

## DEMETRIUS

My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,  
Of this their purpose hither to this wood,  
And I in fury hither followed them,  
Fair Helena in fancy following me.  
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power  
(But by some power it is) my love to Hermia,  
Melted as the snow, seems to me now  
As the remembrance of an idle gaud  
Which in my childhood I did dote upon,  
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,  
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,  
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,  
Was I betrothed ere I saw Hermia.  
But like a sickness did I loathe this food.  
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,  
Now I do wish it, love it, long for it,  
And will forevermore be true to it.