

## **Titania, Hippolyta, Frances Flute, Robin Starveling**

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.