

O, who can give an oath? where is a book?

That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:

No face is fair that is not full so black.

King. O paradox! black is the badge of hell;
The hue of dungeons, and the stole of night.

Biron. And beauty's dress becomes the heaven's well.
Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light:

O, if in black my lady's brow be deckt,

It mourns, that painting, and usurped hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspect:

And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her favour turns the fashion of the days,

For native blood is counted painting now;

And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,

Paints itself black to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her are chimneysweepers black?

Long. And, since her time, are colliers counted bright?

King. And *Ethiops* of their sweet complexion crack?

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,

For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good yours did: for, sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love; my foot and her face see.

Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.

Dum. O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies

The street should see as she walk'd over head.

King. But what of this? are we not all in love?

Biron. Nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.

King. Then leave this chat; and, good *Biron*, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum.