

**A Midsummer Night's Dream**  
**A monologue from the play by William Shakespeare**

**PUCK:** My mistress with a monster is in love.  
Near to her close and consecrated bower,  
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,  
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,  
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,  
Were met together to rehearse a play,  
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.  
The shallowest thickskin of that barren sort,  
Who Pyramus presented in their sport,  
Forsook his scene and entered in a brake.  
When I did him at this advantage take,  
An ass's nolle I fixèd on his head.  
Anon his Thisby must be answerèd,  
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,  
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,  
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,  
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,  
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky;  
So at his sight away his fellows fly,  
And at our stamp here o'er and o'er one falls;  
He murder cries and help from Athens calls.  
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,  
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong,  
For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch:  
Some, sleeves -- some, hats; from yielders all things catch.  
I led them on in this distracted fear  
And left sweet Pyramus translated there,  
When in that moment (so it came to pass)  
Titania waked, and straightway loved an ass.