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 Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and
 a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional
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<note type="citation">Rasmussen, E. **& West, A.J.** "The Shakespeare First Folios a descriptive catalogue", Palgrave Macmillan, 2012.**</note>**
<note type="citation">Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30**</note>**
<note type="citation">West, A.J. A Model for Describing Shakespeare First Folios, With Descriptions of Selected Copies, in The Library, v. s6-21, Issue 1 (March 1999), p.1-19**</note>**

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<hi rend="large">SHAKESPEARES**</hi>**

<lb/>COMEDIES, **<lb/>**HISTORIES, **&**

<lb/>TRAGEDIES. **</titlePart>**

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Copies.**</titlePart>**

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the charges

of W. Iaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley].,

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</titlePage>

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 79-82, 80-98, [2], 109-156, 257-993 [i.e. 399], [1] p.;
 fol.</p>
 <p>Numbering peculiarities: 1st count: p.50 misnumbered 58;
 p.59
 misnumbered 51; p.86 misnumbered 88; p.153 misnumbered
 151; p.161
 misnumbered] 163; p.164 misnumbered 162; p. 165
 misnumbered 163; p.
 189 misnumbered 187; p. 249 misnumbered 251; p.250
 misnumbered 252; p.
 265 misnumbered 273 -- 2nd count: p.37 misnumbered 39 in
 some copies;
 p.89 misnumbered 91; p. 90 misnumbered 92 -- 3rd count:
 p.165-166
 numbered 167 and 168 respectively; p. 216 numbered 218 --
 5th count:
 p. 279 misnumbered 259; p. 282 misnumbered 280; p.308
 misnumbered 38;
 p. 379 misnumbered 389; p. 399 misnumbered 993.</p>
 </foliation>
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 <p>The signatures varies between sources, with the most
 commonly
 cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1)$
 $[\pi B^2], {}^2A-2B^6$
 $2C^2 a-g^6 \chi gg^8 h-v^6 x^4 \chi 1.2$ [para.]-2[para.]⁶ 3[para.]¹ aa-ff⁶
 $gg^2 Gg^6$
 $hh^6 kk-bbb^6$; 2. West: $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1, \pi A5+1.2)^2 A-2B^6 2C^2 a-$
 $g^6 {}^2g^8 h-v^6 x^4$
 $'gg3.4' (\pm'gg3')$ [para.]-2[para.]⁶ 3[para.]¹ 2a-2f⁶ 2g² 2G⁶ 2h⁶
 $2k-2v^6$
 $x^6 2y-3b^6$.</p>
 <p>Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; ³gg1 mis-signed
 Gg; nn1-nn2
 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.</p>
 <p>"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination
 on leaf a1
 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on
 leaf aa1
 recto.</p>
 </collation>
 <condition>Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the

reader".

mount

some the

and the

Rare

The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the
towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of
Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait
central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report,
including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact
Books.</condition>

</supportDesc>

<layoutDesc>

<layout>

<p>Predominantly printed in double columns.</p>

<p>Text within simple lined frame.</p>

<p>Colophon reads: "Printed at the charges of W. Iaggard, Ed.

Blount, I.

Smithweeke, and W. Aspley. 1623."</p>

<p>Editors' dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry

Condell.</p>

</layout>

</layoutDesc>

</objectDesc>

<decoDesc>

<decoNote>Head- and tail- pieces; initials.</decoNote>

<decoNote>With an engraved title-page portrait of the author

signed: "Martin-

earlier

shading,

with the

have the plate

the earlier

Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The
state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier
especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly
jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies
in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that
state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.

</decoNote>

</decoDesc>

<additions>

<p>Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an
unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap

was seen".

2. A copy of Ben Jonson's printed "To the Reader"; MS note on

t.p.

(mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor

annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.</p></additions><bindingDesc><p>Seventeenth-century (1624) English (Oxford) smooth calf. Bound for the Bodleian Library by William Wildgoose, with evidence of two cloth ties, red sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at the head of the upper cover. Remains of paper label at the head of the spine. Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S. Gibson in Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items sent out on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing printed waste from a copy of Cicero's "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard Pafraet, between 1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this work see: Bod. Inc. Cat., C-322.</p></bindingDesc></physDesc><history><origin><p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.</p></origin><acquisition><p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on <date when="1624-02-17">17 February 1624</date> for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian's <date when="1635">1635</date> catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in <date when="1674">1674</date>, replaced by the newer <bibl><title>Third Folio</title> (<date when="1664">1664</date>)</bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of

"superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard Davis</persName>, a bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the sum of <num value="24">£24</num>.</p><p>After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family's possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num value="3000">£3000</num>, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (the Turbutt Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)</p><p>For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see <http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/> and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.</p>

