

## Theseus, Philostrate, Egeus

Say what abridgment have you for this evening,  
What masque, what music? How shall we beguile  
The lazy time if not with some delight?  
“The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung  
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.”  
We’ll none of that. That have I told my love  
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.  
“The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,  
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.”  
That is an old device, and it was played  
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.  
“The thrice-three Muses mourning for the death  
Of learning, late deceased in beggary.”  
That is some satire, keen and critical,  
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.  
“A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus  
And his love Thisbe, very tragical mirth.”  
“Merry” and “tragical”? “Tedious” and “brief”?  
That is hot ice and wondrous strange snow!  
How shall we find the concord of this discord?