

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lye for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lye where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune;
Give me a note; your ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible;
Best sing it to the tune of, *Light o' love*.

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy? belike, it hath some burthen then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song: — why, how now, minion?

[*Gives her a box on the ear.*]

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like the tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam, it is too sharp.

Jul. You are too sawcy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for *Protheus*.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation!

[*Tears it.*]

Go, get you gone; and let the papers lye:
You would be sing'ring them to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange, but she would be best pleas'd
To be so anger'd with another letter.

[*Exit.*]

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!

Inju-