

HELENA MONOLOGUE #2

HELENA:

Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
It's not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But thou must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well; perforce I must confess
I thought you Lord of more true gentleness.
O that a lady, of one man refus'd
Should of another therefore be abus'd.