

**OBERON**

I wonder if Titania be awaked;  
Then what it was that next came in her eye,  
Which she must dote on in extremity.

*(Enter Robin Goodfellow.)*

Here comes my messenger. How now, mad spirit?  
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

**ROBIN**

My mistress with a monster is in love.  
Near to her close and consecrated bower,  
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,  
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,  
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,  
Were met together to rehearse a play  
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.  
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,  
Who Pyramus presented in their sport,  
Forsook his scene and entered in a brake.  
When I did him at this advantage take,  
An ass's noll I fixèd on his head.  
Anon his Thisbe must be answerèd,  
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,

So at his sight away his fellows fly,  
I led them on in this distracted fear  
And left sweet Pyramus translated there.  
When in that moment, so it came to pass,  
Titania waked and straightway loved an ass.

**OBERON**

This falls out better than I could devise.  
But hast thou yet latched the Athenian's eyes  
With the love juice, as I did bid thee do?

**ROBIN**

I took him sleeping—that is finished, too—  
And the Athenian woman by his side,  
That, when he waked, of force she must be eyed.

*(Enter Demetrius and Hermia.)*

**OBERON**

Stand close. This is the same Athenian.

**ROBIN**

This is the woman, but not this the man.

**OBERON**

What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite  
And laid the love juice on some true-love's sight.  
About the wood go swifter than the wind,  
And Helena of Athens look thou find.  
All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer  
With sighs of love that costs the fresh blood dear.  
By some illusion see thou bring her here.  
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

**ROBIN**

I go, I go, look how I go,  
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.