



SHAKESPEARE/RIENCE!

Midsummer Night's Dream

Titania Act III, scene 1

What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:

Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note; so is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;

And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me on the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Out of this wood do not desire to go: thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit of no common rate; the summer still doth tend upon my state;

And I do love thee; therefore go with me.

I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee, and they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep and sing while thou on pressed flowers doest sleep.

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so that thou shalt like an airy spirit go!