

PUCK.

The King doth keep his revels here tonight;  
Take heed the Queen come not within his sight,  
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,  
Because that she, as her attendant, hath  
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;  
She never had so sweet a changeling.  
And jealous Oberon would have the child  
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild:  
But she perforce withholds the lovèd boy,  
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.  
And now they never meet in grove or green,  
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,  
But they do square; that all their elves for fear  
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

If we shadows have offended,  
Think but this, and all is mended,  
That you have but slumber'd here  
While these visions did appear.  
And this weak and idle theme,  
No more yielding but a dream,  
Gentles, do not reprehend.  
If you pardon, we will mend.  
And, as I am an honest Puck,  
If we have unearnèd luck  
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,  
We will make amends ere long;  
Else the Puck a liar call.  
So, good night unto you all.  
Give me your hands, if we be friends,  
And Robin shall restore amends.