

Ros. Then cannot we be bought; and so, adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you.

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In private then.

King. I am best pleas'd with that.

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.

Biron. Nay, then, two treys; and if you grow so nice,
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey; well run, dice!
There's half a dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu;
Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

Biron. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.

Prin. Gall's bitter.

Biron. Therefore meet.

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady.

Mar. Say you so? fair lord:
Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you;
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

Cath. What, was your visor made without a tongue?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Cath. O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless visor half.

Cath. Veal, quoth the *Dutchman*; is not veal a calf?

Long. A calf, fair lady?

Cath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Cath. No, I'll not be your half;
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!