

**Loues Labour's lost from Mr. William Shakespeares comedies,
histories, & tragedies. Published according to the true originall
copies. — Mr. VWilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories, &
tragedies — Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7**

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The second phase of the Bodleian First Folio project was made possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional support, which brings new features to the digitized First Folio, enabling more efficient and intuitive use for all with an interest in Shakespeare, early modern drama, theatre and book history.

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Loues Labour's lost.

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Actus primus.

[Act 1, Scene 1]

Enter Ferdinand King of Nauarre, Berowne, Longauill, and Dumane.

Ferdinand.

LEt *Fame*, that all hunt after in their liues,
Liue registred vpon our brazen Tombes,
And then grace vs in the disgrace of death:
when spight of cormorant deuouring Time,
Th'endeuour of this present breath may buy:
That honour which shall bate his sythes keene edge,
And make vs heyres of all eternitie.
Therefore braue Conquerours, for so you are,
That warre against your owne affections,
And the huge Armie of the worlds desires.
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force,
Nauar shall be the wonder of the world.
Our Court shall be a little Achademe,
Still and contemplatiue in liuing Art.
You three, *Berowne*, *Dumaine*, and *Longauill*,

Haue sworne for three yeeres terme, to liue with me:
My fellow Schollers, and to keepe those statutes
That are recorded in this scedule heere.
Your oathes are past, and now subscribe your names:
That his owne hand may strike his honour downe,
That violates the smallest branch heerein:
If you are arm'd to doe, as sworne to do,
Subscribe to your deepe oathes, and keepe it to.

Longauill.

I am resolu'd, 'tis but a three yeeres fast:
The minde shall banquet, though the body pine,
Fat paunches haue leane pates: and dainty bits,
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

Dumane.

My louing Lord, *Dumane* is mortified,
The grosser manner of these worlds delights,
He throwes vpon the grosse worlds baser slaues:
To loue, to wealth, to pompe, I pine and die,
With all these liuing in Philosophie.

Berowne.

I can but say their protestation ouer,
So much, deare Liege, I haue already sworne,
That is, to liue and study heere three yeeres.
But there are other strict obseruances:
As not to see a woman in that terme,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
And one day in a weeke to touch no foode:
And but one meale on euery day beside:
The which I hope is not enrolled there.
And then to sleepe but three houres in the night,
And not be seene to winke of all the day.
When I was wont to thinke no harme all night,
And make a darke night too of halfe the day:
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
O, these are barren taskes, too hard to keepe,
Not to see Ladies, study, fast, not sleepe.

Ferd.

Your oath is past, to passe away from these.

Berow.

Let me say no my Liedge, and if you please,
I onely swore to study with your grace,
And stay heere in your Court for three yeeres space.

Longa.

You swore to that *Berowne*, and to the rest.

Berow.

By yea and nay sir, than I swore in iest.
What is the end of study, let me know?

Fer.

Why that to know which else wee should not
know.

Ber.

Things hid & bard (you meane) (frō)from (cōmon)common sense.

Ferd.

I, that is studies god-like recompence.

Bero.

Come on then, I will sweare to studie so,

To know the thing I am forbid to know:

As thus, to study where I well may dine,

When I to fast expressely am forbid.

Or studie where to meet some Mistresse fine,

When Mistresses from common sense are hid.

Or hauing sworne too hard a keeping oath,

Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth.

If studies gaine be thus, and this be so,

Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know,

Sweare me to this; and I will nere say no.

Ferd.

These be the stops that hinder studie quite,

And traine our intellects to vaine delight.

Ber.

Why? all delights are vaine, and that most vaine

Which with paine purchas'd, doth inherit paine,

As painefully to poare vpon a Booke,

To seeke the light of truth, while truth the while

Doth falsely blinde the eye-sight of his looke:

Light [seeking] light, doth light of light beguile:

So ere you finde where light in darkenesse lies,

Your light growes darke by losing of your eyes.

Studie me how to please the eye indeede,

By fixing it vpon a fairer eye,

Who dazling so, that eye shall be his heed,

And giue him light that it was blinded by.

Studie is like the heauens glorious Sunne,

That will not be deepe search'd with sawcy lookes:

Small haue continuall plodders euer wonne,

Saue base authoritie from others Bookes.

These earthly Godfathers of heauens lights,

That giue a name to euery fixed Starre,

Haue no more profit of their shining nights,

Then those that walke and wot not what they are.

Too much to know, is to know nought but fame:

And euery Godfather can giue a name.

Fer.

How well hee's read, to reason against reading.

Dum.

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Dum.

Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.

Lon.

Hee weedes the corne, and still lets grow the weeding.

Ber.

The Spring is neare when greene geesse are a breeding.

Dum.

How followes that?

Ber.

Fit in his place and time.

Dum.

In reason nothing.

Ber.

Something then in rime.

Ferd.

Berowne is like an enuious sneaping Frost,
That bites the first borne infants of the Spring.

Ber.

Wel, say I am, why should proud Summer boast,
Before the Birds haue any cause to sing?
Why should I ioy in any abortiue birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a Rose,
Then wish a Snow in Mayes new fangled showes:
But like of each thing that in season growes.
So you to studie now it is too late,
That were to clymbe ore the house to vnlocke the gate.

Fer.

Well, sit you out: go home *Berowne*: adue.

Ber.

No my good Lord, I haue sworn to stay with you.
And though I haue for barbarisme spoke more,
Then for that Angell knowledge you can say,
Yet confident Ile keepe what I haue sworne,
And bide the pennance of each three yeares day.
Giue me the paper, let me reade the same,
And to the strictest decrees Ile write my name.

Fer.

How well this yeelding rescues thee from shame.

Ber.

Item. That no woman shall come within a mile
of my Court.

Hath this bin proclaimed?

Lon.

Foure dayes agoe.

Ber.

Let's see the penaltie.
On paine of loosing her tongue.
Who deuis'd this penaltie?

Lon.

Marry that did I.

Ber.

Sweete Lord, and why?

Lon.

To fright them hence with that dread penaltie,

A dangerous law against gentilitie.

Item, If any man be seene to talke with a woman with in the tearme of three yeares, hee shall indure such publique shame as the rest of the Court shall possibly deuise.

Ber.

This Article my Liedge your selfe must breake,
For well you know here comes in Embassie
The *French* Kings daughter, with your selfe to speake:
A Maide of grace and compleate maiestie,
About surrender vp of *Aquitaine*.
To her decrepit, sicke, and bed-rid Father.
Therefore this Article is made in vaine,
Or vainly comes th'admired Princesse hither.

Fer.

What say you Lords?
Why, this was quite forgot.

Ber.

So Studie euermore is ouershot,
While it doth study to haue what it would,
It doth forget to doe the thing it should:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as townes with fire, so won, so lost.

Fer.

We must of force dispence with this Decree,
She must lye here on meere necessitie.

Ber.

Necessity will make vs all forsworne
Three thousand times within this three yeeres space:
For euery man with his affects is borne,
Not by might mastred, but by speciall grace.
If I breake faith, this word shall breake for me,
I am forsworne on meere necessitie.
So to the Lawes at large I write my name,
And he that breakes them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternall shame.
Suggestions are to others as to me:
But I beleue although I seeme so loth,
I am the last that will last keepe his oth.
But is there no quicke recreation granted?

Fer.

I that there is, our Court you know is hanted
With a refined trauailer of *Spaine*,
A man in all the worlds new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his braine:
One, who the musicke of his owne vaine tongue,
Doth rauish like inchanting harmonie:
A man of complements whom right and wrong
Haue chose as vmpire of their mutinie.
This childe of fancie that *Armado* hight,
For interim to our studies shall relate,

In high-borne words the worth of many a Knight:
From tawnie *Spaine* lost in the worlds debate.
How you delight my Lords, I know not I,
But I protest I loue to heare him lie,
And I will vse him for my Minstrelsie.

Bero.

Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire, new words, fashions owne Knight.

Lon.

Costard the swaine and he, shall be our sport,
And so to studie, three yeeres is but short.

Enter a Constable with Costard with a Letter.

Const.

Which is the Dukes owne person.

Ber.

This fellow, What would'st?

Con.

I my selfe reprehend his owne person, for I am
his graces Tharborough: But I would see his own person
in flesh and blood.

Ber.

This is he.

Con.

Signeor *Arme*, *Arme* commends you:
Ther's villanie abroad, this letter will tell you more.

Clow.

Sir the Contempts thereof are as touching
mee.

Fer.

A letter from the magnificent *Armado*.

Ber.

How low soeuer the matter, I hope in God for
high words.

Lon.

A high hope for a low heauen, God grant vs pa
tience.

Ber.

To heare, or forbear hearing.

Lon.

To heare meekely sir, and to laugh moderately,
or to forbear both.

Ber.

Well sir, be it as the stile shall giue vs cause to
clime in the merrinesse.

Clo.

The matter is to me sir, as concerning *Iaquenetta*.
The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Ber.

In what manner?

Clo.

In manner and forme following sir all those three.

I was seene with her in the Mannor house, sitting with her vpon the Forme, and taken following her into the Parke: which put to gether, is in manner and forme following. Now sir for the manner; It is the manner of a man to speake to a woman, for the forme in some forme.

Ber.

For the following sir.

Clo.

As it shall follow in my correction, and God defend the right.

Fer.

Will you heare this Letter with attention?

Ber.

As we would heare an Oracle.

Clo.

Such is the simplicitie of man to harken after the flesh.

L2Fer. Great

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Loues Labour's lost.

Ferdinand.

GReat Deputie, the Welkins Vicegerent, and sole dominator of Nauar, my soules earths God, and bodies first patrone:

Cost.

Not a vvord of *Costard* yet.

Ferd.

So it is.

Cost.

It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is in telling true: but so.

Ferd.

Peace,

Clo.

Be to me, and euery man that dares not fight.

Ferd.

No words,

Clo.

Of other mens secrets I beseech you.

Ferd.

So it is besieged with sable coloured melancholie, I did commend the blacke oppressing humour to the most whole some Physicke of thy health-giuing ayre: And as I am a Gentleman, betooke my selfe to walke: the time When? about the sixt houre, When beasts most grase, birds best pecke, and men sit downe to that nourishment which is called supper: So much for the time When. Now for the ground Which? which I meane I walkt vpon, it is ycliped, Thy Parke. Then for the place Where? where I meane I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous euent that draweth from my snow-white pen

the ebon coloured Inke, which heere thou viewest, beholdest [...] suruayest, or seest. But to the place Where? It standeth North North-east and by East from the West corner of thy curious knotted garden; There did I see that low spirited Swaine, that base Minow of thy myrth,

Clown.

Mee?

that vnletered small knowing soule,

Clow

Me?

that shallow

vassall

Clow.

Still mee?

which as I remember, hight Co

stard,

Clow.

O me

sorted and consorted contrary to thy e

stablished proclaymed Edict and Continet, Cannon: Which

with, ô with, but with this I passion to say wherewith:

Clo.

With a Wench.

Ferd.

With a childe of our Grandmother Eue, a female;

or for thy more sweet understanding a woman: him, I (as my euer esteemed dutie prickes me on) haue sent to thee, to receiue the meed of punishment by thy sweet Graces Officer Anthony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, & estimation

Anth.

Me, an't shall please you? I am *Anthony Dull*

Ferd.

For Iaquenetta (*so is the weaker vessell called*)

which I apprehended with the aforesaid Swaine, I keeper her as a vessell of thy Lawes furie, and shall at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to triall. Thine in all complements of deuoted and heart-burning heat of dutie.

Don Adriana de Armado.

Ber.

This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that euer I heard.

Fer.

I the best, for the worst. But sirra, What say you to this?

Clo.

Sir I confesse the Wench.

Fer.

Did you heare the Proclamation?

Clo.

I doe confesse much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Fer.

It was proclaimed a yeeres imprisonment to bee taken with a Wench.

Clo.

I was taken with none sir, I was taken vwith a Damosell.

Fer.

Well, it was proclaimed Damosell.

Clo.

This was no Damosell neyther sir, shee was a Virgin.

Fer.

It is so varried to, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clo.

If it were, I denie her Virginitie: I was taken with a Maide.

Fer.

This Maid will not serue your turne sir.

Clo.

This Maide will serue my turne sir.

Kin.

Sir I will pronounce your sentence: You shall fast a Weeke with Branne and water.

Clo.

I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton and Porridge.

Kin.

And *Don Armado* shall be your keeper.
My Lord *Berowne*, see him deliuer'd ore,
And goe we Lords to put in practice that,
Which each to other hath so strongly sworne.

Bero.

Ile lay my head to any good mans hat,
These oathes and lawes will proue an idle scorne.
Sirra, come on.

Clo.

I suffer for the truth sir: for true it is, I was taken with *Iaquenetta*, and *Iaquenetta* is a true girle, and therefore welcome the sowre cup of prosperitie, affliction may one day smile againe, and vntill then sit downe sorrow.

Exit.

[*Act 1, Scene 2*]

Enter Armado and Moth his Page.

Arma.

Boy, What signe is it when a man of great spirit growes melancholy?

Boy.

A great signe sir, that he will looke sad.

Brag.

Why? sadnesse is one and the selfe-same thing
deare impe.

Boy.

No no, O Lord sir no.

Brag.

How canst thou part sadnesse and melancholy
my tender *Iuuenall*?

Boy.

By a familiar demonstration of the working, my
tough signeur.

Brag.

Why tough signeur? Why tough signeur?

Boy.

Why tender *Iuuenall*? Why tender *Iuuenall*?

Brag.

I spoke it tender *Iuuenall*, as a congruent ap
athaton, appertaining to thy young daies, which we may
nominate tender.

Boy.

And I tough signeur, as an appertinent title to
your olde time, which we may name tough.

Brag.

Pretty and apt.

Boy.

How meane you sir, I pretty, and my saying apt?
or I apt, and my saying prettie?

Brag.

Thou pretty because little.

Boy.

Little pretty, because little: wherefore apt?

Brag.

And therefore apt, because quicke.

Boy.

Speake you this in my praise Master?

Brag.

In thy condigne praise.

Boy.

I will praise an Eele with the same praise.

Brag.

What? that an Eele is ingenuous.

Boy.

That an Eele is quicke.

Brag.

I doe say thou art quicke in answeres. Thou
heat'st my bloud.

Boy.

I am answer'd sir.

Brag.

I loue not to be crost.

Boy.

He speaks the meere contrary, crosses loue not
(him.

Br.

I haue promis'd to study iij. yeres with the Duke.

Boy.

You may doe it' in an houre sir.

Brag.

Impossible.

Boy.

How many is one thrice told?

Bra.

I am ill at reckning, it fits the spirit of a Tapster.

Boy.

You are a gentleman and a gamester sir.

Brag.

