

If ever I thy face by day-light see.  
 Now, go thy way: faintness constraineth me  
 To measure out my length on this cold bed.  
 By day's approach look to be visited.

[Lyes down.]

## S C E N E X.

Enter Helena.

*Hel.* O weary night, o long and tedious night,  
 Abate thy hours; shine comforts from the east,  
 That I may back to *Athens* by day-light,  
 From these that my poor company detest;  
 And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,  
 Steal me a while from mine own company!

[Sleeps.]

*Puck.* Yet but three here? come one more,  
 Two of both kinds make up four.  
 Here she cometh, curst and sad:  
*Cupid* is a knavish lad,  
 Thus to make poor females mad.

}

Enter Hermia.

*Her.* Never so weary, never so in wo,  
 Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briars,  
 I can no further crawl, no further go;  
 My legs can keep no pace with my desires:  
 Here will I rest me 'till the break of day.  
 Heav'ns shield *Lyfander*, if they mean a fray!

[Lyes down.]

*Puck.* On the ground, sleep thou sound;  
 I'll apply to your eye, gentle lover, remedy.

[Squeezing the juice on *Lyfander's* eye.]

When thou wakest next, thou takest  
 True delight in the sight of thy former lady's eye;  
 And the country proverb known,  
 That every man should take his own,  
 In your waking shall be shown.

} Jack