

TITANIA

Set your heart at rest:

The fairy land buys not the child of me.

His mother was a votaress of my order: And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,

Full often hath she gossip'd by my side, And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands, Marking the embarked traders on the flood,

When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive

And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;

Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait Following,--her womb then rich with my young squire,-- Would imitate, and sail upon the land,

To fetch me trifles, and return again,

As from a voyage, rich with merchandise. But she, being mortal, of that boy did die; And for her sake do I rear up her boy, And for her sake I will not part with him.

BOTTOM

[Awaking] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer: my next is,
'Most fair Pyramus.' Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender!
Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life, stolen

hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a
dream, past the wit of man to
say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this
dream. Methought I was--there is no man can tell what. Methought I
was,--and methought I had,--but man is but a patched fool, if he will
offer to say what methought I had. The eye

of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not
able to taste, his tongue

to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter
Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream,
because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play,
before the duke:

peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

LYSANDER

I am, my lord, as well derived as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his; My fortunes every way as
fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be, I am beloved of
beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I then prosecute my right? Demetrius, I'll avouch it to
his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes, Devoutly dotes, dotes in
idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

Demetrius Monologue

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Demetrius

I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stolen unto this wood;
And here am I, and wode within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.
Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you, I do not, nor I cannot love you?
Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Helena Monologue Option 1

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Helena

How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.
For ere Demetrius looked on Hermia's eyne,
He hailed down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolved, and show'rs of oaths did melt.

Helena Monologue Option 2

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Helena

O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me run away for fear:
Therefore no marvel though Demetrius
Do, as a monster fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?

Puck Monologue Option 1

PUCK

My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene and enter'd in a brake
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nole I fixed on his head:
Anon his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes.
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears
thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them
wrong;
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment, so it came to pass,
Titania waked and straightway loved an ass.

Puck Monologue Option 2

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Puck

If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend:
if you pardon, we will mend:
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call;
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

EGEUS

Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.
Stand forth, Lysander: and my gracious
duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my
child;
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her
rhymes,
And interchanged love-tokens with my
child:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's
heart,
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness: and, my gracious
duke,
Be it so she; will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.

Mechanicals Sides Page 1

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 Thisby.

BOTTOM

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

QUINCE

Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom.

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. To the rest: yet my chief
humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles
rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all
split.

The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates;
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far
And make and mar
The foolish Fates.
This was lofty! Now name the rest of the
players.

QUINCE

Francis Flute.

FLUTE

Here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE

Flute, you must take Thisby on you.

FLUTE

What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

QUINCE

It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

FLUTE

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

Mechanicals Sides Page 2

BOTTOM

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

QUINCE

No, no; you must play Pyramus: and, Flute, you Thisby.

BOTTOM

Well, proceed.

QUINCE

Robin Starveling.

STARVELING

Here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE

Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.
Tom Snout.

SNOUT

Here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE

You, Pyramus' father: myself, Thisby's father:
Snug; you, the lion's part: and, I hope, here 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

An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

BOTTOM

I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any nightingale.

QUINCE

You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a most lovely gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

BOTTOM

Well, I will undertake it.

QUINCE

Masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; I pray you, fail me not.

BOTTOM

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

Bottom and Titania Sides page 1

BOTTOM

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.

(Sings a snippet of "Hound Dog"—informal, no accompaniment)

TITANIA

[Awaking] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

(BOTTOM continues singing)

TITANIA

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me
On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

BOTTOM

Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days.
Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

TITANIA

Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

BOTTOM

Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

TITANIA

Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state;

And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep;
Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Mustardseed!

Enter PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, and MUSTARDSEED, all looking well-used

PEASEBLOSSOM

Ready.

COBWEB

And I.

MUSTARDSEED

And I.

TITANIA

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed and to arise;
And pluck the wings from Painted butterflies
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

PEASEBLOSSOM

Hail, mortal!

COBWEB

Hail!

MUSTARDSEED

Hail!

Bottom and Titania Sides page 2

BOTTOM

I cry your worship's mercy, heartily: I
beseech your
worship's name.

MUSTARDSEED

Mustardseed.

BOTTOM

I shall desire you of more acquaintance,
good Mistress
Mustardseed: I promise you your kindred
had made my eyes water ere now.
Your name, honest girl?

PEASEBLOSSOM

Peaseblossom.

BOTTOM

And your name, I beseech you?

COBWEB

Cobweb.

BOTTOM

I shall desire you of more acquaintance too!

TITANIA

Come, wait upon him; lead him to my
bower.
The moon methinks looks with a watery
eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little
flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue bring him silently.

Helena/Demetrius Sides

DEMETRIUS

I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stolen unto this
wood;
And here am I, and wode within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no
more.

HELENA

You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel.

DEMETRIUS

Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you, I do not, nor I cannot love you?

HELENA

And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike
me,
only give me leave to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,--
And yet a place of high respect with me,--
Than to be used as you use your dog?

DEMETRIUS

Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

HELENA

And I am sick when I look not on you.

DEMETRIUS

You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night
And the ill counsel of a desert place
With the rich worth of your virginity.