I confesse both, they are both the varnish of a
compleat man.

Boy.

Then I am sure you know how much the grosse
summe of deus-ace amounts to.

Brag.

It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy.

Which the base vulgar call three.

Br.

True *Boy*. Why sir is this such a peece of study?

Now here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink, & how
easie it is to put yeres to the word three, and study three
yeeres in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Brag. A

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Loues Labour's lost.

Brag.

A most fine Figure.

Boy.

To proue you a Cypher.

Brag.

I will heereupon confesse I am in loue: and as
it is base for a Souldier to loue; so am I in loue with a
base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour
of affection, would deliuer mee from the reprobate
thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom
him to any French Courtier for a new deuis'd curtsie. I
thinke scorne to sigh, me thinkes I should out-sweare
Cupid. Comfort me Boy, What great men haue beene
in loue?

Boy.

Hercules Master.

Brag.

Most sweete *Hercules*: more authority deare
Boy, name more; and sweet my childe let them be men
of good repute and carriage.

Boy.

Sampson Master, he was a man of good carriage,
great carriage: for hee carried the Towne-gates on his
backe like a Porter: and he was in loue.

Brag.

O well-knit *Sampson*, strong ioynted *Sampson*;
I doe excell thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst mee
in carrying gates. I am in loue too. Who was *Sampsons*
loue my deare *Moth*?

Boy.

A Woman, Master.

Brag.

Of what complexion?

Boy.

Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one
of the foure.

Brag.

Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Boy.

Of the sea-water Greene sir.

Brag.

Is that one of the foure complexions?

Boy.

As I haue read sir, and the best of them too.

Brag.

Greene indeed is the colour of Louers: but to
haue a Loue of that colour, methinkes *Sampson* had small
reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Boy.

It was so sir, for she had a greene wit.

Brag.

My Loue is most immaculate white and red.

Boy.

Most immaculate thoughts Master, are mask'd
vnder such colours.

Brag.

Define, define, well educated infant.

Boy.

My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue assist
mee.

Brag.

Sweet inuocation of a childe, most pretty and
patheticall.

Boy.

If shee be made of white and red,
Her faults will nere be knowne:
For blush-in cheekes by faults are bred,
And feares by pale white showne:

Then if she feare, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know,
For still her cheekes possesse the same,
Which natiue she doth owe:
A dangerous rime master against the reason of white
and redde.

Brag.

Is there not a ballet Boy, of the King and the
Begger?

Boy.

The world was very guilty of such a Ballet some
three ages since, but I thinke now 'tis not to be found: or
if it were, it would neither serue for the writing, nor the
tune.

Brag.

I will haue that subiect newly writ ore, that I
may example my digression by some mighty president.
Boy, I doe loue that Countrey girle that I tooke in
the Parke with the rationall hinde *Costard*: she deserues
well.

Boy.

To bee whip'd: and yet a better loue then my
Master.

Brag.

Sing Boy, my spirit grows heauy in [loue].

Boy.

And that's great maruell, louing a light wench.

Brag.

I say sing.

Boy.

Forbeare till this company be past.

Enter Clowne, Constable, and Wench.

Const.

Sir, the Dukes pleasure, is that you keepe *Co*
stard safe, and you must let him take no delight, nor no
penance, but hee must fast three daies a weeke: for this
Damsell, I must keepe her at the Parke, shee is alowd for
the Day-woman. Fare you well

Exit.

Brag.

I do betray my selfe with blushing: Maide.

Maid.

Man.

Brag.

I wil visit thee at the Lodge.

Maid.

That's here by.

Brag.

I know where it is situate.

Mai.

Lord how wise you are!

Brag.

I will tell thee wonders.

Ma.

With what face?

Brag.

I loue thee.

Mai.

So I heard you say.

Brag.

And so farewell.

Mai.

Faire weather after you.

Clo.

Come *Iaquenetta*, away.

Exeunt.

Brag.

Villaine, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere
thou be pardoned.

Clo.

Well sir, I hope when I doe it, I shall doe it on a
full stomacke.

Brag.

Thou shalt be heuily punished.

Clo.

I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for
they are but lightly rewarded.

Clo.

Note: This speech is conventionally given to Don Adriano de Armado.

Take away this villaine, shut him vp.

Boy.

Come you transgressing slaue, away.

Clow.

Let mee not bee pent vp sir, I will fast being
loose.

Boy.

No sir, that were fast and loose: thou shalt to
prison.

Clow.

Well, if euer I do see the merry dayes of deso-
lation that I haue seene, some shall see.

Boy.

What shall some see?

Clow.

Nay nothing, Master *Moth*, but what they
looke vpon. It is not for prisoners to be silent in their
words, and therefore I will say nothing: I thanke God, I
haue as little patience as another man, and therefore I
can be quiet.

Exit.

Brag.

I doe affect the very ground (which is base)
where her shooe (which is baser) guided by her foote
(which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworn (which
is a great argument of falshood) if I loue. And how can
that be true loue, which is falsly attempted? Loue is a fa
miliar, Loue is a Diuell. There is no euill Angell but
Loue, yet *Sampson* was so tempted, and he had an excel
lent strength: Yet was *Salomon* so seduced, and hee had
a very good witte. *Cupids* But shaft is too hard for *Her
cules* Clubbe, and therefore too much ods for a Spa
niards Rapier: The first and second cause will not serue
my turne: the *Passado* hee respects not, the *Duello* he
regards not; his disgrace is to be called Boy, but his
glorie is to subdue men. A due Valour, rust Rapier, bee
still Drum, for your manager is in loue; yea hee loueth.
Assist me some extemporall god of Rime, for I am sure I
shall turne Sonnet. Deuise Wit, write Pen, for I am for
whole volumes in folio.

Exit.

Finis Actus Primus.

L3Actus

Actus Secunda.

[*Act 2, Scene 1*]

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Loues Labour's lost.

*Enter the Princesse of France, with three attending Ladies,
and three Lords.*

Boyet.

Now Madam summon vp your dearest spirits,
Consider who the King your father sends:
To whom he sends, and what's his Embassie.
Your selfe, held precious in the worlds esteeme,
To parlee with the sole inheritour
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchlesse *Nauarre*, the plea of no lesse weight
Then *Aquitaine*, a Dowrie for a Queene.
Be now as prodigall of all deare grace,
As Nature was in making Graces deare,
When she did starue the generall world beside,
And prodigally gaue them all to you.

Queen.

Good L. *Boyet*, my beauty though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by iudgement of the eye,
Not vttered by base sale of chapmens tongues:
I am lesse proud to heare you tell my worth,
Then you much wiling to be counted wise,
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to taske the tasker, good *Boyet*

Prin.

You are not ignorant all-telling fame
Doth noyse abroad *Nauar* hath made a vow,
Till painefull studie shall out-weare three yeares,
No woman may approach his silent Court:
Therefore to's seemeth it a needfull course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure, and in that behalf
Bold of your worthinesse, we single you,
As our best mouing faire solicester:
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
On serious businesse crauing quicke dispatch,
Importunes personall conference with his grace.
Haste, signifie so much while we attend,
Like humble visag'd suters his high will.

Boy.

Proud of imployment, willingly I goe.

Exit.

Prin.

All pride is willing pride, and yours is so:
Who are the Votaries my louing Lo [...] [...].
fellowes with this vertuous Duke?

Lor.

Longauill is one.

Princ.

Know you the man?

I Lady.

I know him Madame at a marriage feast,
Betweene *L. Perigort* and the beautious heire
Of *Iaques Fauconbridge* solemnized.
In *Normandie* saw I this *Longauill*,
A man of soueraigne parts he is esteem'd:
Well fitted in Arts, glorious in Armes:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The onely soyle of his faire vertues glosse,
If vertues glosse will staine with any soile,
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a Will:
Whose edge hath power to cut whose will still wills,
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin.

Some merry mocking Lord belike, ist so?

Lad.I.

They say so most, that most his humors know.

Prin.

Such short liu'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

2. Lad.

Note: These speches, here given to the Second Lady, are conventionally given to Katharine.

The yong *Dumaine*, a well accomplit youth,
Of all that Vertue loue, for Vertue loued.
Most power to doe most harme, least knowing ill:

For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though she had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke *Alansoes* once,
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthinesse.

Rossa.

Another of these Students at that time,
Was there with him, as I haue heard a truth.
Berowne they call him, but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becomming mirth,
I neuer spent an houres talke withall.
His eye begets occasion for his wit,
For euery obiect that the one doth catch,
The other turnes to a mirth-mouing iest.
Which his faire tongue (conceits expositor)
Deliuers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged eares play treuant at his tales,
And yonger hearings are quite rauished.
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin.

God blesse my Ladies, are they all in loue?
That euery one her owne hath garnished,
With such bedecking ornaments of praise.

Ma.

Heere comes *Boyet*.

Enter Boyet.

Prin.

Now, what admittance Lord?

Boyet.

Nauar had notice of your faire approach;
And he and his competitors in oath,
Were all addrest to meete you gentle Lady
Before I came: Marrie thus much I haue learnt,
He rather meanes to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes heere to besiege his Court,
Then seeke a dispensation for his oath:
To let you enter his vnpeopled house.

Enter Nauar, Longanill, Dumaine, and Berowne.

Heere comes *Nauar*.

Nau.

Faire Princesse, welcom to the Court of *Nauar*.

Prin.

Faire I giue you backe againe, and welcome I
haue not yet: the rooffe of this Court is too high to bee
yours, and welcome to the wide fields, too base to be
mine.

Nau.

You shall be welcome Madam to my Court.

Prin.

I wil be welcome then, Conduct me thither.

Nau.

Heare me deare Lady, I haue sworne an oath.

Prin.

Our Lady helpe my Lord, he'll be forsworne.

Nau.

Not for the world faire Madam, by my will.

Prin.

Why, will shall breake it will, and nothing els.

Nau.

Your Ladiship is ignorant what it is.

Prin.

Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must proue ignorance.
I heare your grace hath sworne out [Housekeeping]:
'Tis deadly sinne to keepe that oath my Lord,
And sinne to breake it:
But pardon me, I am too sodaine bold,
To teach a Teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my comming,
And sodainly resolute me in my suite.

Nau.

Madam, I will, if sodainly I may.

Prin.

You will the sooner that I were away,
For you'll proue periur'd if you make me stay.

Berow.

Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Rosa.

Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Ber. I

[\[Page 127\]](#)

Loues Labour's lost.

Ber.

I know you did.

Rosa.

How needlesse was it then to ask the question?

Ber.

You must not be so quicke.

Rosa.

'Tis long of you (y^e) that spur me with such questions.

Ber.

Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

Rosa.

Not till it leaue the Rider in the mire.

Ber.

What time a day?

Rosa.

The howre that fooles should aske.

Ber.

Now faire befall your maske.

Rosa.

Faire fall the face it couers.

Ber.

And send you many louers.

Rosa.

Amen, so you be none.

Ber.

Nay then will I be gone.

Kin.

Madame, your father heere doth intimate,
The paiement of a hundred thousand Crownes,
Being but th' one halfe, of an intire summe,
Disbursed by my father in his warres.
But say that he, or we, as neither haue
Receiu'd that summe; yet there remains vnpaid
A hundred thousand more: in surety of the which,
One part of *Aquitaine* is bound to vs,
Although not valued to the moneys worth.
If then the King your father will restore
But that one halfe which is vnsatisfied,
We will giue vp our right in *Aquitaine*,
And hold faire friendship with his Maiestie:
But that it seemes he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to haue repaie,
An hundred thousand Crownes, and not demands
One paiement of a hundred thousand Crownes,
To haue his title liue in *Aquitaine*.
Which we much rather had depart withall,
And haue the money by our father lent,
Then *Aquitane*, so guelded as it is.
Deare Princesse, were not his requests so farre
From reasons yeelding, your faire selfe should make
A yeelding 'gainst some reason in my brest,
And goe well satisfied to *France* againe.

Prin.

You doe the King my Father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so vnseeming to confesse receyt
Of that which hath so faithfully beene paid.

Kin.

I doe protest I neuer heard of it,
And if you proue it, Ile repay it backe,
Or yeeld vp *Aquitaine*.

Prin.

We arrest your word:
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a summe, from speciall Officers,
Of *Charles* his Father.

Kin.

Satisfie me so.

Boyet.

So please your Grace, the packet is not come
Where that and other specialties are bound,

To morrow you shall haue a sight of them.

Kin.

It shall suffice me; at which enterview,
All liberall reason would I yeeld vnto:
Meane time, receiue such welcome at my hand,
As Honour, without breach of Honour may
Make tender of, to thy true worthinesse.
You may not come faire Princesse in my gates,
But heere without you shall be so receiu'd,
As you shall deeme your selfe lodg'd in my heart,
Though so deni'd farther harbour in my house:
Your owne good thoughts excuse me, and farewell,
To morrow we shall visit you againe.

Prin.

Sweet health & faire desires consort your grace.

Kin.

Thy own wish wish I thee, in euery place.

Exit.

Note: These speeches, here given to Boyet, are conventionally given to Berowne.

Boy.

Lady, I will commend you to my owne heart.

La. Ro.

Pray you doe my commendations,
I would be glad to see it.

Boy.

I would you heard it grone.

La. Ro.

Is the soule sicke?.

Boy.

Sicke at the heart.

La. Ro.

Alacke, let it bloud.

Boy.

Would that doe it good?

La. Ro.

My Phisicke saies I.

Boy.

Will you prick't with your eye.

La. Ro.

No poynt, with my knife.

Boy.

Now God saue thy life.

La. Ro.

And yours from long liuing.

Ber.

I cannot stay thanks-giuing.

Exit.

Enter Dumane.

Dum.

Sir, I pray you a word: What Lady is that same?

Boy.

The heire of *Alanson*, *Rosalin* her name.

Dum.

A gallant Lady, Mounsier fare you well.

Long.

I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?

Boy.

A woman somtimes, if you saw her in the light.

Long.

Perchance light in the light: I desire her name.

Boy.

Shee hath but one for her selfe,

To desire that were a shame.

Long.

Pray you sir, whose daughter?

Boy.

Her Mothers, I haue heard.

Long.

Gods blessing a your beard.

Boy.

Good sir be not offended,

Shee is an heyre of *Faulconbridge*.

Long.

Nay, my choller is ended:

Shee is a most sweet Lady.

Exit. Long.

Boy.

Not vnlike sir, that may be.

Enter Beroune.

Ber.

What's her name in the cap.

Boy.

Katherine ^{Note:} This is conventionally addressed to Rosaline. by good hap.

Ber.

Is she wedded, or no.

Boy.

To her will sir, or so.

Ber.

You are welcome sir, adiew.

Boy.

Fare well to me sir, and welcome to you.

Exit.

La. Ma.

That last is *Beroune*, the mery mad-cap Lord.

