

SIDE 10 – Demetrius, Helena

DEMETRIUS

I love thee not; therefore pursue me not. 195  
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?  
The one I'll stay; the other stayeth me.  
Thou told'st me they were stol'n unto this wood,  
And here am I, and wood within this wood  
Because I cannot meet my Hermia. 200  
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. 205

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, 210  
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 215  
(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. 220

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 225  
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, 230  
For you, in my respect, are all the world.  
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. 235

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 240  
When cowardice pursues and valor 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, 245  
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 wooed and were not made to woo.

I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell 250  
To die upon the hand I love so well.

*Demetrius exits.*