

duke's serving-man than ever she bestow'd on me. I saw't i'th' orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jurymen since before *Noah* was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your fight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness: this was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulk'd. The double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sail'd into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a *Dutchman's* beard, unless you do redeem it by some attempt, either of valour, or policy.

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a *Brownist*, as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour; challenge me the duke's youth to fight with him, hurt him in eleven places, my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with women, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, sir *Andrew*.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand, be curst, and brief: it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention; taunt him with the licence of ink; if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of *Ware* in *England*, set 'em down, and go about it. Let there be gall
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