

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, fir, halfpeny farthing.

Biron. O, why then, three farthings worth of filk.

Cost. I thank your worship; god be with you!

Biron. O, stay, slave, I must employ thee:

As thou wilt win my favour, my good knave,

Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, fir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, fir: fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, fir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon.

Hark, slave, it is but this:

The princess comes to hunt here in the park:

And in her train there is a gentle lady;

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,

And *Rosaline* they call her; ask for her,

And to her white hand see thou do commend

This seal'd up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.

Cost. Guerdon, o sweet guerdon! better than remuneration;
eleven pence farthing better: most sweet guerdon! I will do it,
fir, in print. Guerdon, — remuneration. — [Exit.]

Biron. O! and I,

Forsooth, in love! I that have been love's whip;

A very beadle to an amorous figh;

A critick; nay, a night-watch constable;

A domineering pedant o'er the boy,

Than whom no mortal more magnificent.

This whimp'ring, whining, purblind, wayward boy,

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, dan *Cupid*,

Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,

Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans:

Liege of all loiterers and malecontents:

Dread