

Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces :
 Sole imperator, and great general
 Of trotting parators : (o my little heart !)
 And I to be a corporal of his file,
 And wear his colours, like a tumbler's hoop !
 What ? I love ! I sue ! what ? I seek a wife !
 A woman ! that is like a *German* clock,
 Still a repairing, ever out of frame,
 And never going aright, being a watch,
 But being watch'd, that it may still go right.
 Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all :
 And, among three, to love the worst of all !
 A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
 With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes,
 Ay, and, by heav'n, one that will do the deed,
 Though *Argus* were her eunuch and her guard :
 And I to fight for her ! to watch for her !
 To pray for her ! go to : it is a plague
 That *Cupid* will impose for my neglect
 Of his almighty, dreadful, little might.
 Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan :
 Some men must love my lady, and some *Joan*. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A pavilion in the park near the palace.

*Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Catharine, Lords,
 Attendants, and a Forester.*

PRINCESS.

WAS that the king that spurr'd his horse so hard
 Against the steep uprising of the hill ?

Boyet. I know not, but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting mind.

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Well,