

Dem. [*awaking.*] O *Helen*, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine,
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy; o how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus'* snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand. O let me kiss
This pureness of pure white, this seal of bliss.

Hel. 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.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in flouts to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so:
To vow, and swear, and super-praise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love *Hermia*,
And now both rivals to mock *Helena*.

A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, *Demetrius*; be not so;
For you love *Hermia*; this, you know, I know.
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermia's* love I yield you up my part;
And yours of *Helena* to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. *Lysander*, keep thy *Hermia*; I will none;
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd;
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,
There ever to remain.

Lys.