







THE TEMPEST





FAIRY

Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Called Robin Goodfellow. Are not you he
That frights the maidens of the villag'ry,
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn,
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm –
Mislead night wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that 'hobgobling' call you, and 'sweet puck',
You do their work, and they shall have good luck.
Are not you he?





Sir Joseph Noel Paton - The Quarrel of Oberon and Titania – 1849, Oil on canvas

WHY
DO
OBERON
AND
TITANIA
ALWAYS
QUARREL?

PUCK

For Oberon is passing fell and wroth Because that she, as her attendant, hath A lovely boy stol'n from an Indian king. [...] And jelous Oberon would have the child Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild.

[...]

And now they never meet in grove, or green, By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen, But they do square, that all their elves for fear Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.







