

SCENE III.

Enter Princess, and Ladies.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in.
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!
Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme,
As would be cram'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all,
That he was fain to seal on *Cupid's* name.

Ros. That was the way to make his godhead wax,
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Cath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your sister.

Cath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy,
And so she died; had she been light like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she died.
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

Cath. A light condition, in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Cath. You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff:
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i'th' dark.

Cath. So do not you; for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you, and therefore light.

Cath. You weigh me not; o, that's, you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason; for, past cure is still past care.

Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.
But, *Rosaline*, you have a favour too;
Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros.