

Lys. It is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest to thy peril thou abide it dear.
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes:
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lysander*, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

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

Her. What love could press *Lysander* from my side?

Lys. *Lysander's* love, that would not let him bide,
Fair *Helena*, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery o's, and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think; it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confed'racy;
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 conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us; o, and is all forgot?
All school-days friendship, childhood innocence?
We, *Hermia*, like two artificial gods,