Loues Labour's lost.

Actus primus.

Enter Ferdinand King of Navarre, Berowne, Longavil, and

Ferdinand.

Ferd. 

Enter Fates, that all hene after in their lines,
Like rangers upon our bracen I onbes,
And then grace vs in the disgrace of death:
When sight of comorant disdaining time,
That honour which shall base his fythes keense edge,
And make vs byere of all eternitie.
Therefore brate Conquerors, for so you are,
That warre against your owne sicknesses,
And the huge Arnys of the worlds desire,
Our late edict shall strongly hand in force,
Navarre shal be the wonder of the world.
Our Court shall be a little Achademe,
Still and contemplative in living Art.
You three, Berowne, Dummant, and Longavil,
Have sworn for three yeares term to live with me:
My fellow Schollers, and to kepe those statutes
That are recorded in this seidheli heere.
Your othes are past, and now subscribe your names:
That his owne hand may strike his honour downe,
That violates the smallest breach heerein:
If you are armt to doe, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deepe oaths, and kepe it to.

Longavil. I am reflex'd, but a three yeares fast:
The minde heall banquet, though the body pine,
Fat pouches have leanne pates and dainty bits,
Make rich the ribs, but bankrout the wits.

Dummant. My louing Lord, Dummant is mortisid,
The gretier manner of these worlds delights,
He throwes upon the grosse worlds baster flaues:
To love to wealth, to pompe, I pine and die,
With all these living in Philosophie.

Berowne. I can but say their pretention ever,
So much, deare Lieue, I have already sworn,
That is to live and flynde heere three yeeres.
But there are other strict obversationes:
As not to fee a woman in that terme,
Which I hope well is not eonrolled there,
And one day in a weke to touch no foode:
And but one meate on enday before:
The which I hope is not eonrolled there.
And then to flynde but three howres in the night,
And not bee seen to winkle of all the day.
When I was wont to thinke no harme all night,
And make a darke night too of halle the day:

Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
O thence are barren tasks, too hard to keepe,
Not to fee ladies, flynde, fast, not to sleepe.
Ferd. Your ooth is palt, to passe away from thee.

Berow. Let me say no my Liege, and if you please,
I onely swore to flynde with your grace,
And flynde here in your Court for three yeeres space.

Longa. You swore to that Berowne, and to the rest.
Berow. By yea and nay fir, than I swore in jest.
What is the end of flynde, let me know?

Ferd. Why that to know which eile weee should not know.

Ferd. Things hid & bare(you meane) si comon sense.
Ferd. I that is flyndes god-like recompence.

Berow. Come on then, I will sweare to flynde so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus, to flynde where I well may dine,
When I to fast expressly am forbid.
Or flynde where to meet some Mistrefles fine,
When Mistrefles from comon sense are hid.
Or having sworn too hard a keeping ooth,
Study to break it, and not break my tooth.
If flyndes geme be thus, and this be to,
Study knows that which yet it doeth not know,
Swears me to this, and I will sey no.

Ferd. Thebe the stops that hinder flynde quire,
And traine our intellige to vaine delight.

Ber. Why? all delights are vaine, and most vaine
Which with paine purchase, doth inherit paine,
As painefull to poore upon a Bookes.

Ferd. To lecke the light of truth, while truth the while
Doth falsely blinde the eye, light of his looke:
Light seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So ere you finde where light in darkneffe lies,
Your light grows darke by lofing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeede,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye,
Who dazzling so, that eye shal be his heed,
And ginge his light, that it was blinded by,
Study is like the heavens glorious Sunne,
That will not be deep search'd with fawcy lookes:
Small issue continually plodders ever wonne,
Sawe base authoritie from others Bookes.
These earthly Godfathers of heavens lights,
That give a name to every fixed Starre,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Then those that walke and woe what they are:
Too much to know, is to know nothing but name:
And every Godfather can give a name.

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

Dumm.
Loves Labour's lost.

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.
Lou. Hee weeseth te come, and shall least grow the weeding.

Ber. The Spring is once when greene geffe are a breeding.

Dum. How followes that?

Ber. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Ber. Something thin in time.