Not a word with him, but a iest.

Boy.

And euery iest but a word.

Pri.

It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boy.

I was as willing to grapple, as he was to boord.

La. Ma.

Two hot Sheepes marie:
And wherefore not Ships? [...]

Boy.

No Sheepe (sweet Lamb) vnlesse we feed on your
(lips.

La.

You Sheepe & I pasture: shall that finish the iest?

Boy.

So you grant pasture for me.

La.

Not so gentle beast.

My lips are no Common, though seuerall they be.

Bo.

Belonging to whom?

La.

To my fortunes and me.

Prin.

Good wits wil be iangling, but gentles agree.

This ciuill warre of wits were much better vsed

On *Nauar* and his bookemen, for heere 'tis abus'd.

Bo.

If my obseruation (which very seldome lies

By the hearts still rhetoricke, disclosed with eyes)

Deceiue me not now, *Nauar* is infected.

Prin.

With what?

Bo.

With that which we Louers intitle affected.

Prin.

Your reason.

Bo.

Why all his behaiours doe make their retire,
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire.

His hart like an Agot with your print impressed,
Proud[[Page 128](#)]Loues Labour's lost.

Proud with his forme, in his eie pride expressed.

His tongue all impatient to speake and not see,

Did stumble with haste in his eie-sight to be,

All sences to that sence did make their repaire,

To feele onely looking on fairest of faire:

Me thought all his sences were lockt in his eye,

As Jewels in Christall for some Prince to buy.

Who tendring their own worth from whence they were
(glast,

Did point out to buy them along as you past.

His faces owne margent did coate such amazes,

That all eyes saw his eies enchanted with gazes.

Ile giue you *Aquitaine*, and all that is his,

And you giue him for my sake, but one louing Kisse.

Prin.

Come to our Pauillion, *Boyet* is disposde.

Bro.

But to speak that in words, which his eie hath dis
(clos'd.

I onelie haue made a mouth of his eie,
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.

Lad. Ro.

Thou art an old Loue-monger, and speakest
skilfully.

Lad. Ma.

He is *Cupids* Grandfather, and learns news
of him.

Lad. 2.

Note: This speech is conventionally given to Katharine.
Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her fa
ther is but grim.

Boy.

Do you heare my mad wenches?

La. I.

No.

Boy.

What then, do you see?

Lad. 2.

Note: This speech is conventionally given to Katharine.
I, our way to be gone.

Boy.

You are too hard for me.

Exeunt. Omnes.

Actus Tertius.

[*Act 3, Scene 1*]

Enter Broggart and Boy.
Song.

Bra.

Warble childe, make passionate my sense of hea
ring.

Boy.

Concolinel.

Brag.

Sweete Ayer, go tendernesse of yeares: take
this Key, giue enlargement to the swaine, bring him fe
stinatly hither: I must imploy him in a letter to my
Loue.

Boy.

Will you win your loue with a French braule?

Bra.

How meanest thou, brauling in French?

Boy.

No my compleat master, but to ligge off a tune
at the tongues end, canarie to it with the feete, humour
it with turning vp your eie: sigh a note and sing a note,
sometime through the throate: if you swallowed loue

with singing, loue sometime through: nose as if you
snuft vp loue by smelling loue with your hat penthouse-
like ore the shop of your eies, with your armes crost on
your thinbellie doublet, like a Rabbet on a spit, or your
hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting,
and keepe not too long in one tune, but a snip and away:
these are complements, these are humours, these betraie
nice wenches that would be betraied without these, and
make them men of note: do you note men that most are
affected to these?

Brag.

How hast thou purchased this experience?

Boy.

By my penne of obseruation.

Brag.

But O, but O.

Boy.

The Hobbie-horse is forgot.

Bra.

Cal'st thou my loue Hobbi-horse.

Boy.

No Master, the Hobbie-horse is but a Colt, [and

]your Loue perhaps, a Hacknie:

But haue you forgot your Loue?

Brag.

Almost I had.

Boy.

Negligent student, learne her by heart.

Brag.

By heart, and in heart Boy.

Boy.

And out of heart Master: all those three I will
proue.

Brag.

What wilt thou proue?

Boy.

A man, if I liue (and this) by, in, and without, vp
on the instant: by heart you loue her, because your heart
cannot come by her: in heart you loue her, because your
heart is in loue with her: and out of heart you loue her,
being out of heart that you cannot enioy her.

Brag.

I am all these three.

Boy.

And three times as much more, and yet nothing
at all.

Brag.

Fetch hither the Swaine, he must carrie mee a
letter.

Boy.

A message well simpathis'd, a Horse to be em
bassadour for an Asse.

Brag.

Ha, ha, What saiest thou?

Boy.

Marrie sir, you must send the Asse vpon the Horse
for he is verie slow gated: but I goe.

Brag.

The way is but short, away.

Boy.

As swift as Lead sir.

Brag.

Thy meaning prettie ingenious, is not Lead a
mettall heauie, dull, and slow?

Boy.

Minnime honest Master, or rather Master no.

Brag.

I say Lead is slow.

Boy.

You are too swift sir to say so.

Is that Lead slow which is fir'd from a Gunne?

Brag.

Sweete smoke of Rhetorike,
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's he:
I shoote thee at the Swaine.

Boy.

Thump then, and I flee.

Bra.

A most acute Iuuenall, voluble and free of grace,
By thy fauour sweet Welkin, I must sigh in thy face.
Most rude melancholie, Valour giues thee place.
My Herald is return'd.

Enter Page and Clowne.

Pag.

A wonder Master, here's a *Costard* broken in a
shin.

Ar.

Some enigma, some riddle, come, thy *Lenuoy*
begin.

Clo.

No egma, no riddle, no *lenuoy*, no salue, in thee
male sir. Or sir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan: no *lenuoy*, no
lenuoy, no Salue sir, but a Plantan.

Ar.

By vertue, thou inforcest laughter, thy sillie
thought, my spleene, the heauing of my lunges prouokes
me to rediculous smyling: O pardon me my stars, doth
the inconsiderate take *salue* for *lenuoy*, and the word *len*
uoy for a *salue*?

Pag.

Doe the wise thinke them other, is not *lenuoy* a *salue*?

Ar.

No *Page*, it is an epilogue or discourse to make
(plaine,
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore bin faine.
Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with
my *lenuoy*.

The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes, being but three.

Arm.

Vntill the Goose came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding foure.

Pag.

A good *Lenuoy*, ending in the Goose: would you
desire more?

Clo.

The Boy hath sold him a bargaine, a Goose, that's flat.
Sir[[Page 129](#)]Loues Labour's lost.
Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat.
To sell a bargaine well is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see a fat *Lenuoy*, I that's a fat Goose.

Ar.

Come hither, come hither:
How did this argument begin?

Boy.

By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.
Then cal'd you for the *Lenuoy*.

Clow.

True, and I for a Plantan:
Thus came your argument in:
Then the Boyes fat *Lenuoy*, the Goose that you bought,
And he ended the market.

Ar.

But tell me: How was there a *Costard* broken in
a shin?

Pag.

I will tell you sencibly.

Clow.

Thou hast no feeling of it *Moth*,
I will speake that *Lenuoy*.
I *Costard* running out, that was safely within,
Fell ouer the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm.

We will talke no more of this matter.

Clow.

Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm.

Sirra *Costard*, I will infranchise thee.

Clow.

O, marrie me to one *Francis*, I smell some *Len uoy*, some Goose in this.

Arm.

By my sweete soule, I meane, setting thee at libertie. Enfreedoming thy person: thou wert emured, restrained, captiuated, bound.

Clow.

True, true, and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Arm.

I giue thee thy libertie, set thee from durance, and in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: Beare this significant to the countrey Maide *Iaquenetta*: there is remuneration, for the best ward of mine honours is rewarding my dependants. *Moth*, follow.

Pag.

Like the sequell I.

Signeur *Costard* adew.

Exit.

Clow.

My sweete ounce of mans flesh, my in-conie Iew: Now will I looke to his remuneration. Remuneration, O, that's the Latine word for three-far things: Three-farthings remuneration, What's the price of this yncle? i.d. no, Ile giue you a remuneration: Why? It carries it remuneration: Why? It is a fairer name then a French-Crowne. I will neuer buy and sell out of this word.

Enter Berowne.

Ber.

O my good knaue *Costard*, exceedingly well met.

Clow.

Pray you sir, How much Carnation Ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Ber.

What is a remuneration?

Cost.

Marrie sir, halfe pennie farthing.

Ber.

O, Why then three farthings worth of Silke.

Cost.

I thanke your worship, God be wy you.

Ber.

O stay slaue, I must employ thee
As thou wilt win my fauour, good my knaue,
Doe one thing for me that I shall intreate.

Clow.

When would you haue it done sir?

Ber.

O this after-noone.

Clo.

Well, I will doe it sir: Fare you well.

Ber.

O thou knowest not what it is.

Clo.

I shall know sir, when I haue done it.

Ber.

Why villaine thou must know first.

Clo.

I wil come to your worship to morrow morning.

Ber.

It must be done this after-noone,

Harke slaue, it is but this:

The Princesse comes to hunt here in the Parke,

And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,

And *Rosaline* they call her, aske for her:

And to her white hand see thou do commend

This seal'd-vp counsaile. Ther's thy [guerdon]: goe.

Clo.

Gardon, O sweete gardon, better then remuneration,

a leuenpence-farthing better: most sweete gar

don. I will doe it sir in print: gardon, remuneration.

Exit.

Ber.

O, and I forsooth in loue,

I that haue beene loues whip?

A verie Beadle to a humerous sigh: A Criticke,

Nay, a night-watch Constable.

A domineering pedant ore the Boy,

Then whom no mortall so magnificent.

This wimpled, whyning, purblinde waiward Boy,

This signior *Iunios* gyant dwarfe, don *Cupid*,

Regent of Loue-rimes, Lord of folded armes,

Th'annointed soueraigne of sighes and groanes:

Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents:

Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeces.

Sole Emperator and great generall

Of trotting Parrators (O my little heart.)

And I to be a Corporall of his field,

And weare his colours like a Tumblers hoope.

What? I loue, I sue, I seeke a wife,

A woman that is like a Germane Cloake,

Still a repairing: euer out of frame,

And neuer going a right, being a Watch:

But being watcht, that it may still goe right.

Nay, to be periurde, which is worst of all:

And among three, to loue the worst of all,

A whitly wanton, with a veluet brow.

With two pitch bals stucke in her face for eyes.

I, and by heauen, one that will doe the deede,

Though *Argus* were her Eunuch and her garde.

And I to sigh for her, to watch for her,
To pray for her, go to: it is a plague
That *Cupid* will impose for my neglect,
Of his almighty dreadfull little might.
Well, I will loue, write, sigh, pray, shue, grone,
Some men must loue my Lady, and some Ione.

Actus Quartus.

[*Act 4, Scene 1*]

*Enter the Princ [...],se, a Forrester, her Ladies, and
her Lords.*

Qu.

Was that the King that spurd his horse so hard,
Against he steepe vprising of the hill?

Boy.

I know not, but I thinke it was not he.

Qu.

Who ere a was, a shew'd a mounting minde:
Well Lords, to day we shall haue our dispatch,
On Saterdag we will returne to *France*.
Then *Forrester* my friend, Where is the [...]ush
That we must stand and play the murtherer in?

For.

Hereby vpon the edge of yonder Coppice,
A Stand where you may make the fairest shoote.

Qu.

I thanke my beautie, I am faire that shoote,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoote.

For.

Pardon me Madam, for I meant not so.

Qu.

What, what? First praise me, & then again say no.
O short liu'd pride. Not faire? alacke for woe.

For. Yes

[\[Page 130\]](#)

Loues Labour's lost.

For.

Yes Madam faire.

Qu.

Nay, neuer paint me now,
Where faire is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here (good my glasse) take this for telling true:
Faire paiement for foule words, is more then due.

For.

Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.

Qu.

See, see, my beautie will be sau'd by merit.
O heresie in faire, fit for these dayes,
A giuing hand, though foule, shall haue faire praise.
But come, the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill,
And shooting well, is then accounted ill:

Thus will I saue my credit in the shoote,
Not wounding, pittie would not let me do't:
If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,
That more for praise, then purpose meant to kill.
And out of question, so it is sometimes:
Glory growes guiltie of detested crimes,
When for Fames sake, for praise an outward part,
We bend to that, the working of the hart.
As I for praise alone now seeke to spill
The poore Deeres blood, that my heart meanes no ill.

Boy.

Do not curst wiues hold that selfe-soueraigntie
Onely for praise sake, when they striue to be
Lords ore their Lords?

Qu.

Onely for praise, and praise we may afford,
To any Lady that subdewes a Lord.

Enter Clowne.

Boy.

Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

Clo.

God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head
Lady?

Qu.

Thou shalt know her fellow, by the rest that haue
no heads

Clo.

Which is the greatest Lady, the highest?

Qu.

The thickest, and the tallest.

Clo.

The thickest, & the tallest: it is so, truth is truth.
And your waste Mistris, were as slender as my wit,
One a these Maides girdles for your waste should be fit.
Are not you the chiefe (womā)woman? You are the thickest here?

Qu.

What's your will sir? What's your will?

Clo.

I haue a Letter from Monsier *Beronne*,
To one Lady *Rosaline*.

Qu.

O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of mine.
stand a side good bearer.

Boyet, you can carue,
Breake vp this Capon.

Boyet.

I am bound to serue.
This Letter is mistooke: it importeth none here:
It is writ to *Iaquenetta*.

Qu.

We will read it, I sweare.

Breake the necke of the Waxe, and euery one giue eare.

Boyet reades.

BY heauen, that thou art faire, is most infallible: true that thou art beauteous, truth it selfe that thou art louely: more fairer then faire, beautifull then beautious, truer then truth it selfe: haue comiseration on thy heroi call Vassall. The magnanimous and most illustrate King *Cophetua* set eie vpon the pernicious and indubitate Begger *Zenelophon*: and he it was that might rightly say, *Veni, vidi, vici*: Which to annothanize in the vulgar, O base and obscure vulgar; *videliset*, He came, See, and ouercame: hee came one; see, two; [ouercame] three: Who came? the King. Why did he come? to see. Why did he see? to ouercome. To whom came he? to the Begger. What saw he? the Begger. Who ouercame he? the Begger. The conclusion is victorie: On whose side? the King: the captiue is inricht: On whose side? the Beggers. The catastrophe is a Nuptiall: on whose side? the Kings: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the King (for so stands the comparison) thou the Begger, for so witnesseth thy lowlinesse. Shall I command thy loue? I may. Shall I enforce thy loue? I could. Shall I entreate thy loue? I will. What, shalt thou exchange for ragges, roabes: for tittles titles, for thy selfe mee. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy euerie part.

