

OBERON

Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

TITANIA

What, jealous Oberon? 「Fairies,」 skip hence.
I have forsworn his bed and company.

OBERON

Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy lord?

TITANIA

Then I must be thy lady. ^{King of the Fairies} But I know
When thou hast stolen away from Fairyland
And in the shape of Corin sat all day
Playing on pipes of corn and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
~~Come from the farthest steep of India,~~
~~But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,~~
Your buskined mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity?

OBERON

How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?

These are the forgeries of jealousy;
 And never, since the middle summer's spring,
 Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
 By paved 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 chiding autumn, angry winter, change
 Their wonted liveries, and the mazed world~~

By their increase now knows not which is which.
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension:
We are their parents and original.

120

OBERON

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

TITANIA

Set your heart at rest:

- Takes the Newborn

125

~~The Fairyland buys not the child of me.
His mother was a vot'ress of my order,
And in the spiced Indian air by night
Full often hath she gossiped by my side
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking th' embarked traders on the flood,
When we have laughed to see the sails conceive
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind:
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
Following (her womb then rich with my young
squire).~~

130

135

~~Would imitate and sail upon the land
To fetch me trifles and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.~~
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die,
And for her sake do I rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

140

OBERON

How long within this wood intend you stay?

TITANIA

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

145

OBERON

Give me that boy and I will go with thee.

- tries to take it with magic