

SIDE 9 – Oberon - Puck

OBERON

Well, go thy way. Thou shalt not from this grove  
Till I torment thee for this injury.—  
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememb’rest  
Since once I sat upon a promontory  
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin’s back 155  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song  
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres  
To hear the sea-maid’s music.

ROBIN I remember. 160

OBERON

That very time I saw (but thou couldst not),  
Flying between the cold moon and the Earth,  
Cupid all armed. A certain aim he took  
At a fair vestal thronèd by the west,  
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow 165  
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts.  
But I might see young Cupid’s fiery shaft  
Quenched in the chaste beams of the wat’ry moon,  
And the imperial vot’ress passèd on  
In maiden meditation, fancy-free. 170  
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell.  
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 showed thee once. 175  
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids 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. 180

ROBIN

I’ll put a girdle round about the Earth  
In forty minutes. *He exits.*

OBERON Having once this juice,

I’ll watch Titania when she is asleep  
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes. 185  
The next thing then she, waking, looks upon  
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,  
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape)  
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.  
And ere I take this charm from off her sight 190  
(As I can take it with another herb),  
I’ll make her render up her page to me.  
But who comes here? I am invisible,  
And I will overhear their conference.