

HELENA

The more I love, the more he hateth me.

HERMIA

His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

HELENA

None, but your beauty: would that fault were mine!

HERMIA

Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.

LYSANDER

Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.

HERMIA

And to the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us;
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!

Exit

HELENA

I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her: and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again.

Exit

UNIT 5

SCENE 2. Athens. QUINCE'S house.

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING

QUINCE

Is all our company here?

BOTTOM

You were best to call them generally, man by man,
according to the scrip.

QUINCE

Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess, on his wedding day at night.

BOTTOM

First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on, then read the names of the actors, and so grow to a point.

QUINCE

Marry, our play is 'The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe.'

BOTTOM

A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

QUINCE

Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

BOTTOM

Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

QUINCE

You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

BOTTOM

What is Pyramus? A lover, or a tyrant?

QUINCE

A lover that kills himself most gallant for love.

BOTTOM

That will ask some tears in the true performing of it.
If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes:
I will move storms, I will condole in some measure.
Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant.
The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates
This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players.

QUINCE

Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

FLUTE

Here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE

You must take Thisbe on you.

FLUTE

What is Thisbe? A wand'ring knight?

QUINCE

It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

FLUTE

Nay, faith, let me not play a woman: I have a beard coming.

QUINCE

That's all one. You shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

BOTTOM

An I may hide my face, let me play Thisbe too, I'll speak in a monstrous little voice. 'Thisne, Thisne!' 'Ah, Pyramus, lover dear! Thy Thisbe dear, and lady dear!'

QUINCE

No, no; you must play Pyramus – And, Flute, you Thisbe.

BOTTOM

Well, proceed.

QUINCE

Robin Starveling, the tailor.

STARVELING

Here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE

Robin Starveling, you must play Thisbe's mother.
Tom Snout, the tinker.

SNOUT

Here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE

You, Pyramus' father: myself, Thisbe's father:
Snug, the joiner; you, the lion's part: and I
hope there is a play fitted.

SNUG

Have you the lion's part written? Pray you, if it
be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

QUINCE

You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

BOTTOM

Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will
do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar,
that I will make the duke say 'Let him roar again,
let him roar again.'

QUINCE

You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a
sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a
summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man:
therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

BOTTOM

Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best
to play it in?

QUINCE

Why, what you will. But, masters, here
are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request
you and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night;
and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the
town, by moonlight. There will we rehearse. I pray you, fail me not.

BOTTOM

We will meet; and there we may rehearse most
obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect. Adieu.

QUINCE

At the duke's oak we meet.

BOTTOM

Enough. Hold or cut bow-strings.

Exeunt

UNIT 6

ACT 2

SCENE 1. A wood near Athens.

Enter, from opposite sides, a Fairy, and PUCK

PUCK

How now, spirit, whither wander you?