

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire ;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [Exit.

Bot. Why do they run away ? this is a knavery of them to make me afraid.

Enter Snowt.

Snowt. O Bottom, thou art chang'd ! what do I see on thee ?

Bot. What do you see ? you see an ass-head of your own, do you ?

Enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom ! bless thee ! thou art translated. [Exit.

Bot. I see their knavery ; this is to make an ass of me, to fright me if they could : but I will not stir from this place, do what they can ; I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [Sings.

The oufel cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throftle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.

Queen. What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed ? [Waking.

Bot. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark, [Sings.
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay.

For, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird ? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry, cuckoo, never so ?

Queen. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again ;
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape ;
And thy fair virtue's force, perforce, doth move me,
On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that : and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days. The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek, upon occasion.

Queen.