Thine in the dearest designe of industrie,

Don Adriana de Armatho.

Thus dost thou heare the Nemean Lion roare,
Gainst thee thou Lambe, that standest as his pray:
Submissiue fall his princely feete before,
And he from forrage will incline to play.
But if thou striue (poore soule) what art thou then?
Foode for his rage, repasture for his den.

Qu.

What plume of feathers is hee that indited this
Letter?

What veine? What Wethercocke? Did you
euer heare better?

Boy.

I am much deceiued, but I remember the stile.

Qu.

Else your memorie is bad, going ore it erewhile.

Boy.

This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here in court
A Phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the Prince and his Booke-mates.

Qu.

Thou fellow, a word.
Who gaue thee this Letter?

Clow.

I told you, my Lord.

Qu.

To whom should'st thou giue it?

Clo.

From my Lord to my Lady.

Qu.

From which Lord, to which Lady?

Clo.

From my Lord *Berowne*, a good master of mine,
To a Lady of *France*, that he call'd *Rosaline*.

Qu.

Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come Lords away.
Here sweete, put vp this, 'twill be thine another day.

Exeunt.

Boy.

Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter?

Rosa.

Shall I teach you to know.

Boy.

I my continent of beautie.

Rosa.

Why she that beares the Bow. Finely put off.

Boy.

My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,
Hang me by the necke, if hornes that yeare miscarrie.
Finely put on.

Rosa.

Well then, I am the shooter.

Boy.

And who is your Deare?

Rosa.

If we choose by the hornes, your selfe come not
neare. Finely put on indeed.

Maria.

You still wrangle with her *Boyet*, and shee
strikes at the brow.

Boyet.

But she her selfe is hit lower:

Haue I hit her now.

Rosa.

Shall I come vpon thee with an old saying, that
was a man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a little boy, as
touching the hit it.

Boyet.

So I may answere thee with one as old that
was a woman when Queene *Guinouer* of *Brittaine* was a
little wench, as touching the hit it.

Rosa. Thou

Loues Labour's lost.

Rosa.

Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it my good man.

Boy.

I cannot, cannot, cannot:
And I cannot, another can.

Exit.

Clo.

By my troth most pleasant, how both did fit it.

Mar.

A marke marueilous well shot, for they both
did hit.

Boy.

A mark, O marke but that marke: a marke saies
my Lady.

Let the mark haue a pricke in't, to meat at, if it may be.

Mar.

Wide a'th bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.

Clo.

Indeede a' must shoote nearer, or heele ne're hit
the clout.

Boy.

And if my hand be out, then belike your hand
is in.

Clo.

Then will shee get the vpshoot by cleauing the
[pin].

Ma.

Come, come, you talke greasely, your lips grow
foule.

Clo.

She's too hard for you at pricks, sir challenge her
to boule.

Boy.

I feare too much rubbing: good night my good
Oule.

Clo.

By my soule a Swaine, a most simple Clowne.
Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I haue put him downe.
O my troth most sweete iests, most inconie vulgar wit,
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were,
so fit.

Armathor ath to the side, O a most dainty man.

To see him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fan.

To see him kisse his hand, and how most sweetly a will
swear:

And his Page atother side, that handfull of wit,

Ah heauens, it is most patheticall nit.

Sowla, sowla.

Exeunt.

Shoote within.

[*Act 4, Scene 2*]

Enter Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant and Nathaniel.

Nat.

Very reuerent sport truely, and done in the testi
mony of a good conscience.

Ped.

The Deare was (as you know) sanguis in blood,
ripe as a Pomwater, who now hangeth like a Jewell in
the eare of *Celo* the skie; the welken the heauen, and a
non falleth like a Crab on the face of *Terra*, the soyle, the
land, the earth.

Curat.Nath.

Truely M. *Holofernes*, the epythithes are
sweetly varied like a scholler at the least: but sir I assure
ye, it was a Bucke of the first head.

Hol.

Sir *Nathaniel*, *haud credo*.

Dul.

'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol.

Most barbarous intimation: yet a kinde of insi
nuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication *facere*: as
it were replication, or rather *ostentare*, to show as it were
his inclination after his vndressed, vnpolished, vneduca
ted, vnpruned, vntrained, or rather vnlettered, or rathe
rest vnconfirmed fashion, to insert againe my *haud credo*
for a Deare.

Dul.

I said the Deare was not a *haud credo*, 'twas a
Pricket.

Hol.

Twice sod simplicitie, *bis coctus*, O thou mon
ster Ignorance, how deformed doost thou looke.

Nath.

Sir hee hath neuer fed of the [...]dainties that are
bred in a booke.

He hath not eate paper as it were:

He hath not drunke inke.

His intellect is not replenished, hee is onely an animall,
onely sensible in the duller parts: and such barren plants
are set before vs, that we thankfull should be: which we
taste and feeling, are for those parts that doe fructifie in
vs more then he.

For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indiscreet, or
a foole;

So were there a patch set on Learning, to see him in a
Schoole.

But *omne bene* say I, being of an old Fathers minde,

Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde.

Dul.

You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit, What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not fiue weekes old as yet?

Hol.

Dictisima goodman *Dull*, *dictisima* goodman
Dull.

Dul.

What is *dictima*?

Nath.

A title to *Phebe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moone*.

Hol.

The *Moone* was a month old when *Adam* was no more.

And wrought not to fiue-weekes when he came to fiue-
(score.

Th'allusion holds in the Exchange.

Dul.

'Tis true indeede, the Collusion holds in the Exchange.

Hol.

God comfort thy capacity, I say th'allusion holds in the Exchange.

Dul.

And I say the polusion holds in the Exchange: for the *Moone* is neuer but a month old: and I say be side that, 'twas a *Pricket* that the *Princesse* kill'd.

Hol.

Sir *Nathaniel*, will you heare an extemporall Epytaph on the death of the *Deare*, and to humour the ignorant call'd the *Deare*, the *Princesse* kill'd a *Pricket*.

Nath.

Perge, good M. *Holofernes*, *perge*, so it shall please you to abrogate scurilitie.

Hol.

I will something affect the letter, for it argues facilitie.

*The prayfull Princesse pearst and pricket
a prettie pleasing Pricket,
Some say a Sore, but not a sore,
till now made sore with shooting.
The Dogges did yell, put ell to Sore,
then Sorrell iumps from thicket:
Or Pricket-sore, or else Sorell,
the people fall a booting.
If Sore be sore, than ell to Sore,
makes fiftie sores O sorell:
Of one sore I an hundred make
by adding but one more L.*

Nath.

A rare talent.

Dul.

If a talent be a claw, looke how he clawes him with a talent.

Nath.

This is a gift that I haue simple: simple, a foolish extrauagant spirit, full of formes, figures, shapes, objects, Ideas, apprehensions, motions, reuolutions. These are begot in the ventricle of memorie, nourisht in the wombe of primater, and deliuered vpon the mellowing of occasion: but the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankfull for it.

Hol.

Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners, for their Sonnes are well tutor'd by you, and their Daughters profit very greatly vnder you: you are a good member of the common-wealth.

Nath.

Me hercle, If their Sonnes be ingenuous, they shall [\[Page 132\]](#)Loues Labour's lost. shall want no instruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *Vir sapis qui pauca loquitur*, a soule Feminine saluteth vs.

Enter Iaquenetta and the Clowne.

Iaqu.

God giue you good morrow M. *Person*.

Nath.

Master *Person*, *quasi Person*? And if one should be perst, Which is the one?

Clo.

Marry M. Schoolemaster, hee that is likest to a hogshead.

Nath.

Of persing a Hogshead, a good luster of conceit in a turph of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: 'tis prettie, it is well.

Iaqu.

Good Master *Parson* be so good as reade mee this Letter, it was giuen mee by *Costard*, and sent mee from *Don Armatbo*: I beseech you read it.

Nath.

Facile precor gellida, quando pecas omnia sub vmbra ruminat, and so forth. Ah good old *Mantuan*, I may speake of thee as the trauciler doth of *Venice*, *vem chie, vencha, que non te vnde, que non te perreche*. Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan*. Who vnderstandeth thee not, *vt resol la mi fa*: Vnder pardon sir, What are the contents? Or rather as *Horrace* sayes in his, What my soule verses.

Hol.

I sir, and very learned.

Nath.

Let me heare a staffe, a stanze, a verse, *Lege do mine.*

If Loue make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to loue?

Ah neuer faith could hold, if not to beautie vowed.

Though to my selfe forsworn, to thee Ile faithfull proue.

Those thoughts to mee were Okes, to thee like Osiers bowed.

Studie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes.

Where all those pleasures liue, that Art would comprehend.

If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice.

Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee (cōmend)commend.

All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder.

Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;

Thy eye *Ioues* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull thunder.

Which not to anger bent, is musique, and sweete fire.

Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon loue this wrong,

That sings heauens praise, with such an earthly tongue.

Ped.

You finde not the apostraphas, and so misse the accent. Let me superuise the cangenet.

Nath.

Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facility, & golden cadence of poesie *caret*: O uiddius *Nas* [...] was the man. And why in deed *Naso*, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the ierkes of inuention imitarie is nothing: So doth the Hound his master, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horse his rider: But *Damosella virgin*, Was this directed to you?

Iaq.

I sir from one mounsier *Berowne*, one of the strange Queenes Lords.

Nath.

I will ouerglance the superscript.

To the snow-white hand of the most beautious Lady Rosaline.

I will looke againe on the intellect of the Letter, for the nomination of the partie written to the person writ ten vnto.

Your Ladiships in all desired imployment, Berowne.

Per.

Sir *Holofernes*, this *Berowne* is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a sequent of the stranger Queenes: which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and goe my sweete, deliuer this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concerne much: stay not thy complement, I forgiue thy duetie, adue.

Maid.

Good *Costard* go with me:
Sir God saue your life.

Cost.

Haue with thee my girle.

Exit.

Hol.

Note: This speech is conventionally given to Nathaniel.

Sir you haue done this in the feare of God very religiously: and as a certaine Father saith.

Ped.

Sir tell not me of the Father, I do feare colourable colours. But to returne to the Verses, Did they please you sir *Nathaniel*?

Nath.

Marueilous well for the pen.

Peda.

I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pupill of mine, where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priuiledge I haue with the parents of the foresaid Childe or Pupill, vndertake your *bien venuto*, where I will proue those Verses to be very vnlearned, neither sauouring of Poetrie, Wit, nor Inuention. I beseech your Societie.

Nat.

And thanke you to: for societie (saith the text) is the happinesse of life.

Peda.

And certes the text most infallibly concludes it.
Sir I do inuite you too, you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba*.

Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

Exeunt.

[*Act 4, Scene 3*]

Enter Berowne with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Bero.

The King he is hunting the Deare,
I am coursing my selfe.
They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toyling in a pytch,
pitch that defiles; defile, a foule word: Well, set thee downe sorrow; for so they say the foole said, and so say I, and I the foole: Well proued wit. By the Lord this Loue is as mad as *Aiux*, it kills sheepe, it kills mee, I a sheepe: Well proued againe a my side. I will not loue; if I do hang me: yfaith I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye, and lye in my throate. By heauen I doe loue, and it hath taught mee to Rime, and to be mallicholie: and here is

part of my Rime, and heere my mallicholie. Well, she hath one a'my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the Foole sent it, and the Lady hath it: sweet Clowne, sweeter Foole, sweetest Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God giue him grace to grone.

He stands aside.

The King entreth.

Kin.

Ay mee!

Ber.

Shot by heauen: proceede sweet *Cupid*, thou hast thumpt him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left pap: in faith secrets.

King.

So sweete a kisse the golden Sunne giues not,
To those fresh morning drops vpon the Rose,
As thy eye beames, when their fresh rayse haue smot.
The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes.
Nor shines the siluer Moone one halfe so bright,
Through the transparent bosome of the deepe,
As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light:
Thou shin'st in euery teare that I doe weepe,
No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee:
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the teares that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grieffe will show:
But [\[Page 133\]](#) Loues Labour's lost.
But doe not loue thy selfe, then thou wilt keepe
My teares for glasses, and still make me weepe.
O Queene of Queenes, how farre dost thou excell,
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell.
How shall she know my griefes? Ile drop the paper.
Sweete leaues shade folly. Who is he comes heere?

Enter Longaule.

The King steps aside.

What *Longaull*, and reading: listen eare.

Ber.

Now in thy likeness, one more foole appeare.

Long.

Ay me, I am forsworne.

Ber.

Why he comes in like a periure, wearing papers.

Long.

In loue I hope, sweet fellowship in shame.

Ber.

One drunkard loues another of the name.

Lon.

Am I the first (y^d) that haue been periur'd so?

Ber.

I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I
(know
Thou makest the triumphery, the corner cap of societie,
The shape of Loues Tiburne, that hangs vp simplicitie.

Lon.

I feare these stubborn lines lack power to moue.
O sweet *Maria*, Empresse of my Loue,
These numbers will I teare, and write in prose.

Ber.

O Rimes are gards on wanton *Cupids* hose,
Disfigure not his Shop.

Lon.

This same shall goe.

He reads the Sonnet.

*Did not the heauenly Rhetoricke of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Perswade my heart to this false periurie?*

Vowes for thee broke deserue not punishment.

A Woman I forswore, but I will proue,

Thou being a Goddess, I forswore not thee.

My Vow was earthly, thou a heauenly Loue.

Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is.

Then thou faire Sun, which on my earth doest shine,

Exhalest this vapor-vow, in thee it is:

If broken then, it is no fault of mine:

If by me broke, What foole is not so wise,

To loose an oath, to win a Paradise?

Ber.

This is the liuer veine, which makes flesh a deity.
A greene Goose, a Goddess, pure pure Idolatry.
God amend vs, God amend, we are much out o'th'way.

Enter Dumaine.

Lon.

By whom shall I send this (company?) Stay.

Bero.

All hid, all hid, an old infant play,
Like a demie God, here sit I in the skie,
And wretched fooles secrets heedfully ore-eye.
More Sacks to the myll. O heuens I haue my wish,
Dumaine transform'd, foure Woodcocks in a dish.

Dum.

O most diuine *Kate*.

Bero.

O most prophane coxcomb.

Dum.

By heauen the wonder of a mortall eye.

Bero.

By earth she is not, corporall, there you lye.

Dum.

Her Amber haire for foule hath amber coted.

Ber.

An Amber coloured Rauē was well noted.

Dum.

As vpright as the Cedar.

Ber.

Stoope I say, her shoulder is with-child.

Dum.

As faire as day.

Ber.

I as some daies, but then no sunne must shine.

Dum.

O that I had my wish?

Lon.

And I had mine.

Kin.

And mine too good Lord.

Ber.

Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?

Dum.

I would forget her, but a Feuer she
Raignes in my bloud, and will remembred be.

