

Pemb. This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous; you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off:
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt:
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Pemb. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new-told,
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pemb. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness;^a
And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse:
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel: but it pleas'd your highness
To over-bear it; yet we're all well pleas'd;

^a That is, coveting to reach a higher excellence.

Since