

SCENE II.

Enter Puck.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swagging here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play tow'rd? I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, *Pyramus*; *Thisby*, stand forth.

Pyr. *Thisby*, the flower of odious favours sweet.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. Odours favours sweet,

So doth thy breath, my dearest *Thisby* dear:

But hark, a voice! stay thou but here a whit,

And by and by I will to thee appear.

[*Exit Pyr.*

Puck. A stranger *Pyramus* than e'er play'd here! [*Aside.*

This. Must I speak now?

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

This. Most radiant *Pyramus*, most lilly-white of hue,

Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,

Most briskly *Juvenile*, and eke most lovely *Jew*,

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

I'll meet thee, *Pyramus*, at *Ninny's* tomb.

Quin. *Ninus's* 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*.

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

Re-enter Bottom with an ass's head.

Pyr. If I were fair, *Thisby*, I were only thine.

Quin. O monstrous! o strange! we are haunted; pray, mas-
ters, fly, masters, help! [*The clowns exeunt.*

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,

Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;
Sometimes a horse I'll be, sometimes a hound,

A hog,