

## **For whom do I stand in the wind and dew in the middle of the night I love to generate electricity**

The most classic line was, "Like this star is not for whom last night the wind and dew stood in the middle of the night." This poem was widely praised and quoted as a classic in the history of Chinese literature.

The juice from the flower literally causes people to blindly fall in love with the first person they see, but it is also a symbol of how love has been portrayed in the play thus far.

Read Act 2, Scene 1 of Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, side-by-side with a translation into Modern English.

That stand'st between her father's ground and mine; Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall, Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne. [WALL holds up his fingers] Thanks, courteous wall. Jove shield thee ...

All bright and glittering in the smokeless air. Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep! And all that mighty heart is lying still! Earth has not any thing to show more fair: Dull would he be of soul who could pass ...

In the poem, "It seems that this star is not last night, for whom is the wind revealing the midnight night", which means that tonight's stars are no longer the stars of last night, and for whom do I stand in the ...

Don't you stop beer from foaming, and lead people out at night the wrong way while you laugh at them? But those who call you "Hobgoblin," or "sweet Puck"-- you do their work for them and make sure they have good ...

How now, spirit! whither wander you? FAIRY. To dew her orbs upon the green. In those freckles live their savours. And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear. Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone. PUCK. A lovely ...

Four days will quickly steep themselves in night. Four nights will quickly dream away the time. 10 New bent in heaven, shall behold the night. Of our solemnities. No, you'll see, four days will quickly turn ...

William Wordsworth (1770 - 1850), has been described as one of the "Big Six" Romantic poets, along with Coleridge, Blake, Shelley, Byron and Keats. A tenet of Romantic poetry is its focus on nature...

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