Rosaline. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, if I have heard a truth.
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
Delivers in such apt and gracious words
That aged ears play truant at his tales
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Rosaline. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Rosaline. How needless was it then to ask the question!

Rosaline. 'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such questions.

Rosaline. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Rosaline. The hour that fools should ask.

Rosaline. Fair fall the face it covers!

Rosaline. Amen, so you be none.

Rosaline. Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.

Rosaline. Is the fool sick?

Rosaline. Alack, let it blood.
Rosaline. My physic says 'ay.'

Rosaline. No point, with my knife.

Rosaline. And yours from long living!

Rosaline. Thou art an old love-monger and speakest skilfully.

Rosaline. Then was Venus like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Rosaline. Ay, our way to be gone.

Rosaline. Shall I teach you to know?

Rosaline. Why, she that bears the bow.
   Finely put off!

Rosaline. Well, then, I am the shooter.

Rosaline. If we choose by the horns, yourself come not near.
   Finely put on, indeed!

Rosaline. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was
   a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy, as
   touching the hit it?

Rosaline. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
   Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Rosaline. Madame, came nothing else along with that?

Rosaline. That was the way to make his godhead wax,
   For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Rosaline. You'll ne'er be friends with him; a' kill'd your sister.

Rosaline. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?
Rosaline. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Rosaline. Look what you do, you do it still i’ the dark.

Rosaline. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.

Rosaline. Great reason; for 'past cure is still past care.'

Rosaline. I would you knew:
   An if my face were but as fair as yours,
   My favour were as great; be witness this.
   Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:
   The numbers true; and, were the numbering too,
   I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
   I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.
   O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

Rosaline. Much in the letters; nothing in the praise.

Rosaline. 'Ware pencils, ho! let me not die your debtor,
   My red dominical, my golden letter;
   O, that your face were not so full of O's!

Rosaline. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
   That same Biron I'll torture ere I go:
   O that I knew he were but in by the week!
   How I would make him fawn and beg and seek
   And wait the season and observe the times
   And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes
   And shape his service wholly to my hests
   And make him proud to make me proud that jests!
   So perttaunt-like would I o'ersway his state
   That he should be my fool and I his fate.

Rosaline. The blood of youth burns not with such excess
   As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Rosaline. Come on, then; wear the favours most in sight.

Rosaline. But shall we dance, if they desire to't?
Rosaline. What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet:
    If they do speak our language, 'tis our will:
    That some plain man recount their purposes
    Know what they would.

Rosaline. What would they, say they?

Rosaline. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

Rosaline. It is not so. Ask them how many inches
    Is in one mile: if they have measured many,
    The measure then of one is easily told.

Rosaline. How many weary steps,
    Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
    Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Rosaline. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

Rosaline. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
    Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

Rosaline. Play, music, then! Nay, you must do it soon.
    Music plays
          Not yet! no dance! Thus change I like the moon.

Rosaline. You took the moon at full, but now she's changed.

Rosaline. Our ears vouchsafe it.

Rosaline. Since you are strangers and come here by chance,
    We'll not be nice: take hands. We will not dance.

Rosaline. Only to part friends:
    Curtsy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.

Rosaline. We can afford no more at such a price.

Rosaline. Your absence only.
**Rosaline.** Then cannot we be bought: and so, adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you.

**Rosaline.** In private, then.

**Rosaline.** Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

**Rosaline.** Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.

**Rosaline.** O, they were all in lamentable cases!
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

**Rosaline.** Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

**Rosaline.** Good madam, if by me you'll be advised,
Let's, mock them still, as well known as disguised:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were and to what end
Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

**Rosaline.** Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord:
My lady, to the manner of the days,
In courtesy gives undeserving praise.
We four indeed confronted were with four
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

**Rosaline.** This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,--

**Rosaline.** But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

**Rosaline.** All the fool mine?
Rosaline. Which of the vizards was it that you wore?

Rosaline. There, then, that vizard; that superfluous case
That hid the worse and show'd the better face.

Rosaline. Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon! Why look you pale?
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Rosaline. Sans sans, I pray you.

Rosaline. It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

Rosaline. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Rosaline. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eyesight, and did value me
Above this world; adding thereto moreover
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Rosaline. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.

Rosaline. We did not quote them so.

Rosaline. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit.
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won,
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavor of your wit
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Rosaline. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you and that fault withal;
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.