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                    <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 1]</head>
                    <cb n="1"/>
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Nauarre,
                    Berowne, Longauill, and <lb/>Dumane.</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-III-fer">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Ferdinand.</speaker>
                        <l>
                            <c rend="decoratedCapital">L</c>Et <hi
rend="italic">Fame</hi>, that
                            all hunt after in their liues,</l>
                            <l>Liue registred vpon our brazen Tombes,</l>
                            <l>And then grace vs in the disgrace of death: <lb/>when spight of
                            cormorant deuouring Time,</l>
                            <l>Th'endeuour of this present breath may buy:</l>
                            <l>That honour which shall bate his sythes keene edge,</l>
                            <l>And make vs heyres of all eternitie.</l>
                            <l>Therefore braue Conquerours, for so you are,</l>
                            <l>That warre against your owne affections,</l>
                            <l>And the huge Armie of the worlds desires.</l>
                            <l>Our late edict shall strongly stand in force,</l>
                            <l>
                                <hi rend="italic">Nauar</hi> shall be the wonder of the
world.</l>
                            <l>Our Court shall be a little Achademe,</l>
                            <l>Still and contemplatiue in liuing Art.</l>
                            <l>You three, <hi rend="italic">Berowne, Dumaine</hi>, and <hi
rend="italic">Longauill</hi>,</l>
                            <l>Haue sworne for three yeeres terme, to liue with me:</l>
                            <l>My fellow Schollers, and to keepe those statutes</l>
                            <l>That are recorded in this scedule heere.</l>

```

<|>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.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-Ion">

<speaker rend="italic">Longauill.</speaker>

<|>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.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-dum">

<speaker rend="italic">Dumane.</speaker>

mortified,</|>

<|>My louing Lord, <hi rend="italic">Dumane</hi> is
<|>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.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-bir">

<speaker rend="italic">Berowne.</speaker>

<|>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:</|>
<cb n="2"/>
<|>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.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-fer">

<speaker rend="italic">Ferd.</speaker>

<|>Your oath is past, to passe away from these.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-bir">

<speaker rend="italic">Berow.</speaker>

<|>Let me say no my Liedge, and if you please,</|>
<|>I onely swore to study with your grace,</|>

<l>And stay heere in your Court for three yeeres space.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-Ion">
 <speaker rend="italic">Longa.</speaker>
 <l>You swore to that <hi rend="italic">Berowne</hi>, and to the
 rest.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Berow.</speaker>
 <l>By yea and nay sir, than I swore in iest.</l>
 <l>What is the end of study, let me know?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fer.</speaker>
 <p>Why that to know which else wee should not <lb/>know.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>Things hid & bard (you meane) <choice>
 <abbr>frō</abbr>
 <expan>from</expan>
 </choice>
 <choice>
 <abbr>cōmon</abbr>
 <expan>common</expan>
 </choice> sense.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ferd.</speaker>
 <l>I, that is studies god‑like recompence.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bero.</speaker>
 <l>Come on then, I will sweare to studie so,</l>
 <l>To know the thing I am forbid to know:</l>
 <l>As thus, to study where I well may dine,</l>
 <l>When I to fast expressly am forbid.</l>
 <l>Or studie where to meet some Mistresse fine,</l>
 <l>When Mistresses from common sense are hid.</l>
 <l>Or hauing sworne too hard a keeping oath,</l>
 <l>Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth.</l>
 <l>If studies gaine be thus, and this be so,</l>
 <l>Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know,</l>
 <l>Sweare me to this; and I will nere say no.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ferd.</speaker>
 <l>These be the stops that hinder studie quite,</l>
 <l>And traine our intellects to vaine delight.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>Why? all delights are vaine, and that most vaine</l>
 <l>Which with paine purchas'd, doth inherit paine,</l>
 <l>As painefully to poare vpon a Booke,</l>
 <l>To seeke the light of truth, while truth the while</l>
 <l>Doth falsely blinde the eye‑sight of his looke:</l>
 <l>Light <choice>
 <orig>seeeking</orig>
 <corr>seeking</corr>
 </choice> light, doth light of light beguile:</l>
 <l>So ere you finde where light in darknesse lies,</l>
 <l>Your light growes darke by losing of your eyes.</l>
 <l>Studie me how to please the eye indeede,</l>
 <l>By fixing it vpon a fairer eye,</l>
 <l>Who dazling so, that eye shall be his heed,</l>
 <l>And giue him light that it was blinded by.</l>
 <l>Studie is like the heauens glorious Sunne,</l>
 <l>That will not be deepe search'd with sawcy lookes:</l>
 <l>Small haue continuall plodders euer wonne,</l>
 <l>Saue base authoritie from others Bookes.</l>
 <l>These earthly Godfathers of heauens lights,</l>
 <l>That giue a name to euery fixed Starre,</l>
 <l>Haue no more profit of their shining nights,</l>
 <l>Then those that walke and wot not what they are.</l>
 <l>Too much to know, is to know nought but fame:</l>
 <l>And euery Godfather can giue a name.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fer.</speaker>
 <l>How well hee's read, to reason against reading.</l>
 </sp>
 <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Dum.</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0143-0.jpg" n="123"/>
 <fw type="rh">Loues Labour's lost.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-III-dum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
 <l>Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-lon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lon.</speaker>
 <l>Hee weedes the corne, and still lets grow the weeding.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>The Spring is neare when greene geesse are a breeding.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-dum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>

<l>How follows that?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>Fit in his place and time.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-dum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
 <l>In reason nothing.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>Something then in rime.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ferd.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Berowne</hi> is like an enuious sneaping
 Frost,</l>
 <l>That bites the first borne infants of the Spring.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>Wel, say I am, why should proud Summer boast,</l>
 <l>Before the Birds haue any cause to sing?</l>
 <l>Why should I ioy in any abortiue birth?</l>
 <l>At Christmas I no more desire a Rose,</l>
 <l>Then wish a Snow in Mayes new fangled showes:</l>
 <l>But like of each thing that in season growes.</l>
 <l>So you to studie now it is too late,</l>
 <l>That were to clymbe ore the house to vnlocke the gate.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fer.</speaker>
 <l>Well, sit you out: go home <hi rend="italic">Berowne</hi>:
 adue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>No my good Lord, I haue sworn to stay with you.</l>
 <l>And though I haue for barbarisme spoke more,</l>
 <l>Then for that Angell knowledge you can say,</l>
 <l>Yet confident Ile keepe what I haue sworne,</l>
 <l>And bide the pennance of each three yeares day.</l>
 <l>Giue me the paper, let me reade the same,</l>
 <l>And to the strictest decrees Ile write my name.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fer.</speaker>
 <l>How well this yeelding rescues thee from shame.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Item.</hi> That no woman shall come within a
 mile
 <lb/>of my Court.</l>
 <l>Hath this bin proclaimed?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-lon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lon.</speaker>
 <l>Foure dayes agoe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>Let's see the penaltie.</l>
 <l>On paine of loosing her tongue.</l>
 <l>Who deuis'd this penaltie?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-lon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lon.</speaker>
 <l>Marry that did I.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>Sweete Lord, and why?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-lon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lon.</speaker>
 <l>To fright them hence with that dread penaltie,</l>
 <l>A dangerous law against gentilitie.</l>
 <p>
 <hi rend="italic">Item</hi>, If any man be seene to talke with a
 woman with­<lb/>in the tearme of three yeares, hee
 shall
 indure such <lb/>publique shame as the rest of the Court shall
 possibly <lb/>deuse.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>This Article my Liedge your selfe must breake,</l>
 <l>For well you know here comes in Embassie</l>
 <l>The <hi rend="italic">French</hi> Kings daughter, with your
 selfe to
 speake:</l>
 <l>A Maide of grace and compleate maiestie,</l>
 <l>About surrender vp of <hi rend="italic">Aquitaine</hi>:</l>
 <l>To her decrepit, sicke, and bed‑rid Father.</l>
 <l>Therefore this Article is made in vaine,</l>
 <l>Or vainly comes th'admired Princesse hither.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fer.</speaker>
 <l>What say you Lords?</l>
 <l>Why, this was quite forgot.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>So Studie euermore is ouershot,</l>
 <l>While it doth study to haue what it would,</l>
 <l>It doth forget to doe the thing it should:</l>
 <l>And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,</l>
 <l>'Tis won as townes with fire, so won, so lost.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fer.</speaker>
 <l>We must of force dispence with this Decree,</l>
 <l>She must lye here on meere necessitie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>Necessity will make vs all forsworne</l>
 <l>Three thousand times within this three yeeres space:</l>
 <l>For euery man with his affects is borne,</l>
 <l>Not by might mastred, but by speciall grace.</l>
 <l>If I breake faith, this word shall breake for me,</l>
 <l>I am forsworne on meere necessitie.</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>So to the Lawes at large I write my name,</l>
 <l>And he that breakes them in the least degree,</l>
 <l>Stands in attainer of eternall shame.</l>
 <l>Suggestions are to others as to me:</l>
 <l>But I beleue although I seeme so loth,</l>
 <l>I am the last that will last keepe his oth.</l>
 <l>But is there no quicke recreation granted?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fer.</speaker>
 <l>I that there is, our Court you know is hanted</l>
 <l>With a refined trauailer of <hi rend="italic">Spaine</hi>,</l>
 <l>A man in all the worlds new fashion planted,</l>
 <l>That hath a mint of phrases in his braine:</l>
 <l>One, who the musicke of his owne vaine tongue,</l>
 <l>Doth rauish like inchanting harmonie:</l>
 <l>A man of complements whom right and wrong</l>
 <l>Haue chose as vmpire of their mutinie.</l>
 <l>This childe of fancie that <hi rend="italic">Armado</hi>
 hight,</l>
 <l>For interim to our studies shall relate,</l>
 <l>In high‑borne words the worth of many a Knight:</l>

<l>From tawnie <hi rend="italic">Spaine</hi> lost in the worlds
debate.</l>

<l>How you delight my Lords, I know not I,</l>

<l>But I protest I loue to heare him lie,</l>

<l>And I will vse him for my Minstrelsie.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-bir">

<speaker rend="italic">Bero.</speaker>

<l>

<hi rend="italic">Armado</hi> is a most illustrious wight,</l>

<l>A man of fire, new words, fashions owne Knight.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-lon">

<speaker rend="italic">Lon.</speaker>

<l><hi rend="italic">Costard</hi> the swaine and he, shall be our
sport,</l>

<l>And so to studie, three yeeres is but short.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Constable with

Costard

with a Letter.</stage>

<sp who="#F-III-dul">

<speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>

<p>Which is the Dukes owne person.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-bir">

<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>

<p>This fellow, What would'tst?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-dul">

<speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-bir">

<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>

<p>This is he.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-dul">

<speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>

<l>Signeor <hi rend="italic">Arme, Arme</hi> commends

you:</l>

<l>Ther's villanie abroad, this letter will tell you more.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-cos">

<speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>

<p>Sir the Contempts thereof are as touching <lb/>mee.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-fer">

<speaker rend="italic">Fer.</speaker>
 <p>A letter from the magnificent <hi
 rend="italic">Armado</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <p>How low soeuer the matter, I hope in God for <lb/>high
 words.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-lon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lon.</speaker>
 <p>A high hope for a low heauen, God grant vs
 pa­<lb/>tience.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <p>To heare, or forbear hearing.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-lon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lon.</speaker>
 <p>To heare meekely sir, and to laugh moderately, <lb/>or to
 forbear
 both.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <p>Well sir, be it as the stile shall giue vs cause to <lb/>clime in the
 merrinesse.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <l>The matter is to me sir, as concerning <hi rend="italic"
 >Iaquenetta</hi>.</l>
 <l>The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>In what manner?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <l>In manner and forme following sir all those three.</l>
 <p>I was seene with her in the Mannor house, sitting with <lb/>her
 vpon
 the Forme, and taken following her into the <lb/>Parke: which
 put to
 gether, is in manner and forme <lb/>following. Now sir for the
 the
 manner; It is the manner <lb/>of a man to speake to a woman, for
 forme in some <lb/>forme.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>For the following sir.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <l>As it shall follow in my correction, and God
de­<lb/>fend the
 right.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fer.</speaker>
 <l>Will you heare this Letter with attention?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>As we would heare an Oracle.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>Such is the simplicitie of man to harken after the
<lb/>flesh.</p>
</sp>
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">L2</fw>
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Fer.
Great</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0144-0.jpg" n="124"/>
<fw type="rh">Loues Labour's lost.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic center">Ferdinand.</speaker>
<p>
 <c rend="droppedCapital">G</c><hi rend="italic">Reat Deputie,
the
 Welkins Vicegerent, and sole domi­<lb/>nator
of</hi>
 Nauar, <hi rend="italic">my soules earths God, and bodies
fo­<lb/>string patrone:</hi>
</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cost.</speaker>
 <p>Not a vvord of <hi rend="italic">Costard</hi> yet.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ferd.</speaker>
<p>
 <hi rend="italic">So it is.</hi>
</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cost.</speaker>
 <p>It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is in telling <lb/>true: but
 so.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ferd.</speaker>
 <p>Peace,</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
 <l>Be to me, and euery man that dares not fight.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ferd.</speaker>
 <p>No words,</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
 <l>Of other mens secrets I beseech you.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ferd.</speaker>
 <p>
 <hi rend="italic">So it is besieged with sable coloured

melancholie,

I <lb/>did commend the blacke oppressing humour to the most
 whole­<lb/>some Physicke of thy

health‑giuing

ayre: And as I am a Gen­<lb/>tleman, betooke my

selfe to

walke: the time When? about the <lb/>sixt houre, When beasts
 most grase, birds best pecke, and men <lb/>sit downe to that
 nourishment which is called supper: So much <lb/>for the time
 When. Now for the ground Which? which I <lb/>meane I walkt

vpon,

it is ycliped, Thy Parke. Then for the <lb/>place Where? where

I

meane I did encounter that obscene and <lb/>most preposterous
 euent that draweth from my snow‑white pen <lb/>the

ebon

coloured Inke, which heere thou viewest, beholdest<gap/>
 <lb/>suruayest, or seest. But to the place Where? It standeth
 <lb/>North North‐east and by East from the West

corner of

thy <lb/>curious knotted garden; There did I see that low
 spiri­<lb/>ted Swaine, that base Minow of thy

myrth,</hi>

</p>

</sp>
<sp rend="inlineAside inParentheses" who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clown.</speaker>
 <p>Mee?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <p>
 <hi rend="italic">that vnletered small knowing soule,</hi></p>
</sp>

<sp rend="inlineAside inParentheses" who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clow</speaker>
 <p>Me?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <p>
 <hi rend="italic">that shallow <lb/>vassall</hi>
 </p>
</sp>

<sp rend="inlineAside inParentheses" who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
 <p>Still mee?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <p>
 <hi rend="italic">which as I remember, hight</hi>
 Co­<lb/>stard, </p>
</sp>

<sp rend="inlineAside inParentheses" who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
 <p>O me</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <p>
 <hi rend="italic">sorted and consorted contrary to thy
 e­<lb/>stablished proclaymed Edict and Continet,

Canon:

Which <lb/>with, ô with, but with this I passion to say
wherewith:</hi>

</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>With a Wench.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ferd.</speaker>
 <p><hi rend="italic">With a childe of our Grandmother</hi> Eue,
 <hi
 rend="italic">a female</hi>; <lb/>
 <hi rend="italic">or for thy more sweet understanding a woman:
 him,
 I</hi> (<hi rend="italic">as my <lb/>euer esteemed dutie
 prickes
 me on</hi>) <hi rend="italic">haue sent to thee, to
 receiue<lb/>
 the meed of punishment by thy sweet Graces Officer</hi>
 Anthony
 <lb/>Dull, <hi rend="italic">a man of good repute, carriage,
 bearing, & estimation</hi>
 </p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-dul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>
 <l>Me, an't shall please you? I am <hi rend="italic">Anthony
 Dull</hi>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ferd.</speaker>
 <p>For Iaquenetta (<hi rend="italic">so is the weaker vessell
 called</hi>) <lb/>
 <hi rend="italic">which I apprehended with the aforesaid Swaine,
 I
 keeper her <lb/>as a vessell of thy Lawes furie, and shall at
 the least of thy <lb/>sweet notice, bring her to triall. Thine
 in all complements of <lb/>deuoted and heart‑burning
 heat
 of dutie</hi>.
 </p>
 <p rend="rightJustified">Don Adriana de Armado.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <p>This is not so well as I looked for, but the best <lb/>that euer I
 heard.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fer.</speaker>
 <p>I the best, for the worst. But sirra, What say you <lb/>to

this?</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>Sir I confesse the Wench.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fer.</speaker>
 <p>Did you heare the Proclamation?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>I doe confesse much of the hearing it, but little <lb/>of the

marking

 of it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fer.</speaker>
 <p>It was proclaimed a yeeres imprisonment to bee <lb/>taken with

a

 Wench.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
 <p>I was taken with none sir, I was taken vvith a<lb/>

Damosell.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fer.</speaker>
 <p>Well, it was proclaimed Damosell.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>This was no Damosell neyther sir, shee was a<lb/> Virgin.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fer.</speaker>
 <p>It is so varried to, for it was proclaimed Virgin.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>If it were, I denie her Virginitie: I was taken <lb/>with a
 Maide.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fer.</speaker>
 <p>This Maid will not serue your turne sir.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>

<p>This Maide will serue my turne sir.</p>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <p>Sir I will pronounce your sentence: You shall <lb/>fast a Weeke
 with
 Branne and water.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton and<lb/> Porridge.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>And <hi rend="italic">Don Armado</hi> shall be your
 keeper.</l>
 <l>My Lord <hi rend="italic">Berowne</hi>, see him deliuer'd
 ore,</l>
 <l>And goe we Lords to put in practice that,</l>
 <l>Which each to other hath so strongly sworne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bero.</speaker>
 <l>Ile lay my head to any good mans hat,</l>
 <l>These oathes and lawes will proue an idle scorne.</l>
 <l>Sirra, come on.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>I suffer for the truth sir: for true it is, I was
 ta­<lb/>ken
 with <hi rend="italic">Iaquenetta</hi>, and <hi rend="italic"
 >Iaquenetta</hi> is a true girle, and <lb/>therefore welcome
 the
 sowre cup of prosperitie, afflicti­<lb/>on may one day
 smile
 againe, and vntill then sit downe <lb/>sorrow.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 2]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Armado and Moth
 his
 Page.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Arma.</speaker>
 <p>Boy, What signe is it when a man of great <lb/>spirit growes
 melancholy?</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <p>A great signe sir, that he will looke sad.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>Why? sadnesse is one and the selfe‑same thing
 deare impe.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <p>No no, O Lord sir no.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>How canst thou part sadnesse and melancholy my tender
 </hi>
 rend="italic">Iuuenall</hi>?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <p>By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough
 signeur.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>Why tough signeur? Why tough signeur?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <p>Why tender </hi>rend="italic">Iuuenall</hi>? Why tender </hi>
 rend="italic">Iuuenall</hi>?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>I spoke it tender </hi>rend="italic">Iuuenall</hi>, as a congruent
 ap­athaton, appertaining to thy young daies,
 which we may
 nominate tender.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <p>And I tough signeur, as an appertinent title to your olde
 time,
 which we may name tough.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>Pretty and apt.</p>

and my

</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <p>How meane you sir, I pretty, and my saying apt? <lb/>or I apt,
 saying prettie?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>Thou pretty because little.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <p>Little pretty, because little: wherefore apt?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>And therefore apt, because quicke.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <p>Speake you this in my praise Master?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>In thy condigne praise.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <p>I will praise an Eele with the same praise.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>What? that an Eele is ingenuous.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <p>That an Eele is quicke.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>I doe say thou art quicke in answeres. Thou <lb/>heat'st my
 bloud.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <p>I am answer'd sir.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>

<p>I loue not to be crost.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <p>He speakes the meere contrary, crosses loue not <lb
 rend="turnover"/>
 <pc rend="turnover"></pc>him.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Br.</speaker>
 <p>I haue promis'd to study iij. yeres with the Duke.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <p>You may doe it' in an houre sir.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>Impossible.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <p>How many is one thrice told?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
 <p>I am ill at reckning, it fits the spirit of a Tapster.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <p>You are a gentleman and a gamester sir.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>I confesse both, they are both the varnish of a <lb/>compleat
 man.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <p>Then I am sure you know how much the grosse <lb/>summe of
 deus-ace
 amounts to.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>It doth amount to one more then two.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <p>Which the base vulgar call three.</p>

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

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
 drawing
 mee
 prisoner,
 Souldier to loue; so am I in loue with a base wench. If
 my sword against the humour of affection, would deliuer
 from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire
 and ransome him to any French Courtier for a new deuis'd
 curtsie. I thinke scorne to sigh, me thinkes I should
 out;swear
 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.

carriage:

for hee carried the Towne's gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in loue.

ioynted *hi*

hi

I doe excell thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst mee carrying gates. I am in loue too. Who was Sampsons' 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's water Greene sir.

Brag.

Is that one of the foure complexions?

Boy.

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

Brag.

of

<speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
<p>Greene indeed is the colour of Louers: but to <lb/>haue a Loue

that colour, methinkes <hi rend="italic">Sampson</hi> had small
<lb/>reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-mot">

<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>

<p>It was so sir, for she had a greene wit.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-adr">

<speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>

<p>My Loue is most immaculate white and red.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-mot">

<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>

<p>Most immaculate thoughts Master, are mask'd <lb/>vnder such
colours.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-adr">

<speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>

<p>Define, define, well educated infant.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-mot">

<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>

<p>My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue assist <lb/>mee.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-adr">

<speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>

<p>Sweet inuocation of a childe, most pretty and

<lb/>patheticall.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-mot">

<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>

<l>If shee be made of white and red,</l>

<l>Her faults will nere be knowne:</l>

<l>For blush‑in cheekes by faults are bred,</l>

<l>And feares by pale white showne:</l>

<l>Then if she feare, or be to blame,</l>

<l>By this you shall not know,</l>

<l>For still her cheekes possesse the same,</l>

<l>Which natiue she doth owe:</l>

<l>A dangerous rime master against the reason of white <lb/>and
redde.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-adr">

<speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>

<p>Is there not a ballet Boy, of the King and the<lb/> Begger?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-mot">

<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <p>The world was very guilty of such a Ballet some <lb/>three ages
 since, but I thinke now 'tis not to be found: or <lb/>if it were, it
 would neither serue for the writing, nor the <lb/>tune.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>I will haue that subiect newly writ ore, that I <lb/>may example
 my
 digression by some mighty president. <lb/>Boy, I doe loue that
 Countrey girle that I tooke in <lb/>the Parke with the rationall
 hinde <hi rend="italic">Costard:</hi> she deserues
 <lb/>well.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <p>To bee whip'd: and yet a better loue then my<lb/> Master.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>Sing Boy, my spirit grows heauy in <choice>
 <orig>ioue</orig>
 <corr>loue</corr>
 </choice>.</p>

</sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <p>And that's great maruell, louing a light wench.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>I say sing.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <p>Forbeare till this company be past.</p>

</sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Clowne, Constable,
 and
 Wench.</stage>

<sp who="#F-III-dul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
 <p>Sir, the Dukes pleasure, is that you keepe <hi rend="italic">
 >Co­<lb/>stard</hi> safe, and you must let him take no
 delight, nor no <lb/>penance, but hee must fast three daies a
 weeke:
 for this <lb/>Damsell, I must keepe her at the Parke, shee is
 alowd
 for <lb/>the Day-woman. Fare you well</p>

</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>I do betray my selfe with blushing: Maide.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-jaq">
 <speaker rend="italic">Maid.</speaker>
 <p>Man.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>I wil visit thee at the Lodge.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-jaq">
 <speaker rend="italic">Maid.</speaker>
 <p>That's here by.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>I know where it is situate.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-jaq">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mai.</speaker>
 <p>Lord how wise you are!</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>I will tell thee wonders.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-jaq">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
 <p>With what face?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>I loue thee.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-jaq">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mai.</speaker>
 <p>So I heard you say.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>And so farewell.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-jaq">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mai.</speaker>
 <p>Faire weather after you.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>Come <hi rend="italic">Iaquenetta</hi>, away.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>Villaine, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere <lb/>thou be
 pardoned.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>Well sir, I hope when I doe it, I shall doe it on a <lb/>full
 stomacke.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>Thou shalt be heuily punished.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for <lb/>they are
 but
 lightly rewarded.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <note type="editorial" resp="#PW">This speech is conventionally
 given to Don Adriano de Armado.</note>
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>Take away this villaine, shut him vp.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <p>Come you transgressing slaue, away.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
 <p>Let mee not bee pent vp sir, I will fast being <lb/>loose.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <p>No sir, that were fast and loose: thou shalt to <lb/>prison.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
 <p>Well, if euer I do see the merry dayes of
 deso­<lb/>lacion
 that I haue seene, some shall see.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">

<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <p>What shall some see?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
 <p>Nay nothing, Master <hi rend="italic">Moth</hi>, but what
 they
 <lb/>looke vpon. It is not for prisoners to be silent in their
 <lb/>words, and therefore I will say nothing: I thanke God, I
 <lb/>haue as little patience as another man, and therefore I
 <lb/>can be quiet.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>I doe affect the very ground (which is base) <lb/>where her
 shooe
 (which is baser) guided by her foote <lb/>(which is basest) doth
 tread. I shall be forsworn (which <lb/>is a great argument of
 falshood) if I loue. And how can <lb/>that be true loue, which is
 falsly attempted? Loue is a fa­<lb/>miliar, Loue is a
 Diuell.
 There is no euill Angell but <lb/>Loue, yet <hi rend="italic"
 >Sampson</hi> was so tempted, and he had an
 excel­<lb/>lent strength: Yet was <hi rend="italic"
 >Salomon</hi> so seduced, and hee had <lb/>a very good
 witte.
 <hi rend="italic">Cupids</hi> But shaft is too hard for <hi
 rend="italic">Her­<lb/>cules</hi> Clubbe, and
 therefore
 too much ods for a Spa­<lb/>niards Rapier: The first
 and
 second cause will not serue <lb/>my turne: the <hi rend="italic"
 >Passado</hi> hee respects not, the <hi rend="italic"
 >Duello</hi> he <lb/>regards not; his disgrace is to be called
 Rapier,
 Boy, but his <lb/>glorie is to subdue men. Aduie Valour, rust
 bee <lb/>still Drum, for your manager is in loue; yea hee loueth.
 <lb/>Assist me some extemporall god of Rime, for I am sure I
 <lb/>shall turne Sonnet. Deuise Wit, write Pen, for I am for
 <lb/>whole volumes in folio.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <trailer>Finis Actus Primus.</trailer>
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">L3</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Actus</fw>
 </div>
 </div>
 <div type="act" n="2">
 <div type="scene" n="1">

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0146-0.jpg" n="126"/>
<fw type="rh">Loues Labour's lost.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<head rend="italic center">Actus Secunda.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 1]</head>
<stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter the Princesse of France,

with

three attending Ladies, <lb/>and three Lords.</stage>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
<speaker rend="italic">Boyet.</speaker>
<l>Now Madam summon vp your dearest spirits,</l>
<l>Consider who the King your father sends:</l>
<l>To whom he sends, and what's his Embassie.</l>
<l>Your selfe, held precious in the worlds esteeme,</l>
<l>To parlee with the sole inheritour</l>
<l>Of all perfections that a man may owe,</l>
<l>Matchlesse <hi rend="italic">Nauarre</hi>, the plea of no lesse
weight</l>
<l>Then <hi rend="italic">Aquitaine</hi>, a Dowrie for a
Queene.</l>

Queene.</l>

<l>Be now as prodigall of all deare grace,</l>
<l>As Nature was in making Graces deare,</l>
<l>When she did starue the generall world beside,</l>
<l>And prodigally gaue them all to you.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-pri">
<speaker rend="italic">Queen.</speaker>
<l>Good L. <hi rend="italic">Boyet</hi>, my beauty though but

mean,</l>

<l>Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:</l>
<l>Beauty is bought by iudgement of the eye,</l>
<l>Not vttered by base sale of chapmens tongues:</l>
<l>I am lesse proud to heare you tell my worth,</l>
<l>Then you much wiling to be counted wise,</l>
<l>In spending your wit in the praise of mine.</l>
<l>But now to taske the tasker, good <hi rend="italic">Boyet</hi>
</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-pri">
<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
<l>You are not ignorant all‑telling fame</l>
<l>Doth noyse abroad <hi rend="italic">Nauar</hi> hath made a

vow,</l>

<l>Till painefull studie shall out‑weare three yeares,</l>
<l>No woman may approach his silent Court:</l>
<l>Therefore to's seemeth it a needfull course,</l>
<l>Before we enter his forbidden gates,</l>
<l>To know his pleasure, and in that behalf</l>
<l>Bold of your worthinesse, we single you,</l>
<l>As our best mouing faire soliciter:</l>

<l>Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,</l>
 <l>On serious businesse crauing quicke dispatch,</l>
 <l>Importunes personall conference with his grace.</l>
 <l>Haste, signifie so much while we attend,</l>
 <l>Like humble visag'd suters his high will.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l>Proud of imployment, willingly I goe.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>All pride is willing pride, and yours is so:</l>
 <l>Who are the Votaries my louing Lo<gap reason="absent"

agent="repair"

 extent="3" unit="chars" resp="#LMC"/>
 <gap reason="absent" agent="repair" extent="3" unit="words"
 resp="#LMC"/>. fellowes with this vertuous Duke?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-lor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Longauill</hi> is one.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Princ.</speaker>
 <l>Know you the man?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">I Lady.</speaker>
 <l>I know him Madame at a marriage feast,</l>
 <l>Betweene <hi rend="italic">L. Perigort</hi> and the beautious
 heire</l>
 <l>Of <hi rend="italic">Iaques Fauconbridge</hi> solemnized.</l>
 <l>In <hi rend="italic">Normandie</hi> saw I this <hi rend="italic">
 >Longauill</hi>,</l>
 <l>A man of soueraigne parts he is esteem'd:</l>
 <l>Well fitted in Arts, glorious in Armes:</l>
 <l>Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.</l>
 <l>The onely soyle of his faire vertues glosse,</l>
 <l>If vertues glosse will staine with any soile,</l>
 <l>Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a Will:</l>
 <l>Whose edge hath power to cut whose will still wills,</l>
 <l>It should none spare that come within his power.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>Some merry mocking Lord belike, ist so?</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-III-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lad.I.</speaker>
 <l>They say so most, that most his humors know.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>Such short liu'd wits do wither as they grow.</l>
 <l>Who are the rest?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-lad.2">
 <speaker rend="italic">2. Lad.</speaker>
 <note type="editorial" resp="#PW">These speeches, here given to
 the Second Lady, are conventionally given to Katharine.</note>
 <l>The yong <hi rend="italic">Dumaine</hi>, a well accomplisht
 youth,</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>Of all that Vertue loue, for Vertue loued.</l>
 <l>Most power to doe most harme, least knowing ill:</l>
 <l>For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,</l>
 <l>And shape to win grace though she had no wit.</l>
 <l>I saw him at the Duke <hi rend="italic">Alansoes</hi>
 once,</l>
 <l>And much too little of that good I saw,</l>
 <l>Is my report to his great worthinesse.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rossa.</speaker>
 <l>Another of these Students at that time,</l>
 <l>Was there with him, as I haue heard a truth.</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Berowne</hi> they call him, but a merrier
 man,</l>
 <l>Within the limit of becomming mirth,</l>
 <l>I neuer spent an houres talke withall.</l>
 <l>His eye begets occasion for his wit,</l>
 <l>For euery obiect that the one doth catch,</l>
 <l>The other turnes to a mirth‑mouing iest.</l>
 <l>Which his faire tongue (conceits expositor)</l>
 <l>Deliuers in such apt and gracious words,</l>
 <l>That aged eares play treuant at his tales,</l>
 <l>And yonger hearings are quite rauished.</l>
 <l>So sweet and voluble is his discourse.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>God blesse my Ladies, are they all in loue?</l>
 <l>That euery one her owne hath garnished,</l>
 <l>With such bedecking ornaments of praise.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mar">

<speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>
 <l>Heere comes <hi rend="italic">Boyet</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Boyet.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>Now, what admittance Lord?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boyet.</speaker>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Nauar</hi> had notice of your faire
 approach;</l>
 <l>And he and his competitors in oath,</l>
 <l>Were all address to meete you gentle Lady</l>
 <l>Before I came: Marrie thus much I haue learnt,</l>
 <l>He rather meanes to lodge you in the field,</l>
 <l>Like one that comes heere to besiege his Court,</l>
 <l>Then seeke a dispensation for his oath:</l>
 <l>To let you enter his vnpeopled house.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Nauar, Longauill,
 Dumaine,
 and Berowne.</stage>
 <l>Heere comes <hi rend="italic">Nauar</hi>.</l>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nau.</speaker>
 <l>Faire Princesse, welcom to the Court of <hi rend="italic">
 >Nauar</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Faire I giue you backe againe, and welcome I <lb/>haue not yet:
 the
 roofe of this Court is too high to bee <lb/>yours, and welcome to
 the wide fields, too base to be <lb/>mine.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nau.</speaker>
 <l>You shall be welcome Madam to my Court.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>I wil be welcome then, Conduct me thither.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nau.</speaker>
 <l>Heare me deare Lady, I haue sworne an oath.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>

<l>Our Lady helpe my Lord, he'll be forsworne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nau.</speaker>
 <l>Not for the world faire Madam, by my will.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>Why, will shall breake it will, and nothing els.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nau.</speaker>
 <l>Your Ladiship is ignorant what it is.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wise,</l>
 <l>Where now his knowledge must proue ignorance.</l>
 <l>I heare your grace hath sworne out <choice>
 <orig>Housekeeping</orig>
 <corr>Housekeeping</corr>
 </choice>:</l>
 <l>'Tis deadly sinne to keepe that oath my Lord,</l>
 <l>And sinne to breake it:</l>
 <l>But pardon me, I am too sodaine bold,</l>
 <l>To teach a Teacher ill beseemeth me.</l>
 <l>Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my comming,</l>
 <l>And sodainly resolute me in my suite.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nau.</speaker>
 <l>Madam, I will, if sodainly I may.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>You will the sooner that I were away,</l>
 <l>For you'll proue periur'd if you make me stay.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Berow.</speaker>
 <l>Did not I dance with you in <hi rend="italic">Brabant</hi>
 once?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
 <l>Did not I dance with you in <hi rend="italic">Brabant</hi>
 once?</l>
 </sp>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
 <hi rend="italic">Ber.</hi> I</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0147-0.jpg" n="127"/>
<fw type="rh">Loues Labour's lost.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>I know you did.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
 <l>How needlesse was it then to ask the question?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <p>You must not be so quicke.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
 <l>'Tis long of you <choice>
 <abbr>yͭ</abbr>
 <expan>that</expan>
 </choice> spur me with such questions.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast,'twill tire.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
 <l>Not till it leaue the Rider in the mire.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>What time a day?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
 <l>The howre that fooles should aske.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>Now faire befall your maske.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
 <l>Faire fall the face it couers.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>And send you many louers.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
 <l>Amen, so you be none.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>Nay then will I be gone.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>Madame, your father heere doth intimate,</l>
 <l>The paiment of a hundred thousand Crownes,</l>
 <l>Being but th' one halfe, of an intire summe,</l>
 <l>Disbursed by my father in his warres.</l>
 <l>But say that he, or we, as neither haue</l>
 <l>Receiu'd that summe; yet there remains vnpaid</l>
 <l>A hundred thousand more: in surety of the which,</l>
 <l>One part of <hi rend="italic">Aquitaine</hi> is bound to vs,</l>
 <l>Although not valued to the moneys worth.</l>
 <l>If then the King your father will restore</l>
 <l>But that one halfe which is vnsatisfied,</l>
 <l>We will giue vp our right in <hi
 rend="italic">Aquitaine</hi>,</l>
 <l>And hold faire friendship with his Maiestie:</l>
 <l>But that it seemes he little purposeth,</l>
 <l>For here he doth demand to haue repaie,</l>
 <l>An hundred thousand Crownes, and not demands</l>
 <l>One paiment of a hundred thousand Crownes,</l>
 <l>To haue his title liue in <hi rend="italic">Aquitaine</hi>.</l>
 <l>Which we much rather had depart withall,</l>
 <l>And haue the money by our father lent,</l>
 <l>Then <hi rend="italic">Aquitane</hi>, so guelded as it is.</l>
 <l>Deare Princesse, were not his requests so farre</l>
 <l>From reasons yeelding, your faire selfe should make</l>
 <l>A yeelding 'gainst some reason in my brest,</l>
 <l>And goe well satisfied to <hi rend="italic">France</hi>
 againe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>You doe the King my Father too much wrong,</l>
 <l>And wrong the reputation of your name,</l>
 <l>In so vnseeming to confesse receyt</l>
 <l>Of that which hath so faithfully beene paid.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>I doe protest I neuer heard of it,</l>
 <l>And if you proue it, Ile repay it backe,</l>
 <l>Or yeeld vp <hi rend="italic">Aquitaine</hi>.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>We arrest your word:</l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Boyet</hi>, you can produce acquittances</l>
 <l>For such a summe, from speciall Officers,</l>
 <l>Of <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi> his Father.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>Satisfie me so.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boyet.</speaker>
 <l>So please your Grace, the packet is not come</l>
 <l>Where that and other specialties are bound,</l>
 <l>To morrow you shall haue a sight of them.</l>

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

</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>Sweet health & faire desires consort your grace.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>Thy own wish wish I thee, in euery place.</l>

</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<cb n="2"/>

<note type="editorial" resp="#PW">These speeches, here given to Boyet, are conventionally given to Berowne.</note>

<sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l>Lady, I will commend you to my owne heart.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">La. Ro.</speaker>

<l>Pray you doe my commendations,</l>
<l>I would be glad to see it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
<l>I would you heard it grone.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">La. Ro.</speaker>
<l>Is the soule sicke?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
<l>Sicke at the heart.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">La. Ro.</speaker>
<l>Alacke, let it bloud.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
<l>Would that doe it good?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">La. Ro.</speaker>
<l>My Phisicke saies I.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
<l>Will you prick't with your eye.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">La. Ro.</speaker>
<l>
<hi rend="italic">No poynt</hi>, with my knife.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
<l>Now God saue thy life.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">La. Ro.</speaker>
<l>And yours from long liuing.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<l>I cannot stay thanks‑giuing.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Dumane.</stage>

<sp who="#F-III-dum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
 <l>Sir, I pray you a word: What Lady is that same?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l>The heire of <hi rend="italic">Alanson</hi>, <hi rend="italic">
 >Rosalin</hi> her name.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-dum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
 <l>A gallant Lady, Mounsier fare you well.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-lon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Long.</speaker>
 <l>I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l>A woman somtimes, if you saw her in the light.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-lon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Long.</speaker>
 <l>Perchance light in the light: I desire her name.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l>Shee hath but one for her selfe,</l>
 <l>To desire that were a shame.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-lon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Long.</speaker>
 <l>Pray you sir, whose daughter?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l>Her Mothers, I haue heard.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-lon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Long.</speaker>
 <l>Gods blessing a your beard.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l>Good sir be not offended,</l>
 <l>Shee is an heyre of <hi rend="italic">Faulconbridge</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-lon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Long.</speaker>
 <l>Nay, my choller is ended.</l>

<l>Shee is a most sweet Lady.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit. Long.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l>Not vnlike sir, that may be.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Beroune.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>What's her name in the cap.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Katherine</hi> <note type="editorial"
 resp="#PW">This is conventionally addressed to Rosaline.</note> by good hap.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>Is she wedded, or no.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l>To her will sir, or so.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>You are welcome sir, adiew.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l>Fare well to me sir, and welcome to you.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-III-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">La. Ma.</speaker>
 <l>That last is <hi rend="italic">Beroune</hi>, the mery
 mad‑cap
 Lord.</l>
 <l>Not a word with him, but a iest.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l>And euery iest but a word.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pri.</speaker>
 <l>It was well done of you to take him at his word.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-boy">

<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l>I was as willing to grapple, as he was to boord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">La. Ma.</speaker>
 <l>Two hot Sheepes marie:</l>
 <l>And wherefore not Ships?<gap/>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l>No Sheepe (sweet Lamb) vnlesse we feed on your <lb
 rend="turnover">
 /><pc rend="turnover">(</pc>lips.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
 <l>You Sheepe & I pasture: shall that finish the iest?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l>So you grant pasture for me.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
 <l>Not so gentle beast.</l>
 <l>My lips are no Common, though seuerall they be.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bo.</speaker>
 <l>Belonging to whom?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
 <l>To my fortunes and me.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>Good wits wil be iangling, but gentles agree.</l>
 <l>This ciuill warre of wits were much better vsed</l>
 <l>On <hi rend="italic">Nauar</hi> and his bookemen, for heere
 'tis
 abus'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bo.</speaker>
 <l>If my obseruation (which very seldome lies</l>
 <l>By the hearts still rhetoricke, disclosed with eyes)</l>
 <l>Deceiue me not now, <hi rend="italic">Nauar</hi> is
 infected.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>With what?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bo.</speaker>
 <l>With that which we Louers intitule affected.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>Your reason.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bo.</speaker>
 <l>Why all his behaiours doe make their retire,</l>
 <l>To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire.</l>
 <l>His hart like an Agot with your print impressed,</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Proud</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0148-0.jpg" n="128"/>
 <fw type="rh">Loues Labour's lost.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>Proud with his forme, in his eie pride expressed.</l>
 <l>His tongue all impatient to speake and not see,</l>
 <l>Did stumble with haste in his eie‑sight to be,</l>
 <l>All sences to that sence did make their repaire,</l>
 <l>To feele onely looking on fairest of faire:</l>
 <l>Me thought all his sences were lockt in his eye,</l>
 <l>As Iewels in Christall for some Prince to buy.</l>
 <l>Who tendring their own worth from whence they were <b
 rend="turnover"/><pc rend="turnover">(</pc>glast,</l>
 <l>Did point out to buy them along as you past.</l>
 <l>His faces owne margent did coate such amazes,</l>
 <l>That all eyes saw his eies enchanted with gazes.</l>
 <l>Ile giue you <hi rend="italic">Aquitaine</hi>, and all that is
 his,</l>
 <l>And you giue him for my sake, but one louing Kisse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>Come to our Pauillion, <hi rend="italic">Boyet</hi> is
disposde.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bro.</speaker>
 <l>But to speak that in words, which his eie hath dis­<b
 rend="turnunder"/><pc rend="turnunder">(</pc>clos'd.</l>
 <l>I onelie haue made a mouth of his eie,</l>
 <l>By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lad. Ro.</speaker>
 <l>Thou art an old Loue‑monger, and speakest
 </l>skilfully.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lad. Ma.</speaker>
 <l>He is <hi rend="italic">Cupids</hi> Grandfather, and learns
 news
 </l>of him.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mar">
 <note type="editorial" resp="#PW">This speech is conventionally
 given to Katharine.</note>
 <speaker rend="italic">Lad. 2.</speaker>
 <l>Then was <hi rend="italic">Venus</hi> like her mother, for her
 fa­</l>ther is but grim.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l>Do you heare my mad wenches?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">La. I.</speaker>
 <l>No.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l>What then, do you see?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mar">
 <note type="editorial" resp="#PW">This speech is conventionally
 given to Katharine.</note>
 <speaker rend="italic">Lad. 2.</speaker>
 <l>I, our way to be gone.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l>You are too hard for me.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.
 Omnes.</stage>
 </div>
 </div>
 <div type="act" n="3">
 <div type="scene" n="1">
 <head rend="italic center">Actus Tertius.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 1]</head>
 <stage rend="italic centred" type="entrance">Enter Broggart and
 Boy.</stage>

<!-- LMC: I've marked the item below as a stage direction. Not entirely sure about it. -->

<stage rend="centred" type="business">Song.</stage>

<sp who="#F-III-adr">

<speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>

<p>Warble childe, make passionate my sense of

heaf­ring.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-mot">

<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>

<p>Concolinel.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-adr">

<speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>

<p>Sweete Ayer, go tendernesse of yeares: take this Key, giue enlargement to the swaine, bring him fe­stinatly

hither:

I must imploy him in a letter to my Loue.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-mot">

<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>

<p>Will you win your loue with a French braule?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-adr">

<speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>

<p>How meanest thou, brauling in French?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-mot">

<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>

<p>No my compleat master, but to Iigge 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?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-adr">

<speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>

<p>How hast thou purchased this experience?</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <p>By my penne of obseruation.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>But O, but O.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <p>The Hobbie‑horse is forgot.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
 <p>Cal'st thou my loue Hobbi‑horse.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <p>No Master, the Hobbie‑horse is but a Colt, <choice>
 <orig>and </orig>
 <corr> and </corr>
 </choice>your Loue perhaps, a Hacknie:</p>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <p>But haue you forgot your Loue?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>Almost I had.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <p>Negligent student, learne her by heart.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>By heart, and in heart Boy.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <p>And out of heart Master: all those three I will </p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>What wilt thou proue?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <p>A man, if I liue (and this) by, in, and without,
 vp­</p>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.

<hi rend="italic">Minnime</hi> honest Master, or rather Master
 no.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <l>I say Lead is slow.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l>You are too swift sir to say so.</l>
 <l>Is that Lead slow which is fir'd from a Gunne?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <l>Sweete smoke of Rhetorike,</l>
 <l>He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's he:</l>
 <l>I shoote thee at the Swaine.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l>Thump then, and I flee.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
 <l>A most acute Iuuenall, voluble and free of grace,</l>
 <l>By thy fauour sweet Welkin, I must sigh in thy face.</l>
 <l>Most rude melancholie, Valour giues thee place.</l>
 <l>My Herald is return'd.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Page and
 Clowne.</stage>

<sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pag.</speaker>
 <l>A wonder Master, here's a <hi rend="italic">Costard</hi>

broken in a

<lb/>shin.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ar.</speaker>
 <l>Some enigma, some riddle, come, thy <hi

rend="italic">Lenuoy</hi>

<lb/>begin.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>No egma, no riddle, no <hi rend="italic">lenuoy</hi>, no salue,

in

thee <lb/>male sir. Or sir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan: no <hi

rend="italic">lenuoy</hi>, no <lb/>

<hi rend="italic">lenuoy</hi>, no Salue sir, but a Plantan.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ar.</speaker>
 <p>By vertue, thou inforcest laughter, thy sillie <lb/>thought, my
 spleene, the heauing of my lunges prouokes <lb/>me to
 ridiculous
 <hi
 smyling: O pardon me my stars, doth <lb/>the inconsiderate take
 rend="italic">salue</hi> for <hi rend="italic">lenuoy</hi>,
 and
 the word <hi rend="italic">len­<lb/>uoy</hi> for a <hi
 rend="italic">salue</hi>?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pag.</speaker>
 <p>Doe the wise thinke them other, is not <hi
 rend="italic">lenuoy</hi>
 a <lb/>
 <hi rend="italic">salue</hi>?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ar.</speaker>
 <l>No <hi rend="italic">Page</hi>, it is an epilogue or discourse to
 make <lb rend="turnover"/><pc
 rend="turnover">(</pc>plaine,</l>
 <l>Some obscure precedence that hath tofore bin faine.</l>
 <l>Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with <lb/>my
 <hi
 rend="italic">lenuoy</hi>.</l>
 <l>The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble‑Bee,</l>
 <l>Were still at oddes, being but three.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Arm.</speaker>
 <l>Vntill the Goose came out of doore,</l>
 <l>Staying the oddes by adding foure.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pag.</speaker>
 <l>A good <hi rend="italic">Lenuoy</hi>, ending in the Goose:
 would you
 <lb/>desire more?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <l>The Boy hath sold him a bargaine, a Goose, that's flat.</l>
 <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Sir</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0149-0.jpg" n="129"/>
 <fw type="rh">Loues Labour's lost.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>

fat.</l>

<l>Sir, your penny‑worth is good, and your Goose be

<l>To sell a bargaine well is as cunning as fast and loose:</l>

<l>Let me see a fat <hi rend="italic">Lenuoy</hi>, I that's a fat
Goose.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-adr">

<speaker rend="italic">Ar.</speaker>

<l>Come hither, come hither:</l>

<l>How did this argument begin?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-mot">

<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>

<l>By saying that a <hi rend="italic">Costard</hi> was broken in a
shin.</l>

<l>Then cal'd you for the <hi rend="italic">Lenuoy</hi>.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-cos">

<speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>

<l>True, and I for a Plantan:</l>

<l>Thus came your argument in:</l>

<l>Then the Boyes fat <hi rend="italic">Lenuoy</hi>, the Goose

that you

bought,</l>

<l>And he ended the market.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-adr">

<speaker rend="italic">Ar.</speaker>

<p>But tell me: How was there a <hi rend="italic">Costard</hi>

broken in

<lb/>a shin?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-mot">

<speaker rend="italic">Pag.</speaker>

<l>I will tell you sencibly.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-cos">

<speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>

<l>Thou hast no feeling of it <hi rend="italic">Moth</hi>,</l>

<l>I will speake that <hi rend="italic">Lenuoy</hi>.</l>

<l>I <hi rend="italic">Costard</hi> running out, that was safely
within,</l>

<l>Fell ouer the threshold, and broke my shin.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-adr">

<speaker rend="italic">Arm.</speaker>

<l>We will talke no more of this matter.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-cos">

<speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>

<l>Till there be more matter in the shin.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Arm.</speaker>
 <l>Sirra <hi rend="italic">Costard</hi>, I will infranchise thee.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
 <p>O, marrie me to one <hi rend="italic">Francis</hi>, I smell
 some <hi
 rend="italic">Len­uoy</hi>, some Goose in
 this.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Arm.</speaker>
 <p>By my sweete soule, I meane, setting thee at
 li­bertie.
 Enfreedoming thy person: thou wert emured, restrained,
 captiuated, bound.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
 <p>True, true, and now you will be my purgation, and let me
 loose.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Arm.</speaker>
 <p>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 <hi
 rend="italic">Iaquenetta</hi>:
 there is remuneration, for the best ward of mine honours
 is rewarding my dependants. <hi rend="italic">Moth</hi>,
 follow.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pag.</speaker>
 <l>Like the sequell I.</l>
 <l>Signeur <hi rend="italic">Costard</hi> adew.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
 <p>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‑far­things:
 Three‑farthings

It is
buy and

remuneration, What's the price **<lb/>**of this yncle? i.d. no, Ile giue
you a remuneration: Why? **<lb/>**It carries it remuneration: Why?

well

a fairer name then **<lb/>**a French‑Crowne. I will neuer
sell out of this **<lb/>**word.</p>

for a

</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Berowne.</stage>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<p>O my good knaue **<hi rend="italic">**Costard</hi>, exceedingly
met.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-cos">
<speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
<p>Pray you sir, How much Carnation Ribbon **<lb/>**may a man buy
remuneration?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<p>What is a remuneration?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-cos">
<speaker rend="italic">Cost.</speaker>
<p>Marrie sir, halfe pennie farthing.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<p>O, Why then three farthings worth of Silke.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-cos">
<speaker rend="italic">Cost.</speaker>
<p>I thanke your worship, God be wy you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<l>O stay slaue, I must employ thee</l>
<l>As thou wilt win my fauour, good my knaue,</l>
<l>Doe one thing for me that I shall intreate.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-cos">
<speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
<p>When would you haue it done sir?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<p>O this after‑noone.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>Well, I will doe it sir: Fare you well.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <p>O thou knowest not what it is.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>I shall know sir, when I haue done it.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <p>Why villaine thou must know first.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>I wil come to your worship to morrow morning.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>It must be done this after‑noone,</l>
 <l>Harke slaue, it is but this:</l>
 <l>The Princesse comes to hunt here in the Parke,</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:</l>
 <l>When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,</l>
 <l>And <hi rend="italic">Rosaline</hi> they call her, aske for
 her:</l>
 <l>And to her white hand see thou do commend</l>
 <l>This seal'd‑vp counsaile. Ther's thy <choice>
 <orig>gu<gap reason="absent" agent="inkBlot" extent="1"
 unit="chars" resp="#LMC"/>rdon</orig>
 <corr>guerdon</corr>
 </choice>: goe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>Gardon, O sweete gardon, better then remune­ration,
 <lb/>a
 leuence‑farthing better: most sweete
 gar­don.<lb/>
 I will doe it sir in print: gardon, remuneration.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>O, and I forsooth in loue,</l>
 <l>I that haue beene loues whip?</l>

<|>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 <hi rend="italic">Iunios</hi> gyant dwarfe, don <hi
 rend="italic">Cupid</hi>,</|>
 <|>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 Emperor 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 <hi rend="italic">Argus</hi> 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 <hi rend="italic">Cupid</hi> 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.</|>
 </sp>
 </div>
 <div type="act" n="4">
 <div type="scene" n="1">
 <head rend="italic centred">Actus Quartus.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 1]</head>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <stage rend="italic centred" type="entrance">Enter the Princ<gap
 extent="1"
 unit="chars" reason="absent" agent="uninkedType"
 resp="#LMC"/>sse, a
 Forrester, her Ladies, and <lb/>her Lords.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <|>Was that the King that spurd his horse so hard,</|>

<l>Against he steepe vprising of the hill?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l>I know not, but I thinke it was not he.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Who ere a was, a shew'd a mounting minde:</l>
 <l>Well Lords, to day we shall haue our dispatch,</l>
 <l>On Saturday we will returne to <hi
 rend="italic">France</hi>.</l>
 <l>Then <hi rend="italic">Forrester</hi> my friend, Where is the
 <gap
 extent="1" unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="foxed"
 resp="#LMC"/>ush</l>
 <l>That we must stand and play the murtherer in?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-for">
 <speaker rend="italic">For.</speaker>
 <l>Hereby vpon the edge of yonder Coppice,</l>
 <l>A Stand where you may make the fairest shoote.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>I thanke my beautie, I am faire that shoote,</l>
 <l>And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoote.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-for">
 <speaker rend="italic">For.</speaker>
 <l>Pardon me Madam, for I meant not so.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>What, what? First praise me, & then again say no.</l>
 <l>O short liu'd pride. Not faire? alacke for woe.</l>
 </sp>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
 <hi rend="italic">For.</hi> Yes</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0150-0.jpg" n="130"/>
 <fw type="rh">Loues Labour's lost.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-III-for">
 <speaker rend="italic">For.</speaker>
 <p>Yes Madam faire.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Nay, neuer paint me now,</l>
 <l>Where faire is not, praise cannot mend the brow.</l>

<l>Here (good my glasse) take this for telling true:</l>
 <l>Faire paiment for foule words, is more then due.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-for">
 <speaker rend="italic">For.</speaker>
 <l>Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>See, see, my beautie will be sau'd by merit.</l>
 <l>O heresie in faire, fit for these dayes,</l>
 <l>A giuing hand, though foule, shall haue faire praise.</l>
 <l>But come, the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill,</l>
 <l>And shooting well, is then accounted ill:</l>
 <l>Thus will I saue my credit in the shoote,</l>
 <l>Not wounding, pittie would not let me do't:</l>
 <l>If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,</l>
 <l>That more for praise, then purpose meant to kill.</l>
 <l>And out of question, so it is sometimes:</l>
 <l>Glory growes guiltie of detested crimes,</l>
 <l>When for Fames sake, for praise an outward part,</l>
 <l>We bend to that, the working of the hart.</l>
 <l>As I for praise alone now seeke to spill</l>
 <l>The poore Deeres blood, that my heart meanes no ill.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l>Do not curst wiues hold that selfe‑soueraigntie</l>
 <l>Onely for praise sake, when they striue to be</l>
 <l>Lords ore their Lords?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Onely for praise, and praise we may afford,</l>
 <l>To any Lady that subdewes a Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Clowne.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l>Here comes a member of the common‑wealth.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>God dig‑you‑den all, pray you which is the
 head
 Lady?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Thou shalt know her fellow, by the rest that haue no

heads</l>

```
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-cos">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <l>Which is the greatest Lady, the highest?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-pri">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
  <l>The thickest, and the tallest.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-cos">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <l>The thickest, & the tallest: it is so, truth is truth.</l>
  <l>And your waste Mistris, were as slender as my wit,</l>
  <l>One a these Maides girdles for your waste should be fit.</l>
  <l>Are not you the chiefe <choice>
    <abbr>wom&#x0101;</abbr>
    <expan>woman</expan>
  </choice>? You are the thickest here?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-pri">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
  <l>What's your will sir? What's your will?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-cos">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <l>I haue a Letter from Monsier <hi
rend="italic">Berowne</hi>,</l>
  <l>To one Lady <hi rend="italic">Rosaline</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-pri">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
  <l>O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of mine.</l>
  <l>stand a side good bearer.</l>
  <l>
    <hi rend="italic">Boyet</hi>, you can carue,</l>
  <l>Breake vp this Capon.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
  <speaker rend="italic">Boyet.</speaker>
  <l>I am bound to serue.</l>
  <l>This Letter is mistooke: it importeth none here:</l>
  <l>It is writ to <hi rend="italic">Iaquenetta.</hi>
  </l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-pri">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
  <l>We will read it, I sweare.</l>
  <l>Breake the necke of the Waxe, and euery one giue eare.</l>
</sp>
```

<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Boyet reades.</stage>
 <p>
 <c rend="droppedCapital">B</c>Y heauen, that thou art faire, is
 most
 infallible: true <lb/>that thou art beauteous, truth it selfe that thou
 art <lb/>louely: more fairer then faire, beautifull then beauious,
 <lb/>truer then truth it selfe: haue comiseration on thy
 heroi­<lb/>call Vassall. The magnanimous and most
 illustrate King <lb/>
 <hi rend="italic">Cophetua</hi> set eie vpon the pernicious and
 indubitate Beg­<lb/>ger <hi
 rend="italic">Zenelophon</hi>: and he
 it was that might rightly say, <hi
 rend="italic">Ve­<lb/>ni,
 vidi, vici</hi>: Which to annothanize in the vulgar, O <lb/>base
 and
 obscure vulgar; <hi rend="italic">videliset</hi>, He came, See, and
 o­<lb/>uercame: hee came one; see, two; <choice>
 <orig>couercame</orig>
 <corr>ouercame</corr>
 </choice> three: <lb/>Who came? the King. Why did he come? to
 see. Why
 <cb n="2"/>
 <lb/>did he see? to ouercome. To whom came he? to the
 <lb/>Begger. What
 saw he? the Begger. Who ouercame <lb/>he? the Begger. The
 conclusion is
 victorie: On whose <lb/>side? the King: the captiue is inricht: On
 whose
 side? <lb/>the Beggers. The catastrophe is a Nuptiall: on whose
 <lb/>side? the Kings: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am
 <lb/>the
 King (for so stands the comparison) thou the
 Beg­<lb/>ger, for so
 witnesseth thy lowlinesse. Shall I command <lb/>thy loue? I may.
 Shall I
 enforce thy loue? I could. <lb/>Shall I entreate thy loue? I will.
 What,
 shalt thou ex­<lb/>change for ragges, roabes: for tittles
 titles,
 for thy selfe <lb/>mee. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips
 on
 <lb/>thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy
 <lb/>euerie
 part.</p>
 <p rend="italic center">
 <hi rend="italic">Thine in the dearest designe of industrie,</hi>
 </p>
 <p rend="rightJustified">Don Adriana de Armatho.</p>
 <l>Thus dost thou heare the Nemean Lion roare,</l>

<l>Gainst thee thou Lambe, that standest as his pray:</l>
<l>Submissiue fall his princely feete before,</l>
<l>And he from forrage will incline to play.</l>
<l>But if thou striue (poore soule) what art thou then?</l>
<l>Foode for his rage, repasture for his den.</l>
<sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>What plume of feathers is hee that indited this Letter? </l>
 <l>What veine? What Wethercocke? Did you euer heare

better?</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l>I am much deceiued, but I remember the stile.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Else your memorie is bad, going ore it erewhile.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l>This <hi rend="italic">Armado</hi> is a <hi rend="italic">
 >Spaniard</hi> that keeps here in court</l>
 <l>A Phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport</l>
 <l>To the Prince and his Booke‑mates.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Thou fellow, a word.</l>
 <l>Who gaue thee this Letter?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
 <l>I told you, my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>To whom should'st thou giue it?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <l>From my Lord to my Lady.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>From which Lord, to which Lady?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <l>From my Lord <hi rend="italic">Berowne</hi>, a good master

of

mine, </l>
<l>To a Lady of <hi rend="italic">France</hi>, that he call'd <hi
rend="italic">Rosaline</hi>. </l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-pri">
<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
<l>Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come Lords away. </l>
<l>Here sweete, put vp this, 'twill be thine another day. </l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
<l>Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter? </l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
<l>Shall I teach you to know. </l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
<l>I my continent of beautie. </l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
<l>Why she that beares the Bow. Finely put off. </l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
<l>My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie, </l>
<l>Hang me by the necke, if hornes that yeare miscarrie. </l>
<l>Finely put on. </l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
<l>Well then, I am the shooter. </l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
<l>And who is your Deare? </l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
<p>If we choose by the hornes, your selfe come not <lb>neare.
put on indeed. </p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-mar">
<speaker rend="italic">Maria.</speaker>
<l>You still wrangle with her <hi rend="italic">Boyet</hi>, and

Finely

shee</l>

<l>strikes at the brow.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-boy">

<speaker rend="italic">Boyet.</speaker>

<l>But she her selfe is hit lower:</l>

<l>Haue I hit her now.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-ros">

<speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>

<p>Shall I come vpon thee with an old saying, that <lb/>was a man

when

King <hi rend="italic">Pippin</hi> of <hi rend="italic">France</hi>

was a little boy, as <lb/>touching the hit it.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-boy">

<speaker rend="italic">Boyet.</speaker>

<p>So I may answere thee with one as old that <lb/>was a woman

when

Queene <hi rend="italic">Guinouer</hi> of <hi rend="italic">Brittaine</hi> was a <lb/>little wench, as touching the hit it.</p>

</sp>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">

<hi rend="italic">Rosa.</hi> Thou</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0151-0.jpg" n="131"/>

<fw type="rh">Loues Labour's lost.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<sp who="#F-III-ros">

<speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>

<l>Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,</l>

<l>Thou canst not hit it my good man.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-boy">

<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>

<l>I cannot, cannot, cannot:</l>

<l>And I cannot, another can.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

<sp who="#F-III-cos">

<speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>

<l>By my troth most pleasant, how both did fit it.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-mar">

<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>

<l>A marke marueilous well shot, for they both <lb/>did hit.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-boy">

<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>

Lady.</l>

<l>A mark, O marke but that marke: a marke saies <lb/>my

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-mar">

<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>

<l>Wide a'th bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-cos">

<speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>

<l>Indeede a' must shoote nearer, or heele ne're hit <lb/>the

clout.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-boy">

<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>

<l>And if my hand be out, then belike your hand <lb/>is in.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-cos">

<speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>

<l>Then will shee get the vpshoot by cleauing the <lb/><choice>

<orig>is in</orig>

<corr resp="#LMC">pin</corr>

</choice>.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-mar">

<speaker rend="italic">Ma.</speaker>

<l>Come, come, you talke greasely, your lips grow <lb/>foule.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-cos">

<speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>

<l>She's too hard for you at pricks, sir challenge her <lb/>to

boule.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-boy">

<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>

<l>I feare too much rubbing: good night my good <lb/>Oule.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-cos">

<speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>

<l>By my soule a Swaine, a most simple Clowne.</l>

<l>Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I haue put him downe.</l>

<l>O my troth most sweete iests, most inconie vulgar wit,</l>

<l>When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, <lb/>so

fit.</l>

<l>

<hi rend="italic">Armathor</hi> ath to the side, O a most dainty

man.</l>

<l>To see him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fan.</l>

<l>To see him kisse his hand, and how most sweetly a will

<lb/>swear:</l>

<l>And his Page atother side, that handfull of wit,</l>
 <l>Ah heuens, it is most patheticall nit.</l>
 <l>Sowla, sowla.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 <stage rend="center" type="business">Shoote within.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 2]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Dull, Holofernes,
 the
 Pedant and Nathaniel.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-III-nat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nat.</speaker>
 <p>Very reuerent sport truely, and done in the
 testi­<lb/>mony of
 a good conscience.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-hol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ped.</speaker>
 <p>The Deare was (as you know) sanguis in blood, <lb/>ripe as a
 Pomwater, who now hangeth like a Iewell in <lb/>the eare of <hi
 rend="italic">Celo</hi> the skie; the welken the heauen, and
 a­<lb/>non falleth like a Crab on the face of <hi
 rend="italic">Terra</hi>, the soyle, the <lb/>land, the
 earth.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-nat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Curat.Nath.</speaker>
 <p>Truely M. <hi rend="italic">Holofernes</hi>, the epythithes are
 <lb/>sweetly varied like a scholler at the least: but sir I assure
 <lb/>ye, it was a Bucke of the first head.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-hol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hol.</speaker>
 <p>Sir <hi rend="italic">Nathaniel, haud credo</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-dul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dul.</speaker>
 <p>'Twas not a <hi rend="italic">haud credo</hi>, 'twas a
 Pricket.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-hol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hol.</speaker>
 <p>Most barbarous intimation: yet a kinde of
 insi­<lb/>nuation,
 as it were <hi rend="italic">in via</hi>, in way of explication <hi
 rend="italic">facere</hi>: as <lb/>it were replication, or
 rather <hi rend="italic">ostentare</hi>, to show as it were
 <lb/>his

inclination after his vndressed, vnpolished,
 vnlettered, vneducated; or rather
 or rather vnconfirmed fashion, to insert againe
 my


```

      <hi rend="italic">haud credo</hi>
      <lb/>for a Deare.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-III-dul">
      <speaker rend="italic">Dul.</speaker>
      <p>I said the Deare was not a <hi rend="italic">haud credo</hi>,
    'twas a
      <lb/>Pricket.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-III-hol">
      <speaker rend="italic">Hol.</speaker>
      <p>Twice sod simplicitie, <hi rend="italic">bis coctus</hi>, O thou
    looke.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-III-nat">
      <speaker rend="italic">Nath.</speaker>
      <l>Sir hee hath neuer fed of the
      <gap extent="1" unit="chars"
      reason="nonstandardCharacter" agent="inkedSpacemaker"
      resp="#LMC"/>dainties that are <lb/>bred in a booke.</l>
      <l>He hath not eate paper as it were:</l>
      <l>He hath not drunke inke.</l>
      <cb n="2"/>
      <l>His intellect is not replenished, hee is onely an animall,
    <lb/>onely
      sensible in the duller parts: and such barren plants <lb/>are set
      before vs, that we thankfull should be: which we <lb/>taste and
      feeling, are for those parts that doe fructifie in <lb/>vs more then
      he.</l>
      <l>For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indiscreet, or <lb/>a
      foole;</l>
      <l>So were there a patch set on Learning, to see him in a
      <lb/>Schoole.</l>
      <l>But <hi rend="italic">omne bene</hi> say I, being of an old
    Fathers
      minde,</l>
      <l>Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-III-dul">
      <speaker rend="italic">Dul.</speaker>
      <p>You two are book-men: Can you tell by your <lb/>wit, What
    was a month
      old at <hi rend="italic">Cains</hi> birth, that's not fiue
      <lb/>weekes old as yet?</p>
    </sp>
  
```

<sp who="#F-III-hol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hol.</speaker>
 <p><hi rend="italic">Dictisima</hi> goodman <hi
 rend="italic">Dull</hi>,
 <hi rend="italic">dictisima</hi> goodman <lb/>
 <hi rend="italic">Dull</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-dul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dul.</speaker>
 <p>What is <hi rend="italic">dictima?</hi>
 </p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-nat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nath.</speaker>
 <p>A title to <hi rend="italic">Phebe</hi>, to <hi rend="italic">
 >Luna</hi>, to the <hi rend="italic">Moone</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-hol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hol.</speaker>
 <l>The Moone was a month old when <hi rend="italic">Adam</hi>
 was
 <lb/>no more.</l>
 <l>And wrought not to fieve‑weekes when he came to
 fieve‑<lb
 <pc rend="turnover"/>
 <pc rend="turnover">(</pc>score.</l>
 <l>Th'allusion holds in the Exchange.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-dul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dul.</speaker>
 <l>'Tis true indeede, the Collusion holds in the <lb/>Exchange.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-hol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hol.</speaker>
 <l>God comfort thy capacity, I say th'allusion holds <lb/>in the
 Exchange.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-dul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dul.</speaker>
 <p>And I say the polusion holds in the Exchange: <lb/>for the
 Moone is
 neuer but a month old: and I say be­<lb/>side that,
 'twas a
 Pricket that the Princesse kill'd.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-hol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hol.</speaker>
 <p>Sir <hi rend="italic">Nathaniel</hi>, will you heare an
 extemporall

<lb/>Epytaph on the death of the Deare, and to humour <lb/>the
 ignorant call'd the Deare, the Princesse kill'd a <lb/>Pricket.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-nat">
<speaker rend="italic">Nath.</speaker>
<l>
<hi rend="italic">Perge</hi>, good M. <hi
rend="italic">Holofernes,
perge</hi>, so it shall <lb/>please you to abrogate
scurilitie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-hol">
<speaker rend="italic">Hol.</speaker>
<l>I will something affect the letter, for it argues <lb/>facilitie.</l>
<lg rend="italic centred">
<l>The prayfull Princesse pearst and prickt</l>
<l>a prettie pleasing Pricket,</l>
<l>Some say a Sore, but not a sore,</l>
<l>till now made sore with shooting.</l>
<l>The Dogges did yell, put ell to Sore,</l>
<l>then Sorrell iumps from thicket:</l>
<l>Or Pricket‑sore, or else Sorell,</l>
<l>the people fall a hooting.</l>
<l>If Sore be sore, than ell to Sore,</l>
<l>makes fiftie sores O sorell:</l>
<l>Of one sore I an hundred make</l>
<l>by adding but one more L.</l>
</lg>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-nat">
<speaker rend="italic">Nath.</speaker>
<l>A rare talent.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-dul">
<speaker rend="italic">Dul.</speaker>
<l>If a talent be a claw, looke how he clawes him <lb/>with a
talent.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-nat">
<speaker rend="italic">Nath.</speaker>
<p>This is a gift that I haue simple: simple, a
foo­<lb/>lish
extrauagant spirit, full of formes, figures, shapes,
ob­<lb/>iects, Ideas, apprehensions, motions,
reuolutions.
These <lb/>are begot in the ventricle of memorie, nourisht in the
<lb/>wombe of primater, and deliuered vpon the mellowing
<lb/>of
occasion: but the gift is good in those in whom it is <lb/>acute,
and I am thankfull for it.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-hol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hol.</speaker>
 <p>Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my <lb/>parishioners,
 for
 their Sonnes are well tutor'd by you, <lb/>and their Daughters
 profit very greatly vnder you: you <lb/>are a good member of the
 common‑wealth.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-nat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nath.</speaker>
 <p>
 <hi rend="italic">Me hercle</hi>, If their Sonnes be ingenuous,
 they
 <fw type="catchword" rend="italic"
 place="footRight">shall</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0152-0.jpg" n="132"/>
 <fw type="rh">Loues Labour's lost.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <lb/>shall want no instruction: If their Daughters be capable,
 <lb/>I will put it to them. But <hi rend="italic">Vir sapis qui
 pauca loquitur</hi>, a <lb/>soule Feminine saluteth vs.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Iaquenetta and the
 Clowne.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-III-jaq">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iaqu.</speaker>
 <p>God giue you good morrow M. <hi
 rend="italic">Person</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-nat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nath.</speaker>
 <p>Master Person, <hi rend="italic">quasi</hi> Person? And if one
 should
 be <lb/>perst, Which is the one?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>Marry M. Schoolemaster, hee that is likest to a
 <lb/>hogshead.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-nat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nath.</speaker>
 <p>Of persing a Hogshead, a good luster of con­<lb/>ceit
 in a
 turph of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle <lb/>enough for a
 Swine: 'tis prettie, it is well.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-jaq">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iaqu.</speaker>

was
 <lb/>from
 it.</p>
 <p>Good Master Parson be so good as reade mee <lb/>this Letter, it
 giuen mee by <hi rend="italic">Costard</hi>, and sent mee
 <hi rend="italic">Don Armatho</hi>: I beseech you read
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-nat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nath.</speaker>
 <p>
 <hi rend="italic">Facile precor gellida, quando pecas omnia sub
 vm­<lb/>bra ruminat</hi>, and so forth. Ah good old
 <hi
 rend="italic">Mantuan</hi>, I <lb/>may speake of thee as the
 traueiler doth of <hi rend="italic">Venice</hi>, <hi rend="italic"
 >vem­<lb/>chie, vencha, que non te vnde, que non te
 perreche</hi>. Old <hi
 rend="italic">Man­<lb/>tuam</hi>,
 old <hi rend="italic">Mantuan</hi>. Who vnderstandeth thee not,
 <hi
 rend="italic">vt re <lb/>sol la mi fa</hi>: Vnder pardon sir,
 What are the contents? Or <lb/>rather as <hi rend="italic"
 >Horrace</hi> sayes in his, What my soule verses.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-hol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hol.</speaker>
 <p>I sir, and very learned.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-nat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nath.</speaker>
 <l>Let me heare a staffe, a stanze, a verse, <hi rend="italic">Lege
 do­<lb/>mine</hi>.</l>
 <l>If Loue make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to loue?</l>
 <l>Ah neuer faith could hold, if not to beautie vowed.</l>
 <l>Though to my selfe forsworn, to thee Ile faithfull proue.</l>
 <l>Those thoughts to mee were Okes, to thee like Osiers
 <lb/>bowed.</l>
 <l>Studie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes.</l>
 <l>Where all those pleasures liue, that Art would
 compre­<lb/>hend.</l>
 <l>If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice.</l>
 <l>Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee <choice>
 <abbr>cōmend</abbr>
 <expan>commend</expan>
 </choice>.</l>
 <l>All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder.</l>
 <l>Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;</l>
 <l>Thy eye <hi rend="italic">Ioues</hi> lightning beares, thy
 voyce his
 dreadfull <lb/>thunder.</l>

<l>Which not to anger bent, is musique, and sweete fire.</l>
<l>Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon loue this wrong,</l>
<l>That sings heauens praise, with such an earthly tongue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-hol">
<speaker rend="italic">Ped.</speaker>
<p>You finde not the apostraphas, and so misse the <lb/>accent. Let

me

superuise the cangenet.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-nat">
<speaker rend="italic">Nath.</speaker>
<p>Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the <lb/>elegancy,

facility,

& golden cadence of poesie <hi rend="italic">caret</hi>:
O­<lb/>uiddius <hi rend="italic">Nas<gap

reason="illegible"

agent="inkBlot" extent="1" unit="chars" resp="#LMC"/>
</hi> was the man. And why in deed <hi
rend="italic">Naso</hi>, but
<lb/>for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the
<lb/>ierkes of inuention imitarie is nothing: So doth the

<lb/>Hound

his master, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horse <lb/>his rider: But
<hi rend="italic">Damosella virgin</hi>, Was this directed to
<lb/>you?</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-jaq">
<speaker rend="italic">Iaq.</speaker>
<p>I sir from one mounsier <hi rend="italic">Berowne</hi>, one of

the

<lb/>strange Queenes Lords.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-nat">
<speaker rend="italic">Nath.</speaker>
<p>I will ouerglance the superscript. <lb/>
<hi rend="italic">To the snow‑white hand of the most
beautious Lady</hi> Rosaline. <lb/>I will looke againe on the
intellect of the Letter, for <lb/>the nomination of the partie
written to the person writ­<lb/>ten vnto. <lb/><hi
rend="italic">Your Ladships in all desired imployment</hi>,
Berowne.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-hol">
<speaker rend="italic">Per.</speaker>
<p>Sir <hi rend="italic">Holofernes</hi>, this <hi rend="italic">
>Berowne</hi> is one of the Votaries <lb/>with the King, and
here he hath framed a Letter to a se­<lb/>quent of the
stranger Queenes: which accidentally, or <lb/>by the way of
progression, hath miscarried. Trip and <cb n="2"/>

<lb/>goe my sweete, deliuer this Paper into the hand of the
 <lb/>King, it may concerne much: stay not thy complement, I
 <lb/>forgiue thy duetie, adue.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-jaq">
 <speaker rend="italic">Maid.</speaker>
 <p>Good <hi rend="italic">Costard</hi> go with me:<lb/>
 Sir God saue your life.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cost.</speaker>
 <p>Haue with thee my girle.</p>

</sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

<sp who="#F-III-hol">
 <note type="editorial" resp="#PW">This speech is conventionally
 given to Nathaniel.</note>
 <speaker rend="italic">Hol.</speaker>
 <p>Sir you haue done this in the feare of God very <lb/>religiously:

and
 as a certaine Father saith.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-hol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ped.</speaker>
 <p>Sir tell not me of the Father, I do feare

coloura­<lb/>ble
 colours. But to returne to the Verses, Did they please <lb/>you sir
 <hi rend="italic">Nathaniel</hi>?</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-nat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nath.</speaker>
 <p>Marueilous well for the pen.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-hol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Peda.</speaker>
 <p>I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine

Pu­<lb/>pill of
 mine, where if (being repast) it shall please you to <lb/>gratifie
 the table with a Grace, I will on my priuiledge I <lb/>haue with

the
 parents of the foresaid Childe or Pupill, <lb/>vndertake your <hi
 rend="italic">bien venuto</hi>, where I will proue those
 <lb/>Verses to be very vnlearned, neither sauouring of

<lb/>Poetrie,
 Wit, nor Inuention. I beseech your So­<lb/>cietie.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-nat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nat.</speaker>
 <p>And thanke you to: for societie (saith the text) <lb/>is the
 happinesse of life.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-hol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Peda.</speaker>
 <p>And certes the text most infallibly concludes it.
 <lb/>Sir I do inuite you too, you shall not say me nay: <hi
 rend="italic">
 >pauca <lb/>verba</hi>.
 <lb/>Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our
 <lb/>recreation.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 3]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Berowne with a
 Paper in
 his hand, alone.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bero.</speaker>
 <p>The King he is hunting the Deare,
 <lb/>I am coursing my selfe.</p>
 <p>They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toying in a pytch, <lb/>pitch
 that
 defiles; defile, a foule word: Well, set thee <lb/>downe sorrow;
 for
 so they say the foole said, and so say <lb/>I, and I the foole: Well
 proued wit. By the Lord this <lb/>Loue is as mad as <hi
 rend="italic">Aiax</hi>, it kills sheepe, it kills mee, I a
 <lb/>sheepe: Well proued againe a my side. I will not loue;
 <lb/>if
 I do hang me: yfaith I will not. O but her eye: by <lb/>this light,
 but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes, for <lb/>her two eyes.
 Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye, <lb/>and lye in my
 throate. By heauen I doe loue, and it hath <lb/>taught mee to
 Rime,
 and to be mallicholie: and here is <lb/>part of my Rime, and
 heere
 my mallicholie. Well, she <lb/>hath one a'my Sonnets already,
 the
 Clowne bore it, the <lb/>Foole sent it, and the Lady hath it: sweet
 Clowne, swee­<lb/>ter Foole, sweetest Lady. By the
 world, I
 would not care <lb/>a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes
 one with a <lb/>paper, God giue him grace to grone.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic" type="business">He stands aside.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="entrance">The King
 entreth.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>

<p>Ay mee!</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <p>Shot by heauen: proceede sweet <hi rend="italic">Cupid</hi>,
 thou
 hast <lb/>thumt him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left pap: in faith
 <lb/>secrets.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>So sweete a kisse the golden Sunne giues not,</l>
 <l>To those fresh morning drops vpon the Rose,</l>
 <l>As thy eye beames, when their fresh rayse haue smot.</l>
 <l>The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes.</l>
 <l>Nor shines the siluer Moone one halfe so bright,</l>
 <l>Through the transparent bosome of the deepe,</l>
 <l>As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light:</l>
 <l>Thou shin'st in euery teare that I doe weepe,</l>
 <l>No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee:</l>
 <l>So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.</l>
 <l>Do but behold the teares that swell in me,</l>
 <l>And they thy glory through my griefe will show:</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">But</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0153-0.jpg" n="133"/>
 <fw type="rh">Loues Labour's lost.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>But doe not loue thy selfe, then thou wilt keepe</l>
 <l>My teares for glasses, and still make me weepe.</l>
 <l>O Queene of Queenes, how farre dost thou excell,</l>
 <l>No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell.</l>
 <l>How shall she know my griefes? Ile drop the paper.</l>
 <l>Sweete leaues shade folly. Who is he comes heere?</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Longauile.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified">The King steps aside.</stage>
 <l>What <hi rend="italic">Longauill</hi>, and reading: listen
 eare.</l>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>Now in thy likenesse, one more foole appeare.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-lon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Long.</speaker>
 <l>Ay me, I am forsworne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>Why he comes in like a periure, wearing papers.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-III-lon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Long.</speaker>
 <l>In loue I hope, sweet fellowship in shame.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>One drunkard loues another of the name.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-lon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lon.</speaker>
 <l>Am I the first <choice>
 <abbr>yͭ</abbr>
 <expan>that</expan>
 </choice> haue been periur'd so?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I <b
 rend="turnover"
 /><pc rend="turnover">(</pc>know</l>
 <l>Thou makest the triumphery, the corner cap of societie,</l>
 <l>The shape of Loues Tiburne, that hangs vp simplicitie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-lon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lon.</speaker>
 <l>I feare these stubborn lines lack power to moue.</l>
 <l>O sweet <hi rend="italic">Maria</hi>, Emprise of my
 Loue,</l>
 <l>These numbers will I teare, and write in prose.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>O Rimes are gards on wanton <hi rend="italic">Cupids</hi>
 hose,</l>
 <l>Disfigure not his Shop.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-lon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lon.</speaker>
 <l>This same shall goe.</l>
 <stage rend="italic inline">He reades the Sonnet.</stage>

 <lg rend="italic">
 <l>Did not the heauenly Rhetoricke of thine eye,</l>
 <l>'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,</l>
 <l>Perswade my heart to this false periurie? </l>
 <l>Vowes for thee broke deserue not punishment. </l>
 <l>A Woman I forswore, but I will proue, </l>
 <l>Thou being a Goddess, I forswore not thee. </l>
 <l>My Vow was earthly, thou a heauenly Loue. </l>
 <l>Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me. </l>

<l> Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is. </l>
<l> Then thou faire Sun, which on my earth doest shine, </l>
<l> Exhalest this vapor‑vow, in thee it is: </l>
<l> If broken then, it is no fault of mine: </l>
<l> If by me broke, What foole is not so wise, </l>
<l> To loose an oath, to win a Paradise? </l>

</lg>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-bir">

<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>

<l>This is the liuer veine, which makes flesh a deity.</l>

<l>A greene Goose, a Goddess, pure pure Idolatry.</l>

<l>God amend vs, God amend, we are much out o'th'way.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Dumaine.</stage>

<sp who="#F-III-lon">

<speaker rend="italic">Lon.</speaker>

<l>By whom shall I send this (company?) Stay.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-bir">

<speaker rend="italic">Bero.</speaker>

<l>All hid, all hid, an old infant play,</l>

<l>Like a demie God, here sit I in the skie,</l>

<l>And wretched fooles secrets heedfully ore‑eye.</l>

<l>More Sacks to the myll. O heuens I haue my wish,</l>

<l>

<hi rend="italic">Dumaine</hi> transform'd, foure Woodcocks

in a

dish.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-dum">

<speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>

<l>O most diuine <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-bir">

<speaker rend="italic">Bero.</speaker>

<l>O most prophane coxcomb.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-dum">

<speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>

<l>By heauen the wonder of a mortall eye.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-bir">

<speaker rend="italic">Bero.</speaker>

<l>By earth she is not, corporall, there you lye.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-dum">

<speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>

<l>Her Amber haire for foule hath amber coted.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>An Amber coloured Rauen was well noted.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-dum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
 <l>As vpright as the Cedar.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>Stoope I say, her shoulder is with‑child.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-dum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
 <l>As faire as day.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>I as some daies, but then no sunne must shine.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-dum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
 <l>O that I had my wish?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-lon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lon.</speaker>
 <l>And I had mine.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>And mine too good Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-dum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
 <l>I would forget her, but a Feuer she<lb/> Raignes in my bloud,
 and
 will remembred be.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>A Feuer in your bloud, why then incision</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>Would let her out in Sawcers, sweet misprision.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-dum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>

<|>Once more Ile read the Ode that I haue writ.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<|>Once more Ile marke how Loue can varry Wit.</|>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Dumane reades his
Sonnet.</stage>

<sp who="#F-III-dum">
<lg rend="italic center">
<|> On a day, alack 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, </|>
<|>
<hi rend="roman">Iuno</hi> but an Æthiop were, </|>
<|> And denie himselfe for <hi rend="roman">Ioue</hi>. </|>
<|> Turning mortall for thy Loue. </|>
</lg>

<|>This will I send, and something else more plaine.</|>
<|>That shall expresse my true‑loues fasting paine.</|>
<|>O would the <hi rend="italic">King</hi>, <hi rend="italic">
>Berowne</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Longauill</hi>, </|>
<|>Were Louers too, ill to example ill, </|>
<|>Would from my forehead wipe a periur'd note:</|>
<|>For none offend, where all alike doe dote.</|>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-lon">
<speaker rend="italic">Lon.</speaker>
<|>
<hi rend="italic">Dumaine</hi>, thy Loue is farre from

charitie,</|>

<|>That in Loues griefe desir'st societie:</|>
<|>You may looke pale, but I should blush I know,</|>

<|>To be ore‑heard, and taken napping so.</|>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-fer">

<speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>

<|>Come sir, you blush: as his, your case is such,</|>

<|>You chide at him, offending twice as much.</|>

<|>You doe not loue <hi rend="italic">Maria</hi>? <hi

rend="italic"

>Longauile</hi>,</|>

<|>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 <hi rend="italic">Ioue</hi>, the other
cries!</|>

<|>On her haire were Gold, Christall the others eyes.</|>

<|>You would for Paradise breake Faith and troth,</|>

<|>And <hi rend="italic">Ioue</hi> for your Loue would infringe

an

oath.</|>

<|>What will <hi rend="italic">Berowne</hi> 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.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-bir">

<speaker rend="italic">Bero.</speaker>

<|>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</|>

<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">M</fw>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">All</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0154-0.jpg" n="134"/>

<fw type="rh">Loues Labour's lost.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<|>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 <hi rend="italic">Hercules</hi> whipping a
 Gigge,</|>
 <|>And profound <hi rend="italic">Salomon</hi> tuning a
 Iygge?</|>
 with the
 <|>And <hi rend="italic">Nestor</hi> play at push‑pin
 boyes,</|>
 <|>And <hi rend="italic">Criticke Tymon</hi> laugh at idle
 toyes.</|>
 <|>Where lies thy grieffe? O tell me good <hi rend="italic"
 >Dumaine</hi>;</|>
 <|>And gentle <hi rend="italic">Longauill</hi>, where lies thy
 paine?</|>
 <|>And where my Liedges? all about the brest:</|>
 <|>A Candle hoa!</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <|>Too bitter is thy iest.</|>
 <|>Are wee betrayed thus to thy ouer‑view?</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <|>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 <hi rend="italic">Ioane</hi>? 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.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <|>Soft, Whither a‑way so fast?</|>
 <|>A true man, or a theefe, that gallops so.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <|>I post from Loue, good Louer let me go.</|>
 </sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Iaquenetta and
Clowne.</stage>
<sp who="#F-III-jaq">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iaqu.</speaker>
 <l>God blesse the King.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>What Present hast thou there?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <l>Some certaine treason.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>What makes treason heere?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <l>Nay it makes nothing sir</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>If it marre nothing neither,</l>
 <l>The treason and you goe in peace away together.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-jaq">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iaqu.</speaker>
 <l>I beseech your Grace let this Letter be read,</l>
 <l>Our person mis‑doubts it: it was treason he said.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Berowne</hi>, read it ouer.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic inline">He reades the Letter.</stage>

<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>Where hadst thou it?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-jaq">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iaqu.</speaker>
 <l>Of <hi rend="italic">Costard</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<l>Where hadst thou it?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cost.</speaker>
 <l>Of <hi rend="italic">Dun Adramadio</hi>, <hi
 rend="italic">Dun
 Adramadio</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>How now, what is in you? why dost thou tear it?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>A toy my Liedge, a toy: your grace needes not <lb/>feare it.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-lon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Long.</speaker>
 <l>It did moue him to passion, and therefore let's <lb/>heare it.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-dum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
 <l>It is <hi rend="italic">Berowns</hi> writing, and heere is his
 name.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>Ah you whoreson loggerhead, you were borne <lb/>to doe me
 shame.</l>
 <l>Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confesse, I confesse.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>What?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>That you three fooles, lackt mee foole, to make <lb/>vp the
 messe.</l>
 <l>He, he, and you: and you my Liedge, and I,</l>
 <l>Are picke‑purses in Loue, and we deserue to die.</l>
 <l>O dismisse this audience, and I shall tell you more.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-dum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
 <l>Now the number is euen.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Berow.</speaker>
 <l>True true, we are fowre: will these Turtles <lb/>be gone?</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>Hence sirs, away.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <l>Walk aside the true folke, & let the traytors stay.</l>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>Sweet Lords, sweet Louers, O let vs imbrace,</l>
 <l>As true we are as flesh and blood can be,</l>
 <l>The Sea will ebbe and flow, heauen will shew his face:</l>
 <l>Young blood doth not obey an old decree.</l>
 <l>We cannot crosse the cause why we are borne:</l>
 <l>Therefore of all hands must we be forsworne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>What, did these rent lines shew some loue of thine?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heauenly
 rend="turnover"/>
 <pc rend="turnover"></pc>
 <hi rend="italic">Rosaline</hi>,</l>
 <l>That (like a rude and sauage man of <hi
 rend="italic">Inde</hi>.)</l>
 <l>At the first opening of the gorgeous East,</l>
 <l>Bowes not his vassall head, and strooken blinde,</l>
 <l>Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?</l>
 <l>What peremptory Eagle‑sighted eye</l>
