

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

By William Shakespeare

Act 5, Scene 1

BOTTOM

Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams. I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams
I trust to take of truest Thisbe sight.

But stay, O spite!

But mark, poor knight,

What dreadful dole is here!

Eyes, do you see?

How can it be?

O dainty duck! O dear!

Thy mantle good,

What, stain'd with blood!

Approach, ye Furies fell!

O Fates, come, come,

Cut thread and thrum;

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame? Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear? ---
Which is -- no, no, which was -- the fairest dame That lived, that loved, that liked, that look'd
with cheer.

Come, tears, confound;

Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus.

Ay, that left pap,

Where heart doth hop.

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead,

Now am I fled;

My soul is in the sky:

Tongue, lose thy light;

Moon take thy flight,

Now die, die, die, die, die.