

*Biron.* Sweet lords, sweet lovers, o, let us embrace!

As true we are as flesh and blood can be.

The sea will ebb and flow, heav'n will show his face:

Young blood doth not obey an old decree.

We cannot cross the cause why we were born:

Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

*King.* What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?

*Biron.* Did they, quoth you? who sees the heavenly *Rosaline*,

That, like a rude and savage man of *Inde*,

At the first opening of the gorgeous east,

Bows not his vassal head, and, stricken blind,

Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

What peremptory eagle-fighted eye

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,

That is not blinded by her majesty?

*King.* What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon,

She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

*Biron.* My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Biron*.

O, but for my love, day would turn to night.

Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty

Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;

Where several worthies make one dignity;

Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues;

Fie, painted rhetoric! o, she needs it not:

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs:

She passes praise, then praise too short doth blot.

A wither'd hermit, fivescore winters worn,

Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,

And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy:

O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine.

*King.* By heav'n, thy love is black as ebony.

*Biron.* Is ebony like her? o wood divine!

A wife of such wood were felicity.