

S C E N E II.

*Enter Bertram, and Diana.*

*Ber.* THEY told me, that your name was *Fontibell*.

*Dia.* No, my good lord, *Diana*.

*Ber.* Titled goddess,  
And worth it with addition! but, fair soul,  
In your fine frame hath love no quality?  
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,  
You are no maiden, but a monument:  
When you are dead you should be such a one  
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;  
And now you should be as your mother was  
When your sweet self was got.

*Dia.* She then was honest.

*Ber.* So should you be.

*Dia.* No:

My mother did but duty; such, my lord,  
As you owe to your wife.

*Ber.* No more o' that!

I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows:  
I was compell'd to her, but I love thee  
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever  
Do thee all rights of service.

*Dia.* Ay, so you serve us  
Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,  
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,  
And mock us with our bareness.

*Ber.* How have I sworn?

*Dia.* 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,  
But the plain single vow that is vow'd true:  
What is not holy, that we swear not by,  
But take the high'st to witness: then, pray, tell me,  
If I should swear by *Jove's* great attributes

I lov'd