

O, would the *King*, *Biron*, and *Longaville*,
 Were lovers too! ill to example ill
 Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note:
 For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
 That in love's grief desir'st society: [coming forward.
 You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
 To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

King. Come, sir, you blush? as his, your case is such;
 [coming forward.
 You chide at him, offending twice as much.

You do not love *Maria*? *Longaville*
 Did never sonnet for her sake compile?
 Nor never lay'd his wreathed arms athwart
 His loving bosom, to keep down his heart?
 I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
 And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.
 I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion;
 Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion.
 Ay me! says one; o *Jove*! the other cries;
 Her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes.
 You would for paradise break faith and troth;
 And *Jove* for your love would infringe an oath.
 What will *Biron* say, when that he shall hear
 A faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
 How will he scorn? how will he spend his wit?
 How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?
 For all the wealth that ever I did see,
 I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.
 Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me. [coming forward.
 Good heart, what grace hast thou thus to reprove
 These worms for loving, that art most in love?
 Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears
 There is no certain princess that appears;

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