

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

START *Enter 「Oberon」 the King of Fairies at one door, with his train, and 「Titania」 the Queen at another, with hers.*

FTLN 0426	OBERON Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.	
FTLN 0427	TITANIA What, jealous Oberon? 「Fairies,」 skip hence.	
FTLN 0428	I have forsworn his bed and company.	
FTLN 0429	OBERON Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy lord?	65
FTLN 0430	TITANIA 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
FTLN 0440	OBERON 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	And make him with fair 「Aegles」 break his faith,	
FTLN 0447	With Ariadne and Antiopa?	END
TITANIA		
FTLN 0448	These are the forgeries of jealousy;	
FTLN 0449	And never, since the middle summer's spring,	85
FTLN 0450	Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,	
FTLN 0451	By pavèd fountain or by rushy brook,	
FTLN 0452	Or in the beachèd margent of the sea,	
FTLN 0453	To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,	
FTLN 0454	But with thy brawls thou hast disturbed our sport.	90
FTLN 0455	Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,	
FTLN 0456	As in revenge have sucked up from the sea	
FTLN 0457	Contagious fogs, which, falling in the land,	
FTLN 0458	Hath every pelting river made so proud	
FTLN 0459	That they have overborne their continents.	95
FTLN 0460	The ox hath therefore stretched his yoke in vain,	
FTLN 0461	The plowman lost his sweat, and the green corn	
FTLN 0462	Hath rotted ere his youth attained a beard.	
FTLN 0463	The fold stands empty in the drownèd field,	
FTLN 0464	And crows are fatted with the murrain flock.	100
FTLN 0465	The nine-men's-morris is filled up with mud,	
FTLN 0466	And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,	
FTLN 0467	For lack of tread, are undistinguishable.	
FTLN 0468	The human mortals want their winter here.	
FTLN 0469	No night is now with hymn or carol blessed.	105
FTLN 0470	Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,	
FTLN 0471	Pale in her anger, washes all the air,	
FTLN 0472	That rheumatic diseases do abound.	
FTLN 0473	And thorough this distemperature we see	
FTLN 0474	The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts	110
FTLN 0475	Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,	
FTLN 0476	And on old Hiems' 「thin」 and icy crown	
FTLN 0477	An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds	
FTLN 0478	Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,	
FTLN 0479	The childing autumn, angry winter, change	115
FTLN 0480	Their wonted liveries, and the mazèd world	

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.	
FTLN 0489	TITANIA 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 spiced 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.	
START	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. END

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