

ROBIN GOODFELLOW

Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.

(he sees LYSANDER and HERMIA)

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.

(he puts flower juice on LYSANDER 's eyelids)

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.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW

I've been through the entire forest, but I haven't
found any Athenian man to use the flower on.

(he sees LYSANDER and HERMIA)

Wait a second, who's this? He's wearing Athenian
clothes. This must be the guy who rejected the
Athenian girl. And here's the girl, sleeping soundly
on the damp and dirty ground. Pretty girl! She
shouldn't lie near this rude and heartless man.

(he puts flower juice on LYSANDER 's eyelids)

Jerk, I throw all the power of this magic charm on
your eyes. When you wake up, let love keep you
from going back to sleep. Wake up when I'm gone,
because now I have to go to Oberon.

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