

SIDE 8 – Oberon – Titania

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? 65

TITANIA

Then I must be thy lady. 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, 70
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? 75

OBERON

How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst not thou lead him through the glimmering
night 80
From Perigouna, whom he ravishèd,
And make him with fair Aegles break his faith,
With Ariadne and Antiopa?

TITANIA

These are the forgeries of jealousy;
And never, since the middle summer's spring, 85
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. 90
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. 95
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. 100
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. 105
 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 110
 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 115
 Their wonted liveries, and the mazèd 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: 125
 The Fairyland buys not the child of me.
 His mother was a vot'ress of my order,
 And in the spicèd Indian air by night
 Full often hath she gossiped by my side
 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands, 130
 Marking th' embarkèd 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 135
 squire),
 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, 140
 And for her sake do I rear up her boy,
 And for her sake I will not part with him.