

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Act III, sc. 2

HERMIA

Hermia. Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse,

If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,

Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,

And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day

As he to me: would he have stolen away

From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon

This whole earth may be bored and that the moon

May through the centre creep and so displease

Her brother's noontide with Antipodes.

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:~~

~~Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,~~

~~As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.~~

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!

O, once tell true, tell true, even for my sake!

Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,

And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?

An adder did it; for with doubler tongue

Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung