

To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
 And, now I have the boy, I will undo
 This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
 And, gentle *Puck*, take this transformed scalp
 From off the head of this *Athenian* swain;
 That he awaking when the others do,
 May all to *Athens* back again repair,
 And think no more of this night's accidents,
 But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
 But first I will release the fairy queen.

*Be, as thou wast wont to be;
 See, as thou wast wont to see:
 Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
 Hath such force and blessed power.*

Now, my *Titania*, wake you, my sweet queen.

Queen. My *Oberon*! what visions have I seen!
 Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.

Ob. There lyes your love.

Queen. How came these things to pass?
 O, how mine eyes do loath this visage now!

Ob. Silence, a while; *Robin*, take off his head,
Titania, musick call, and strike more dead
 Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

Queen. Musick, ho, musick; such as charmeth sleep.

Still musick.

Puck. When thou awak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

Ob. Sound, musick; come, my queen, take hand with me,
 And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
 Now thou and I are new in amity;
 And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
 Dance in duke *Theseus*' house triumphantly,
 And blest it to all far posterity:
 There shall these pairs of faithful lovers be
 Wedded with *Theseus* all in jollity.

Q 2

Puck.