

And with his other hand, thus o'er his brow,  
 He falls to such perusal of my face,  
 As he would draw it. Long time stay'd he so:  
 At last, a little shaking of my arm,  
 And thrice his head thus waving up and down,  
 He rais'd a sigh, so piteous and profound,  
 That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,  
 And end his being. Then he lets me go:  
 And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,  
 He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;  
 For out o' doors he went without their help,  
 And, to the last, bended their light on me.

*Pol.* Come, go with me, I will go seek the king.  
 This is the very ecstasy of love;  
 Whose violent property foredoes itself,  
 And leads the will to desperate undertakings,  
 As oft as any passion under heav'n,  
 That does afflict our natures. I am sorry;  
 What, have you giv'n him any hard words of late?

*Oph.* No, my good lord; but, as you did command,  
 I did repel his letters, and deny'd  
 His access to me.

*Pol.* That hath made him mad.  
 I'm sorry, that with better heed and judgment  
 I had not quoted him: I fear'd, he trifled  
 And meant to wreck thee: but, beshrew my jealousy!  
 It seems, it is as proper to our age  
 To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,  
 As it is common for the younger sort  
 To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king.  
 This must be known; which, being kept close, might move  
 More grief to hide hate, than to utter love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE