

Ros. I would, you knew.

And if my face were but as fair as yours,

My favour were as great; be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank *Biron*:

The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,

I were the fairest goddesses on the ground.

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter.

Prin. Any thing like?

Ros. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

Cath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. Ware pencils, ^a ho! let me not die your debter,
My red dominical, my golden letter!

O, that your face were not so full of O's!

Cath. Pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrews.

Prin. But, *Catharine*, what was sent you from *Dumain*?

Cath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Cath. Yes, madam, that he did; and sent moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:

A huge translation of hypocrisy,

Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent *Longaville*:
The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less; dost thou not wish in heart
The chain were longer, and the letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part!

Prin. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same *Biron* I'll torture ere I go.

O, that I knew he were but in by th' week!

How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,

And wait the season, and observe the times,

And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,

^a Meaning to check Catharine for her painting, pencil being a painting-brush.