

## A Midsummer Night Dream

Hermia God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

Helena Call you me fair? That fair again unsay. Demetrius loves your fair. O happy fair! Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear, When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear. Sickness is catching: O, were favour so, Yours would I catch, fair

Hermia, ere I go; My eye should catch your voice, my eye your eye, My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody. Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated, The rest I'd give to be to you translated. O, teach me how you look; and with what art You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart!

Hermia I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Helena O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

Hermia I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Helena O that my prayers could such affection move!

Hermia The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Helena The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Hamia His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Helena None, but your beauty, would that fault were mine!

Hamia Take comfort; he no more shall see my face; Lysander and myself will fly this place, Before the time I did Lysander see, Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me; O, then, what graces in my love do dwell, That he hath turn'd a heaven unto hell!