

## **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

### *Midsummer Night's Dream*

#### Act 3, scene 2: Hermia and Demetrius

**DEMETRIUS**

O, why rebuke you him that loves you so? Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

**HERMIA**

Thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse, it cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;  
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

**DEMETRIUS**

So should the murder'd look, and so should I,  
Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty.

**HERMIA**

What's this to my Lysander? where is he? Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

**DEMETRIUS**

I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

**HERMIA**

Out, dog! out, cur! thou drivest me past the bounds of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then? Henceforth be never number'd among men!

**DEMETRIUS**

I am not guilty of Lysander's blood; Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

**HERMIA**

I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

**DEMETRIUS**

An if I could, what should I get therefore?

**HERMIA**

A privilege never to see me more.

And from thy hated presence part I so:

See me no more, whether he be dead or no! *[Exit]*

**DEMETRIUS**

There is no following her in this fierce vein:

Here therefore for a while I will remain.

*[Lies down and sleeps]*