

So far I read aloud:

But even the very middle of my heart  
Is warmed by the rest, and takes it thankfully. —  
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I  
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so  
In all that I can do.

*Iach.* Thanks, fairest lady. —

What, are men mad? hath nature given them eyes  
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop  
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt  
The fiery orbs above, and the twin stones  
Upon th' unnumber'd beach? and can we not  
Partition make with spectacles so precious  
'Twixt fair and foul?

*Imo.* What makes your admiration?

*Iach.* It cannot be i'th' eye; for apes, and monkeys,  
'Twixt two such she's, would chatter this way, and  
Contemn with mows the other: nor i'th' judgment;  
For idiots in this case of favour would  
Be wisely definite: nor in the appetite;  
Slutt'ry to such neat excellence oppos'd  
Should make desire vomit ev'n emptiness,  
Not so allure't to feed.

*Imo.* What is the matter, trow?

*Iach.* The cloyed will,  
That satiate, yet unsatisfy'd desire, that tub  
Both fill'd and running; rav'ning first the lamb,  
Longs after for the garbage.

*Imo.* What, dear sir,  
Thus raps you? are you well?

*Iach.* Thanks, madam, well. —  
'Beseech you, sir, desire my man's abode [to Pisanio.  
Where I did leave him; he is strange and sheepish.

*Pis.* I was just going, sir, to give him welcome. [Exit Pisanio.

*Imo.* Continues well my lord? his health, 'beseech you?

*Iach.* Well, madam.

*Imo.*