

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.

Ob. Then, my queen, in silence sad
Trip we after the night's shade;
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Queen. Come, my lord, and, in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found, [Sleepers lye still.
With these mortals on the ground. [Exeunt.

[Wind horns.

SCENE II.

Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolita, and all his train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation^a is perform'd:
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the musick of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley, go;
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a wood of *Crete* they bay'd the boar
With hounds of *Sparta*; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding. For, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, ev'ry region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kind,
So flew'd, so fanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd, like *Thessalian* bulls,

^a Meaning the observance of the time prescribed for their nuptials.

Slow