

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

Cath. Then die a calf before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you ere I die.

Cath. Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the razor's edge invifible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be feen;

Above the fenfe of fenfe: fo fenfible

Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings,

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, fwifter things.

Rof. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff.

King. Farewell, mad wenches, you have fimple wits.

[*Exeunt King and Lords.*]

SCENE VI.

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen *Muscovites*.

Are thefe the breed of wits fo wonder'd at?

Boyet Tapers they are, with your fweet breaths puff'd out.

Rof. Well-liking wits they have, grofs, grofs, fat, fat.

Prin. O, poverty in wit, kingly poor flout!

Will they not, think you, hang themfelves to-night?

Or ever, but in vifors, fhew their faces?

This pert *Biron* was out of count'nance quite.

Rof. O! they were all in lamentable cafes.

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. *Biron* did fwear himfelf out of all fuit.

Mar. *Dumain* was at my fervice, and his fword:

No point, quoth I; my fervant ftraight was mute.

Cath. Lord *Longaville* faid, I came o'er his heart;

And trow you what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Cath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, ficknefs as thou art!

Rof. Well, better wits have worn plain ftatute caps.

But