

How much unlike my hopes and my deservings?
Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.
 Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
 Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend and judge are distinct offices,
 And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

*The fire sev'n times tried this,
 Seven times try'd that judgment is
 That did never choose amiss.
 Some there be that shadows kiss,
 Such have but a shadows blifs:
 There be fools alive, I wis,
 Silver'd o'er, and so was this:
 Take what wife you will to bed,
 I will ever be your head:
 So be gone, sir, you are sped.*

Ar. Still more fool I shall appear
 By the time I linger here:
 With one fool's head I came to woo,
 But I go away with two.
 Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
 Patiently to bear my wrath.

[*Exit.*

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
 O these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
 They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy:
 Hanging and wiving go by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, *Nerissa*.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here, what would my lord?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
 A young *Venetian*, one that comes before

To