



ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the king of Navarre's palace.

*Enter the princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Catharine,
Boyet, lords, and other attendants.*

BOYET.

NOW, madam, summon up your dearest spirits :
Consider whom the king your father sends ;
To whom he sends ; and what's his embassy :
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless *Navarre* ; the plea of no less weight
Than *Aquitain*, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord *Boyet*, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise ;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you are willing to be counted wise,
In spending thus your wit in praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker : — good *Boyet*,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, *Navarre* hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall outwear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court :

Therefore