

And shape his service all to my behests,
 And make him proud to make me proud with jests:
 So ^a portent-like would I o'erfway his state,
 That he should be my fool, and I his fate.^b

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
 As wit turn'd fool; folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
 Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school,
 And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not in such excess,
 As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
 As fool'ry in the wise, when wit doth dote:
 Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
 To prove by wit worth in simplicity.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Here comes *Boyet*, and mirth is in his face.

Boyet. O, I am stab'd with laughter! where's her grace?

Prin. Thy news, *Boyet*?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!

Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
 Against your peace; love doth approach disguis'd,
 Armed in arguments; you'll be surpriz'd.
 Muster your wits, stand in your own defence,
 Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint *Dennis*, to saint *Cupid*! what are they
 That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
 I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;
 When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
 Toward that shade I might behold address'd

^a Portents have been always look'd upon not only as the tokens and signals, but the instruments also, of destiny.

^b See a note in Meas. for Meas. Act. 3, Sc. 1.