

## **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM**

**By William Shakespeare**

**Act 2, Scene 1**

### **TITANIA**

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 beached margent of the sea,  
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,  
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport. The human mortals want their winter cheer.  
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: the spring, the summer,  
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change  
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.