

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Act III, sc. 2

HELENA

Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.

I evermore did love you, Hermia,

Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;

Save that, in love unto Demetrius,

I told him of your stealth unto this wood.

He follow'd you; for love I follow'd him;

But he hath chid me hence and threaten'd me

To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:

And now, so you will let me quiet go,

To Athens will I bear my folly back

And follow you no further: let me go:

You see how simple and how fond I am.