

S C E N E II.

Enter the King, Longaville, Dumain, Biron, and attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to th' court of *Navarre*.

Prin. Fair I give you back again, and welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours, and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break its will, and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

I hear, your grace hath sworn out house-keeping:

'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord;

Not sin to break it.

But pardon me, I am too sudden bold:

To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,

And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away,
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Biron. I know, you did.

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

Biron. You must not be so quick.

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

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

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

Biron. What time o' day?

Ros.