Ber.

A Feuer in your bloud, why then incision
Would let her out in Sawcers, sweet misprision.

Dum.

Once more Ile read the Ode that I haue writ.

Ber.

Once more Ile marke how Loue can varry Wit.

Dumane reades his Sonnet.

On a day, alacke the day:

Loue, whose Month is euery May,

Spied a blossome passing faire,

Playing in the wanton ayre:

Through the Veluet, leaues the winde,

All vnseene, can passage finde.

That the Louer sicke to death,

Wish himselfe the heauens breath.

Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blowe,

Ayre, would I might triumph so.

But alacke my hand is sworne,

Nere to plucke thee from thy throne:

Vow alacke for youth vnmeete,

Youth so apt to plucke a sweet.

Doe not call it sinne in me,

That I am forsworne for thee.

Thou for whom Ioue would sweare,

Iuno but an Æthiop were,

And denie himselfe for Ioue.

Turning mortall for thy Loue.

This will I send, and something else more plaine.

That shall expresse my true-loues fasting paine.

O would the *King*, *Berowne* and *Longaull*,
Were Louers too, ill to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a periur'd note:
For none offend, where all alike doe dote.

Lon.

Dumaine, thy Loue is farre from charitie,
That in Loues grieffe desir'st societie:
You may looke pale, but I should blush I know,
To be ore-heard, and taken napping so.

Kin.

Come sir, you blush: as his, your case is such,
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You doe not loue *Maria*? *Longaule*,
Did neuer Sonnet for her sake compile;
Nor neuer lay his wreathed armes athwart
His louing bosome, to keepe downe his heart.
I haue beene closely shrowded in this bush,
And markt you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty Rimes, obseru'd your fashion:
Saw sighes reeke from you, noted well your passion.
Aye me, sayes one! O *Ioue*, the other cries!
On her haire were Gold, Christall the others eyes.
You would for Paradise breake Faith and troth,
And *Ioue* for your Loue would infringe an oath.
What will *Berowne* say when that he shall heare
Faith infringed, which such zeale did sweare.
How will he scorne? how will he spend his wit?
How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that euer I did see,
I would not haue him know so much by me.

Bero.

Now step I forth to whip hypocrisie.
Ah good my Liedge, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, What grace hast thou thus to reprove
These wormes for louing, that art most in loue?
Your eyes doe make no couches in your teares.
There is no certaine Princesse that appeares.
You'll not be periur'd, 'tis a hatefull thing:
Tush, none but Minstrels like of Sonnetting.
But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not
MAll[Page 134]Loues Labour's lost.
All three of you, to be thus much ore'shot?
You found his Moth, the King your Moth did see:
But I a Beame doe finde in each of three.
O what a Scene of fool'ry haue I seene.
Of sighes, of grones, of sorrow, and of teene:
O me, with what strict patience haue I sat,
To see a King transformed to a Gnat?
To see great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,
And profound *Salomon* tuning a Iygge?
And *Nestor* play at push-pin with the boyes,

And *Critticke Tymon* laugh at idle toyes.
Where lies thy grieffe? O tell me good *Dumaine*;
And gentle *Longauill*, where lies thy paine?
And where my Liedges? all about the brest:
A Candle hoal!

Kin.

Too bitter is thy iest.
Are wee betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?

Ber.

Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honest, I that hold it sinne
To breake the vow I am ingaged in.
I am betrayed by keeping company
With men, like men of inconstancie.
When shall you see me write a thing in rime?
Or grone for *Ioane*? or spend a minutes time,
In pruning mee, when shall you heare that I will praise
a hand, a foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a state, a brow, a brest,
a waste, a legge, a limme.

Kin.

Soft, Whither a-way so fast?
A true man, or a theefe, that gallops so.

Ber.

I post from Loue, good Louer let me go.

Enter Iaquenetta and Clowne.

Iaqu.

God blesse the King.

Kin.

What Present hast thou there?

Clo.

Some certaine treason.

Kin.

What makes treason heere?

Clo.

Nay it makes nothing sir

Kin.

If it marre nothing neither,
The treason and you goe in peace away together.

Iaqu.

I beseech your Grace let this Letter be read,
Our person mis-doubts it: it was treason he said.

Kin.

Beronne, read it ouer.

He reades the Letter.

Kin.

Where hadst thou it?

Iaqu.

Of *Costard*.

King.

Where hadst thou it?

Cost.

Of *Dun Adramadio*, *Dun Adramadio*.

Kin.

How now, what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

Ber.

A toy my Liedge, a toy: your grace needes not feare it.

Long.

It did moue him to passion, and therefore let's heare it.

Dum.

It is *Beronms* writing, and heere is his name.

Ber.

Ah you whoreson loggerhead, you were borne to doe me shame.

Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confesse, I confesse.

Kin.

What?

Ber.

That you three fooles, lackt mee foole, to make vp the messe.

He, he, and you: and you my Liedge, and I,

Are picke-purses in Loue, and we deserue to die.

O dismisse this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum.

Now the number is euen.

Berow.

True true, we are fowre: will these Turtles be gone?

Kin.

Hence sirs, away.

Clo.

Walk aside the true folke, & let the traytors stay.

Ber.

Sweet Lords, sweet Louers, O let vs imbrace,

As true we are as flesh and bloud can be,

The Sea will ebbe and flow, heauen will shew his face:

Young bloud doth not obey an old decree.

We cannot crosse the cause why we are borne:

Therefore of all hands must we be forsworne.

King.

What, did these rent lines shew some loue of thine?

Ber.

Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heauenly

(*Rosaline*,

That (like a rude and sauage man of *Inde*.)

At the first opening of the gorgeous East,

Bowes not his vassall head, and strooken blinde,

Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

What peremptory Eagle-sighted eye

Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,

That is not blinded by her maiestie?

Kin.

What zeale, what furie, hath inspir'd thee now?
My Loue (her Mistres) is a gracious Moone,
Shee (an attending Starre) scarce seene a light.

Ber.

My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Berowne*.
O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night,
Of all complexions the cul'd soueraignty,
Doe meet as at a faire in her faire cheeke,
Where seuerall Worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants, that want it selfe doth seeke.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,
Fie painted Rethoricke, O she needs it not,
To things of sale, a sellers praise belongs:
She passes prayse, then prayse too short doth blot.
A withered Hermite, fuescore winters worne,
Might shake off fiftie, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish Age, as if new borne,
And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie.
O 'tis the Sunne that maketh all things shine.

King.

By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.

Berow.

Is Ebonie like her? O word diuine?
A wife of such wood were felicitie.
O who can giue an oth? Where is a booke?
That I may sweare Beauty doth beauty lacke,
If that she learne not of her eye to looke:
No face is faire that is not full so blacke.

Kin.

O paradoxe, Blacke is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night:
And beauties crest becomes the heauens well.

Ber.

Diuels soonest tempt resembling spirits of light.
O if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt,
It mournes, that painting vsurping haire
Should rauish doters with a false aspect:
And therefore is she borne to make blacke, faire.
Her fauour turnes the fashion of the dayes,
For natiue bloud is counted painting now:
And therefore red that would auoyd dispraise,
Paints it selfe blacke, to imitate her brow.

Dum.

To look like her are Chimny-sweepers blacke.

Lon.

And since her time, are Colliers counted bright.

King.

And *Æbiops* of their sweet complexion crake.

Dum.

Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light.

Ber.

Your mistresses dare neuer come in raine,
For feare their colours should be washt away.

Kin.

'Twere good yours did: for sir to tell you plaine,
Ile finde a fairer face not washt to day.

Ber.

Ile proue her faire, or talke till dooms-day here.

Kin.

No Diuell will fright thee then so much as shee.

Duma.

I neuer knew man hold vile stuffe so deere.

Lon.

Looke, heer's thy loue, my foot and her face see.

Ber.

O if the streets were pauer with thine eyes,
Her [\[Page 135\]](#) Loues Labour's lost.

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.

Duma.

O vile, then as she goes what vpward lyes?
The street should see as she walk'd ouer head.

Kin.

But what of this, are we not all in loue?

Ber.

O nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworne.

Kin.

Then leaue this chat, & good *Berown* now proue
Our louing lawfull, and our fayth not torne.

Dum.

I marie there, some flattery for this euill.

Long.

O some authority how to proceed,
Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the diuell.

Dum.

Some salue for periurie.

Ber.

O 'tis more then neede.

Haue at you then affections men at armes,
Consider what you first did sweare vnto:

To fast, to study, and to see no woman:

Flat treason against the Kingly state of youth.

Say, Can you fast? your stomacks are too young:
And abstinence ingenders maladies.

And where that you haue vow'd to studie (Lords)

In that each of you haue forsworne his Booke.

Can you still dreame and pore, and thereon looke.

For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,

Haue found the ground of studies excellence,

Without the beauty of a womans face;

From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue,

They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achadems,
 From whence doth spring the true *Promethean* fire.
 Why, vniuersall plodding poysons vp
 The nimble spirits in the arteries,
 As motion and long during action tyres
 The sinnowy vigour of the trauailer.
 Now for not looking on a womans face,
 You haue in that forsworne the vse of eyes:
 And studie too, the causer of your vow.
 For where is any Author in the world,
 Teaches such beauty as a womans eye:
 Learning is but an adiunct to our selfe,
 And where we are, our Learning likewise is.
 Then when our selues we see in Ladies eyes,
 With our selues.
 Doe we not likewise see our learning there?
 O we haue made a Vow to studie, Lords,
 And in that vow we haue forsworne our Bookes:
 For when would you (my Leege) or you, or you?
 In leaden contemplation haue found out
 Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes,
 Of beauties tutors haue inrich'd you with:
 Other slow Arts intirely keepe the braine:
 And therefore finding barraine practizers,
 Scarce shew a haruest of their heauy toyle.
 But Loue first learned in a Ladies eyes,
 Liues not alone emured in the braine:
 But with the motion of all elements,
 Courses as swift as thought in euery power,
 And giues to euery power a double power,
 Aboue their functions and their offices.
 It addes a precious seeing to the eye:
 A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde.
 A Louers eare will heare the lowest sound.
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopt.
 Loues feeling is more soft and sensible,
 Then are the tender hornes of Cockle Snayles.
 Loues tongue proues dainty, *Bachus* grosse in taste,
 For Valour, is not Loue a *Hercules*?
 Still climing trees in the *Hesperides*.
 Subtill as *Sphinx*, as sweet and musicall,
 As bright *Apollo's* Lute, strung with his haire.
 And when Loue speakes, the voyce of all the Gods,
 Make heauen drowsie with the harmonie.
 Neuer durst Poet touch a pen to write,
 Vntill his Inke were tempred with Loues sighes:
 O then his lines would rauish sauage eares,
 And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.
 From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue.
 They sparcle still the right promethean fire,
 They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Achademes,

That shew, containe, and nourish all the world.
Else none at all in ought proues excellent.
Then fooles you were these women to forswear:
Or keeping what is sworne, you will proue fooles,
For Wisedomes sake, a word that all men loue:
Or for Loues sake, a word that loues all men.
Or for Mens sake, the author of these Women:
Or Womens sake, by whom we men are Men.
Let's once loose our oathes to finde our selues,
Or else we loose our selues, to keepe our oathes:
It is religion to be thus forsworne.
For Charity it selfe fulfills the Law:
And who can seuer loue from Charity.

Kin.

Saint *Cupid* then, and Souldiers to the field.

Ber.

Aduance your standards, & vpon them Lords,
Pell, mell, downe with them: but be first aduis'd,
In conflict that you get the Sunne of them.

Long.

Now to plaine dealing, Lay these glozes by,
Shall we resolute to woe these girles of France?

Kin.

And winne them too, therefore let vs deuise,
Some entertainment for them in their Tents.

Ber.

First from the Park let vs conduct them thither,
Then homeward euery man attach the hand
Of his faire Mistresse, in the afternoone
We will with some strange pastime solace them:
Such as the shortnesse of the time can shape,
For Reuels, Dances, Maskes, and merry houres,
Fore-runne faire Loue, strewing her way with flowres.

Kin.

Away, away, no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by vs be fitted.

Ber.

Alone, alone sowed Cockell, reap'd no Corne,
And Iustice alwaies whirles in equall measure:
Light Wenches may proue plagues to men forsworne,
If so, our Copper buyes no better treasure.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

[Act 5, Scene 1]

^{Note:} Conventionally, this is start of Act 5, rather than Act 4, as printed.

Enter the Pedant, Curate and Dull.

Pedant.

Satis quid sufficit.

Curat.

I praise God for you sir, your reasons at dinner
haue beene sharpe & sententious: pleasant without scur
rillity, witty without affection, audacious without im
pudency, learned without opinion, and strange without
heresie: I did conuerse this *quondam* day with a compa
nion of the Kings, who is intituled, nominated, or called,
Don Adriano de Armatho.

Ped.

Noui hominum tanquam te, His humour is lofty,
his discourse peremptorie: his tongue filed, his eye
ambitious, his gate maiesticall, and his generall behavi
our vaine, ridiculous, and thrasonicall. He is too picked,
too spruce, too affected, too odde, as it were, too pere
grinat, as I may call it.

M2Curat.

[\[Page 136\]](#)

Loues Labour's lost.

Curat.

A most singular and choise Epithat,

Draw out his Table-booke.

Peda.

He draweth out the thred of his verbotie, fi
ner then the staple of his argument. I abhor such pha
naticall phantasims, such insociable and poynt deuse
companions, such rackers of ortagrphie, as to speake
dout fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he shold
pronounce debt; debt, not det: he clepeth a Calf, Caufe:
halfe, haufe: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abreuiated
ne: this is abhominable, which he would call abhomi
nable: it insinuateth me of infamie: *ne intelligis domine*, to
make franticke, lunaticke?

Cura.

Laus deo, bene intelligo

Peda.

Bome boon for boon prescian, a little scratcht, 'twil
serue.

Enter Bragart, Boy.

Curat.

Vides ne quis venit?

Peda.

Video, & gaudio.

Brag.

Chirra.

Peda.

Quari Chirra, not Sirra?

Brag.

Men of peace well incountred.

Ped.

Most millitarie sir salutation.

Boy.

They haue beene at a great feast of Languages,
and stolne the scraps.

Clow.

O they haue liu'd long on the almes-basket of
words. I maruell thy M. hath not eaten thee for a word,
for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitu
dinitatibus: Thou art easier swallowed then a flapdra
gon.

Page.

Peace, the peale begins.

Brag.

Mounsier, are you not lettred?

Page.

Yes, yes, he teaches boyes the Horne-booke:
What is Ab speld backward with the horn on his head?

Peda.

Ba, *puericia* with a horne added.

Pag.

Ba most seely Sheepe, with a horne: you heare
his learning.

