

SCENE III.

Enter Jaquenetta, and Costard.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master parson!^a
Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter; it was
given me by *Costard*, and sent me from don *Armatbo*. I beseech
you, read it. [Nathaniel reads to himself.

Hol. *Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ ruminat,*
and so forth. Ah, good old *Mantuan*!^b I may speak of thee as
the traveller doth of *Venice*; *Venegia, Venegia! qui non te vedi, ei*
non te pregia. Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan*! who understandeth
thee not, loves thee not. *ut re sol la mi fa.* Under pardon, fir,
what are the contents? or, rather, as *Horace* says in his — What!
my soul! verses!

Nath. Ay, fir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *lege, domine.*

Nath. If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd!

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove,

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;

Where all those pleasures live, that art would comprehend:

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;

Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.

All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder:

Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;

Thy eye *Jove's* lightning bears, thy voice is dreadful thunder;

Which not to anger bent, is musick, and sweet fire.

^a ---- master parson.

Hol. Master parson, *quasi* person: and if one should be pierc'd, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hoghead.

Hol. Of piercing a hoghead! a good cluster of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a
flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty, it is well.

Jaq. Good master, &c.

^b He means *Baptista Spagnolus*, surnamed *Mantuanus* from the place of his birth, a writer of
poems, who lived towards the end of the fifteenth century.