

And shape to win grace, though he had no wit.
I saw him at the duke *Alanzon's* once,
And much too little of that good I saw
Is my report to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, as 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.

Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

Mar. Here comes *Boyet*.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?

Boyet. *Navarre* had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came: marry, thus much I've learn'd
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes *Navarre*.

SCENE