

DEMETRIUS
 I love thee not; therefore pursue me not. 195
 Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
 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
 Than to be usèd 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
 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,
 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:
 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
 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. *Demetrius exits.*
 I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell 250
 To die upon the hand I love so well. *Helena exits.*