Peda.

Quis quis, thou Consonant?

Pag.

The last of the fiue Vowels if You repeat them,
or the fift if I.

Peda.

I will repeat them: a e I.

Pag.

The Sheepe, the other two concludes it o u.

Brag.

Now by the salt waue of the mediteranium, a
sweet tutch, a quicke vene we of wit, snip snap, quick &
home, it reioyceth my intellect, true wit.

Page.

Offered by a childe to an olde man: which is
wit-old.

Peda.

What is the figure? What is the figure?

Page.

Hornes.

Peda.

Thou disputes like an Infant: goe whip thy
Gigge.

Pag.

Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will
whip about your Infamie *vnum cita* a gigge of a Cuck
olds horne.

Clow.

And I had but one penny in the world, thou
shouldst haue it to buy Ginger bread: Hold, there is the
very Remuneration I had of thy Maister, thou halfpenny

purse of wit, thou Pidgeon-egge of discretion. O & the heauens were so pleased, that thou wert but my Bastard; What a ioyfull father wouldst thou make mee? Goe to, thou hast it *ad dungil*, at the fingers ends, as they say.

Peda.

Oh I smell false Latine, *dunghel* for *vngnem*.

Brag.

Arts-man preambulat, we will bee singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charge-house on the top of the Mountaine?

Peda.

Or *Mons* the hill.

Brag.

At your sweet pleasure, for the Mountaine.

Peda.

I doe *sans question*.

Bra.

Sir, it is the Kings most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the Princesse at her Paullion, in the *posteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noone.

Ped.

The *posterior* of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the after-noone: the word is well culd, chose, sweet, and apt I doe assure you sir, I doe assure.

Brag.

Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar, I doe assure ye very good friend: for what is in ward betweene vs, let it passe. I doe beseech thee remember thy curtesie. I beseech thee apparell thy head: and among other importunate & most serious designes, and of great import indeed too: but let that passe, for I must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the world) sometime to leane vpon my poore shoulder, and with his royall finger thus dallie with my excrement, with my mustachio: but sweet heart let that passe. By the world I recount no fable, some certaine speciall honours it pleaseth his greatnesse to impart to *Armado* a Souldier, a man of trauell, that hath seene the world: but let that passe; the very all of all is: but sweet heart I do implore secrecie, that the King would haue mee present the Princesse (sweet chucked) with some delightfull ostentation, or show, or pageant, or anticke, or fire-worke: Now, vnderstanding that the Curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sodaine breaking out of myrth (as it were) I haue acquainted you withall, to the end to craue your assistance.

Peda.

Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir *Holofernes*, as concerning some entertainment

of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistants the Kings command: and this most gallant, illustre and learned Gentleman, before the Princess: I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Curat.

Where will you finde men worthy enough to present them?

Peda.

Iosua, your selfe: my selfe, and this gallant gentleman *Iudas Machabeus*; this Swaine (because of his great limme or ioynt) shall passe *Pompey* the great, the Page *Hercules*.

Brag.

Pardon sir, error: He is not quantitie enough for that Worthies thumb, hee is not so big as the end of his Club.

Peda.

Shall I haue audience: he shall present *Hercules* in minoritic: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a Snake; and I will haue an Apologie for that purpose.

Pag.

An excellent deuice: so if any of the audience hisse, you may cry, Well done *Hercules*, now thou crushest the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few haue the grace to doe it.

Brag.

For the rest of the Worthies?

Peda.

I will play three my selfe.

Pag.

Thrice worthy Gentleman.

Brag.

Shall I tell you a thing?

Peda.

We attend.

Brag.

We will haue, if this fadge not, an Antique. I beseech you follow.

Ped.

Via good-man *Dull*, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull.

Nor vnderstood none neither sir.

Ped.

Alone, we will employ thee.

Dull.

Ile make one in a dance, or so: or I will play on [\[Page 137\]](#) Loues Labour's lost.

On the taber to the Worthies, & let them dance the hey.

Ped.

Most *Dull*, honest *Dull*, to our sport away.

Exit.

[*Act 5, Scene 2*]

Enter Ladies.

Qu.

Sweet hearts we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in.
A Lady wal'd about with Diamonds: Look you, what I
haue from the louing King.

Rosa.

Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Qu.

Nothing but this: yes as much loue in Rime,
As would be cram'd vp in a sheet of paper
Writ on both sides the leafe, margent and all,
That he was faine to seale on *Cupids* name.

Rosa.

That was the way to make his god-head wax:
For he hath beene fiae thousand yeeres a Boy.

Kath.

I, and a shrewd vnhappy gallowes too.

Ros.

You'll nere be friends with him, a kild your sister.

Kath.

He made her melancholy, sad, and heauy, and
so she died: had she beene Light like you, of such a mer
rie nimble stirring spirit, she might a bin a Grandam ere
she died. And so may you: For a light heart liues long.

Ros.

What's your darke meaning mouse, of this light
word?

Kat.

A light condition in a beauty darke.

Ros.

We need more light to finde your meaning out.

Kat.

You'll marre the light by taking it in snuffe:
Therefore Ile darkely end the argument.

Ros.

Look what you doe, you doe it stil i'th darke.

Kat.

So do not you, for you are a light Wench.

Ros.

Indeed I waigh not you, and therefore light.

Ka.

You waigh me not, O that's you care not for me.

Ros.

Great reason: for past care, is still past cure.

Qu.

Well bandied both, a set of Wit well played.

But *Rosaline*, you haue a Fauour too?
Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros.

I would you knew.
And if my face were but as faire as yours,
My Fauour were as great, be witnesse this.
Nay, I haue Verses too, I thanke *Berowne*,
The numbers true, and were the numbring too.
I were the fairest goddesse on the ground.
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O he hath drawne my picture in his letter.

Qu.

Any thing like?

Ros.

Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.

Qu.

Beauteous as Incke: a good conclusion.

Kat.

Faire as a text B. in a Coppie booke.

Ros.

Ware pensals. How? Let me not die your debtor,
My red Dominicall, my golden letter.
O that your face were full of Oes.

Qu.

A Pox of that iest, and I beshrew all Shrowes:
But Katherine, what was sent to you
From faire *Dumaine*?

Kat.

Madame, this Gloue.

Qu.

Did he not send you twaine?

Kat.

Yes Madame: and moreouer,
Some thousand Verses of a faithfull Louer.
A huge translation of hypocrisie,
Vildly compiled, profound simplicitie.

Mar.

This, and these Pearls, to me sent *Longanile*.
The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.

Qu.

I thinke no lesse: Dost thou wish in heart
The Chaine were longer, and the Letter short.

Mar.

I, or I would these hands might neuer part.

Quee.

We are wise girles to mocke our Louers so.

Ros.

They are worse fooles to purchase mocking so.
That same *Berowne* ile torture ere I goe.
O that I knew he were but in by th' weeke,
How I would make him fawne, and begge, and seeke,

And wait the season, and obserue the times,
And spend his prodigall wits in booteles rimes,
And shape his seruice wholly to my deuce,
And make him proud to make me proud that iests.
So pertaunt like would I o'resway his state,
That he shold be my foole, and I his fate

Qu.

None are so surely caught, when they are catcht,
As Wit turn'd foole, follie in Wisedome hatch'd:
Hath wisdoms warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,
And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole?

Ros.

The bloud of youth burns not with such excesse,
As grauties reuolt to wantons be.

Mar.

Follie in Fooles beares not so strong a note,
As fool'ry in the Wise, when Wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To proue by Wit, worth in simplicitie.

Enter Boyet.

Qu.

Heere comes *Boyet*, and mirth in his face.

Boy.

O I am stab'd with laughter, Wher's her Grace?

Qu.

Thy newes *Boyet*?

Boy.

Prepare Madame, prepare.
Arme Wenches arme, incounters mounted are,
Against your Peace, Loue doth approach, disguis'd:
Armed in arguments, you'll be surpriz'd.
Muster your Wits, stand in your owne defence,
Or hide your heads like Cowards, and flie hence.

Qu.

Saint *Dennis* to S. *Cupid*: What are they,
That charge their breath against vs? Say scout say.

Boy.

Vnder the coole shade of a Siccamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some halfe an houre:
When lo to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold adrest,
The King and his companions: warely
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And ouerheard, what you shall ouerheare:
That by and by disguis'd they will be heere.
Their Herald is a pretty knauish Page:
That well by heart hath con'd his embassage,
Action and accent did they teach him there.
Thus must thou speake, and thus thy body beare.
And euer and anon they made a doubt,
Presence maiesticall would put him out:

For quoth the King, an Angell shalt thou see:
Yet feare not thou, but speake audaciously.
The Boy reply'd, An Angell is not euill:
I should haue fear'd her, had she beene a deuill.
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wagg by their praises bolder.
One rub'd his elboe thus, and fleer'd, and swore,
A better speech was neuer spoke before.
Another with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd *via*, we will doo't, come what will come.
The third he caper'd and cried, All goes well.
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and downe he fell:
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zelous laughter so profound,
That in this spleene ridiculous appears,
To checke their folly passions solemne teares.

Quee.

But what, but what, come they to visit vs?

Boy.

They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,
Like *Muscovites*; or *Russians*, as I gesse.
Their purpose is to parlee, to court, and dance,
M3And [\[Page 138\]](#) Loues Labour's lost.
And euery one his Loue-feat will aduance,
Vnto his seuerall mistresse: which they'll know
By fauours seuerall, which they did bestow.

Queen.

And will they so? the Gallants shall be taskt:
For Ladies; we will euery one be maskt,
And not a man of them shall haue the grace
Despight of sute, to see a Ladies face.
Hold *Rosaline*, this Fauour thou shalt weare,
And then the King will court thee for his Deare:
Hold, take thou this my sweet, and giue me thine,
So shall Berowne take me for *Rosaline*.
And change your Fauours too, so shall your Loues
Woo contrary, deceiu'd by these remoues.

Rosa.

Come on then, weare the fauours most in sight.

Kath.

But in this changing, What is your intent?

Queen.

The effect of my intent is to crosse theirs:
They doe it but in mocking merriment,
And mocke for mocke is onely my intent.
Their seuerall counsels they vnbose shall,
To Loues mistooke, and so be mockt withall.
Vpon the next occasion that we meete,
With Visages displayd to talke and greete.

Ros.

But shall we dance, if they desire vs too't?

Quee.

No, to the death we will not moue a foot,
Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace:
But while 'tis spoke, each turne away his face.

Boy.

Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,
And quite diuorce his memory from his part.

Quee.

Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,
The rest will ere come in, if he be out.
Theres no such sport, as sport by sport othrowne:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So shall we stay mocking entended game,
And they well mockt, depart away with shame.*Sound.*

Boy.

The Trompet sounds, be maskt, the maskers
come.

*Enter Black moores with musicke, the Boy with a speech,
and the rest of the Lords disguised.*

Page.

All haile, the richest Beauties on the earth.

Ber.

Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.

Pag.

*A holy parcell of the fairest dames that euer turn'd
their backes to mortall viewes.*

The Ladies turne their backes to him.

Ber.

Their eyes villaine, their eyes.

Pag.

That euer turn'd their eyes to mortall viewes.

Out

Boy.

True, out indeed.

Pag.

*Out of your fauours beauenly spirits vouchsafe
Not to beholde.*

Ber.

Once to behold, rogue.

Pag.

*Once to behold with your Sunne beamed eyes,
With your Sunne beamed eyes.*

Boy.

They will not answer to that Epythite,
you were best call it Daughter beamed eyes.

Pag.

They do not marke me, and that brings me out.

Bero.

Is this your perfectnesse? be gon you rogue.

Rosa.

What would these strangers?

Know their mindes *Boyet.*
If they doe speake our language, 'tis our will
That some plaine man recount their purposes.
Know what they would?

Boyet.

What would you with the Princes?

Ber.

Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros.

What would they, say they?

Boy.

Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Rosa.

Why that they haue, and bid them so be gon.

Boy.

She saies you haue it, and you may be gon.

Kin.

Say to her we haue measur'd many miles,
To tread a Measure with you on the grasse.

Boy.

They say that they haue measur'd many a mile,
To tread a Measure with you on this grasse.

Rosa.

It is not so. Aske them how many inches
Is in one mile? If they haue measur'd manie,
The measure then of one is easlie told.

Boy.

If to come hither, you haue measur'd miles,
And many miles: the Princesse bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill vp one mile?

Ber.

Tell her we measure them by weary steps.

Boy.

She heares her selfe.

Rosa.

How manie wearie steps,
Of many wearie miles you haue ore-gone,
Are numbred in the trauell of one mile?

Bero.

We number nothing that we spend for you,
Our dutie is so rich, so infinite,
That we may doe it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,
That we (like sauages) may worship it.

Rosa.

My face is but a Moone and clouded too.

Kin.

Blessed are clouds, to doe as such clouds do.
Vouchsafe bright Moone, and these thy stars to shine,
(Those clouds remooued) vpon our waterie eyne.

Rosa.

O vaine petitioner, beg a greater matter,
Thou now requests but Mooneshine in the water.

Kin.

Then in our measure, vouchsafe but one change.
Thou bidst me begge, this begging is not strange.

Rosa.

Play musicke then: nay you must doe it soone.
Not yet no dance: thus change I like the Moone.

Kin.

Will you not dance? How come you thus e
stranged?

Rosa.

You tooke the Moone at full, but now shee's
changed?

Kin.

Yet still she is the Moone, and I the Man.

Rosa.

The musick playes, vouchsafe some motion to
it: Our eares vouchsafe it.

Kin.

But your legges should doe it.

Ros.

Since you are strangers, & come here by chance,
Wee'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.

Kin.

Why take you hands then?

Rosa.

Onelie to part friends.
Curtisie sweet hearts, and so the Measure ends.

Kin.

More measure of this measure, be not nice.

Rosa.

We can afford no more at such a price.

Kin.

Prise your selues: What buyes your companie?

Rosa.

Your absence onelie.

Kin.

That can neuer be.

Rosa.

Then cannot we be bought: and so adue,
Twice to your Visore, and halfe once to you.

Kin.

If you denie to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros.

In priuate then.

Kin.

I am best pleas'd with that.

Be.

White handed Mistris, one sweet word with thee.

Qu.

Hony, and Milke, and Suger: there is three.

Ber.

Nay then two treyes, an if you grow so nice
Methegline, Wort, and Malmsey; well runne dice:
There's halfe a dozen sweets.

Qu.

Seuenth sweet adue, since you can cogg,
Ile play no more with you.

Ber.

One word in secret.

Qu.

Let it not be sweet.

Ber.

Thou greeu'st my gall.

Queen.

[\[Page 139\]](#)

Loues Labour's lost.

Qu.

Gall, bitter.

Ber.

Therefore meete.

Du.

Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Mar.

Name it.

Dum.

Faire Ladie:

Mar.

Say you so? Faire Lord:

Take you that for your faire Lady.

Du.

Please it you,

As much in priuate, and Ile bid adieu.

Note: These speeches are conventionally given to Katharine.

Mar.

What, was your vizard made without a tong?

Long.

I know the reason Ladie why you aske.

Mar.

O for your reason, quickly sir, I long.

Long.

You haue a double tongue within your mask.

And would affoord my speechlesse vizard halfe.

Mar.

Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is not Veale a

Calfe?

Long.

A Calfe faire Ladie?

Mar.

No, a faire Lord Calfe.

Long.

Let's part the word.

Mar.

No, Ile not be your halfe:

Take all and weane it, it may proue an Oxe.

Long.

Looke how you but your selfe in these sharpe
mockes.

Will you giue hornes chast Ladie? Do not so.

Mar.

Then die a Calfe before your horns do grow.

Lon.

One word in priuate with you ere I die.

Mar.

Bleat softly then, the Butcher heares you cry.

Boyet.

The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the Razors edge, inuisible:

Cutting a smaller haire then may be seene,

Above the sense of sence so sensible:

Seemeth their conference, their conceits haue wings,

Fleeter then arrows, bullets wind, thought, swifter things

Rosa.

Not one word more my maides, breake off,

breake off.

Ber.

By heauen, all drie beaten with pure scoffe.

King.

Farewell madde Wenches, you haue simple

wits.

Exeunt.

Qu.

Twentie adieus my frozen Muscouits.

Are these the breed of wits so wondred at?

Boyet.

Tapers they are, with your sweete breathes

puft out.

Rosa.

Wel-liking wits they haue, grosse, grosse, fat, fat.

Qu.

O pouertie in wit, Kingly poore flout.

Will they not (thinke you) hang themselues to night?

Or euer but in vizards shew their faces:

This pert *Beronne* was out of count'nance quite.

Rosa.

They were all in lamentable cases.

The King was weeping ripe for a good word.

Qu.

Beronne did sweare himselfe out of all suite.

Mar.

Dumaine was at my seruice, and his sword:

No point (quoth I:) my seruant straight vvas mute.

Ka.

Lord *Longauill* said I came ore his hart:
And trow you vvhath he call'd me?

Qu.

Qualme perhaps.

Kat.

Yes in good faith.

Qu.

Go sicknesse as thou art.

Ros.

Well, better wits haue worne plain statute caps,
But vvhil you heare; the King is my loue sworne.

Qu.

And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted faith to me.

Kat.

And *Longauill* was for my seruice borne.

Mar.

Dumaine is mine as sure as barke on tree.

Boyet.

Madam, and prettie mistresses giue care,
Immediately they will againe be here
In their owne shapes: for it can neuer be,
They will digest this harsh indignitie.

Qu.

Will they returne?

Boy.

They will they will, God knowes,
And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes:
Therefore change Fauours, and when they repaire,
Blow like sweet Roses, in this summer aire.

Qu.

How blovv? how blovv? Speake to bee vnder
stood.

Boy.

Faire Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud:
Dismaskt, their damaske sweet commixture showne,
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roses blowne.

Qu.

Auant perplexitie: What shall vve do,
If they returne in their owne shapes to wo?

Rosa.

Good Madam, if by me you'll be aduis'd.
Let's mocke them still as well knowne as disguis'd:
Let vs complaine to them vvhath fooles were heare,
Disguis'd like Muscouites in shapelesse geare:
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow showes, and Prologue vildely pen'd:
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our Tent to vs.

Boyet.

Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

Quee.

Whip to our Tents, as Roes runnes ore Land.

Exeunt.

Enter the King and the rest.

King.

Faire sir, God saue you. Wher's the Princesse?

Boy.

Gone to her Tent.

Please it your Maiestie command me any seruice to her?

King.

That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boy.

I will, and so will she, I know my Lord.

Exit.

Ber.

This fellow pickes vp wit as Pigeons pease,
And vtters it againe, when *Ioue* doth please.
He is Wits Pedler, and retails his Wares,
At Wakes, and Wassels, Meetings, Markets, Faires.
And we that sell by grosse, the Lord doth know,
Haue not the grace to grace it with such show.
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his sleeue.
Had he bin *Adam*, he had tempted *Eue*.
He can carue too, and lispe: Why this is he,
That kist away his hand in courtesie.
This is the Ape of Forme, Monsieur the nice,
That when he plaies at Tables, chides the Dice
In honorable tearmes: Nay he can sing
A meane most meanly, and in Vshering
Mend him who can: the Ladies call him sweete.
The staires as he treads on them kisse his feete.
This is the flower that smiles on euerie one,
To shew his teeth as white as Whales bone.
And consciences that wil not die in debt,
Pay him the dutie of honie-tongued *Boyet*

King.

A blister on his sweet tongue with my hart,
That put *Armatboes* Page out of his part.

Enter the Ladies.

Ber.

See where it comes. Behaiour what wer't thou,
Till this madman shew'd thee? And what art thou now?

King.

All haile sweet Madame, and faire time of day.

Qu.

Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceiue.

King.

Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Qu.

Then wish me better, I wil giue you leaue.

King.

We came to visit you, and purpose now
To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.

Qu.

This field shal hold me, and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in periur'd men.

King.

Rebuke me not for that which you prouoke:
The [\[Page 140\]](#)Loues Labour's lost.
The vertue of your eie must breake my oth.

Q.

You nickname vertue: vice you should haue spoke:
For vertues office neuer breakes men troth.
Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure
As the vnsallied Lilly, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yeeld to be your houses guest:
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heauenly oaths, vow'd with integritie.

Kin.

O you haue liu'd in desolation heere,
Vnseene, vnuisited, much to our shame.

Qu.

Not so my Lord, it is not so I sweare,
We haue had pastimes heere, and pleasant game,
A messe of Russians left vs but of late.

Kin.

How Madam? Russians?

Qu.

I in truth, my Lord.
Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state.

Rosa.

Madam speake true. It is not so my Lord:
My Ladie (to the manner of the daies)
In curtesie giues vnderseuing praise.
We foure indeed confronted were with foure
In Russia habit: Heere they stayed an houre,
And talk'd apace: and in that houre (my Lord)
They did not blesse vs with one happy word.
I dare not call them fooles; but this I thinke,
When they are thirstie, fooles would faine haue drinke.

Ber.

This iest is drie to me. Gentle sweete,
Your wits makes wise things foolish when we greeete
With eies best seeing, heauens fierie eie:
By light we loose light; your capacitie
Is of that nature, that to your huge stoore,
Wise things seeme foolish, and rich things but poore.

Ros.

This proues you wise and rich: for in my eie

Ber.

I am a foole, and full of pouertie.

Ros.

But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Ber.

O, I am yours, and all that I possesse.

Ros.

All the foole mine.

Ber.

I cannot giue you lesse.

Ros.

Which of the Vizards what it that you wore?

Ber.

Where? when? What Vizard?

Why demand you this?

Ros.

There, then, that vizard, that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.

Kin.

We are discried,
They'l mocke vs now downeright.

Du.

Let vs confesse, and turne it to a iest.

Que.

Amaz'd my Lord? Why lookes your Highnes
sadde?

Rosa.

Helpe hold his browes, hee'l sound: why looke
you pale?

Sea-sicke I thinke comming from Muscouie.

Ber.

Thus poure the stars down plagues for periury.
Can any face of brasse hold longer out?
Heere stand I, Ladie dart thy skill at me,
Bruise me with scorne, confound me with a flout.
Thrust thy sharpe wit quite through my ignorance.
Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit:
And I will wish thee neuer more to dance,
Nor neuer more in Russian habit waite.
O! neuer will I trust to speeches pen'd,
Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boies tongue.
Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend,
Nor woo in rime like a blind-harpers songue,
Taffata phrases, silken tearmes precise,
Three-pil'd Hyperboles, spruce affection;
Figures pedanticall, these summer flies,
Hauē blowne me full of maggot ostentation.
I do forswear them, and I heere protest,
By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knows)
Henceforth my woing minde shall be exprest
In russet yeas, and honest kersie noes.
And to begin Wench, so God helpe me law,

My loue to thee is sound, *sans* cracke or flaw.

Rosa.

Sans, sans, I pray you.

Ber.

Yet I haue a tricke
Of the old rage: beare with me, I am sicke.
Ile leaue it by degrees: soft, let vs see,
Write *Lord haue mercie on vs*, on those three,
They are infected, in their hearts it lies:
They haue the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
These Lords are visited, you are not free:
For the Lords tokens on you do I see.

Qu.

No, they are free that gaue these tokens to vs.

Ber.

Our states are forfeit, seeke not to vndo vs.

Ros.

It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue.

Ber.

Peace, for I will not haue to do with you.

Ros.

Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Ber.

Speake for your selues, my wit is at an end.

King.

Teach vs sweete Madame, for our rude transgression, some faire excuse.

Qu.

The fairest is confession.

Were you not heere but euen now, disguis'd?

Kin.

Madam, I was.

Qu.

And were you well aduis'd?

Kin.

I was faire Madam.

Qu.

When you then were heere,
What did you whisper in your Ladies eare?

King.

That more then all the world I did respect her

Qu.

When shee shall challenge this, you will reiect
her.

King.

Vpon mine Honor no.

Qu.

Peace, peace, forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King.

Despise me when I breake this oath of mine.

Qu.

I will, and therefore keepe it. *Rosaline*,
What did the Russian whisper in your eare?

Ros.

Madam, he swore that he did hold me deare
As precious eye-sight, and did value me
About this World: adding thereto moreouer,
That he vvould Wed me, or else die my Louer.

Qu.

God giue thee ioy of him: the Noble Lord
Most honorably doth vphold his word.

King.

What meane you Madame?
By my life, my troth
I neuer swore this Ladie such an oth.

Ros.

By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine,
You gaue me this: But take it sir againe.

King.

My faith and this, the Princesse I did giue,
I knew her by this Jewell on her sleeue.

Qu.

Pardon me sir, this Jewell did she weare.
And Lord *Berowne* (I thanke him) is my deare.
What? Will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?

Ber.

Neither of either, I remit both twaine.
I see the tricke on't: Heere was a consent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas Comedie.
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight Zanie,
Some mumble-newes, some trencher-knight, som Dick
That smiles his cheeke in yeares, and knowes the trick
To make my Lady laugh, when she's dispos'd;
Told [\[Page 141\]](#) Loues Labour's lost.
Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,
The Ladies did change Fauours; and then we
Following the signes, woo'd but the signe of she.
Now to our periurie, to adde more terror,
We are againe forsworne in will and error.
Much vpon this tis: and might not you
Forestall our sport, to make vs thus vntrue?
Do not you know my Ladies foot by'th squier?
And laugh vpon the apple of her eie?
And stand betweene her backe sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, iesting merrilie?
You put our Page out: go, you are alowd.
Die when you will, a smocke shall be your shrowd.
You leere vpon me, do you? There's an eie
Wounds like a Leaden sword.

Boy.

Full merrily hath this braue manager, this car
reere bene run.

Ber.

Loe, he is tilting straight. Peace, I haue don.

Enter Clowne

Welcome pure wit, thou part'st a faire fray.

Clo.

O Lord sir, they would kno,
Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

Ber.

What, are there but three?

Clo.

No sir, but it is vara fine,
For euerie one pursents three.

Ber.

And three times thrice is nine.

Clo.

Not so sir, vnder correction sir, I hope it is not so.
You cannot beg vs sir, I can assure you sir, we know what
we know: I hope sir three times thrice sir.

Ber.

Is not nine.

Clo.

Vnder correction sir, wee know where-vntill it
doth amount.

Ber.

By Ioue, I alwaies tooke three threes for nine.

Clo.

O Lord sir, it were pittie you should get your
liuing by reckning sir.

Ber.

How much is it?

Clo.

O Lord sir, the parties themselues, the actors sir
will shew where-vntill it doth amount: for mine owne
part, I am (as they say, but to perfect one man in one
poore man) *Pompion* the great sir.

Ber.

Art thou one of the Worthies?

Clo.

It pleased them to thinke me worthie of *Pompey*
the great: for mine owne part, I know not the degree of
the Worthie, but I am to stand for him.

Ber.

Go, bid them prepare.

Exit.

Clo.

We will turne it finely off sir, we wil take some
care.

King.

Beroune, they will shame vs:

Let them not approach.

Ber.

We are shame-prooffe my Lord: and 'tis some policie, to haue one shew worse then the Kings and his companie.

Kin.

I say they shall not come.

Qu.

Nay my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now;
That sport best pleases, that doth least know how.
Where Zeale striues to content, and the contents
Dies in the Zeale of that which it presents:
Their forme confounded, makes most forme in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Ber.

A right description of our sport my Lord.

Enter Braggart.

Brag.

Annoited, I implore so much expence of thy royall sweet breath, as will vtter a brace of words.

Qu.

Doth this man serue God?

Ber.

Why aske you?

Qu.

He speak's not like a man of God's making.

Brag.

That's all one my faire sweet honie Monarch:
For I protest, the Schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical:
Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we wil put it (as they say) to *Fortuna delaguar*, I wish you the peace of minde most royall cupplement.

King.

Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies;
He presents *Hector* of Troy, the Swaine *Pompey* (y^s)the great,
the Parish Curate *Alexander*, *Armadoes* Page *Hercules*,
the Pedant *Iudas Machabeus*: and if these foure Wort
hies in their first shew thriue, these foure will change
habites, and present the other fiue.

Ber.

There is fiue in the first shew.

Kin.

You are deceiued, tis not so.

Ber.

The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge-Priest, the
Foole, and the Boy,
Abate throw at Novum, and the whole world againe,
Cannot pricke out fiue such, take each one in's vaine.

Kin.

The ship is vnder saile, and here she coms amain.

Enter Pompey.

Clo.

I Pompey am.

Ber.

You lie, you are not he.

Clo.

I Pompey am.

Boy.

With Libbards head on knee.

Ber.

Well said old mocker,

I must needs be friends with thee.

Clo.

I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big.

Du.

The great.

Clo.

It is great sir: *Pompey surnam'd the great:*

That oft in field, with Targe and Shield,

did make my foe to sweat:

And trauailing along this coast, I heere am come by chance,

And lay my Armes before the legs of this sweet Lasse of

France.

If your Ladiship would say thankes *Pompey*, I had done.

La.

Great thankes great *Pompey*.

Clo.

Tis not so much worth: but I hope I was per

fect. I made a little fault in great.

Ber.

My hat to a halfe-penie, *Pompey* prooues the

best Worthie.

Enter Curate for Alexander.

Curat.

*When in the world I liu'd, I was the worldes Com
mander:*

By East, West, North, & South, I spred my conquering might

My Scutcheon plaine declares that I am Alisander.

