

Thus dost thou hear the *Nemean* lion roar  
 'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;  
 Submissive fall his princely feet before,  
 And he from forage will incline to play.  
 But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?  
 Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

*Prin.* What plume of feathers is he that endited this letter?  
 What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

*Boyet.* I am much deceived, but I remember the style.

*Prin.* Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

*Boyet.* This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here in court,  
 A phantasm, a mammuccio, and one that makes sport  
 To the prince and his book-mates.

*Prin.* Thou fellow, a word:  
 Who gave thee this letter?

*Cost.* I told you, my lord.

*Prin.* To whom should'st thou give it?

*Cost.* From my lord to my lady.

*Prin.* From which lord to which lady?

*Cost.* From my lord *Berown*, a good master of mine,  
 To a lady of *France* that he call'd *Rosaline*.

*Prin.* Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.  
 Here, sweet, put up this, 'twill be thine another day.<sup>a</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> ---- another day.

*Boyet.* Who is the shooter? who is the shooter?

*Ref.* Shall I teach you to know?

*Boyet.* Ay, my continent of beauty.

*Ref.* Why, she that bears the bow. Finely put off.

*Boyet.* My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,  
 Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on.

*Ref.* Well then, I am the shooter.

*Boyet.* And who is your deer?

*Ref.* If we choose by horns, yourself; come not near.  
 Finely put on, indeed.

*Mar.* You still wrangle with her, *Boyet*, and she strikes at the brow.

*Boyet.* But she herself is hit lower. Have I hit her now?

*Ref.* Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king *Pippin* of *France*  
 was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

*Boyet.* So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen *Guinover* of  
*Britain* was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

*Ref.* Thou can'st not hit it, hit it, hit it.  
 Thou can'st not hit it, my good man.

*Boyet.*