

'Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep  
 With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep;  
 Then crush this herb into *Lysander's* eye;  
 Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,  
 To take from thence all error with its might,  
 And make his eye-balls rowl with wonted fight.  
 When they next wake, all this derision  
 Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;  
 And back to *Athens* shall the lovers wend  
 With league, whose date 'till death shall never end.  
 Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,  
 I'll to my queen, and beg her *Indian* boy;  
 And then I will her charmed eye release  
 From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

*Puck.* My fairy lord, this must be done with haste;  
 For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,  
 And yonder shines *Aurora's* harbinger;  
 At whose approach, ghosts, wandring here and there,  
 Troop home to church-yards; damned spirits all,  
 That in cross-ways and floods have burial,  
 Already to their wormy beds are gone;  
 For fear lest day should look their shames upon,  
 They wilfully exile themselves from light,  
 And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

*Ob.* But we are spirits of another sort;  
 I with the morning-light have oft made sport;  
 And, like a forester, the groves may tread,  
 Ev'n 'till the eastern gate all fiery red,  
 Opening on *Neptune* with far-blessing beams,  
 Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.  
 But notwithstanding, haste, make no delay;  
 We may effect this business yet ere day. [Exit Oberon.

*Puck.* Up and down then, up and down,  
 I will lead them up and down:  
 I am fear'd in field and town.

*Goblin,* lead them up and down.

Here comes one.

*Enter*