

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Armado, Moth, and Costard.*

Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, & gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirra!

Hol. *Quare* chirra, not firrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encountred.

Hol. Most military fir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stole the scraps.

Cost. O, they have liv'd long on the almsbasket of words. I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*: thou art easier swallow'd than a flapdragon.

Moth. Peace! the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes, he teaches boys the hornbook:

What is A B spelt backward with the horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep with a horn. You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them, or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i, ----

Moth. The sheep; the other two concludes it, o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the *Mediterraneum*, a sweet touch, a quick renew of wit; snip, snap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect; true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man: which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant; go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*, a gig of a cuckold's horn.

Cost.