

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What greater harm can you do me than hate?
Hate me? wherefore? o me! what news, my love?
Am not I *Hermia*? are not you *Lyfander*?
I am as fair now as I was ere-while.
Since night, you lov'd me; yet, since night, you left me:
Why then you left me — (o, the gods forbid!)
In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life,
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love *Helena*.

Her. O me! you jugler, o, you canker-blossom,
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i' faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? what, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

Her. Puppet! why so? ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures; she hath urg'd her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak,
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice: