

## **A Midsummer Night's Dream – William Shakespeare**

Now the hungry lion roars  
And the wolf howls 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  
Ever 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.