

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest skilfully.

Mar. He is *Cupid's* grandfather, and learns news of him.

Ros. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then? do you see?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Park.

Enter Armado, and Moth.

Song.

ARMADO.

WARBLE, child, make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. *Concolinel* —

[*singing.*]

Arm. Sweet air! go, tenderness of years; take this

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart like an agat with your print impressed;
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:
His tongue all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be:
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair;
Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tend'ring their own worth from whence they were glafs'd,
Did point out to buy them, along as you pass'd.
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes:
I'll give you *Aquitain*, and all that is his,
And you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prim. Come to our pavilion, *Boyet* is dispos'd —

Boyet. But to speak that in words which his eye hath disclos'd;
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art, &c.

key,