

THESEUS

I will hear that play;
Go, bring them in.--- and take your places, ladies.
Exit PHILOSTRATE

UNIT 31

Re-Enter PHILOSTRATE

PHILOSTRATE

So please your grace, the Prologue is addressed.

THESEUS

Let him approach.
Flourish of trumpets

Enter QUINCE for the Prologue

PROLOGUE

If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in despite.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand and by their show,
You shall know all that you are like to know.

WALL

In this same interlude it doth befall
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall.
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe,
Did whisper often, very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast and this stone doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so.
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

Enter Pyramus

PYRAMUS

O grim-looking night! O night with hue so black!
O night, O night! Alack, alack, alack,
I fear my Thisbe's promise is forgot.
And thou, O wall, thou sweet and lovely wall
That stands between her father's ground and mine!
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne!

Wall holds up his fingers

Thanks, courteous wall. Jove shield thee well for this.
But what see I? No Thisbe do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!
Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

Enter Thisbe

THISBE

O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me.
My cherry lips have often kissed thy stones,
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

PYRAMUS

I see a voice; now will I to the chink,
To spy on I can hear my Thisbe's face. Thisbe?

THISBE

My love thou art, my love I think.

PYRAMUS

O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!

THISBE

I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

PYRAMUS

Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?

THISBE

'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.
Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe

WALL

Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.

Exit

Enter Lion and Moonshine

LION

You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion-fell, nor else no lion's dam,
For if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.

MOONSHINE

This lantern doth the hornèd moon present:
Myself the man i' th'moon doth seem to be.
All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this
thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Enter Thisbe

THISBE

This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?

LION

[Roaring] O!

Thisbe runs off

Enter Pyramus

PYRAMUS

Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams,
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright,
What dreadful dole is here?
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What, stain'd with blood!
Come, tears, confound:
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus,
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop:
Stabs himself
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled,
My soul is in the sky.
Tongue, lose thy light,
Moon take thy flight,

Exit Moonshine

Now die, die, die, die, die.

Dies

Re-Enter Thisbe

THISBE

Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus, arise!
Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These lily lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone!
Tongue, not a word.
Come, trusty sword,
Come, blade, my breast imbrue.

Stabs herself

And farewell friends,
Thus Thisbe ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Dies

THESEUS

Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

DEMETRIUS

Ay, and Wall too.

BOTTOM

[Starting up] No I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company?

THESEUS

No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse: for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed.
Sweet friends, to bed.

Exeunt