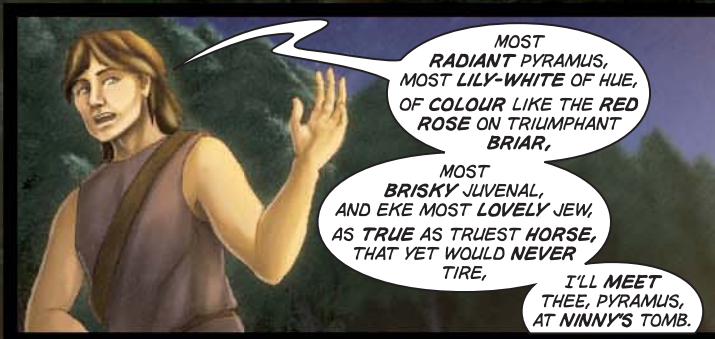


A STRANGER PYRAMUS THAN E'ER PLAY'D HERE!



MUST I SPEAK NOW?

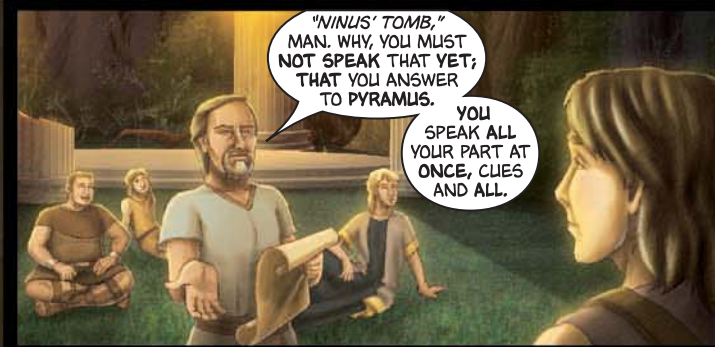
AY, MARRY, MUST YOU; FOR YOU MUST UNDERSTAND, HE GOES BUT TO SEE A NOISE THAT HE HEARD, AND IS TO COME AGAIN.



MOST
RADIANT PYRAMUS,
MOST LILY-WHITE OF HUE,
OF COLOUR LIKE THE RED
ROSE ON TRIUMPHANT
BRIAR,

MOST
BRISKY JUVENAL,
AND EKE MOST LOVELY JEW,
AS TRUE AS TRUEST HORSE,
THAT YET WOULD NEVER
TIRE,

I'LL MEET
THEE, PYRAMUS,
AT NINNY'S TOMB.



"NINUS' TOMB,"
MAN. WHY, YOU MUST
NOT SPEAK THAT YET;
THAT YOU ANSWER
TO PYRAMUS.

YOU
SPEAK ALL
YOUR PART AT
ONCE, CLUES
AND ALL.



PYRAMUS,
ENTER:
YOUR CLUE IS
PAST;

IT IS,
"NEVER
TIRE."

O, - AS TRUE
AS TRUEST HORSE,
THAT YET WOULD
NEVER TIRE.



IF I WERE
FAIR, THISBE,
I WERE ONLY
THINE.

O MONSTROUS!

O STRANGE!

WE ARE
HAUNTED. PRAY,
MASTERS! FLY,
MASTERS!

=GASP=

HELP!

?!?



I'LL
FOLLOW YOU, I'LL
LEAD YOU ABOUT A **ROUND**,
THROUGH BOG, THROUGH **BUSH**,
THROUGH BRAKE, THROUGH
BRIAR:

SOMETIME
A **HORSE** I'LL BE,
SOMETIME A **HOUND**,
A HOG, A **HEADLESS**
BEAR, SOMETIME
A **FIRE**;

AND NEIGH,
AND BARK, AND GRUNT,
AND ROAR, AND **BURN**,
LIKE HORSE, HOUND, HOG,
BEAR, FIRE, AT **EVERY**
TURN.



**WHY DO
THEY RUN AWAY?
THIS IS A KNAVERY
OF THEM, TO MAKE
ME AFELD.**




**O BOTTOM,
THOU ART CHANGED!
WHAT DO I SEE
ON THEE?**



**WHAT DO
YOU SEE? YOU
SEE AN ASS-HEAD
OF YOUR OWN,
DO YOU?**



BLESS THEE,
BOTTOM! BLESS
THEE! THOU ART
TRANSLATED.



I SEE
THEIR KNAVERY:
THIS IS TO MAKE
AN ASS OF ME; TO
FRIGHT ME, IF
THEY COULD.

BUT I WILL
NOT STIR FROM
THIS PLACE, DO WHAT
THEY CAN: I WILL WALK
UP AND DOWN HERE, AND
I WILL SING, THAT THEY
SHALL HEAR I AM
NOT AFRAID.



THE OUSEL-COCK,
SO BLACK OF HUE,
WITH ORANGE-TAWNY
BILL,

THE THROSTLE
WITH HIS NOTE SO TRUE,
THE WREN WITH LITTLE
QUILL.



WHAT
ANGEL WAKES
ME FROM MY
FLOWERY
BED?



THE FINCH,
THE SPARROW,
AND THE LARK,
AND THE PLAIN-SONG
CUCKOO
GREY,
WHOSE
NOTE FULL MANY
A MAN DOTH MARK,
AND DARES NOT
ANSWER
NAY;

FOR, INDEED,
WHO WOULD
SET HIS WIT TO
SO FOOLISH
A BIRD?

WHO WOULD
GIVE A BIRD THE
LIE, THOUGH HE
CRY "CUCKOO"
NEVER SO?