

Enter Lyfander.

Lyf. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*? speak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain, drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lyf. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. *Lyfander*, speak again;
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak in some bush, where thou dost hide thy head.

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? come, recreant, come, thou child,
I'll whip thee with a rod; he is defil'd
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood here. [*Exe.*

Lyf. He goes before me, and still dares me on;
When I come where he calls me, then he's gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fall'n am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day: [*Lyes down.*
For if but once thou shew me thy gray light,
I'll find *Demetrius*, and revenge this spite.

Enter Puck and Demetrius.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho, coward, why then com'st thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st: for, well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou?

Puck. Come thou hither; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me; thou shalt buy this dear,
If