

SIDE 6 -Lysander, Demetrius, Puck

LYSANDER

to Theseus

I am, my lord, as well derived as he,
As well possessed. My love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly ranked
(If not with vantage) as Demetrius';
And (which is more than all these boasts can be) 105
I am beloved of beauteous Hermia.
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes, 110
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

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DEMETRIUS, *waking up (to Helen)*

O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine! 140
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 congealèd white, high Taurus' snow,
Fanned with the eastern wind, turns to a crow 145
When thou hold'st up thy hand. O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

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PUCK ONSTAGE (INVISIBLE)

Enter Lysander.

LYSANDER

Where art thou, proud Demetrius? Speak thou now.

ROBIN, *in Demetrius' voice*

Here, villain, drawn and ready. Where art thou?

LYSANDER I will be with thee straight. 425

ROBIN, *in Demetrius' voice* Follow me, then, to
plainer ground. *Lysander exits.*

Enter Demetrius.

DEMETRIUS Lysander, speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head? 430

ROBIN, *in Lysander's voice*
Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant! Come, thou child! 435
I'll whip thee with a rod. He is defiled
That draws a sword on thee.

DEMETRIUS Yea, art thou there?

ROBIN, *in Lysander's voice*
Follow my voice. We'll try no manhood here.

They exit.

Enter Lysander.

LYSANDER
He goes before me and still dares me on. 440
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter-heeled than I.
I followed fast, but faster he did fly,
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day, 445
For if but once thou show me thy gray light,
I'll find Demetrius and revenge this spite.

*He lies down and sleeps.
Enter Robin and Demetrius.*

ROBIN, *in Lysander's voice*
Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?

DEMETRIUS
Abide me, if thou dar'st, for well I wot
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place, 450
And dar'st not stand nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?

ROBIN, *in Lysander's voice*
Come hither. I am here.

DEMETRIUS

Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this
dear

455

If ever I thy face by daylight see.
Now go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited.

He lies down and sleeps.