

Arm. Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathiz'd; a horse to be embassador for an afs. [*aside.*]

Arm. Ha, ha; what say'st thou?

Moth. Marry, fir, you must send the afs upon the horse, for he is very flow-gaited: but I go.

Arm. The way is but short; away.

Moth. As swift as lead, fir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal, dull, and flow?

Moth. *Minimè*, honest master; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say, lead is flow.

Moth. You are too swift, fir, to say so.
Is that lead flow, fir, which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetorick!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:
I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I fly. [*Exit.*]

Arm. A most acute juvenile, voluble, and free of grace;
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face.
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

SCENE II.

Enter Moth, and Costard.^a

^a ---- and Costard.

Moth. A wonder, master; here's a *Costard* broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle; come, thy *P'envoy* begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no *P'envoy*, no *salve*, in the male, fir. O fir, plantan, a plain plantan; no *P'envoy*, no *P'envoy*, or *salve*, fir, but plantan.

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling: o, pardon me, my stars! doth the inconsiderate take *salve* for *P'envoy*, and the word *P'envoy* for a *salve*?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not *P'envoy* a *salve*?

Arm. No, page, it is an epilogue, or discourse, to make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.

I will example it. Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *P'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral; now the *P'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *P'envoy*; say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth.