

Scene 15

**PHEBE**

Dead Shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,  
'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?'

**SILVIUS**

Sweet Phebe,--

**PHEBE**

Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

**SILVIUS**

Sweet Phebe, pity me.

**PHEBE**

Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

**SILVIUS**

Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:  
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,  
By giving love your sorrow and my grief  
Were both exterminated.

**PHEBE**

Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?

**SILVIUS**

I would have you.

**PHEBE**

Why, that were covetousness.  
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,  
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;  
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,  
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,  
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too:

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But do not look for further recompense  
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

**SILVIUS**

So holy and so perfect is my love,  
And I in such a poverty of grace,  
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop  
To glean the broken ears after the man  
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then  
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

**PHEBE**

Know'st now the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

**SILVIUS**

Not very well, but I have met him oft;  
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds  
That the old carlot once was master of.

**PHEBE**

Think not I love him, though I ask for him:  
'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well;  
But what care I for words? yet words do well  
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.  
It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:  
But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him:  
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him  
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue  
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.  
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:  
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:  
There was a pretty redness in his lip,  
A little riper and more lusty red  
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference  
Between the constant red and mingled damask.  
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him  
In parcels as I did, would have gone near  
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,  
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet  
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:  
For what had he to do to chide at me?  
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black:

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And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:  
I marvel why I answer'd not again:  
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.  
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,  
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

**SILVIUS**

Phebe, with all my heart.

**PHEBE**

I'll write it straight;  
The matter's in my head and in my heart:  
I will be bitter with him and passing short.  
Go with me, Silvius.