



The Young Shakespearians

EPILOGUE for “A MIDSUMMER NIGHT’S DREAM”

If we shadows have offended,
Think but this and all is mended:
That you have but slumbered here
While these visions did appear.

And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.

And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearnèd luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long.

Else the Puck a liar call.
So good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Puck shall now restore amends.