

Created with our needles both one flower,
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion;
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
 Had been incorp'rate. So we grew together,
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
 But yet an union in partition,
 Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
 Or with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
 Two of the first^a, like coats in heraldry,
 Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
 And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly;
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. Helen, I am amazed at your words:
 I scorn you not; it seems, that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set *Lysander*, as in scorn,
 To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
 And made your other love, *Demetrius*
 (Who even but now did spurn me with his foot)
 To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
 Precious, celestial? wherefore speaks he this
 To her he hates? and wherefore doth *Lysander*
 Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
 And tender me, forsooth, affection;
 But by your setting on, by your consent?
 What though I be not so in grace as you,
 So hung upon with love, so fortunate;
 But miserable most, to love unlov'd?
 This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,

^a A term used in blazoning, when two coats of arms are quarter'd together, and the second is the same as the first.