HELENA

Your virtue is my privilege: for that
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you in my respect are all the world:
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

DEMETRIUS

I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

HELENA

The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be
changed:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless
speed,
When cowardice pursues and valour flies.

DEMETRIUS

I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

HELENA

Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex.

Exit DEMETRIUS

I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

Oberon/Titania Sides

OBERON

Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

TITANIA

What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence:
I have forsworn his bed and company.

OBERON

Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord?

TITANIA

Then I must be thy lady: but I know
When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,
Forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior
love,
To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

OBERON

How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the
glimmering night
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?

TITANIA

These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's
spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our
sport.

OBERON

It lies in you:
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a boy,
To be my henchman.

TITANIA

Set your heart at rest:
The fairy land buys not the boy of me.
His mother was a votaress of my order:

But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake I will not part with him.

OBERON

How long within this wood intend you stay?

TITANIA

Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

OBERON

Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

TITANIA

Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away!
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

Exit TITANIA

OBERON

Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this
grove
Till I torment thee for this injury.

Puck / Fairies Page 1

PEASEBLOSSOM

Either I mistake your shape and making
quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish
sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow!

PUCK

Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.

COBWEB

Are not you he
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the
quern
And bootless make the breathless housewife
churn?

PUCK

I jest to Oberon and make him smile
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal.

MUSTARDSEED

And sometime make the drink to bear no
barm;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their
harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you and sweet
Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good
luck.

PUCK

The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
A merrier hour was never wasted there.
How now, spirit! whither wander you?

PEASEBLOSSOM

Over hill-

COBWEB

Over dale-

MUSTARDSEED

Through bush-

PEASEBLOSSOM

Through brier-

COBWEB

Over park-

MUSTARDSEED

Over pale-

PEASEBLOSSOM

Through flood-

COBWEB

Through fire-

MUSTARDSEED

I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere.

ALL THREE

And I serve the fairy queen!

PEASEBLOSSOM

To dew her orbs upon the green.

COBWEB

Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours.

PEASEBLOSSOM

I must go seek some dewdrops here
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

MUSTARDSEED

Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone:
Our queen and all our elves come here anon.

Puck / Fairies Page 2

PUCK

The king doth keep his revels here to-night:
Take heed the queen come not within his
sight;
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight
sheen,
But, they do square, that all their elves for
fear
Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there.
But, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

MUSTARDSEED

And here my mistress. Would that he were
gone!

Snout / Bottom / Flute sides

PART 1: SNOOT, BOTTOM, FLUTE

Wall/SNOOT

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
Thisby,
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.

Pyramus/BOTTOM

O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so
black!
O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night, O night! alack, alack, alack,
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!
And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
That stand'st 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 Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!
Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

THESEUS

The wall, methinks, being sensible, should
curse again.

Pyramus/BOTTOM

No, in truth, sir, he should not. 'Deceiving
me'

is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am
to
spy her through the wall. You shall see, it
will
fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

Enter Thisbe

Thisbe/FLUTE

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

Pyramus/BOTTOM

I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby!

Thisbe/FLUTE

My love thou art, my love I think.

Pyramus/BOTTOM

Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!

Thisbe/FLUTE

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

Pyramus/BOTTOM

Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me
straightway?

Thisbe/FLUTE

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

Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe

Wall/SNOOT

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

Exit

Hermia/Lysander/Helena Page 1

LYSANDER

How now, my love! why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

HERMIA

Belike for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes.

LYSANDER

The course of true love never did run
smooth;
But, either it was different in blood,
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentany as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night.

HERMIA

If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and
sighs,
Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers.

LYSANDER

Hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven
leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow
night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

HERMIA

My good Lysander!
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke,
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Enter HELENA

HERMIA

God speed fair Helena! whither away?

HELENA

Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's
sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds
appear.
Sickness is catching: O, were favour so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye
your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet
melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being
bated,
The rest I'd give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look, and with what
art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

HERMIA

The more I hate, the more he follows me.

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/Lysander/Helena Page 2

HERMIA

Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:
O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

LYSANDER

Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phoebe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watery glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,
Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.

HERMIA

And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel
sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger
companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us;
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our
sight
From lovers' food till morrow deep
midnight.

LYSANDER

I will, my Hermia.

Exit HERMIA

Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!

Hippolyta/Theseus Sides

HIPPOLYTA

'Tis strange my Theseus, that these
lovers speak of.

THESEUS

More strange than true: I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething
brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover and the poet
Are of imagination all compact:
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

HIPPOLYTA

But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigured so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.
Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of
love
Accompany your hearts!

THESEUS

Come now; what masques, what dances
shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours
Between our after-supper and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand?
[Reads] 'The battle with the Centaurs, to be
sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.'
We'll none of that.

HIPPOLYTA

[Reads] 'The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.'
That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

THESEUS

[Reads] 'The thrice three Muses mourning
for the death
Of Learning, late deceased in beggary.'
That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

Reads

'A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.'
Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!

HIPPOLYTA

And we will hear it.

THESEUS

We will hear that play;
For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Bring them in. Let them approach.