

## DEMETRIUS AND HELENA

- **Demetrius.** I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.  
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?  
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.  
Thou told'st me they were stolen unto this wood;  
And here am I, and wode within this wood,  
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.  
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.
- **Helena.** You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;  
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart  
Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,  
And I shall have no power to follow you.
- **Demetrius.** Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?  
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth  
Tell you, I do not, nor I cannot love you?
- **Helena.** And even for that do I love you the more.  
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,  
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:  
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,  
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,  
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.  
What worser place can I beg in your love,—  
And yet a place of high respect with me,—  
Than to be used as you use your dog?
- **Demetrius.** Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;  
For I am sick when I do look on thee.
- **Helena.** And I am sick when I look not on you.
- **Demetrius.** You do impeach your modesty too much,  
To leave the city and commit yourself  
Into the hands of one that loves you not;  
To trust the opportunity of night  
And the ill counsel of a desert place  
With the rich worth of your virginity.
- **Helena.** Your virtue is my privilege: for that  
It is not night when I do see your face,  
Therefore I think I am not in the night;  
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,  
For you in my respect are all the world:

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Then how can it be said I am alone,  
When all the world is here to look on me?

- **Demetrius.** I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,  
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.
  
- **Helena.** The wildest hath not such a heart as you.  
Run when you will, the story shall be changed:  
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;  
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind  
Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed,  
When cowardice pursues and valour flies.
  
- **Demetrius.** I will not stay thy questions; let me go:  
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe  
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.
  
- **Helena.** Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,  
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!  
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:  
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;  
We should be wood and were not made to woo.  
*[Exit DEMETRIUS]*  
I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,  
To die upon the hand I love so well.