

110 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

As the *Venus* of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Puck.

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

Ob. Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause *Demetrius* to awake.

Puck. Then will two, at once, woo one;
That must needs be sport alone.
And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.

SCENE VII.

Enter Lyfander and Helena.

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

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more,
When truth kills truth, o devilish holy fray!
These vows are *Hermia's*: will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh;
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none in my mind now you give her o'er.

Lys. *Demetrius* loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem.