

Jack shall have *Jill*, nought shall go ill,
The man shall have his mare again, and all be well. [*Exit Puck.*
[*They sleep.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The wood.

Enter queen of fairies, Bottom, fairies attending, and the king behind them.

QUEEN.

COME, sit thee down upon this flow'ry bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek-smooth'd head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's *Peaseblossom*?

Pease. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, *Peaseblossom*. Where's monsieur *Cobweb*?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur *Cobweb*, good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipt humble-bee on the top of a thistle, and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior. Where's monsieur *Mustardseed*?

Mus. Ready.

Bot. Give me thy neaf, monsieur *Mustardseed*: pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Mus. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help *Cavalero Cobweb* to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur, for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face. And I am such a tender ass, if my hair doth but tickle me, I must scratch.

Queen. What, wilt thou hear some musick, my sweet love?

VOL. I.

Q

Bot.