

Moth. *A holy parcel of the fairest dames,
That ever turn'd their backs to mortal views.*

Biron. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. *That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views.*

Out ----

Boyet. True ; out, indeed.

Moth. *Out of your favours, heav'nly spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold.*

Biron. Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. *Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes —
With your sun-beamed eyes —*

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet ;
You were best call it daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness ? be gone, you rogue.

Ros. What would these strangers ? know their minds, Boyet.
If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes.
Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princess ?

Biron. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they ?

Boyet. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have ; and bid them so be gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a measure with her on the grass.

Boyet. They say, they have measur'd many a mile,
To tread a measure with you on the grass.

Ros. It is not so : ask them how many inches
Is in one mile : if they have measur'd many,
The measure then of one is easily told.

Boyet. If, to come hither, you have measur'd miles,
And many miles ; the princess bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill up one mile ?

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

Boyet.