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TITANIA from A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM Act 2 Scene 1

Character's age: Any – she's not a human being – she's the Fairy Queen!

1           What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence:  
              I have forsworn his bed and company.  
              And never, since the middle summer's spring,  
              Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,  
5           By paved fountain or by rushy brook,  
              Or in the beached margin of the sea,  
              To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,  
              But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.  
              Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,  
10           As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea  
              Contagious fogs; which falling on the land  
              Have every pelting river made so proud  
              That they have overborne their continents:  
              The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,  
15           The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn  
              Hath rotted ere his youth attained a beard;  
              The fold stands empty in the drowned field,  
              And crows are fatted with the murrion flock;  
              The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud,  
20           And the quaint mazes in the wanton green  
              For lack of tread are indistinguishable:  
              The human mortals want their winter cheer;  
              No night is now with hymn or carol blest:  
              Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,

25 Pale in her anger, washes all the air,  
That rheumatic diseases do abound:  
And through this distemperature we see  
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts  
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,  
30 And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown  
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds  
Is, in mockery, set; the spring, the summer,  
The chilling autumn, angry winter, change  
Their wonted liveries, and the mazed world,  
35 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.

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