

## QUINCE.

Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced. But, masters, here are your parts, and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by tomorrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse, for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogg'd with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you fail me not.

If we offend, it is with our good will.  
That you should think, we come not to offend,  
But with good will. To show our simple skill,  
That is the true beginning of our end.  
Consider then, we come but in despite.  
We do not come, as minding to content you,  
Our true intent is. All for your delight  
We are not here. That you should here repent you,  
The actors are at hand, and, by their show,  
You shall know all that you are like to know.  
Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;  
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.  
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;  
This beauteous lady Thisbe is certain.  
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present  
Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers sunder;  
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,  
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;  
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,  
He bravely broach'd 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.