

*Duke.* Thou dost speak masterly.  
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye  
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves:  
Hath it not, boy?

*Vio.* A little, by your favour.

*Duke.* What kind of woman is't?

*Vio.* Of your complexion.

*Duke.* She is not worth thee then. What years, i'faith?

*Vio.* About your years, my lord.

*Duke.* Too old, by heav'n; let still the woman take  
An elder than herself, so wears she to him;  
So sways she level in her husband's heart.  
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,  
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,  
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,  
Than women's are.

*Vio.* I think it well, my lord.

*Duke.* Then let thy love be younger than thyself,  
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:  
For women are as roses, whose fair flower  
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

*Vio.* And so they are: alas, that they are so,  
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

*Enter Curio, and Clown.*

*Duke.* O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.  
Mark it, *Cesario*; it is old and plain:  
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,  
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,  
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,  
And dallies with the innocence of love,  
Like the old age.

*Clo.* Are you ready, sir?

*Duke.* I pr'ythee, sing.

[*music.*

Song.