

SIDE 17 – MECHANICALS

QUINCE, *as Prologue*

Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show.  
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain. 135  
This man is Pyramus, if you would know.  
This beauteous lady Thisbe is certain.  
This man with lime and roughcast doth present  
“Wall,” that vile wall which did these lovers  
sunder; 140  
And through Wall’s chink, poor souls, they are  
content  
To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.  
This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,  
Presenteth “Moonshine,” for, if you will know, 145  
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn  
To meet at Ninus’ tomb, there, there to woo.  
This grisly beast (which “Lion” hight by name)  
The trusty Thisbe coming first by night  
Did scare away or rather did affright; 150  
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,  
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.  
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,  
And finds his trusty Thisbe’s mantle slain.  
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade, 155  
He bravely broached his boiling bloody breast.  
And Thisbe, tarrying in mulberry shade,  
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,  
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain  
At large discourse, while here they do remain. 160

*Prologue exit.*

SNOUT, *as Wall*

In this same interlude it doth befall  
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall; 165  
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 roughcast, and this stone doth show 170  
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.

BOTTOM, *as Pyramus*

O grim-looking night! O night with hue so black!  
O night, which ever art when day is not! 180

O night! O night! Alack, alack, alack!  
I fear my Thisbe's promise is forgot.  
And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,  
That stand'st between her father's ground and  
mine, 185  
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,  
Show me thy chink to blink through with mine  
eyne.  
Thanks, courteous wall. Jove shield thee well for  
this. 190  
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 (Flute).*

FLUTE, *as Thisbe*

O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans 200  
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.

BOTTOM, *as Pyramus*

I see a voice! Now will I to the chink  
To spy an I can hear my Thisbe's face. 205  
Thisbe?

FLUTE, *as Thisbe*

My love! Thou art my love, I think.

BOTTOM, *as Pyramus*

Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace,  
And, like Limander, am I trusty still.

FLUTE, *as Thisbe*

And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill. 210

BOTTOM, *as Pyramus*

Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

FLUTE, *as Thisbe*

As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

BOTTOM, *as Pyramus*

O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.

FLUTE, *as Thisbe*

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

BOTTOM, *as Pyramus*

Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway? 215

FLUTE, *as Thisbe*

'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.

*Bottom and Flute exit.*

SNOUT, *as Wall*

Thus have I, Wall, my part dischargèd so,  
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go. *He exits*

*Enter Lion (Snug) and Moonshine (Starveling).*

SNUG, *as 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, 235  
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.  
Then know that I, as 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.

STARVELING, *as Moonshine*

This lanthorn doth the hornèd moon present.  
Myself the man i' th' moon do seem to be.

All that I have to say is to tell you  
that the lanthorn is the moon, I the man i' th'  
moon, this thornbush my thornbush, and this dog  
my dog.