A MidSummer Night (Dream

Act II, sc. 2

## **Puck**

Through the forest have I gone. But Athenian found I none. On whose eyes I might approve This flower's force in stirring love. Night and silence.—Who is here? Weeds of Athens he doth wear: This is he, my master said, Despised the Athenian maid; And here the maiden, sleeping sound, On the dank and dirty ground. Pretty soul! she durst not lie Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy. Churl, upon thy eyes I throw All the power this charm doth owe. When thou wakest, let love forbid Sleep his seat on thy eyelid: So awake when I am gone; For I must now to Oberon.

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