

AWARD WINNING

# LAZARUS THEATRE COMPANY

**A Midsummer Night's Dream**  
**William Shakespeare**  
**Act 3 Scene 1**

*Enter [Quince, Snug, bottom, flute, snout and starveling. Titania lying asleep.]*

**Bottom**

Are we all met?

**Quince**

Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

**Bottom**

Peter Quince!

**Quince**

What sayst thou, bully Bottom?

**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?

**Snout**

Byrlakin, a parlous fear.

**Starveling**

I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

**Bottom**

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

AWARD WINNING

# LAZARUS THEATRE COMPANY

the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

**Quince**

Well, we will have such a prologue, and it shall be written in eight and six.

**Bottom**

No, make it two more. Let it be written in eight and eight.

**Snout**

Will not the ladies be afeared of the Lion?

**Starveling**

I fear it, I promise you.

**Bottom**

Masters, you ought to consider with yourself: 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't.

**Snout**

Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

**Bottom**

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 thus, 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.

**Quince**

Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things: that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for you

AWARD WINNING

# LAZARUS THEATRE COMPANY

know Pyramus and Thisbe meet by moonlight.

**Snout**

Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

**Bottom**

A calendar, a calendar: look in the almanac.  
Find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

*Enter [Robin Goodfellow] [behind].*

**Quince**

*[consulting an almanac]* Yes, it doth shine that night.

**Bottom**

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.

**Quince**

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.

**Snout**

You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

**Bottom**

Some man or other must present Wall; and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some roughcast about him, to signify Wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisbe whisper.

**Quince**

If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down

AWARD WINNING

# LAZARUS THEATRE COMPANY

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 cue.

**Robin** *[aside]*

What hempen homespuns 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.

**Quince**

Speak, Pyramus. Thisbe, stand forth.

**Bottom**

Thisbe, the flowers of odious savours sweet.

**Quince**

Odours, odours.

**Bottom**

... odours savours sweet.  
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisbe dear.  
But hark, a voice. Stay thou but here a while,  
And by and by I will to thee appear. *(Exit.)*

**Robin**

*[aside]*

... A stranger Pyramus than ere played here. *[Exit.]*

**Flute**

Must I speak now?

**Quince**

Ay, marry, must you. For you must understand  
he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come  
again.

**Flute**

Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,  
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,

AWARDWINNING

# LAZARUS THEATRE COMPANY

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.

**Quince**

Ninus' tomb, man. Why, you must not speak  
that yet. That you answer to Pyramus. You speak all  
your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus, enter; your  
cue is past. It is 'never tire'.

**Flute**

O!

As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

*Enter [bottom] with [an] ass's head, [Robin Goodfellow following].*  
*Bottom*

If I were, fair Thisbe, I were only thine.

**Quince**

O monstrous! O strange! We are haunted. Pray,  
masters; fly, masters. Help! *[Exeunt all except Robin.]*

**Robin**

I'll follow you; I'll lead you about a round,  
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through  
brier.

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. *(Exit.)*

*Enter [Bottom].*

**Bottom**

Why do they run away? This is a knavery of  
them to make me afeard.

*Enter Snout.*

AWARD WINNING

# LAZARUS THEATRE COMPANY

**Snout**

O Bottom, thou art changed. What do I see on thee?

**Bottom**

What do you see? You see an ass-head of your own, do you? *[Exit Snout.]*

*Enter Quince.*

**Quince**

Bless thee Bottom, bless thee! Thou art translated. *(Exit.)*

**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.

The ousel cock so black of hue  
With orange-tawny bill,  
The throstle with his note so true,  
The wren with little quill.

**Titania** *[Wakes.]*

What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

**Bottom**

The finch, the sparrow and the lark,  
The plainsong cuckoo gray,  
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?

AWARD WINNING

# LAZARUS THEATRE COMPANY

**Titania**

I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:  
Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note.  
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 nowadays; the  
more the pity that some honest neighbours will not  
make them friends. 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;  
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,  
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.  
Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Mote, and Mustardseed!

*Enter four Fairies: Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Mote and Mustardseed.*

**Peaseblossom**

Ready.

**Cobweb**

And I.

AWARD WINNING

# LAZARUS THEATRE COMPANY

Mote

And I.

**Mustardseed**

And I.

**All**

Where shall we go?

**Titania**

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman.  
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes.  
Feed him with apricots and dewberries,  
With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries.  
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,  
And for night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs  
And light them at the fiery glow-worms' 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.

**Mote**

Hail.

**Mustardseed**

Hail.

**Bottom**

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

**Cobweb**

Cobweb.

AWARD WINNING

# LAZARUS THEATRE COMPANY

**Bottom**

I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb. If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman?

**Peaseblossom**

Peaseblossom.

**Bottom**

I pray you commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, sir?

**Mustardseed**

Mustardseed.

**Bottom**

Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well. That same cowardly giantlike Ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.

**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 lover's tongue, bring him silently. *[Exeunt.]*