

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*  
2.1.126-143

**TITANIA**

Set your heart at rest:

The Fairyland 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.