

**SILVIUS**

Sweet Phoebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phoebe;  
Say that you love me not, but say not so  
In bitterness. The common executioner,  
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,  
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck  
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be  
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

**PHOEBE**

I would not be thy executioner:  
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.  
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:  
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,  
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,  
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,  
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!  
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;  
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:  
Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;  
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,  
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!  
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:  
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains  
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,  
The cicatrice and capable impressure  
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,  
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,  
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes  
That can do hurt.

**SILVIUS**

O dear Phoebe,  
If ever,--as that ever may be near,--  
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,  
Then shall you know the wounds invisible  
That love's keen arrows make.

**PHOEBE**

But till that time  
Come not thou near me: and when that time comes,  
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;  
As till that time I shall not pity thee.