

LYSANDER

How now, my love? Why is your cheek so pale?  
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

HERMIA

Belike for want of rain, which I could well  
Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes.

LYSANDER

Ay me! For aught that I could ever read,  
Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth.  
~~But either it was different in blood—~~

HERMIA

~~O cross! Too high to be enthralled to low.~~

LYSANDER

~~Or else misgraffed in respect of years—~~

HERMIA

If then true lovers have been ever crossed,  
It stands as an edict in destiny.  
Then let us teach our trial patience  
Because it is a customary cross,  
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,  
Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers.

LYSANDER

A good persuasion. Therefore, hear me, Hermia:  
I have a widow aunt, a dowager  
Of great revenue, and she hath no child.  
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues,  
And she respects me as her only son.  
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;  
And to that place the sharp Athenian law  
Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me, then  
Steal forth thy father's house tomorrow night,  
And in the wood a league without the town  
(~~Where I did meet thee once with Helena  
To do observance to a morn of May~~),  
There will I stay for thee.

*Show a  
map.*

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HERMIA

My good Lysander,

I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,  
By his best arrow with the golden head,  
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,  
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,  
And by that fire which burned the Carthage queen  
When the false Trojan under sail was seen,  
By all the vows that ever men have broke  
(In number more than ever women spoke),  
In that same place thou hast appointed me,  
Tomorrow truly will I meet with thee.

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LYSANDER

Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

*Enter Helena.*