

ROBIN

FTLN 1123 Captain of our fairy band,
 FTLN 1124 Helena is here at hand,
 FTLN 1125 And the youth, mistook by me,
 FTLN 1126 Pleading for a lover's fee. 115
 FTLN 1127 Shall we their fond pageant see?
 FTLN 1128 Lord, what fools these mortals be!

OBERON

FTLN 1129 Stand aside. The noise they make
 FTLN 1130 Will cause Demetrius to awake.

ROBIN

FTLN 1131 Then will two at once woo one. 120
 FTLN 1132 That must needs be sport alone.
 FTLN 1133 And those things do best please me
 FTLN 1134 That befall prepost'rously.

「They step aside.」

Enter Lysander and Helena.

LYSANDER

FTLN 1135 Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
 FTLN 1136 Scorn and derision never come in tears. 125
 FTLN 1137 Look when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
 FTLN 1138 In their nativity all truth appears.
 FTLN 1139 How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
 FTLN 1140 Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?

HELENA

FTLN 1141 You do advance your cunning more and more. 130
 FTLN 1142 When truth kills truth, O devilish holy fray!
 FTLN 1143 These vows are Hermia's. Will you give her o'er?
 FTLN 1144 Weigh oath with oath and you will nothing
 FTLN 1145 weigh.
 FTLN 1146 Your vows to her and me, put in two scales, 135
 FTLN 1147 Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

LYSANDER

FTLN 1148 I had no judgment when to her I swore.

HELENA

FTLN 1149 Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

LYSANDER

FTLN 1150 Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

DEMETRIUS, [*waking up*]

FTLN 1151 O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine! 140

FTLN 1152 To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?

FTLN 1153 Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show

FTLN 1154 Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!

FTLN 1155 That pure congealèd white, high Taurus' snow,

FTLN 1156 Fanned with the eastern wind, turns to a crow 145

FTLN 1157 When thou hold'st up thy hand. O, let me kiss

FTLN 1158 This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

HELENA

FTLN 1159 O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent

FTLN 1160 To set against me for your merriment.

FTLN 1161 If you were civil and knew courtesy, 150

FTLN 1162 You would not do me thus much injury.

FTLN 1163 Can you not hate me, as I know you do,

FTLN 1164 But you must join in souls to mock me too?

FTLN 1165 If you were men, as men you are in show,

FTLN 1166 You would not use a gentle lady so, 155

FTLN 1167 To vow and swear and superpraise my parts,

FTLN 1168 When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.

FTLN 1169 You both are rivals and love Hermia,

FTLN 1170 And now both rivals to mock Helena.

FTLN 1171 A trim exploit, a manly enterprise, 160

FTLN 1172 To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes

FTLN 1173 With your derision! None of noble sort

FTLN 1174 Would so offend a virgin and extort

FTLN 1175 A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

LYSANDER

FTLN 1176 You are unkind, Demetrius. Be not so, 165

FTLN 1177 For you love Hermia; this you know I know.

FTLN 1178 And here with all goodwill, with all my heart,

FTLN 1179 In Hermia's love I yield you up my part.

FTLN 1180 And yours of Helena to me bequeath,

FTLN 1181 Whom I do love and will do till my death. 170

HELENA

FTLN 1182 Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 1183 Lysander, keep thy Hermia. I will none.

FTLN 1184 If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.

FTLN 1185 My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourned,

FTLN 1186 And now to Helen is it home returned, 175

FTLN 1187 There to remain.

FTLN 1188 LYSANDER Helen, it is not so.

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 1189 Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,

FTLN 1190 Lest to thy peril thou aby it dear.

FTLN 1191 Look where thy love comes. Yonder is thy dear. 180

Enter Hermia.

HERMIA, [to Lysander]

FTLN 1192 Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,

FTLN 1193 The ear more quick of apprehension makes;

FTLN 1194 Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,

FTLN 1195 It pays the hearing double recompense.

FTLN 1196 Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found; 185

FTLN 1197 Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.

FTLN 1198 But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

LYSANDER

FTLN 1199 Why should he stay whom love doth press to go?

HERMIA

FTLN 1200 What love could press Lysander from my side?

LYSANDER

FTLN 1201 Lysander's love, that would not let him bide, 190

FTLN 1202 Fair Helena, who more engilds the night

FTLN 1203 Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.

FTLN 1204 Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee

FTLN 1205 know

FTLN 1206 The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so? 195

HERMIA

FTLN 1207 You speak not as you think. It cannot be.