

*Queen.* Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

*Bot.* Not so neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

*Queen.* Out of this wood do not desire to go;  
Thou shalt remain here whether thou wilt or no.  
I am a spirit of no common rate;  
The summer still doth tend upon my state,  
And I do love thee; therefore, go with me,  
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;  
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,  
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:  
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,  
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.  
*Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!*

S C E N E III.

*Enter four fairies.*

1 *Fai.* Ready.

2 *Fai.* And I.

3 *Fai.* And I.

4 *Fai.* And I, where shall we go?

*Queen.* Be kind and courteous to this gentleman.  
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;  
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,  
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;  
The honey-bags steal from the humble bees,  
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,  
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,  
To have my love to bed, and to arise;  
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,  
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes;  
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 *Fai.* Hail, mortal, hail!

2 *Fai.* Hail!

3 *Fai.* Hail!