

## SIDE THREE – Helena/Hermia monologues

HELENA

How happy some o'er other some can be!  
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.  
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so.  
He will not know what all but he do know. 235  
And, as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,  
So I, admiring of his qualities.  
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,  
Love can transpose to form and dignity.  
Love looks not with the eyes but with the mind; 240  
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.  
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste.  
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste.  
And therefore is Love said to be a child  
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled. 245  
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,  
So the boy Love is perjured everywhere.  
For, ere Demetrius looked on Hermia's eyne,  
He hailed down oaths that he was only mine;  
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt, 250  
So he dissolved, and show'rs of oaths did melt.  
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight.  
Then to the wood will he tomorrow night  
Pursue her. And, for this intelligence  
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense. 255  
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,  
To have his sight thither and back again.

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HELENA

O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent  
To set against me for your merriment.  
If you were civil and knew courtesy, 150  
You would not do me thus much injury.  
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,  
But you must join in souls to mock me too?  
If you were men, as men you are in show,  
You would not use a gentle lady so, 155  
To vow and swear and superpraise 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 enterprise, 160  
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.

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HERMIA, *waking up*

Help me, Lysander, help me! Do thy best  
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast.  
Ay me, for pity! What a dream was here!  
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear. 155  
Methought a serpent ate my heart away,  
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.  
Lysander! What, removed? Lysander, lord!  
What, out of hearing? Gone? No sound, no word?  
Alack, where are you? Speak, an if you hear. 160  
Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.—  
No? Then I well perceive you are not nigh.  
Either death or you I'll find immediately.

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HERMIA (*TO DEMETRIUS*)

Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse,  
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.  
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,  
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep 50  
And kill me too.  
The sun was not so true unto the day  
As he to me. Would he have stolen away  
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon  
This whole Earth may be bored, and that the moon 55  
May through the center creep and so displease  
Her brother's noontide with th' Antipodes.  
It cannot be but thou hast murdered him.  
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

Out, dog! Out, cur! Thou driv'st me past the bounds  
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?  
Henceforth be never numbered among men.  
O, once tell true! Tell true, even for my sake! 70  
Durst thou have looked upon him, being awake?  
And hast thou killed him sleeping? O brave touch!  
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?  
An adder did it, for with doubler tongue  
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung. 75