

Let her not strike me. You, perhaps, may think,
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. 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 into the 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.

Her. Why, get you gone; who is't that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with *Lysander*?

Hel. With *Demetrius*.

Lys. Be not afraid; she will not harm thee, *Helena*.

Dem. No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd;
She was a vixen when she went to school;
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again? nothing but low, and little?
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf,
You *minim*, you, of hind'ring knot-grass made,
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of *Helena*;
Take not her part: for, if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

Lys.