

Dum. Ay, marry, there, some flattery for this evil.

Long. O, some authority how to proceed,
Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the devil?

Dum. Some salve for perjury!

Biron. O, 'tis more than need.

Have at you then, affection's men at arms;

Consider what you first did swear unto:

To fast, to study, and to see no woman;

Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young:

And abstinence engenders maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,

In that each of you hath forsworn his book;

Can you still dream and pore, and thereon look?

For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,

Have found the ground of study's excellence,

Without the beauty of a woman's face?

From womens eyes this doctrine I derive;

They are the ground, the books, the academes,

From whence doth spring the true *Promethean* fire:

Why, universal plodding poisons up

The nimble spirits in the arteries;

As motion, and long-during action, tires

The sinewy vigour of the traveller.

Now, for not looking on a woman's face,

You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,

And study too, the causer of your vow:

For where is any author in the world,

Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?

Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,

And where we are, our learning likewise is.

Then when ourselves we see in ladies eyes,

Do we not likewise see our learning there?

O, we have made a vow to study, lords,

And in that vow we have forsworn our books:

For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,