

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

By William Shakespeare

Act 2, Scene 1

OBERON

Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememberest That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts.
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound, And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I shew'd thee once: The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.