

Option 1: You've got it right.
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I'm Oberon's jester. I make him laugh.
I trick a fat horse by neighing to sound like a female foal.

The wise old crone as she tells her sad tale
Mistake me for a three-legged stool.
I slip from her bottom; she topples, the fool,
Crying "My poor bottom!" Then she starts to cough
Which make them all laugh, and she starts them all off!

Their mirth knows no bounds; they sneeze as they say
They've never laughed more than on that jolly day.
But stand aside, sprites! Here comes Oberon!

Option 2: Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
I thank thee, Moon, for shinning now so bright;
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
I trust to take of truest Thisbe sight.

O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy scarf good,
What! Stained with blood?
Approached, ye furies fell!

Come tears, confound!
Out sword and wound
The breast of Pyramus;
Now I am dead,
Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky.
Tongue, lose thy light,
Moon, take thy flight.

Option 3: Come now: let's dance in a ring and sing a faerie song!
Sing me to sleep now, then go to your duties and let me rest.
There is a gentle sleep fluttering softly
In my eyes, whispering, "Drift and dream with me."
Come, fairies. Stand watch. As 'neath the watching moon I lie
Lulled to sleep by a sleeping lullaby.

(They sleep, then are awakened)

What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?
I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again!
Mine ear is much enamored of thy note;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce move me
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.