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| ***AMND*, Act I, scene 1** |  |  |  |  |
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| #1 |  |  |  | ***#3*** |
| ***THESEUS:*** Either to die the death or to abjure |  |  |  | ***HELENA:*** How happy some o'er other some can be! |
| For ever the society of men. |  |  |  | Through Athens I am thought as fair as she. |
| Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires; |  |  |  | But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so; |
| Know of your youth, examine well your blood, |  |  |  | He will not know what all but he do know: |
| Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice, |  |  |  | And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes, |
| You can endure the livery of a nun, |  |  |  | So I, admiring of his qualities: |
| For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd, |  |  |  | Things base and vile, folding no quantity, |
| To live a barren sister all your life, |  |  |  | Love can transpose to form and dignity: |
| Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon. |  |  |  | Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind; |
| Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood, |  |  |  | And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind: |
| To undergo such maiden pilgrimage; |  |  |  | Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste; |
| But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd, |  |  |  | Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste: |
| Than that which withering on the virgin thorn |  |  |  | And therefore is Love said to be a child, |
| Grows, lives and dies in single blessedness. |  |  |  | Because in choice he is so oft beguiled. |
|  |  |  |  | As waggish boys in game themselves forswear, |
| #2 |  |  |  | So the boy Love is perjured every where: |
| ***HELENA:*** Call you me fair? that fair again unsay. |  |  |  | For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne, |
| Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair! |  |  |  | He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine; |
| Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air |  |  |  | And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt, |
| More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear, |  |  |  | So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt. |
| When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear. |  |  |  | I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight: |
| Sickness is catching: O, were favour so, |  |  |  | Then to the wood will he to-morrow night |
| Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go; |  |  |  | Pursue her; and for this intelligence |
| My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye, |  |  |  | If I have thanks, it is a dear expense: |
| My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody. |  |  |  | But herein mean I to enrich my pain, |
| Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated, |  |  |  | To have his sight thither and back again. |
| 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. |  |  |  |  |
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| Translate into standard prose. Do not use your books or the internet. | | | | |