

A Midsummer Night's Dream by William Shakespeare
M/F UA, Kn, QS, SS, SmS

Midsummer Night's Dream

Demetrius and Hermia

H: Where is Lysander??

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

H: It cannot be but thou hast murd'ered him;
So should a murderer look- so dead, so grim.

D: So should the murdered look; and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty;

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

D: I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

D: You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

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

D: An if I could, what should I get therefore?

H: A privilege never to see me more.

H: And from thy hated presence part I so;
See me no more whether he be dead or no. [Exit]

D: There is no following her in this fierce vein;
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain. [*Lies down*]