

Is of that nature, as to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise, and rich; for in my eye —

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the visors was it that you wore?

Biron. Where? when? what visor? why demand you this?

Ros. There, then, that visor; that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

King. We are descried; they'll mock us now downright.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? why looks your highness sad?

Ros. Help! hold his brows! he'll swoon! why look you pale?
Seasick, I think, coming from *Muscovy*.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?

Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me,

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout,
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance,

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in *Russian* habit wait.

O! never will I trust to speeches pen'd,

Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue,

Nor never come in visor to my friend,

Nor woo in rhyme like a blind harper's song;

Taffata phrases, filken terms precise,

Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,

Figures pedantical; these summer flies

Have blown me full of maggot ostentation.

I do