 <l>Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,</l>
 <l>That is not blinded by her maiestie?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>What zeale, what furie, hath inspir'd thee now?</l>
 <l>My Loue (her Mistres) is a gracious Moone,</l>
 <l>Shee (an attending Starre) scarce seene a light.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>My eyes are then no eyes, nor I <hi
 rend="italic">Berowne</hi>.</l>
 <l>O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night,</l>
 <l>Of all complexions the cul'd soueraignty,</l>

<l>Doe meet as at a faire in her faire cheeke,</l>
<l>Where seuerall Worthies make one dignity,</l>
<l>Where nothing wants, that want it selfe doth seeke.</l>
<l>Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,</l>
<l>Fie painted Rethoricke, O she needs it not,</l>
<l>To things of sale, a sellers praise belongs:</l>
<l>She passes prayse, then prayse too short doth blot.</l>
<l>A withered Hermite, fuescore winters worne,</l>
<l>Might shake off fiftie, looking in her eye:</l>
<l>Beauty doth varnish Age, as if new borne,</l>
<l>And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie.</l>
<l>O 'tis the Sunne that maketh all things shine.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-fer">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<l>By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-bir">

<speaker rend="italic">Berow.</speaker>

<l>Is Ebonie like her? O word diuine?</l>

<l>A wife of such wood were felicitie.</l>

<l>O who can giue an oth? Where is a booke?</l>

<l>That I may sweare Beauty doth beauty lacke,</l>

<l>If that she learne not of her eye to looke:</l>

<l>No face is faire that is not full so blacke.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-fer">

<speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>

<l>O paradoxe, Blacke is the badge of hell,</l>

<l>The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night:</l>

<l>And beauties crest becomes the heauens well.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-bir">

<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>

<l>Diuels soonest tempt resembling spirits of light.</l>

<l>O if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt,</l>

<l>It mournes, that painting vsurping haire</l>

<l>Should rauish doters with a false aspect:</l>

<l>And therefore is she borne to make blacke, faire.</l>

<l>Her fauour turnes the fashion of the dayes,</l>

<l>For natiue blood is counted painting now:</l>

<l>And therefore red that would auoyd dispraise,</l>

<l>Paints it selfe blacke, to imitate her brow.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-dum">

<speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>

<l>To look like her are Chimny‑sweepers blacke.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-lon">

<speaker rend="italic">Lon.</speaker>

complexion

<l>And since her time, are Colliers counted bright.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l>And <hi rend="italic">Æhiops</hi> of their sweet
crake.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-dum">
<speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
<l>Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<l>Your mistresses dare neuer come in raine,</l>
<l>For feare their colours should be washt away.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
<speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
<l>'Twere good yours did: for sir to tell you plaine,</l>
<l>Ile finde a fairer face not washt to day.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<l>Ile proue her faire, or talke till dooms‑day here.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
<speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
<l>No Diuell will fright thee then so much as shee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-dum">
<speaker rend="italic">Duma.</speaker>
<l>I neuer knew man hold vile stuffe so deere.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-lon">
<speaker rend="italic">Lon.</speaker>
<l>Looke, heer's thy loue, my foot and her face see.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<l>O if the streets were pauerd with thine eyes,</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Her</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0155-0.jpg" n="135"/>
<fw type="rh">Loues Labour's lost.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-dum">
<speaker rend="italic">Duma.</speaker>
<l>O vile, then as she goes what vperward lyes?</l>

<l>The street should see as she walk'd ouer head.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
<speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
<l>But what of this, are we not all in loue?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<l>O nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworne.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
<speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
<l>Then leaue this chat, & good <hi
rend="italic">Berown</hi> now
proue</l>
<l>Our louing lawfull, and our fayth not torne.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-dum">
<speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
<l>I marie there, some flattery for this euill.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-lon">
<speaker rend="italic">Long.</speaker>
<l>O some authority how to proceed,</l>
<l>Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the diuell.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-dum">
<speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
<l>Some salue for periurie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<l>O 'tis more then neede.</l>
<l>Haue at you then affections men at armes,</l>
<l>Consider what you first did sweare vnto:</l>
<l>To fast, to study, and to see no woman:</l>
<l>Flat treason against the Kingly state of youth.</l>
<l>Say, Can you fast? your stomacks are too young:</l>
<l>And abstinence ingenders maladies.</l>
<l>And where that you haue vow'd to studie (Lords)</l>
<l>In that each of you haue forsworne his Booke.</l>
<l>Can you still dreame and pore, and thereon looke.</l>
<l>For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,</l>
<l>Haue found the ground of studies excellence,</l>
<l>Without the beauty of a womans face;</l>
<l>From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue,</l>
<l>They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achadems,</l>
<l>From whence doth spring the true <hi
rend="italic">Promethean</hi>
fire.</l>

<|>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 euey power,</|>
<|>And giues to euey 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, <hi rend="italic">Bachus</hi>

grosse in

taste,</|>

<|>For Valour, is not Loue a <hi rend="italic">Hercules</hi>?</|>
<|>Still climing trees in the <hi rend="italic">Hesperides</hi>.</|>
<|>Subtill as <hi rend="italic">Sphinx</hi>, as sweet and

musicall,</|>

<cb n="2"/>

<|>As bright <hi rend="italic">Apollo's</hi> 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,</|>

<l>And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.</l>
<l>From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue.</l>
<l>They sparcle still the right promethean fire,</l>
<l>They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Achademes,</l>
<l>That shew, containe, and nourish all the world.</l>
<l>Else none at all in ought proues excellent.</l>
<l>Then fooles you were these women to forswear:</l>
<l>Or keeping what is sworne, you will proue fooles,</l>
<l>For Wisedomes sake, a word that all men loue:</l>
<l>Or for Loues sake, a word that loues all men.</l>
<l>Or for Mens sake, the author of these Women:</l>
<l>Or Womens sake, by whom we men are Men.</l>
<l>Let's once loose our oathes to finde our selues,</l>
<l>Or else we loose our selues, to keepe our oathes:</l>
<l>It is religion to be thus forsworne.</l>
<l>For Charity it selfe fulfills the Law:</l>
<l>And who can seuer loue from Charity.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-fer">

<speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>

<l>Saint <hi rend="italic">Cupid</hi> then, and Souldiers to the
field.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-bir">

<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-lon">

<speaker rend="italic">Long.</speaker>

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-fer">

<speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-bir">

<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>

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

flowres.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>Away, away, no time shall be omitted,</l>
 <l>That will be time, and may by vs be fitted.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>Alone, alone sowed Cockell, reap'd no Corne,</l>
 <l>And Iustice alwaies whirles in equall measure:</l>
 <l>Light Wenches may proue plagues to men forsworne,</l>
 <l>If so, our Copper buyes no better treasure.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 </div>
 <div type="act" n="5">
 <div type="scene" n="1">
 <head rend="italic center">Actus Quartus.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 1]</head>
 <note type="editorial" resp="#LMC">Conventionally, this is start of
 Act 5, rather than Act 4, as printed.</note>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Pedant, Curate
 and
 Dull.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-III-hol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pedant.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Satis quid sufficit.</hi>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-nat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Curat.</speaker>
 <p>I praise God for you sir, your reasons at dinner <lb/>haue beene
 sharpe & sententious: pleasant without
 scur­<lb/>rillity,
 witty without affection, audacious without
 im­<lb/>pudency,
 learned without opinion, and strange without <lb/>heresie: I did
 conuerse this <hi rend="italic">quondam</hi> day with a
 compa­<lb/>nion of the Kings, who is intituled,
 nominated, or
 called, <lb/>
 <hi rend="italic">Don Adriano de Armatho</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-hol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ped.</speaker>
 <p>
 <hi rend="italic">Noui hominum tanquam te</hi>, His humour is
 lofty,
 <lb/>his discourse peremptorie: his tongue filed, his eye

is ambitious, his gate maiesticall, and his generall
 behaiour our vaine, ridiculous, and thrasonicall. He
 too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odde, as it were, too
 peregrinat, as I may call it.

M2
 Curat.

Loues Labour's lost.

1

#F-III-nat
 Curat.

A most singular and choise Epithat,

Draw out his
 Table; booke.

#F-III-hol
 Peda.

He draweth out the thred of his verbotie, finer
 then the staple of his argument. I abhor such
 phantasmicall
 phantasims, such insociable and poynt deuse companions,
 such rackers of ortagriphe, as to speake dout fine, when he
 should say doubt; det, when he should 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
 abhominable:
 it insinuateth me of infamie: ne intelligis
 domine, to make franticke, lunaticke?

#F-III-nat
 Cura.

#F-III-hol
 Peda.

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

Enter Bragart,
 Boy.

<sp who="#F-III-nat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Curat.</speaker>
 <p>
 <hi rend="italic">Vides ne quis venit?</hi>
 </p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-hol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Peda.</speaker>
 <p>
 <hi rend="italic">Video, & gaudio.</hi>
 </p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>Chirra.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-hol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Peda.</speaker>
 <p>
 <hi rend="italic">Quari</hi> Chirra, not Sirra?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>Men of peace well incountred.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-hol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ped.</speaker>
 <p>Most millitarie sir salutation.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <p>They haue beene at a great feast of Languages, <lb/>and stolne
 the
 scraps.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
 <p>O they haue liu'd long on the almes‑basket of
 <lb/>words. I
 maruell thy M. hath not eaten thee for a word, <lb/>for thou art
 not
 so long by the head as honorificabilitu­<lb/>dinitatibus:
 Thou art easier swallowed then a
 flapdra­<lb/>gon.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
 <p>Peace, the peale begins.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">

<speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>Mounsier, are you not lettred?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
 <p>Yes, yes, he teaches boyes the Horne‑booke:
 <lb/>What is Ab speld backward with the horn on his head?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-hol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Peda.</speaker>
 <p>Ba, <hi rend="italic">puericia</hi> with a horne added.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pag.</speaker>
 <p>Ba most seely Sheepe, with a horne: you heare <lb/>his
 learning.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-hol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Peda.</speaker>
 <p>
 <hi rend="italic">Quis quis</hi>, thou Consonant?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pag.</speaker>
 <p>The last of the fiue Vowels if You repeat them, <lb/>or the fift
 if
 I.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-hol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Peda.</speaker>
 <p>I will repeat them: a e I.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pag.</speaker>
 <p>The Sheepe, the other two concludes it o u.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>Now by the salt waue of the mediteranium, a <lb/>sweet tutch, a
 quicke vene we of wit, snip snap, quick ‑home, it
 reioyceth my intellect, true wit.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
 <p>Offered by a childe to an olde man: which is
 <lb/>wit‑old.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-hol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Peda.</speaker>
 <p>What is the figure? What is the figure?</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
 <p>Hornes.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-hol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Peda.</speaker>
 <p>Thou disputes like an Infant: goe whip thy <lb/>Gigge.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pag.</speaker>
 <p>Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will <lb/>whip about
 your
 Infamie <hi rend="italic">vnum cita</hi> a gigge of a
 Cuck­<lb/>olds horne.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
 <p>And I had but one penny in the world, thou <lb/>shouldst haue
 it to
 buy Ginger bread: Hold, there is the <lb/>very Remuneration I
 had of
 thy Maister, thou halfpenny <lb/>purse of wit, thou
 Pidgeon‑egge of discretion. O & the <lb/>heauens
 were so
 pleased, that thou wert but my Bastard; <lb/>What a ioyfull father
 wouldst thou make mee? Goe to, <lb/>thou hast it <hi
 rend="italic">
 >ad dungil</hi>, at the fingers ends, as they say.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-hol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Peda.</speaker>
 <p>Oh I smell false Latine, <hi rend="italic">dunghel</hi> for <hi
 rend="italic">vnguem</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>
 <hi rend="italic">Arts‑man preambulat</hi>, we will
 bee
 singled from <lb/>the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the
 Charg‑<lb/>house on the top of the Mountaine?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-hol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Peda.</speaker>
 <l>Or <hi rend="italic">Mons</hi> the hill.</l>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>

<p>At your sweet pleasure, for the Mountaine.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-hol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Peda.</speaker>
 <p>I doe <hi rend="italic">sans question</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>
 <p>Sir, it is the Kings most sweet pleasure and
 affection,
 to congratulate the Princesse at her Paulion, in <lb>the <hi
 rend="italic">posteriors</hi> of this day, which the rude
 multitude call <lb>the afternoone.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-hol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ped.</speaker>
 <p>The <hi rend="italic">posterior</hi> of the day, most generous
 sir,
 is lia­<lb>ble, congruent, and measurable for the
 afternoone: the <lb>word is well culd, chose, sweet,
 and
 apt I doe assure you <lb>sir, I doe assure.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my
 familiar, I
 doe assure ye very good friend: for what is
 in­<lb>ward
 betweene vs, let it passe. I doe beseech thee
 re­<lb>member
 thy curtesie. I beseech thee apparell thy head: <lb>and among
 other
 importunate most serious designes, <lb>and of great
 import
 indeed too: but let that passe, for I <lb>must tell thee it will
 please his Grace (by the world) <lb>sometime to leane vpon my
 poore
 shoulder, and with <lb>his royall finger thus dallie with my
 excrement, with my <lb>mustachio: but sweet heart let that
 passe.
 By the world <lb>I recount no fable, some certaine speciall
 honours
 it <lb>pleaseth his greatnesse to impart to <hi rend="italic">
 >Armado</hi> a Souldier, <lb>a man of trauell, that hath
 seene
 the world: but let that <lb>passe; the very all of all is: but
 sweet heart I do implore <lb>secrecie, that the King would haue
 mee
 present the <lb>Princesse (sweet chucke) with some delightfull

ostentation, or show, or pageant, or anticke, or
 and your fireworke: Now, vnderstanding that the Curate
 out sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sodaine breaking
 of myrth (as it were) I haue acquainted you withall, to
 the end to craue your assistance.

Pedra.

Sir, you shall present before her the Nine
 Worthis. Sir

Holofernes, as concerning some
 day, entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this
 this to bee rendred by our assistants the Kings command: and
 the most gallant, illustrate and learned Gentleman, before
 Princesse: I say none so fit as to present the Nine
 Worthies.

Curat.

Where will you finde men worthy enough to present
 them?

Pedra.

Iosua, your selfe: my selfe, and this
 gallant genleman 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.

Pedra.

Shall I haue audience: he shall present Hercules
 in minoritie: his enter and exit shall bee strangling a Snake; and I

will haue an Apologie for that purpose.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-mot">
<speaker rend="italic">Pag.</speaker>
<p>An excellent device: so if any of the audience <lb/>hisse, you
may
cry, Well done <hi rend="italic">Hercules</hi>, now thou
offence
cru­<lb/>shest the Snake; that is the way to make an
it.</p>
gra­<lb/>cious, though few haue the grace to doe
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-adr">
<speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
<p>For the rest of the Worthies?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-hol">
<speaker rend="italic">Peda.</speaker>
<p>I will play three my selfe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-mot">
<speaker rend="italic">Pag.</speaker>
<p>Thrice worthy Gentleman.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-adr">
<speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
<l>Shall I tell you a thing?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-hol">
<speaker rend="italic">Peda.</speaker>
<p>We attend.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-adr">
<speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
<p>We will haue, if this fadge not, an Antique. I <lb/>beseech you
follow.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-hol">
<speaker rend="italic">Ped.</speaker>
<p>
<hi rend="italic">Via</hi> good‑man <hi rend="italic"
>Dull</hi>, thou hast spoken no word <lb/>all this while.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-dul">
<speaker rend="italic">Dull.</speaker>
<l>Nor vnderstood none neither sir.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-hol">
<speaker rend="italic">Ped.</speaker>
<p>Alone, we will employ thee.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-dul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dull.</speaker>
 <l>Ile make one in a dance, or so: or I will play</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">on</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0157-0.jpg" n="137"/>
 <fw type="rh">Loues Labour's lost.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>On the taber to the Worthies, & let them dance the hey.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-hol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ped.</speaker>
 <l>Most <hi rend="italic">Dull</hi>, honest <hi
 rend="italic">Dull</hi>,
 to our sport away.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 2]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Ladies.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Sweet hearts we shall be rich ere we depart,</l>
 <l>If fairings come thus plentifully in.</l>
 <l>A Lady wal'd about with Diamonds: Look you, what I haue
 from the
 louing King.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
 <l>Madam, came nothing else along with that?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Nothing but this: yes as much loue in Rime,</l>
 <l>As would be cram'd vp in a sheet of paper</l>
 <l>Writ on both sides the leafe, margent and all,</l>
 <l>That he was faine to seale on <hi rend="italic">Cupids</hi>
 name.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
 <l>That was the way to make his god‑head wax:</l>
 <l>For he hath beene fiae thousand yeeres a Boy.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-kat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
 <l>I, and a shrewd vnhappy gallowes too.</l>
 </sp>

had she
stirring
you:

<sp who="#F-III-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
<l>You'll nere be friends with him, a kild your sister.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-kat">
<speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
<p>He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy, and <lb/>so she died:
beene Light like you, of such a mer­<lb/>rie nimble
spirit, she might a bin a Grandam ere <lb/>she died. And so may
For a light heart liues long.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
<l>What's your darke meaning mouse, of this light <lb/>word?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-kat">
<speaker rend="italic">Kat.</speaker>
<l>A light condition in a beauty darke.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
<l>We need more light to finde your meaning out.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-kat">
<speaker rend="italic">Kat.</speaker>
<l>You'll marre the light by taking it in snuffe:</l>
<l>Therefore Ile darkely end the argument.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
<l>Look what you doe, you doe it stil i'th darke.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-kat">
<speaker rend="italic">Kat.</speaker>
<l>So do not you, for you are a light Wench.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
<l>Indeed I waigh not you, and therefore light.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-kat">
<speaker rend="italic">Ka.</speaker>
<l>You waigh me not, O that's you care not for me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
<l>Great reason: for past care, is still past cure.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Well bandied both, a set of Wit well played.</l>
 <l>But <hi rend="italic">Rosaline</hi>, you haue a Fauour
 too?</l>
 <l>Who sent it? and what is it?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
 <l>I would you knew.</l>
 <l>And if my face were but as faire as yours,</l>
 <l>My Fauour were as great, be wisse this.</l>
 <l>Nay, I haue Verses too, I thanke <hi
 rend="italic">Berowne</hi>,</l>
 <l>The numbers true, and were the numbring too.</l>
 <l>I were the fairest goddesse on the ground.</l>
 <l>I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.</l>
 <l>O he hath drawne my picture in his letter.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <p>Any thing like?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
 <l>Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Beauteous as Incke: a good conclusion.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-kat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kat.</speaker>
 <l>Faire as a text B. in a Coppie booke.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
 <l>Ware pensals. How? Let me not die your debtor,</l>
 <l>My red Dominicall, my golden letter.</l>
 <l>O that your face were full of Oes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>A Pox of that iest, and I beshrew all Shrowes:</l>
 <l>But Katherine, what was sent to you</l>
 <l>From faire <hi rend="italic">Dumaine</hi>?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-kat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kat.</speaker>

<l>Madame, this Gloue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Did he not send you twaine?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-kat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kat.</speaker>
 <l>Yes Madame: and moreouer,</l>
 <l>Some thousand Verses of a faithfull Louer.</l>
 <l>A huge translation of hypocrisie,</l>
 <l>Vildly compiled, profound simplicitie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>This, and these Pearls, to me sent <hi rend="italic">
 >Longauile</hi>.</l>
 <l>The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>I thinke no lesse: Dost thou wish in heart</l>
 <l>The Chaine were longer, and the Letter short.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>I, or I would these hands might neuer part.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Quee.</speaker>
 <l>We are wise girles to mocke our Louers so.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
 <l>They are worse fooles to purchase mocking so.</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>That same <hi rend="italic">Berowne</hi> ile torture ere I
 goe.</l>
 <l>O that I knew he were but in by th' weeke,</l>
 <l>How I would make him fawne, and begge, and seeke,</l>
 <l>And wait the season, and obserue the times,</l>
 <l>And spend his prodigall wits in booteles rimes,</l>
 <l>And shape his seruice wholly to my deuce,</l>
 <l>And make him proud to make me proud that iests.</l>
 <l>So pertaunt like would I o'resway his state,</l>
 <l>That he shold be my foole, and I his fate</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>None are so surely caught, when they are catcht,</l>

<l>As Wit turn'd foole, follie in Wisedome hatch'd:</l>
<l>Hath wisdoms warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,</l>
<l>And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-ros">

<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>

<l>The bloud of youth burns not with such excesse,</l>

<l>As grauties reuolt to wantons be.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-mar">

<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>

<l>Follie in Fooles beares not so strong a note,</l>

<l>As fool'ry in the Wise, when Wit doth dote:</l>

<l>Since all the power thereof it doth apply,</l>

<l>To proue by Wit, worth in simplicitie.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Boyet.</stage>

<sp who="#F-III-pri">

<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>

<l>Heere comes <hi rend="italic">Boyet</hi>, and mirth in his

face.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-boy">

<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>

<l>O I am stab'd with laughter, Wher's her Grace?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-pri">

<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>

<p>Thy newes <hi rend="italic">Boyet?</hi></p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-boy">

<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>

<l>Prepare Madame, prepare.</l>

<l>Arme Wenches arme, incounters mounted are,</l>

<l>Against your Peace, Loue doth approach, disguis'd:</l>

<l>Armed in arguments, you'll be surpriz'd.</l>

<l>Muster your Wits, stand in your owne defence,</l>

<l>Or hide your heads like Cowards, and flie hence.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-pri">

<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>

<l>Saint <hi rend="italic">Dennis</hi> to S. <hi rend="italic">
>Cupid</hi>: What are they,</l>

<l>That charge their breath against vs? Say scout say.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-boy">

<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>

<l>Vnder the coole shade of a Siccamore,</l>

<l>I thought to close mine eyes some halfe an houre:</l>

<l>When lo to interrupt my purpos'd rest,</l>

<|>Toward that shade I might behold adrest,</|>
 <|>The King and his companions: waresly</|>
 <|>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 embassy,</|>
 <|>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 <hi rend="italic">via</hi>, 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.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Quee.</speaker>
 <|>But what, but what, come they to visit vs?</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <|>They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,</|>
 <|>Like <hi rend="italic">Muscouites</hi>; or <hi rend="italic">
 >Russians</hi>, as I gesse.</|>
 <|>Their purpose is to parlee, to court, and dance,</|>
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">M3</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0158-0.jpg" n="138"/>
 <fw type="rh">Loues Labour's lost.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <|>And euery one his Loue-feat will aduance,</|>
 <|>Vnto his seuerall mistresse: which they'll know</|>
 <|>By fauours seuerall, which they did bestow.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">

<speaker rend="italic">Queen.</speaker>
<l>And will they so? the Gallants shall be task:</l>
<l>For Ladies; we will euery one be mask,</l>
<l>And not a man of them shall haue the grace</l>
<l>Despight of sute, to see a Ladies face.</l>
<l>Hold <hi rend="italic">Rosaline</hi>, this Fauour thou shalt
weare,</l>
<l>And then the King will court thee for his Deare:</l>
<l>Hold, take thou this my sweet, and giue me thine,</l>
<l>So shall Berowne take me for <hi
rend="italic">Rosaline</hi>.</l>
<l>And change your Fauours too, so shall your Loues</l>
<l>Woo contrary, deceiu'd by these remoues.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
<l>Come on then, weare the fauours most in sight.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-kat">
<speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
<l>But in this changing, What is your intent?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-pri">
<speaker rend="italic">Queen.</speaker>
<l>The effect of my intent is to crosse theirs:</l>
<l>They doe it but in mocking merriment,</l>
<l>And mocke for mocke is onely my intent.</l>
<l>Their seuerall counsels they vnbose shall,</l>
<l>To Loues mistooke, and so be mockt withall.</l>
<l>Vpon the next occasion that we meete,</l>
<l>With Visages displayd to talke and greete.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
<l>But shall we dance, if they desire vs too't?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-pri">
<speaker rend="italic">Quee.</speaker>
<l>No, to the death we will not moue a foot,</l>
<l>Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace:</l>
<l>But while 'tis spoke, each turne away his face.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
<l>Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,</l>
<l>And quite diuorce his memory from his part.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-pri">
<speaker rend="italic">Quee.</speaker>
<l>Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,</l>

<l>The rest will ere come in, if he be out.</l>
 <l>Theres no such sport, as sport by sport orethrowne:</l>
 <l>To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.</l>
 <l>So shall we stay mocking entended game,</l>
 <l>And they well mockt, depart away with shame.<stage
 rend="italic inline" type="business"> Sound</stage>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l>The Trompet sounds, be maskt, the maskers <lb/>come.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Enter Black moores with
 musicke,
 the Boy with a speech, <lb/>and the rest of the Lords
 disguised.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
 <l><hi rend="italic">All haile, the richest Beauties on the
 earth</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pag.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">A holy parcell of the fairest dames that euer
 turn'd <lb/>their backes to mortall views</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="center">The Ladies turne their backes to him.</stage>

 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>Their eyes villaine, their eyes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pag.</speaker>
 <l><hi rend="italic">That euer turn'd their eyes to mortall
 views</hi>.<lb/>
 <hi rend="italic">Out</hi></l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l>True, out indeed.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pag.</speaker>
 <l rend="italic">Out of your fauours heauenly spirits vouchsafe
 <lb/>

Not to beholde.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>Once to behold, rogue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pag.</speaker>
 <l rend="italic">Once to behold with your Sunne beamed eyes,</l>
 <l rend="italic">With your Sunne beamed eyes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l>They will not answer to that Epythite, <lb/>you were best call it
 Daughter beamed eyes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pag.</speaker>
 <l>They do not marke me, and that brings me out.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bero.</speaker>
 <l>Is this your perfectnesse? be gon you rogue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
 <l>What would these strangers?</l>
 <l>Know their mindes <hi rend="italic">Boyet</hi>.</l>
 <l>If they doe speake our language, 'tis our will</l>
 <l>That some plaine man recount their purposes.</l>
 <l>Know what they would?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boyet.</speaker>
 <l>What would you with the Princes<hi rend="italic">?</hi></l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
 <l>What would they, say they?</l>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l>Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">

<speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
<l>Why that they haue, and bid them so be gon.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
<l>She saies you haue it, and you may be gon.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
<speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
<l>Say to her we haue measur'd many miles,</l>
<l>To tread a Measure with you on the grasse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
<l>They say that they haue measur'd many a mile,</l>
<l>To tread a Measure with you on this grasse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
<l>It is not so. Aske them how many inches</l>
<l>Is in one mile? If they haue measur'd manie,</l>
<l>The measure then of one is easlie told.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
<l>If to come hither, you haue measur'd miles,</l>
<l>And many miles: the Princesse bids you tell,</l>
<l>How many inches doth fill vp one mile?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<l>Tell her we measure them by weary steps.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
<l>She heares her selfe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
<l>How manie wearie steps,</l>
<l>Of many wearie miles you haue ore‑gone,</l>
<l>Are numbred in the trauell of one mile?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
<speaker rend="italic">Bero.</speaker>
<l>We number nothing that we spend for you,</l>
<l>Our dutie is so rich, so infinite,</l>
<l>That we may doe it still without accompt.</l>
<l>Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,</l>
<l>That we (like sauages) may worship it.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
 <l>My face is but a Moone and clouded too.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>Blessed are clouds, to doe as such clouds do.</l>
 <l>Vouchsafe bright Moone, and these thy stars to shine,</l>
 <l>(Those clouds remooued) vpon our waterie eyne.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
 <l>O vaine petitioner, beg a greater matter,</l>
 <l>Thou now requests but Mooneshine in the water.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>Then in our measure, vouchsafe but one change.</l>
 <l>Thou bidst me begge, this begging is not strange.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
 <l>Play musicke then: nay you must doe it soone.</l>
 <l>Not yet no dance: thus change I like the Moone.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>Will you not dance? How come you thus
e­<lb/>stranged?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
 <l>You tooke the Moone at full, but now shee's <lb/>changed?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>Yet still she is the Moone, and I the Man.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
 <l>The musick playes, vouchsafe some motion to <lb/>it: Our eares
 vouchsafe it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>But your legges should doe it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>

<l>Since you are strangers, & come here by chance,</l>
<l>Wee'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
<speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
<l>Why take you hands then?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
<l>Onelie to part friends.</l>
<l>Curtsie sweet hearts, and so the Measure ends.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
<speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
<l>More measure of this measure, be not nice.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
<l>We can afford no more at such a price.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
<speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
<l>Prise your selues: What buyes your companie?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
<l>Your absence onelie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
<speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
<l>That can neuer be.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
<l>Then cannot we be bought: and so adue,</l>
<l>Twice to your Visore, and halfe once to you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
<speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
<l>If you denie to dance, let's hold more chat.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
<l>In priuate then.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
<speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
<l>I am best pleas'd with that.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">

Be.
<l>White handed Mistris, one sweet word with thee.</l>
</sp>
Qu.
<l>Hony, and Milke, and Suger: there is three.</l>
</sp>
Ber.
<l>Nay then two treyes, an if you grow so nice</l>
<l>Methegline, Wort, and Malmsey; well runne dice:</l>
<l>There's halfe a dozen sweets.</l>
</sp>
Qu.
<l>Seuenth sweet adue, since you can cogg,</l>
<l>Ile play no more with you.</l>
</sp>
Ber.
<l>One word in secret.</l>
</sp>
Qu.
<l>Let it not be sweet.</l>
</sp>
Ber.
<l>Thou greeu'st my gall.</l>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Queen.</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0159-0.jpg" n="139"/>
<fw type="rh">Loues Labour's lost.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
Qu.
<l>Gall, bitter.</l>
</sp>
Ber.
<l>Therefore meete.</l>
</sp>
Du.
<l>Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?</l>
</sp>
Mar.
<l>Name it.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-dum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
 <l>Faire Ladie:</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-III-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>Say you so? Faire Lord:</l>
 <l>Take you that for your faire Lady.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-III-dul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
 <l>Please it you,</l>
 <l>As much in priuate, and Ile bid adieu.</l>
 </sp>

<note type="editorial" resp="#PW">These speeches are conventionally given to Katharine.</note>

<sp who="#F-III-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>What, was your vizard made without a tong?</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-III-lon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Long.</speaker>
 <l>I know the reason Ladie why you aske.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-III-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>O for your reason, quickly sir, I long.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-III-lon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Long.</speaker>
 <l>You haue a double tongue within your mask.</l>
 <l>And would affoord my speechlesse vizard halfe.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-III-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>Veale quoth the Dutchman: is not Veale a
 Calfe?</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-III-lon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Long.</speaker>
 <l>A Calfe faire Ladie?</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-III-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>No, a faire Lord Calfe.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-III-lon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Long.</speaker>
 <l>Let's part the word.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-III-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>No, Ile not be your halfe:</l>
 <l>Take all and weane it, it may proue an Oxe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-lon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Long.</speaker>
 <l>Looke how you but your selfe in these sharpe <lb/>mockes.</l>
 <l>Will you giue hornes chast Ladie? Do not so.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>Then die a Calfe before your horns do grow.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-lon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lon.</speaker>
 <l>One word in priuate with you ere I die.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>Bleat softly then, the Butcher heares you cry.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boyet.</speaker>
 <l>The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen</l>
 <l>As is the Razors edge, inuisible:</l>
 <l>Cutting a smaller haire then may be seene,</l>
 <l>About the sense of sence so sensible:</l>
 <l>Seemeth their conference, their conceits haue wings,</l>
 <l>Fleeter then arrows, bullets wind, thoght, swifter things</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
 <l>Not one word more my maides, breake off, <lb/>breake off.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>By heauen, all drie beaten with pure scoffe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Farewell madde Wenches, you haue simple <lb/>wits.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="exit"> Exeunt.</stage>
<sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Twentie adieus my frozen Muscouits.</l>
 <l>Are these the breed of wits so wondred at?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">

<speaker rend="italic">Boyet.</speaker>
<l>Tapers they are, with your sweete breathes <lb/>puft out.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
<l>Wel‑liking wits they haue, grosse, grosse, fat, fat.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-pri">
<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
<l>O pouertie in wit, Kingly poore flout.</l>
<l>Will they not (thinke you) hang themselues to night?</l>
<l>Or euer but in vizards shew their faces:</l>
<l>This pert <hi rend="italic">Berowne</hi> was out of

count'nance

quite.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
<l>They were all in lamentable cases.</l>
<l>The King was weeping ripe for a good word.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-pri">
<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
<l>
<hi rend="italic">Berowne</hi> did sweare himselfe out of all
suite.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-mar">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
<l><hi rend="italic">Dumaine</hi> was at my seruice, and his

sword:</l>

<l>No point (quoth I:) my seruant straight vvas mute.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-kat">
<speaker rend="italic">Ka.</speaker>
<l>Lord <hi rend="italic">Longauill</hi> said I came ore his

hart:</l>

<l>And trow you vwhat he call'd me?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-pri">
<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
<l>Qualme perhaps.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-kat">
<speaker rend="italic">Kat.</speaker>
<l>Yes in good faith.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-pri">
<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
<l>Go sicknesse as thou art.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
 <l>Well, better wits haue worne plain statute caps,</l>
 <l>But vwill you heare; the King is my loue sworne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>And quicke <hi rend="italic">Berowne</hi> hath plighted faith
 to
 me.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-kat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kat.</speaker>
 <l>And <hi rend="italic">Longauill</hi> was for my seruice
 borne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Dumaine</hi> is mine as sure as barke on
 tree.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boyet.</speaker>
 <l>Madam, and prettie mistresses giue eare,</l>
 <l>Immediately they will againe be here</l>
 <l>In their owne shapes: for it can neuer be,</l>
 <l>They will digest this harsh indignitie.</l>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Will they returne?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l>They will they will, God knowes,</l>
 <l>And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes:</l>
 <l>Therefore change Fauours, and when they repaire,</l>
 <l>Blow like sweet Roses, in this summer aire.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>How blovv? how blovv? Speake to bee
 vnder<#x00AD><lb/>stood.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l>Faire Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud:</l>

<|>Dismaskt, their damaske sweet commixture showne,</|>
<|>Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roses blowne.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-pri">
<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
<|>Auant perplexitie: What shall vve do,</|>
<|>If they returne in their owne shapes to wo?</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
<|>Good Madam, if by me you'l be aduis'd.</|>
<|>Let's mocke them still as well knowne as disguis'd:</|>
<|>Let vs complaine to them vvhat 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.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
<speaker rend="italic">Boyet.</speaker>
<|>Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-pri">
<speaker rend="italic">Quee.</speaker>
<|>Whip to our Tents, as Roes runnes ore Land.</|>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the King and the
rest.</stage>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<|>Faire sir, God saue you. Wher's the Princesse?</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
<|>Gone to her Tent.</|>
<|>Please it your Maiestie command me any seruice to her?</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<|>That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
<|>I will, and so will she, I know my Lord.</|>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>

<|>This fellow pickes vp wit as Pigeons pease,</|>
<|>And vtters it againe, when <hi rend="italic">Ioue</hi> 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 <hi rend="italic">Adam</hi>, he had tempted <hi
rend="italic">Eue</hi>.</|>
<|>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 <hi rend="italic"
>Boyet</hi>

</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-fer">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<|>A blister on his sweet tongue with my hart,</|>

<|>That put <hi rend="italic">Armathoes</hi> Page out of his

part.</|>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Ladies.</stage>

<sp who="#F-III-bir">

<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>

<|>See where it comes. Behaviour what wer't thou,</|>

<|>Till this madman shew'd thee? And what art thou now?</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-fer">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<|>All haile sweet Madame, and faire time of day.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-pri">

<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>

<|>Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceiue.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-fer">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<|>Construe my speeches better, if you may.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-pri">

Qu.
<l>Then wish me better, I wil giue you leaue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l>We came to visit you, and purpose now</l>
<l>To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-pri">
<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
<l>This field shal hold me, and so hold your vow:</l>
<l>Nor God, nor I, delights in periur'd men.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l>Rebuke me not for that which you prouoke:</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">The</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0160-0.jpg" n="140"/>
<fw type="rh">Loues Labour's lost.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>The vertue of your eie must breake my oth.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-pri">
<speaker rend="italic">Q.</speaker>
<l>You nickname vertue: vice you should haue spoke:</l>
<l>For vertues office neuer breakes men troth.</l>
<l>Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure</l>
<l>As the vnsallied Lilly, I protest,</l>
<l>A world of torments though I should endure,</l>
<l>I would not yeeld to be your houses guest:</l>
<l>So much I hate a breaking cause to be</l>
<l>Of heauenly oaths, vow'd with integritie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
<speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
<l>O you haue liu'd in desolation heere,</l>
<l>Vnseene, vnuisited, much to our shame.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-pri">
<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
<l>Not so my Lord, it is not so I sweare,</l>
<l>We haue had pastimes heere, and pleasant game,</l>
<l>A messe of Russians left vs but of late.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
<speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
<l>How Madam? Russians?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-pri">
<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>

<|>I in truth, my Lord.</|>
<|>Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
<|>Madam speake true. It is not so my Lord:</|>
<|>My Ladie (to the manner of the daies)</|>
<|>In curtesie giues vndereruing 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.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<|>This iest is drie to me. Gentle sweete,</|>
<|>Your wits makes wise things foolish when we greete</|>
<|>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.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
<|>This proues you wise and rich: for in my eie</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<|>I am a foole, and full of pouertie.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
<|>But that you take what doth to you belong,</|>
<|>It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<|>O, I am yours, and all that I possesse.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
<|>All the foole mine.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<|>I cannot giue you lesse.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">

<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
 <l>Which of the Vizards what it that you wore?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>Where? when? What Vizard?</l>
 <l>Why demand you this?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
 <l>There, then, that vizard, that superfluous case,</l>
 <l>That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>We are discried,</l>
 <l>They'l mocke vs now downeright.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-dul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
 <l>Let vs confesse, and turne it to a iest.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Que.</speaker>
 <l>Amaz'd my Lord? Why lookes your Highnes <lb/>sadde?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
 <l>Helpe hold his browes, hee'l sound: why looke <lb/>you
 pale?</l>
 <l>Sea‑sicke I thinke comming from Muscouie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>Thus poure the stars down plagues for periury.</l>
 <l>Can any face of brasse hold longer out?</l>
 <l>Heere stand I, Ladie dart thy skill at me,</l>
 <l>Bruise me with scorne, confound me with a flout.</l>
 <l>Thrust thy sharpe wit quite through my ignorance.</l>
 <l>Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit:</l>
 <l>And I will wish thee neuer more to dance,</l>
 <l>Nor neuer more in Russian habit waite.</l>
 <l>O! neuer will I trust to speeches pen'd,</l>
 <l>Nor to the motion of a Schoole‑boies tongue.</l>
 <l>Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend,</l>
 <l>Nor woo in rime like a blind‑harpers songue,</l>
 <l>Taffata phrases, silken tearmes precise,</l>
 <l>Three‑pil'd Hyperboles, spruce affection;</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>Figures pedanticall, these summer flies,</l>

<l>Haue blowne me full of maggot ostentation.</l>
<l>I do forswear them, and I heere protest,</l>
<l>By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knows)</l>
<l>Henceforth my woing minde shall be exprest</l>
<l>In russet yeas, and honest kersie noes.</l>
<l>And to begin Wench, so God helpe me law,</l>
<l>My loue to thee is sound, <hi rend="italic">sans</hi> cracke or
flaw.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
<l>
<hi rend="italic">Sans, sans</hi>, I pray you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-bir">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<l>Yet I haue a tricke</l>
<l>Of the old rage: beare with me, I am sicke.</l>
<l>Ile leaue it by degrees: soft, let vs see,</l>
<l>Write <hi rend="italic">Lord haue mercie on vs</hi>, on those
three,</l>
<l>They are infected, in their hearts it lies:</l>
<l>They haue the plague, and caught it of your eyes:</l>
<l>These Lords are visited, you are not free:</l>
<l>For the Lords tokens on you do I see.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-pri">
<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
<l>No, they are free that gaue these tokens to vs.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-bir">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<l>Our states are forfeit, seeke not to vndo vs.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
<l>It is not so; for how can this be true,</l>
<l>That you stand forfeit, being those that sue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-bir">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<l>Peace, for I will not haue to do with you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
<l>Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-bir">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<l>Speake for your selues, my wit is at an end.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Teach vs sweete Madame, for our rude
trans­<lb/>gression, some
 faire excuse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>The fairest is confession.</l>
 <l>Were you not heere but euen now, disguis'd?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>Madam, I was.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>And were you well aduis'd?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>I was faire Madam.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>When you then were heere,</l>
 <l>What did you whisper in your Ladies eare?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>That more then all the world I did respect her</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>When shee shall challenge this, you will reiect <lb/>her.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Vpon mine Honor no.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Peace, peace, forbear:</l>
 <l>Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Despise me when I breake this oath of mine.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>I will, and therefore keepe it. <hi
 rend="italic">Rosaline</hi>,</l>
 <l>What did the Russian whisper in your eare?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
 <l>Madam, he swore that he did hold me deare</l>
 <l>As precious eye‑sight, and did value me</l>
 <l>Aboue this World: adding thereto moreouer,</l>
 <l>That he vvould Wed me, or else die my Louer.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>God giue thee ioy of him: the Noble Lord</l>
 <l>Most honorably doth vphold his word.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>What meane you Madame?</l>
 <l>By my life, my troth</l>
 <l>I neuer swore this Ladie such an oth.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
 <l>By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine,</l>
 <l>You gaue me this: But take it sir againe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>My faith and this, the Princesse I did giue,</l>
 <l>I knew her by this Iewell on her sleeue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Pardon me sir, this Iewell did she weare.</l>
 <l>And Lord <hi rend="italic">Berowne</hi> (I thanke him) is my
 deare.</l>
 <l>What? Will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>Neither of either, I remit both twaine.</l>
 <l>I see the tricke on't: Heere was a consent,</l>
 <l>Knowing aforehand of our merriment,</l>
 <l>To dash it like a Christmas Comedie.</l>
 <l>Some carry‑tale, some please‑man, some
 slight
 Zanie,</l>

som Dick</l> <l>Some mumble‑newes, some trencher‑knight,

<l>That smiles his cheeke in yeares, and knowes the trick</l>

<l>To make my Lady laugh, when she's dispos'd;</l>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Told</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0161-0.jpg" n="141"/>

<fw type="rh">Loues Labour's lost.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<l>Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,</l>

<l>The Ladies did change Fauours; and then we</l>

<l>Following the signes, woo'd but the signe of she.</l>

<l>Now to our periurie, to adde more terror,</l>

<l>We are againe forsworne in will and error.</l>

<l>Much vpon this tis: and might not you</l>

<l>Forestall our sport, to make vs thus vntrue?</l>

<l>Do not you know my Ladies foot by'th squier?</l>

<l>And laugh vpon the apple of her eie?</l>

<l>And stand betweene her backe sir, and the fire,</l>

<l>Holding a trencher, iesting merrilie?</l>

<l>You put our Page out: go, you are alowd.</l>

<l>Die when you will, a smocke shall be your shrowd.</l>

<l>You leere vpon me, do you? There's an eie</l>

<l>Wounds like a Leaden sword.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-boy">

<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>

<l>Full merrily hath this braue manager, this

car­<lb/>reere bene

run.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-bir">

<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>

<l>Loe, he is tilting straight. Peace, I haue don.</l>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Clowne</stage>

<l>Welcome pure wit, thou part'st a faire fray.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-cos">

<speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>

<l>O Lord sir, they would kno,</l>

<l>Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-bir">

<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>

<l>What, are there but three?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-cos">

<speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>

<l>No sir, but it is vara fine,</l>

<l>For euerie one pursents three.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>And three times thrice is nine.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <l>Not so sir, vnder correction sir, I hope it is not so.</l>
 <l>You cannot beg vs sir, I can assure you sir, we know what
 <lb/>we
 know: I hope sir three times thrice sir.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>Is not nine.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <l>Vnder correction sir, wee know where‑vntill it
 <lb/>doth
 amount.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>By Ioue, I alwaies tooke three threes for nine.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
 <l>O Lord sir, it were pittie you should get your <lb/>liuing by
 reckning sir.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>How much is it?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>O Lord sir, the parties themselues, the actors sir <lb/>will shew
 where‑vntill it doth amount: for mine owne <lb/>part, I
 am
 (as they say, but to perfect one man in one <lb/>poore man) <hi
 rend="italic">Pompion</hi> the great sir.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <p>Art thou one of the Worthies?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>It pleased them to thinke me worthie of <hi
 rend="italic">Pompey</hi>

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.

Berowne, they will shame vs.

Let them not approach.

Ber.

We are shamefull; 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.

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

Qu.

Doth this man serue God?

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <p>Why aske you?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <p>He speak's not like a man of God's making.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>That's all one my faire sweet honie Monarch: <lb/>For I protest,
 the
 Schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical: <lb/>Too too vaine, too
 too
 vaine. But we wil put it (as they <lb/>say) to <hi rend="italic"
 >Fortuna delaguar</hi>, I wish you the peace of minde
 <lb/>most
 royall cupplement.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <p>Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies; <lb/>He presents
 <hi
 rend="italic">Hector</hi> of Troy, the Swaine <hi
 rend="italic"
 >Pompey</hi>
 <choice>
 <abbr>yͤ</abbr>
 <expan>the</expan>
 </choice> great, <lb/>the Parish Curate <hi rend="italic"
 >Alexander</hi>, <hi rend="italic">Armadoes</hi> Page <hi
 rend="italic">Hercules</hi>, <lb/>the Pedant <hi rend="italic"
 >Iudas Machabeus</hi>: and if these foure
 Wort­<lb/>hies
 in their first shew thriue, these foure will change <lb/>habites,
 and present the other fiue.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>There is fiue in the first shew.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>You are deceiued, tis not so.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge‑Priest, the
 <lb/>Foole,

and the Boy, </l>
 <l>Abate throw at Novum, and the whole world againe, </l>
 <l>Cannot pricke out fiue such, take each one in's vaine. </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>The ship is vnder saile, and here she coms amain. </l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Pompey.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <l rend="italic">I Pompey am. </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>You lie, you are not he. </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <l rend="italic">I Pompey am. </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l>With Libbards head on knee. </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>Well said old mocker, </l>
 <l>I must needs be friends with thee. </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <l><hi rend="italic">I Pompey am</hi>, <hi rend="italic">Pompey

surnam'd

the big. </hi></l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-dul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
 <l>The great. </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <l>It is great sir: <hi rend="italic">Pompey surnam'd the
 great:</hi></l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">That oft in field</hi>, <hi rend="italic">with
 Targe and Shield</hi>, <lb/><hi rend="italic">did make my
 sweat:</hi>
 </l>

foe to

</l>
 <hi rend="italic">And trauailing along this coast</hi>, <hi
 rend="italic">I heere am come by chance</hi>, </l>
 <l rend="italic">And lay my Armes before the legs of this sweet
 Lasse of
 <lb/>France.</l>
 <p>If your Ladiship would say thanks <hi
 rend="italic">Pompey</hi>, I
 had done.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
 <p>Great thanks great <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>Tis not so much worth: but I hope I was per­<lb/>fect.
 I made
 a little fault in great.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <p>My hat to a halfe‑penie, Pompey prooues the <lb/>best
 Worthie.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Curate for
 Alexander.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-III-nat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Curat.</speaker>
 <l rend="italic">When in the world I liu'd, I was the worldes
 Com­<lb/>mander:</l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">By East</hi>, <hi rend="italic">West</hi>,
 <hi
 rend="italic">North</hi>, <hi rend="italic">&
 South</hi>,
 <hi rend="italic">I spred my conquering might</hi></l>
 <l rend="italic">My Scutcheon plaine declares that I am
 Alisander.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boiet.</speaker>
 <l>Your nose saies no, you are not:</l>
 <l>For it stands too right.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>Your nose smells no, in this most tender
 smel­<lb/>ling
 Knight.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>The Conqueror is dismayd:</l>
 <l>Proceede good <hi rend="italic">Alexander</hi>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-nat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cur.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">When in the world I liued</hi>, <hi
 rend="italic"
 >I was the worldes Com­<lb/>mander</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boiet.</speaker>
 <l>Most true, 'tis right; you were so <hi rend="italic"
 >Alisander</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <p>Pompey the great.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>your seruant and <hi rend="italic">Costard</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <p>Take away the Conqueror, take away <hi rend="italic"
 >Alisander</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>O sir, you haue ouerthrowne <hi rend="italic">Alisander</hi>
 the
 con­<lb/>queror: you will be scrap'd out of the painted
 cloth
 for <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">this</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0162-0.jpg" n="142"/>
 <fw type="rh">Loues Labour's lost.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <lb/>this: your Lion that holds his Pollax sitting on a close
 <lb/>stoole, will be giuen to Ajax. He will be the ninth
 wor­<lb/>thie. A Conqueror, and affraid to speake?
 Runne away
 <lb/>for shame <hi rend="italic">Alisander</hi>. There an't shall
 looke
 please you: a foo­<lb/>lish milde man, an honest man,
 you, & soon dasht. <lb/>He is a maruellous good neighbour
 insooth, and a verie <lb/>good Bowler: but for <hi rend="italic"

>Alisander</hi>, alas you see, how 'tis a <lb/>little
ore‑parted. But there are Worthies a comming, <lb/>will
speake their minde in some other sort.</p>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exit Cu.</stage>

<sp who="#F-III-pri">

<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>

<p>Stand aside good Pompey.</p>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Pedant for Iudas,

and the

Boy for Hercules.</stage>

<sp who="#F-III-hol">

<speaker rend="italic">Ped.</speaker>

<l>Great <hi rend="italic">Hercules</hi> is presented by this

Impe,</l>

<l>Whose Club kil'd <hi rend="italic">Cerberus</hi> that
three‑headed <hi rend="italic">Canus</hi>,</l>

<l>And when he was a babe, a childe, a shrimpe,</l>

<l>Thus did he strangle Serpents in his <hi rend="italic">
>Manus</hi>:</l>

<l>

<hi rend="italic">Quoniam</hi>, he seemeth in minoritie,</l>

<l>

<hi rend="italic">Ergo</hi>, I come with this Apologie. </l>

<l>Keepe some state in thy <hi rend="italic">exit</hi>, and

vanish.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exit Boy</stage>

<sp who="#F-III-hol">

<speaker rend="italic">Ped.</speaker>

<l>Iudas <hi rend="italic">I am</hi>.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-dum">

<speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>

<p>A Iudas?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-hol">

<speaker rend="italic">Ped.</speaker>

<l rend="italic">Not Iscariot sir.</l>

<l><hi rend="italic">Iudas I am</hi>, <hi rend="italic">ycliped
Machabeus.</hi></l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-dum">

<speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>

<l>

<hi rend="italic">Iudas Machabeus</hi> clipt, is plaine

Iudas.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-bir">

Ber.
<l>A kissing traitor. How art thou prou'd *hi*
rend="italic">Iudas</hi>?
</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-hol">
<speaker *rend="italic">Ped.</speaker>*
<l *rend="italic">Iudas I am.</l>*
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-dum">
<speaker *rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>*
<l>The more shame for you *hi rend="italic">Iudas</hi>.</l>*
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-hol">
<speaker *rend="italic">Ped.</speaker>*
<l>What meane you sir?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-boy">
<speaker *rend="italic">Boi.</speaker>*
<l>To make *hi rend="italic">Iudas</hi> hang himselfe.</l>*
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-hol">
<speaker *rend="italic">Ped.</speaker>*
<l>Begin sir, you are my elder.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-bir">
<speaker *rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>*
<l>Well follow'd, *hi rend="italic">Iudas</hi> was hang'd on an
Elder.</l>*
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-hol">
<speaker *rend="italic">Ped.</speaker>*
<l>I will not be put out of countenance.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-bir">
<speaker *rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>*
<l>Because thou hast no face.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-hol">
<speaker *rend="italic">Ped.</speaker>*
<l>What is this?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-boy">
<speaker *rend="italic">Boi.</speaker>*
<l>A Citterne head.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-dum">
<speaker *rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>*
<l>The head of a bodkin.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-bir">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<l>A deaths face in a ring.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-lon">
<speaker rend="italic">Lon.</speaker>
<l>The face of an old Roman coine, scarce seene.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
<speaker rend="italic">Boi.</speaker>
<l>The pummell of <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi>

Faulchion.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-dum">
<speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
<l>The caru'd‑bone face on a Flaske.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<l>S. Georges halfe cheeke in a brooch.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-dum">
<speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
<l>I, and in a brooch of Lead.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<l>I, and worne in the cap of a Tooth‑drawer.</l>
<l>And now forward, for we haue put thee in countenance</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-hol">
<speaker rend="italic">Ped.</speaker>
<l>You haue put me out of countenance.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<l>False, we haue giuen thee faces.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-hol">
<speaker rend="italic">Ped.</speaker>
<l>But you haue out‑fac'd them all.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<l>And thou wer't a Lion, we would do so.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
<l>Therefore as he is, an Asse, let him go:</l>
<l>And so adieu sweet <hi rend="italic">Iude</hi>. Nay, why dost

thou

stay?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-dum">
<speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
<l>For the latter end of his name.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<l>For the <hi rend="italic">Asse</hi> to the <hi rend="italic">
>Iude:</hi> giue it him. <hi
rend="italic">Iud‑as</hi>
a­<lb/>way.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-hol">
<speaker rend="italic">Ped.</speaker>
<l>This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
<l>A light for monsieur <hi rend="italic">Iudas</hi>, it growes
darke,
he <lb/>may stumble.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-pri">
<speaker rend="italic">Que.</speaker>
<l>Alas poore <hi rend="italic">Machabeus</hi>, how hath hee
beene
<lb/>baited.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Braggart.</stage>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<l>Hide thy head <hi rend="italic">Achilles</hi>, heere comes <hi
rend="italic">Hector</hi> in <lb/>Armes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-dum">
<speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
<l>Though my mockes come home by me, I will <lb/>now be
merrie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l>
<hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> was but a Troyan in respect of
this.</l>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-III-boy">
<speaker rend="italic">Boi.</speaker>

<l>But is this <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>I thinke <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi> was not so cleane
 timber'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-lon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lon.</speaker>
 <l>His legge is too big for <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-dum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
 <l>More Calfe certaine.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boi.</speaker>
 <l>No, he is best indued in the small.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>This cannot be <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-dum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
 <l>He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <l rend="italic">The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the almighty,
 <lb/>gaue
 <hi rend="roman">Hector</hi> a gift.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-dum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
 <l>A gilt Nutmegge.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>A Lemmon.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-lon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lon.</speaker>
 <l>Stucke with Cloues.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-dum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
 <l>No clouen.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">

<speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <l><hi rend="italic">The Armipotent Mars of Launces the
 almighty</hi>,</l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Gauë Hector a gift, the heire of
 Illion</hi>;</l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">A man so breathed</hi>, <hi
 rend="italic">that
 certaine he would fight: yea</hi></l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">From morne till night</hi>, <hi
 rend="italic">out
 of his Pauillion.</hi></l>
 <l>I am that Flower.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-dum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
 <l>That Mint.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-lon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Long.</speaker>
 <l>That Cullambine.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <l>Sweet Lord <hi rend="italic">Longauill</hi> reine thy
 tongue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-lon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lon.</speaker>
 <l>I must rather giue it the reine: for it runnes
 a­<lb/>gains
 <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-dum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
 <l>I, and <hi rend="italic">Hector's</hi> a
 Grey‑hound.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <l>The sweet War‑man is dead and rotten,</l>
 <l>Sweet chuckes, beat not the bones of the buried:</l>
 <l>But I will forward with my deuce;</l>
 <l>Sweete Royaltie bestow on me the sence of hearing.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Berowne steppes
 forth.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Speake braue Hector, we are much delighted.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <l>I do adore thy sweet Graces slipper.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <l>Loues her by the foot.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-dum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
 <l>He may not by the yard.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <l rend="italic">This Hector farre surmounted Hanniball. </lb>The
 partie
 is gone.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>Fellow <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>, she is gone; she is two
 moneths
 <lb>on her way.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>What meanest thou?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>Faith vnlesse you play the honest Troyan, the <lb>poore Wench
 is
 cast away: she's quick, the child brags <lb>in her belly alreadie:
 tis yours.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>Dost thou infamonize me among Potentates?
 <lb>Thou shalt die.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>Then shall Hector be whipt for <hi
 rend="italic">Iaquenetta</hi> that
 <lb>is quicke by him, and hang'd for <hi
 rend="italic">Pompey</hi>,
 that is dead by <lb>him.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-dum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>

<p>Most rare <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boi.</speaker>
 <p>Renowned <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <p>Greater then great, great, great, great <hi rend="italic">Pompey:
 <lb/>Pompey</hi> the huge.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-dum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
 <p>Hector trembles.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <p>
 <hi rend="italic"> Pompey</hi> is moued, more Atees more
 stirre <lb/>them, or stirre them on.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-dum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
 <p>Hector will challenge him.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>I, if a'haue no more mans blood in's belly, then <lb/>will sup a
 Flea.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <l>By the North‑pole I do challenge thee.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <l>I wil not fight with a pole like a Northern man;</l>
 <l>Ile slash, Ile do it by the sword: I pray you let mee
 bor­<lb/>row my Armes againe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-dum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
 <p>Roome for the incensed Worthies.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-cos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>Ile do it in my shirt.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-dum">

Atees

<speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
 <p>Most resolute <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
 <p>Master, let me take you a button hole lower:
 <lb/>Do you not see <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi> is vncasing for
 the
 combat: what <fw type="catchword"
 place="footRight">meane</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0163-0.jpg" n="143"/>
 <fw type="rh">Loues Labour's lost.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <lb/>meane you? you will lose your reputation.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I will <lb/>not combat in
 my
 shirt.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-dul">
 <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
 <p>You may not denie it, <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi> hath
 made the
 <lb/>challenge.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <p>What reason haue you for't?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>The naked truth of it is, I haue no shirt,
 <lb/>I go woolward for penance.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mot">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <p>True, and it was inioyned him in <hi rend="italic">Rome</hi>
 for want
 <lb/>a
 dishclout of <hi rend="italic">Iaquenettas</hi>, and that hee
 weares
 next his <lb/>heart for a fauour.</p>
 </sp>

Monsieur <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Messenger,
 Marcade.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-III-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <p>God saue you Madame.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <p>Welcome <hi rend="italic">Marcade</hi>, but that thou
 interruptest
 <lb/>our merriment.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Marc.</speaker>
 <p>I am sorrie Madam, for the newes I bring is <lb/>heauie in my
 tongue.
 The King your father</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <p>Dead for my life.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <p>Euen so: My tale is told.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <p>Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>For mine owne part, I breath free breath: I <lb/>haue seene the
 day
 of wrong, through the little hole of <lb/>discretion, and I will
 right my selfe like a Souldier.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt
 Worthies</stage>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>How fare's your Maiestie?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Boyet</hi> prepare, I will away to night.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">

Kin.
<|>Madame not so, I do beseech you stay.</|>
</sp>
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.</|>
</sp>
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 wholsome profitable,</|>
<|>As to reioyce at friends but newly found.</|>
</sp>
Qu.
<|>I vnderstand you not, my greefes are double.</|>
</sp>
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</|>
<cb n="2"/>

<|>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.</|>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-pri">
<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
<|>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 loutes</|>
<|>In their owne fashion, like a merriment.</|>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-dul">
<speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
<|>Our letters Madam, shew'd much more then iest.</|>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-lon">
<speaker rend="italic">Lon.</speaker>
<|>So did our looks.</|>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
<|>We did not coat them so.</|>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-fer">
<speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
<|>Now at the latest minute of the houre,</|>
<|>Grant vs your loutes.</|>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-pri">
<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
<|>A time me thinks 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.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-fer">
<speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
<|>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.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<|>And what to me my Loue? and what to me?</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
<|>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.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-dul">
<speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
<|>But what to me my loue? but what to me?</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-kat">
<speaker rend="italic">Kat.</speaker>
<|>A wife? a beard, faire health, and honestie,</|>
<|>With three‑fold loue, I wish you all these three.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-dul">
<speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>

<l>O shall I say, I thanke you gentle wife?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-kat">
<speaker rend="italic">Kat.</speaker>
<l>Not so my Lord, a tweluemonth and a day,</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Ile</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0164-0.jpg" n="144"/>
<fw type="rh">Loues Labour's lost.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>Ile marke no words that smoothfac'd woovers say.</l>
<l>Come when the King doth to my Ladie come:</l>
<l>Then if I haue much loue, Ile giue you some.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-dum">
<speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
<l>Ile serue thee true and faithfully till then.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-kat">
<speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
<l>Yet sweare not, least ye be forsworne agen.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-lon">
<speaker rend="italic">Lon.</speaker>
<l>What saies <hi rend="italic">Maria</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-mar">
<speaker rend="italic">Mari.</speaker>
<l>At the tweluemonths end,</l>
<l>Ile change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-lon">
<speaker rend="italic">Lon.</speaker>
<l>Ile stay with patience: but the time is long.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-mar">
<speaker rend="italic">Mari.</speaker>
<l>The liker you, few taller are so yong.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-bir">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<l>Studies my Ladie? Mistresse, looke on me,</l>
<l>Behold the window of my heart, mine eie:</l>
<l>What humble suite attends thy answer there,</l>
<l>Impose some seruice on me for my loue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-III-ros">
<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
<l>Oft haue I heard of you my Lord <hi
rend="italic">Berowne</hi>,</l>
<l>Before I saw you: and the worlds large tongue</l>

<|>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.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-bir">

<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>

<|>To moue wilde laughter in the throate of death?</|>

<|>It cannot be, it is impossible.</|>

<|>Mirth cannot moue a soule in agonie.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-ros">

<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>

<|>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.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-bir">

<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>

<|>A tweluemon<gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="absent" agent="uninkedType" resp="#LMC"/>h? Well: befall what will befall,</|>

<|>Ile iest a tweluemonth in an Hospitall.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-pri">

<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>

<|>I sweet my Lord, and so I take my leaue.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-fer">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<|>No Madam, we will bring you on your way.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-bir">

<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>Our woing doth not end like an old Play:</l>
 <l>Iacke hath not Gill: these Ladies courtesie</l>
 <l>Might wel haue made our sport a Comedie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>Come sir, it wants a tweluemonth and a day,</l>
 <l>And then 'twil end.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-bir">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
 <l>That's too long for a play.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Braggart.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>Sweet Maiesty vouchsafe me.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-pri">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <p>Was not that Hector?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-dum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
 <p>The worthie Knight of Troy.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>I wil kisse thy royal finger, and take leaue. <lb/>I am a Votarie,
 I
 haue vow'd to <hi rend="italic">Iaquenetta</hi> to holde the <cb
 n="2"/>
 <lb/>Plough for her sweet loue three yeares. But most
 that
 estee­<lb/>med greatnesse, wil you heare the Dialogue
 and
 the two <lb/>Learned men haue compiled, in praise of the Owle
 <lb/>the Cuckow? It should haue followed in the end of our
 <lb/>shew.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-fer">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <p>Call them forth quickly, we will do so.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-III-adr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
 <p>Holla, Approach.</p>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter all.</stage>

the

<|>This side is <hi rend="italic">Hiems</hi>, Winter.</|>
<|>This <hi rend="italic">Ver</hi>, the Spring: the one maintained by

Owle,</|>

<|>Th' other by the Cuckow.</|>

<|><hi rend="italic">Ver</hi>, begin.</|>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="business">The Song.</stage>

<lg>

<|>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.</|>

</lg>

<lg>

<|>When Shepheards 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</|>

</lg>

<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Winter.</stage>

<lg>

<|>When Isicles hang by the wall,</|>

<|>And Dicke the Shepheard 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.</|>

</lg>

<lg>

<|>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:</|>

```
<l>A merrie note,</l>
<l>While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.</l>
</lg>
<sp who="#F-III-adr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
  <l>The Words of Mercurie,</l>
  <l>Are harsh after the songs of Apollo:</l>
  <l>You that way; we this way.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt omnes.</stage>
</div>
</div>
<trailer>FINIS.</trailer>
</div>
</body>
</text>
</TEI>
```