



SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Midsummer Night's Dream

Puck Act V, scene 2

Now the hungry lion roars,

And the wolf behowls the moon;

Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,

All with weary task fordone.

Now the wasted brands do glow, whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe in remembrance of a shroud.

Now it is the time of night, that the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite, In the churchway paths to glide:

And we fairies, that do run by the triple Hecate's team,

From the presence of the sun, following darkness like a dream,

Now are frolic; not a mouse Shall disturb this hallowed house:

*I am sent with broom before to sweep the dust behind the door.

Now the hungry lion roars and the wolf howls at the moon. The farmer snores, exhausted from his work. The charred logs glow in the fireplace, and the owl's hoot makes the sick man think about his own death. Now is the time of night when graves open wide and release spirits to glide over the graveyard paths.