Ferd. Browne is like an eunuch sneaking Froth,
That listeth the first borne infants of the Spring.

Ber. Well, say I am, why should ye pray Sommer baud,
Before the Birds haue any cause to sing?

Why should I stay in any abortive birth?

At Christmas Lao more desire a Rose,
Then with a Snow in Mayes new fangled flowers:
But like of each that is feation growes.

So you to studie now it is too late,
That were to cymbale ore the house to unlocke the gate.

Ferd. Well, let you out: go home Browne; adieu.

Ber. No my good Lord, I have sworn to stay with you.
And though I haue for barbaraide spoke more,
For that Angell knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I keepe what I haue sworn,
And abide the prennace of each threeyes day.

Giueme the paper, let me reade the same,
And to the fristest decrees I write my name.

Ferd. How well this yeeding refutes thee from flame.

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

Hath this bin proclaimed?

Lou. Four days age.

Ber. Let's see the penalitie.

On paine of loosing her tongue.

Who devis'd this penalitie?

Lou. Marry that did I.

Ber. Sweete Lord, and why?

Lou. To fright them hence with that dread penalitie,
A dangerous law against gentilitie.

Item. If any man be seene to talke with a woman within
In the terme of three years, hee shall induce such publicke shame as the redt of the Count shall posibly deuise.

Ber. This Article my Liedge your felle mult breake,
For well you know here comes in Embassie.

The French Kings daughter, with your felle to speake:
A Maide of grace and compleat maifite,
About surrender vp of Aquitaine:
To her decrepit fiske, and bed-ridd Father.

Therefore this Article is made in waine,
Or vainely comes th'amired Princesse hither.

Ferd. What say you Lords?

Why, this was quiate forgot.

While it doth Study to haue what it would,
It doth forget to doe the thing it should;
And when it haeth the thing it hunteth moff,
'Tis won at townes with fire, so won, so lost.

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

Ber. Necessitie will make vs all forborne.

Three thousand times within this three yeares space
Every man with his affeedtions borne,

Not by might maстрd, but by special grace.
If I breake this law, I shall breake for me,
I am for everon mee necessitie.

So to the Lawes at large I write my name,
And he that breakes them in the least degree,
Stands in attaine of eternall flame.

Suggetions are to others as to me:
But I beleue although I fee me so loth,
I am the laft that will affe kee as his oath.

For, that there is our Court you know is haint
With a refined trasuier of Spaine,
A man in all the worlds new fashion planted,
That hath a mintle of phrautes in his braine:
One who the muffick of his owne vaine tongue,
Doth raush like enchanting harmonie:
A man of complements whom right and wrong
Hauue choise as empire of their turnsie.

This childe of fame that Armand hight,
For intern to our studyes shall relate,
In high-borne words the worth of many a Knight:
From tawnie Spaine lost in the worlds debate,
How you delight my Lords, I know not I,
But I protest Flouze to heare him lie,
And I will rese him for my Minstrelie.

Ber. Armand a is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire, new words, fabious owne Knight.
Lou. Cofard is the swaine and he, shall be our sport,
And lo to studie, three yeares is but short.

Enter a Confiable with Cofard with a Letter.

Conf. Which is the Dukes owne person.

Ber. This fellow, What would it?

Cof. I my felle reprehend his owne person, for I am his grace Thessobourne; But I would see his owne person in flesh and blood.

Ber. This is he.

Cof. Signeour Arme, Arme commends you:
Thers villanie abroad, this letter will tell you more.

Conf. Sir the Contemplus thereof are as touching mee.

Ferd. A letter from the magnificent Armand.

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

Lou. A high hope for a low heaven, God grant vs paience.

Ber. To heare, or forbear hearing.

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

Ber. Well fir, be it as the idle shall give vs cause to clime in the merritie.

Clo. The matter is to me fir, as concerning Laguenetta,
The manner of it, I was taken with the manner.

Ber. In what manner?

Clo. In manner and forme following fir all those three.
I was seene with her in the Manners house, sitting with her upon the Forme, and taken following her into the Parke: which put to gether, is in manner and forme following. Now fit for the manner. It is the manner of a man to speake to a woman, for the forme in some forme.

