

key, give enlargement to the swain ; bring him festinately hither : I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a *French* brawl ?

Arm. How mean'st thou, brawling in *French* ?

Moth. No, my complete master, but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids ; sigh a note, and sing a note ; sometimes through the throat, as if you swallow'd love with singing love ; sometime through the nose, as if you snuff'd up love by smelling love ; with your hat penthouse-like o'er the shop of your eyes ; with your arms cross'd on your thin-belly doublet, like a rabbit on a spit ; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting ; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away : these are 'complishments, these are humours ; these betray nice wenches that would be betray'd without these ; and make them men of note, (do you note me ?) that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchas'd this experience ?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But, o, but, o —

Moth. *The hobby-horse is forgot.*^a

Arm. Call'st thou my love a hobby-horse ?

Moth. No, master ; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney : but have you forgot your love ?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student ! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master : all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove ?

Moth. A man, if I live ; and this, *by*, *in*, and *out of*, upon the instant : *by* heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her ; *in* heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her ; and *out of* heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more ; and yet nothing at all.

^a *The burden of an old song.*

Arm.