

FTLN 0419 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she 55
 FTLN 0420 And "Tailor!" cries and falls into a cough,
 FTLN 0421 And then the whole choir hold their hips and loffe
 FTLN 0422 And waxen in their mirth and neeze and swear
 FTLN 0423 A merrier hour was never wasted there.
 FTLN 0424 But room, fairy. Here comes Oberon. 60

FAIRY

FTLN 0425 And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

Enter [Oberon] the King of Fairies at one door, with his train, and [Titania] the Queen at another, with hers.

OBERON

FTLN 0426 Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

TITANIA

FTLN 0427 What, jealous Oberon? [Fairies,] skip hence.
 FTLN 0428 I have forsworn his bed and company.

OBERON

FTLN 0429 Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy lord? 65

TITANIA

FTLN 0430 Then I must be thy lady. But I know
 FTLN 0431 When thou hast stolen away from Fairyland
 FTLN 0432 And in the shape of Corin sat all day
 FTLN 0433 Playing on pipes of corn and versing love
 FTLN 0434 To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here, 70
 FTLN 0435 Come from the farthest steep of India,
 FTLN 0436 But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
 FTLN 0437 Your buskined mistress and your warrior love,
 FTLN 0438 To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
 FTLN 0439 To give their bed joy and prosperity? 75

OBERON

FTLN 0440 How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,
 FTLN 0441 Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
 FTLN 0442 Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
 FTLN 0443 Didst not thou lead him through the glimmering
 FTLN 0444 night 80
 FTLN 0445 From [Perigouna,] whom he ravishèd,

FTLN 0446
FTLN 0447

And make him with fair 「Aegles」 break his faith,
With Ariadne and Antiopa?

TITANIA

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FTLN 0477
FTLN 0478
FTLN 0479
FTLN 0480

These are the forgeries of jealousy;
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By pavèd fountain or by rushy brook,
Or in the beachèd margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturbed our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge have sucked up from the sea
Contagious fogs, which, falling in the land,
Hath every pelting river made so proud
That they have overborne their continents.
The ox hath therefore stretched his yoke in vain,
The plowman lost his sweat, and the green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attained a beard.
The fold stands empty in the drownèd field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock.
The nine-men's-morris is filled up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable.
The human mortals want their winter here.
No night is now with hymn or carol blessed.
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound.
And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
And on old Hiems' 「thin」 and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries, and the mazèd world

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FTLN 0481 By their increase now knows not which is which.
 FTLN 0482 And this same progeny of evils comes
 FTLN 0483 From our debate, from our dissension;
 FTLN 0484 We are their parents and original. 120

OBERON

FTLN 0485 Do you amend it, then. It lies in you.
 FTLN 0486 Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
 FTLN 0487 I do but beg a little changeling boy
 FTLN 0488 To be my henchman. 125

TITANIA

FTLN 0489 Set your heart at rest: 125
 FTLN 0490 The Fairyland buys not the child of me.
 FTLN 0491 His mother was a vot'ress of my order,
 FTLN 0492 And in the spicèd Indian air by night
 FTLN 0493 Full often hath she gossiped by my side
 FTLN 0494 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands, 130
 FTLN 0495 Marking th' embarkèd traders on the flood,
 FTLN 0496 When we have laughed to see the sails conceive
 FTLN 0497 And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;
 FTLN 0498 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
 FTLN 0499 Following (her womb then rich with my young 135
 FTLN 0500 squire),
 FTLN 0501 Would imitate and sail upon the land
 FTLN 0502 To fetch me trifles and return again,
 FTLN 0503 As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
 FTLN 0504 But she, being mortal, of that boy did die, 140
 FTLN 0505 And for her sake do I rear up her boy,
 FTLN 0506 And for her sake I will not part with him.

OBERON

FTLN 0507 How long within this wood intend you stay?

TITANIA

FTLN 0508 Perchance till after Theseus' wedding day.
 FTLN 0509 If you will patiently dance in our round 145
 FTLN 0510 And see our moonlight revels, go with us.
 FTLN 0511 If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

OBERON

FTLN 0512 Give me that boy and I will go with thee.

TITANIA

FTLN 0513 Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away.
 FTLN 0514 We shall chide downright if I longer stay. 150

〔Titania and her fairies〕 exit.

OBERON

FTLN 0515 Well, go thy way. Thou shalt not from this grove
 FTLN 0516 Till I torment thee for this injury.—
 FTLN 0517 My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememb' rest
 FTLN 0518 Since once I sat upon a promontory
 FTLN 0519 And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back 155
 FTLN 0520 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
 FTLN 0521 That the rude sea grew civil at her song
 FTLN 0522 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
 FTLN 0523 To hear the sea-maid's music.

FTLN 0524 ROBIN I remember. 160

OBERON

FTLN 0525 That very time I saw (but thou couldst not),
 FTLN 0526 Flying between the cold moon and the Earth,
 FTLN 0527 Cupid all armed. A certain aim he took
 FTLN 0528 At a fair vestal thronèd by *〔the〕* west,
 FTLN 0529 And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow 165
 FTLN 0530 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts.
 FTLN 0531 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
 FTLN 0532 Quenched in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,
 FTLN 0533 And the imperial vot'ress passèd on
 FTLN 0534 In maiden meditation, fancy-free. 170
 FTLN 0535 Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell.
 FTLN 0536 It fell upon a little western flower,
 FTLN 0537 Before, milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
 FTLN 0538 And maidens call it "love-in-idleness."
 FTLN 0539 Fetch me that flower; the herb I showed thee once. 175
 FTLN 0540 The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid
 FTLN 0541 Will make or man or woman madly dote
 FTLN 0542 Upon the next live creature that it sees.
 FTLN 0543 Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again
 FTLN 0544 Ere the leviathan can swim a league. 180