

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 shallow'ft thick-skull of that barren sort,
Who *Pyramus* presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake;
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nose I fixed on his head;
Anon, his *Thisby* must be answered,
And forth my mimick 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 pass)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Ob. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet lech'd the *Athenian's* eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping; that is finish'd too;
And the *Athenian* woman by his side;
That, when he wakes, of force she must be ey'd.