

Are you a god? would you create me new?

Transform me then, and to your pow'r I'll yield.

But if that I am I, then, well I know,

Your weeping sifter is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed a homage do I owe;

Far more, far more to you do I decline:

O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,

To drown me in thy sifter's flood of tears;

Sing, firen, for thyself, and I will dote;

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,

And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lye:

And, in that glorious supposition, think

He gains by death that hath such means to die;

Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink.

Luc. What, are you mad, that do you reason so?

S. Ant. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

S. Ant. For gazing on your beams, fair fun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

S. Ant. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sifter so.

S. Ant. Thy sifter's sifter.

Luc. That's my sifter.

S. Ant. No;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part:

Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,

My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,

My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sifter is, or else should be.

S. Ant. Call thyself sifter, sweet; for I mean thee:

Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life.

Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife;

Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, fir, hold you still;

I'll fetch my sifter, to get her good will.

[*Exit Luc.*]

SCENE