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. This is Ercles' vein,
a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

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! Stol'n 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.

PYRAMUS.
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 Thisbe'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.
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,
Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving me!