

**TITANIA (A Midsummer Night's Dream 2.1.)**

Set your heart at rest:

The fairy land buys not the child of me.

His mother was a votaress of my order:

And in the spiced Indian air by night,

Full often hath she gossip'd by my side

And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands

Marking the embarked traders on the flood

When we have laugh'd 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 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

And for her sake do I rear up her boy

And for her sake I will not part with him.