

SHAKESPEARENCE!

Midsummer Night's Dream

Act III, Scene 2/**part 1**: *Helena, Hermia, Lysander & Demetrius*

LYSANDER

Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?

HELENA

These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?

LYSANDER

Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

DEMETRIUS

[Awaking] O *Helena*, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?

O, let me kiss

This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

HELENA

O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent

To set against me for your merriment:

If you were civil and knew courtesy,

You would not do me thus much injury.

LYSANDER

You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;

For you love Hermia; this you know I know...

DEMETRIUS

If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.

LYSANDER

Helen, it is not so.

DEMETRIUS

Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

[Enter HERMIA]

HERMIA

Lysander, why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

LYSANDER

Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

HERMIA

What love could press Lysander from my side?

LYSANDER

Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,

The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

HERMIA

You speak not as you think: it cannot be.

HELENA

Lo, she is one of this confederacy!

Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three

To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.

Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!

Have you conspired, have you with these contrived

To bait me with this foul derision?

HERMIA

I am amazed at your passionate words.

I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.

HELENA

Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,

To follow me and praise my eyes and face?

And made your other love, Demetrius,

To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare?

Wherefore speaks he this to her he hates?

HERMIA

I understand not what you mean by this.

HELENA

Oh, fare ye well: 'tis partly my own fault;

Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

LYSANDER [he holds Helena]

Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse:

My love, my life my soul, fair Helena!

HELENA

O excellent!

LYSANDER

Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:

DEMETRIUS

I say I love thee more than he can do.

LYSANDER

If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

DEMETRIUS

Quick, come!