

To whisper and conspire against my youth?  
 Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,  
 And you an officer fit for the place.  
 There, take the paper; see it be return'd,  
 Or else return no more into my sight.

*Luc.* To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

*Jul.* Will ye be gone?

*Luc.* That you may ruminate.

[*aside.*] [*Exit.*

*Jul.* And yet I would I had o'er-look'd the letter.

It were a shame, to call her back again,  
 And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.  
 What fool is she that knows I am a maid,  
 And would not force the letter to my view?  
 Since maids, in modesty, say, no, to that  
 Which they would have the proff'rer construe, ay.  
 Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,  
 That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,  
 And presently, all humbled, kifs the rod!  
 How churlishly I chid *Lucetta* hence,  
 When willingly I would have had her here!  
 How angrily I taught my brow to frown,  
 When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!  
 My penance is to call *Lucetta* back,  
 And ask remission for my folly past.  
 What ho! *Lucetta*!

*Re-enter Lucetta.*

*Luc.* What would your ladyship?

*Jul.* Is it near dinner-time?

*Luc.* I would, it were,  
 That you might kill your stomach on your meat,  
 And not upon your maid.

*Jul.* What is't that you  
 Took up so gingerly?

*Luc.* Nothing.

*Jul.* Why didst thou stoop then?

*Luc.*