

SNOUT

Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?
Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

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

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

WALL.

In this same interlude it doth befall
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:
And such a wall as I would have you think
That had in it a crannied hole or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.