

Boyet. Gone to her tent.

Please it your majesty, command me any service to her?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [Exit.

Biron. This fellow picks up wit as pigeons peas,
And utters it again, when *Jove* doth please:
He is wit's pedler, and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs:
And we that sell by gross, the lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been *Adam* he had tempted *Eve*.
He can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he,
That kifs'd away his hand in courtesy.
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay, he can sing
A mean most mainly; and in ushering
Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kifs his feet.
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whale his bone.
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongu'd *Boyet*.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue with my heart,
That put *Armado's* page out of his part!

S C E N E VIII.

Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Catharine, Boyet, and attendants.^a

^a ----- attendants.

Biron. See where it comes; behaviour, what wert thou,
Till this madman show'd thee? and what art thou now?

King. All hail, sweet madam; and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.

King. We come, &c.

King.