

OBERON/PUCK

OBERON, *to Puck*

What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite
And laid the love juice on some true-love's sight.
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turned, and not a false turned true.

PUCK

Then fate o'errules, that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

OBERON

About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find.
By some illusion see thou bring her here.
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

PUCK

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

He exits.

OBERON, *applying the nectar to Demetrius' eyes*

Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye.
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.—
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Puck.

PUCK

Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

OBERON

Stand aside. The noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

PUCK

Then will two at once woo one.
That must needs be sport alone.
And those things do best please me
That befall prepost'rously.