

*Boyet.* She hears herself.

*Ros.* How many weary steps  
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone  
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

*Biron.* We number nothing that we spend for you;  
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,  
That we may do it still without accompt.  
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,  
That we, like savages, may worship it.

*Ros.* My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

*King.* Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do.  
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine  
(Those clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.

*Ros.* O vain petitioner, beg a greater matter;  
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

*King.* Then in our measure vouchsafe but one change;  
Thou bid'st me beg; this begging is not strange.

*Ros.* Play, musick, then; nay, you must do it soon.  
Not yet? no dance: thus change I like the moon.

*King.* Will you not dance? how come you thus estrang'd?

*Ros.* You took the moon at full, but now she's chang'd.

*King.* Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.  
The musick plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.

*Ros.* Our ears vouchsafe it.

*King.* But your legs should do it.

*Ros.* Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,  
We'll not be nice: take hands; we will not dance.

*King.* Why take you hands then?

*Ros.* Only to part friends.

Court'fy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.

*King.* More measure of this measure; be not nice.

*Ros.* We can afford no more at such a price.

*King.* Prize yourselves then; what buys your company?

*Ros.* Your absence only.

*King.* That can never be.

*Ros.*