

## **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  
Despisèd 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 wak'st, let love forbid  
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.  
So, awake when I am gone,  
For I must now to Oberon.