

King. We come to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our court; vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow:
Nor god, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
The virtue of your eye makes break my oath.

Prin. You nickname virtue: vice you should have spoke:
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unfully'd lilly, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest:
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heav'nly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord, it is not so, I swear;
We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game:
A mels of *Russians* left us but of late.

King. How, madam? *Russians*?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord:
My lady (to the manner of the days)
In courtesy gives undeserving praise.

We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In *Russian* habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace, and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,

When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me. Fair, gentle, sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish; when we greet
With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light; your capacity