**Side 2 - Bertram & Diana**

**BERTRAM**

 They told me that your name was Fontibell.

**DIANA**

 No, my good lord, Diana.

**BERTRAM**

 Titled goddess;

 And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,

 In your fine frame hath love no quality?

 If quick fire of youth light not your mind,

 You are no maiden, but a monument:

 When you are dead, you should be such a one

 As you are now, for you are cold and stem;

 And now you should be as your mother was

 When your sweet self was got.

**DIANA**

 She then was honest.

**BERTRAM**

 So should you be.

**DIANA**

 No: my mother did but duty; such, my lord,

 As you owe to your wife.

**BERTRAM**

 No more o' that; I prithee, do not strive against my vows:

 I was compell'd to her; but I love thee

 By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever

 Do thee all rights of service.

**DIANA**

 Ay, so you serve us

 Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,

 You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves

 And mock us with our bareness.

**BERTRAM**

 How have I sworn!

**DIANA**

 'Tis not the many oaths that makes the truth,

 But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.

 What is not holy, that we swear not by,

 But take the High'st to witness: then, pray you, tell me,

 If I should swear by God's great attributes,

 I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths,

 When I did love you ill? This has no holding,

 To swear by him whom I protest to love,

 That I will work against him: therefore your oaths

 Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd,

 At least in my opinion.