

HELENA: A Midsummers Night Dream

Oh, spite! Oh, Hell! I see you all are bent  
to set against me for your merriment.  
If you were civil and knew courtesy,  
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 --  
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,  
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.