

Enter Jaquenetta, and Costard.

Jaq. God blefs the king!

King. What present haft thou there?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, fir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason and you go in peace away together.

Jac. I befeech your grace, let this letter be read;
Our parfon mifdoubts it: it was treason, he faid.

King. *Biron*, read it over. *[he reads the letter.]*
Where haft thou it?

Jaq. Of *Costard*.

King. Where haft thou it?

Cost. Of *dun Adramadio*, *dun Adramadio*.

King. How now! what is in you? why doft thou tear it?

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy: your grace needs not fear it.

Long. It did move him to paffion, and therefore let's hear it.

Dum. It is *Biron's* writing, and here is his name.

Biron. Ah, you whorfon loggerhead, you were born to do
me fhame.

Guilty, my lord, guilty: I confeß, I confeß.

King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the meß.
He, he, and you: and you, my liege, and I
Are pickpurfes in love, and we deferve to die.
O, difmifs this audience, and I fhall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true; we are four:
Will thefe turtles be gone?

King. Hence, fir, hence, away!

Cost. Walk afide the true folk, and let the traitors ftay.

[Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.]

Biron.