

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

ROBIN

Ay, there it is.

OBERON

I pray thee give it me.

*〔Robin gives him the flower.〕*

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,  
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,  
Quite overcanopied with luscious woodbine,  
With sweet muskroses, and with eglantine.  
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,  
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight.  
And there the snake throws her enameled skin,  
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.  
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes  
And make her full of hateful fantasies.  
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove.

*[He gives Robin part of the flower.]*

A sweet Athenian lady is in love  
 With a disdainful youth. Anoint his eyes,  
 But do it when the next thing he espies  
 May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man  
 By the Athenian garments he hath on.  
 Effect it with some care, that he may prove  
 More fond on her than she upon her love.  
 And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

ROBIN - *he's already done it*

Fear not, my lord. Your servant shall do so.

*Exit*  
*They exit.*

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