

prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither favouring of poetry, wit, or invention. I beseech your society.

*Nath.* And thank you too: for society, faith the text, is the happiness of life.

*Hol.* And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. Sir, [*to Dull.*] I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba*. Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*Enter Biron with a paper in his hand, alone.*

*Biron.* The king is hunting the deer; I am courting myself. They have pitch'd a toil, I am toiling in pitch; pitch, that defiles; defile, a foul word: well, sit thee down, sorrow; for so, they say, the fool said, <sup>a</sup> and so say I, and I the fool. Well prov'd, wit! By the lord, this love is as mad as *Ajax*; it kills sheep, it kills me; I a sheep, well prov'd again on my side! I will not love; if I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not love; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love; and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! by the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper; god give him grace to groan! [*he stands aside.*]

*Enter the King.*

*King.* Ay me!

*Biron.* Shot, by heav'n! proceed, sweet *Cupid*; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap: in faith, secrets.

<sup>a</sup> See p. 95.

*King.*