

*Ros.* The hour that fools should ask.

*Biron.* Now fair befall your mask!

*Ros.* Fair fall the face it covers!

*Biron.* And send you many lovers!

*Ros.* Amen, so you be none!

*Biron.* Nay, then will I be gone.

*King.* Madam, your father here doth intimate

The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;

Being but th' one half of an entire sum,

Disbursed by my father in his wars.

But say that he, or we, as neither have,

Receiv'd that sum; yet there remains unpaid

A hundred thousand more; in surety of which,

One part of *Aquitain* is bound to us,

Although not valu'd to the money's worth:

If then the king your father will restore

But that one half which is unsatisfy'd,

We will give up our right in *Aquitain*,

And hold fair friendship with his majesty:

But that, it seems, he little purposeth,

For here he doth demand, to have repay'd

An hundred thousand crowns, and not demands,

On payment of an hundred thousand crowns,

To have his title live in *Aquitain*;

Which we much rather had depart withal,

And have the money by our father lent,

Than *Aquitain* so gelded as it is.

Dear princess, were not his requests so far

From reason's yielding, your fair self should make

A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast,

And go well satisfied to *France* again.

*Prin.* You do the king my father too much wrong,

And wrong the reputation of your name,

In so unseemingly to confess receipt

Of that which hath so faithfully been pay'd.

*King.* I do protest, I never heard of it;

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