

King. So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
 To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
 As thy eye-beams when their fresh rays have smote
 The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows;
 Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright,
 Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
 As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
 Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep;
 No drop, but as a coach doth carry thee,
 So ridest thou triumphing in my wo.
 Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
 And they thy glory through my grief will show;
 But do not love thyself, then thou wilt keep
 My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
 O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!
 No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.
 How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
 Sweet leaves shade folly. Who is he comes here?

[reading.]

[the king steps aside.]

*Enter Longaville.*What! *Longaville*! and reading! listen, ears!*Biron.* Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appears.*Long.* Ay me! I am forsworn.*Biron.* Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.*King.* In love, I hope; sweet fellowship in shame.*Biron.* One drunkard loves another of the name.*Long.* Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?*Biron.* I could put thee in comfort: not by two, that I know;
 Thou mak'st the triumvir, the three-corner-cap of society,
 The shape of love's *Tyburn*, that hangs up simplicity.*Long.* I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to move:
 O sweet *Maria*, empress of my love!

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. O, rhymes are guards on wanton *Cupid*'s hose:
 Disfigure not his fop.*Long.* This same shall go.

[he reads the sonnet.]

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