

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily; I beseech, your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire of you more acquaintance, good master *Cobweb*; if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman?

Pease. Peaseblossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress *Squash* your mother, and to master *Peasecod* your father. Good master *Peaseblossom*, I shall desire of you more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustardseed.

Bot. Good master *Mustardseed*, I know your parentage well: that same cowardly, giant-like, ox-beef hath devour'd many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire more of your acquaintance, good master *Mustardseed*.

Queen. Come, wait upon him, lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watry eye,
And when she weeps, weeps ev'ry little flower
Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter king of fairies solus.

Ob. **I** Wonder if *Titania* be awak'd:
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger: how now, mad sprite!
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck.