

**Actor's Edge**  
**MONOLOGUES**

**CLASSICAL DRAMATIC**

**HELENA**

From *Midsummer Night's Dream*

By William Shakespeare

Lo, she is one of this confederacy!  
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three  
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.  
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!  
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd,  
To bait me with this foul derision?  
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,  
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,  
When we have chid the hasty-footed time  
For parting us,--O, is all forgot?  
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?  
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,  
Have with our needles created both one flower,  
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,  
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;  
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,  
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,  
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;  
But yet a union in partition,  
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:  
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;  
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,  
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.  
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,  
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?  
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:  
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,  
Though I alone do feel the injury.