

And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.

Hold, *Rosaline*; this favour thou shalt wear,
And then the king will court thee for his dear :
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine ;
So shall *Biron* take me for *Rosaline*.

And change your favours too, so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Ros. Come on then; wear the favours most in fight.

Cath. But in this changing, what is your intent ?

Prin. The effect of my intent is to cross theirs ;
They do it but in mocking merriment ;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook ; and so be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet
With visages display'd to talk and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't ?

Prin. No ; to the death we will not move a foot ;
Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace :
But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it ; and, I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown ;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own ;
So shall we stay, mocking intended game,
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

Boyet. The trumpet sounds ; be mask'd, the maskers come. [sound.

S C E N E V.

*Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, Dumain, and attendants,
disguis'd like Muscovites. Moth with musick, as for a masquerade.*

Moth. All hail the richest beauties on the earth !

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffata.

Moth.