Boiet.

Your nose saies no, you are not:

For it stands too right.

Ber.

Your nose smells no, in this most tender smel
ling Knight.

Qu.

The Conqueror is dismaid:

Procede good *Alexander*

Cur.

*When in the world I liued, I was the worldes Com
mander.*

Boiet.

Most true, 'tis right; you were so *Alisander*.

Ber.

Pompey the great.

Clo.

your seruant and *Costard*.

Ber.

Take away the Conqueror, take away *Alisander*.

Clo.

O sir, you haue ouerthrowne *Alisander* the conqueror: you will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for this [\[Page 142\]](#) Loues Labour's lost.

this: your Lion that holds his Pollax sitting on a close stoole, will be giuen to Ajax. He will be the ninth wor thie. A Conqueror, and affraid to speake? Runne away for shame *Alisander*. There an't shall please you: a foolish milde man, an honest man, looke you, & soon dasht. He is a maruellous good neighbour insooth, and a verie good Bowler: but for *Alisander*, alas you see, how 'tis a little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a comming, will speake their minde in some other sort.

Exit Cu.

Qu.

Stand aside good Pompey.

Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped.

Great *Hercules* is presented by this Impe,
Whose Club kil'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *Canus*,
And when he was a babe, a childe, a shrimpe,
Thus did he strangle Serpents in his *Manus*:
Quoniam, he seemeth in minoritie,
Ergo, I come with this Apologie.
Keepe some state in thy *exit*, and vanish.

Exit Boy

Ped.

Iudas I am.

Dum.

A *Iudas*?

Ped.

Not Iscariot sir.

Iudas I am, ycliped Machabens.

Dum.

Iudas Machabens clipt, is plaine *Iudas*.

Ber.

A kissing traitor. How art thou prou'd *Iudas*?

Ped.

Iudas I am.

Dum.

The more shame for you *Iudas*.

Ped.

What meane you sir?

Boi.

To make *Iudas* hang himselfe.

Ped.

Begin sir, you are my elder.

Ber.

Well follow'd, *Iudas* was hang'd on an Elder.

Ped.

I will not be put out of countenance.

Ber.

Because thou hast no face.

Ped.

What is this?

Boi.

A Citterne head.

Dum.

The head of a bodkin.

Ber.

A deaths face in a ring.

Lon.

The face of an old Roman coine, scarce seene.

Boi.

The pummell of *Cæsars* Faulchion.

Dum.

The caru'd-bone face on a Flaske.

Ber.

S. Georges halfe cheeke in a brooch.

Dum.

I, and in a brooch of Lead.

Ber.

I, and worne in the cap of a Tooth-drawer.

And now forward, for we haue put thee in countenance

Ped.

You haue put me out of countenance.

Ber.

False, we haue giuen thee faces.

Ped.

But you haue out-fac'd them all.

Ber.

And thou wer't a Lion, we would do so.

Boy.

Therefore as he is, an Asse, let him go:

And so adieu sweet *Iude*. Nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum.

For the latter end of his name.

Ber.

For the *Asse* to the *Iude*: giue it him. *Iud-as* a way.

Ped.

This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boy.

A light for monsieur *Iudas*, it growes darke, he may stumble.

Que.

Alas poore *Machabeus*, how hath hee beene
baited.

Enter Braggart.

Ber.

Hide thy head *Achilles*, heere comes *Hector* in
Armes.

Dum.

Though my mockes come home by me, I will
now be merrie.

King.

Hector was but a Troyan in respect of this.

Boi.

But is this *Hector*?

Kin.

I thinke *Hector* was not so cleane timber'd.

Lon.

His legge is too big for *Hector*.

Dum.

More Calfe certaine.

Boi.

No, he is best indued in the small.

Ber.

This cannot be *Hector*.

Dum.

He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.

Brag.

*The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the almighty,
gaue Hector a gift.*

Dum.

A gilt Nutmegge.

Ber.

A Lemmon.

Lon.

Stucke with Cloues.

Dum.

No clouen.

Brag.

*The Armipotent Mars of Launces the almighty,
Gaue Hector a gift, the heire of Illion;
A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight: yea
From morne till night, out of his Pauillion.*

I am that Flower.

Dum.

That Mint.

Long.

That Cullambine.

Brag.

Sweet Lord *Longauill* reine thy tongue.

Lon.

I must rather giue it the reine: for it runnes a
gains *Hector*.

Dum.

I, and *Hector's* a Grey-hound.

Brag.

The sweet War-man is dead and rotten,
Sweet chukes, beat not the bones of the buried:
But I will forward with my deuce;
Sweete Royaltie bestow on me the sence of hearing.

Berowne steppes forth.

Qu.

Speake braue Hector, we are much delighted.

Brag.

I do adore thy sweet Graces slipper.

Boy.

Loues her by the foot.

Dum.

He may not by the yard.

Brag.

This Hector farre surmounted Hanniball.

The partie is gone.

Clo.

Fellow *Hector*, she is gone; she is two moneths
on her way.

Brag.

What meanest thou?

Clo.

Faith vnlesse you play the honest Troyan, the
poore Wench is cast away: she's quick, the child brags
in her belly alreadie: tis yours.

Brag.

Dost thou infamonize me among Potentates?
Thou shalt die.

Clo.

Then shall Hector be whipt for *Iaquenetta* that
is quicke by him, and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by
him.

Dum.

Most rare *Pompey*.

Boi.

Renowned *Pompey*.

Ber.

Greater then great, great, great, great *Pompey*:
Pompey the huge.

Dum.

Hector trembles.

Ber.

Pompey is moued, more Atees more Atees stirre
them, or stirre them on.

Dum.

Hector will challenge him.

Ber.

I, if a'haue no more mans blood in's belly, then
will sup a Flea.

Brag.

By the North-pole I do challenge thee.

Clo.

I wil not fight with a pole like a Northern man;
Ile slash, Ile do it by the sword: I pray you let mee bor
row my Armes againe.

Dum.

Roome for the incensed Worthies.

Clo.

Ile do it in my shirt.

Dum.

Most resolute *Pompey*.

Page.

Master, let me take you a button hole lower:

Do you not see *Pompey* is vncasing for the combat: what meane [\[Page 143\]](#)Loues
Labour's lost.

meane you? you will lose your reputation.

Brag.

Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I will
not combat in my shirt.

Du.

You may not denie it, *Pompey* hath made the
challenge.

Brag.

Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.

Ber.

What reason haue you for't?

Brag.

The naked truth of it is, I haue no shirt,
I go woolward for penance.

Boy.

True, and it was inioyned him in *Rome* for want
of Linnen: since when, Ile be sworne he wore none, but
a dishclout of *Iaquenettas*, and that hee weares next his
heart for a fauour.

Enter a Messenger, Monsieur Marcade.

Mar.

God saue you Madame.

Qu.

Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interruptest
our merriment.

Marc.

I am sorrie Madam, for the newes I bring is
heauie in my tongue. The King your father

Qu.

Dead for my life.

Mar.

Euen so: My tale is told.

Ber.

Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.

Brag.

For mine owne part, I breath free breath: I
haue seene the day of wrong, through the little hole of
discretion, and I will right my selfe like a Souldier.

Exeunt Worthies

Kin.

How fare's your Maiestie?

Qu.

Boyet prepare, I will away to night.

Kin.

Madame not so, I do beseech you stay.

Qu.

Prepare I say. I thanke you gracious Lords
For all your faire endeouours and entreats:
Out of a new sad-soule, that you vouchsafe,
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,
The liberall opposition of our spirits,
If ouer-boldly we haue borne our selues,
In the conuerse of breath (your gentlenesse
Was guiltie of it.) Farewell worthie Lord:
A heauie heart beares not a humble tongue.
Excuse me so, comming so short of thanks,
For my great suite, so easily obtain'd.

Kin.

The extreme parts of time, extremelie formes
All causes to the purpose of his speed:
And often at his verie loose decides
That, which long processe could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of progenie
Forbid the smiling curtesie of Loue:
The holy suite which faine it would conuince,
Yet since loues argument was first on foote,
Let not the cloud of sorrow iustle it
From what it purpos'd: since to waile friends lost,
Is not by much so wholesome profitable,
As to reioyce at friends but newly found.

Qu.

I vnderstand you not, my greefes are double.

Ber.

Honest plain words, best pierce the ears of grieffe
And by these badges vnderstand the King,
For your faire sakes haue we neglected time,
Plaid foule play with our oaths: your beautie Ladies
Hath much deformed vs, fashioning our humors
Euen to the opposed end of our intents.
And what in vs hath seem'd ridiculous:
As Loue is full of vnbeffitting straines,
All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine.
Form'd by the eie, and therefore like the eie.

Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of formes
Varying in subiects as the eie doth roule,
To euerie varied obiect in his glance:
Which partie-coated presence of loose loue
Put on by vs, if in your heauenly eies,
Haue misbecom'd our oathes and grauties.
Those heauenlie eies that looke into these faults,
Suggested vs to make: therefore Ladies
Our loue being yours, the error that Loue makes
Is likewise yours. We to our selues proue false,
By being once false, for euer to be true
To those that make vs both, faire Ladies you.
And euen that falshood in it selfe a sinne,
Thus purifies it selfe, and turnes to grace.

Qu.

We haue receiu'd your Letters, full of Loue:
Your Fauours, the Ambassadors of Loue.
And in our maiden counsaile rated them,
At courtship, pleasant iest, and curtesie,
As bumbast and as lining to the time:
But more deuout then these are our respects
Haue we not bene, and therefore met your loues
In their owne fashion, like a merriment.

Du.

Our letters Madam, shew'd much more then iest.

Lon.

So did our looks.

Rosa.

We did not coat them so.

Kin.

Now at the latest minute of the houre,
Grant vs your loues.

Qu.

A time me thinkes too short,
To make a world-without-end bargaine in;
No, no my Lord, your Grace is periur'd much,
Full of deare guiltinesse, and therefore this:
If for my Loue (as there is no such cause)
You will do ought, this shall you do for me.
Your oth I will not trust: but go with speed
To some forlorne and naked Hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world:
There stay, vntill the twelue Celestiall Signes
Haue brought about their annuall reckoning.
If this austere insociable life,
Change not your offer made in heate of blood:
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudie blossomes of your Loue,
But that it beare this triall, and last loue:
Then at the expiration of the yeare,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,

And by this Virgin palme, now kissing thine,
I will be thine: and till that instant shut
My wofull selfe vp in a mourning house,
Raining the teares of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my Fathers death.
If this thou do denie, let our hands part,
Neither intituled in the others hart.

Kin.

If this, or more then this, I would denie,
To flatter vp these powers of mine with rest,
The sodaine hand of death close vp mine eie.
Hence euer then, my heart is in thy brest.

Ber.

And what to me my Loue? and what to me?

Ros.

You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd.
You are attaint with faults and periurie:
Therefore if you my fauor meane to get,
A tweluemonth shall you spend, and neuer rest,
But seeke the wearie beds of people sicke.

Du.

But what to me my loue? but what to me?

Kat.

A wife? a beard, faire health, and honestie,
With three-fold loue, I wish you all these three.

Du.

O shall I say, I thanke you gentle wife?

Kat.

Not so my Lord, a tweluemonth and a day,
Ile [\[Page 144\]](#) Loues Labour's lost.
Ile marke no words that smoothfac'd wooers say.
Come when the King doth to my Ladie come:
Then if I haue much loue, Ile giue you some.

Dum.

Ile serue thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath.

Yet sweare not, least ye be forsworne agen.

Lon.

What saies *Maria*?

Mari.

At the tweluemonths end,
Ile change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend.

Lon.

Ile stay with patience: but the time is long.

Mari.

The liker you, few taller are so yong.

Ber.

Studies my Ladie? Mistresse, looke on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eie:
What humble suite attends thy answer there,
Impose some seruice on me for my loue.

Ros.

Oft haue I heard of you my Lord *Berowne*,
Before I saw you: and the worlds large tongue
Proclaimes you for a man replete with mockes,
Full of comparisons, and wounding floutes:
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercie of your wit.
To weed this Wormewood from your fruitfull braine,
And therewithall to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won:
You shall this tweluemonth terme from day to day,
Visit the speechlesse sicke, and still conuerse
With groaning wretches: and your taske shall be,
With all the fierce endeouour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Ber.

To moue wilde laughter in the throate of death?
It cannot be, it is impossible.
Mirth cannot moue a soule in agonie.

Ros.

Why that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers giue to fooles:
A iests prosperitie, lies in the eare
Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly eares,
Deaft with the clamors of their owne deare grones,
Will heare your idle scornes; continue then,
And I will haue you, and that fault withall.
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shal finde you emptie of that fault,
Right ioyfull of your reformation.

Ber.

A tweluemon [...]h? Well: befall what will befall,
Ile iest a tweluemonth in an Hospitall.

Qu.

I sweet my Lord, and so I take my leaue.

King.

No Madam, we will bring you on your way.

Ber.

Our woing doth not end like an old Play:
Iacke hath not Gill: these Ladies courtesie
Might wel haue made our sport a Comedie.

Kin.

Come sir, it wants a tweluemonth and a day,
And then 'twil end.

Ber.

That's too long for a play.

Enter Braggart.

Brag.

Sweet Maiesty vouchsafe me.

Qu.

Was not that Hector?

Dum.

The worthie Knight of Troy.

Brag.

I wil kisse thy royal finger, and take leaue.

I am a Votarie, I haue vow'd to *Iaquenetta* to holde the Plough for her sweet loue three yeares. But most estee med greatnesse, wil you heare the Dialogue that the two Learned men haue compiled, in praise of the Owle and the Cuckow? It should haue followed in the end of our shew.

Kin.

Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Brag.

Holla, Approach.

Enter all.

This side is *Hiems*, Winter.

This *Ver*, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owle, Th' other by the Cuckow.

Ver, begin.

The Song.

When Dasies pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew:
And Ladie-smockes all siluer white,
Do paint the Medowes with delight.
The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
Mockes married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckow.

Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleasing to a married eare.

When Shepherds pipe on Oaten strawes,
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:
When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their summer smockes:
The Cuckow then on euerie tree
Mockes married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow.

Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleasing to a married eare

Winter.

When Isicles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Shepherd blowes his naile;
And Tom beares Logges into the hall,
And Milke comes frozen home in paile:
When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle,
Then nightly sings the staring Owle
Tu-whit to-who.

A merrie note,
While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.
When all aloud the winde doth blow,

And coffing drownes the Parsons saw:
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marrians nose lookes red and raw:
When roasted Crabs hisse in the bowle,
Then nightly sings the staring Owle,
Tu-whit to who:
A merrie note,
While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

Brag.

The Words of Mercurie,
Are harsh after the songs of Apollo:
You that way; we this way.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.