Ber. For the following fir.

Clo. As it shall follow in my correction, and God de

Ferd. Will you heare this Letter with attention?

Ber. As we would heare an Oracle.

Clo. Such is the simplicitie of man to taint after the flesh.

L 2

Ferd. Great
Kyn. Sir I will pronounce your sentence: You shall
sift a Weele with Branne and water.
Cloe. I had rather pay a Moneth with Mutton and
Forridge.
Kyn. And Den Armade Ball be your keeper.
My Lord Borsone, fee him deliuer'd o're,
And goe we Lords to put in practice that,
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.
Bors. He lay me head to any good mans hat,
These oaths and lawes will prove an idle sound.
Sirs, come on.
Cloe. I suffer for the truth sith: for true it is, I was
taken with Insiperness, and Insiperness is a true girl,
and therefore welcome the foure cup of profession, affliction
on may one day smile againe, and vaine then set downe
sorrow.
Exit.

Enter Armade and Mathes Page.
Arna. Boy, What siguest thou when a man of great
spirit growes melancholy?
Boy. A great signe sigs, that he will looke sad.
Dag. Why ladnisse is one and the idle-same thing
does name in our people.
Boy. No no, O Lord fru no.
Dag. How canst thou part ladnisses and melancholy
my tender Inmutal?
Boy. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my
tough signere.
Dag. Why tough signere? Why tough signere?
Boy. Why tender Inmutal? Why tender Inmutal?
Dag. I speak it tender Inmutal, as a congruent apa-
thaton, appertaining to thy young daires, which we may
nominate tender.
Boy. And I tough signere, as an apertiment title to
your olde time, which we may name tough.
Dag. Prettie and apt.
Boy. How meanes you sir, I prettie, and my faying apt?
or I apt, and my laying prettie.
Dag. Thou prettie because little.
Boy. Little pretty, because little: wherefore apt?
Dag. And therefore apt, because quicke.
Boy. Speake thou this in my praisel Maller?
Dag. In thy condigne praisal.
Boy. I will praisie an Eeple with the same praisal.
Dag. What that an Eeple is ingenious.
Boy. That an Eeple is quicke.
Dag. I doe say thou art quicke in answeres. Thou
heat't in my blood.
Boy. I am answer'd fin.
Dag. I love not to be croft.
Boy. He speakes the meere contrary, croftes lose not
Br. I hate promiss'd to study ii, yere with the Duke.
Boy. You may doe it in an houre fin.
Dag. Impedile.
Boy. How many is one thirce told?
Br. I am ill at reckning it fits the spirit of a Tapfer.
Boy. You are a gentelman and a gaimeler fin.
Dag. I confesse both, they are both the vannie of a
compleat man.
Boy. Then I am sure you know how much the groffe
summe of deulce-ace amounts to.
Dag. It doth amount to one more then two.
Br. Which the base subte call thee.
Br. True. Boy. Why fir is this such a piece of study?
Now here's three flueded, are you'thrice wink'd, & how
eafe it is to put yertes to the word three, and flued three
yerto in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.
Dag. A
Boy. And that's great manuell, losing a light wench.
Boy. I say fig.
Boy. Forbear, till this company be past.

Enter Clowne, Constable, and Wench.

Const. Sir, the Dukes pleasure, is that you kepe Co-

fard safe, and you must let him take no delight, nor no

penance, but hee must fast three daies a weeke; for this

Damefull, I must keepe her at the Parke, shee is alowd for

the Day-woman. Fare you well.

Boy. I do betray my selfe with blushing; Maide.

Maide, Man.

Boy. I will visite thee at the Lodge.

Maide. That's here by.

Boy. I know where it is situate.

Maide. Lord how wise you are I.

Boy. I will tell thee wonders.

Maide. With what face?

Boy. I love thee.

Maide. So I heard you say.

Boy. And to farewell.

Maide. Fare weare after you.

Clown. Come into conceit, away.

Exeunt.

Boy. Villaine, thou shalt fast for thy offences etc

thou be punished.

Boy. Well sir, I hope when I doe it, I shall doe it on

a full stomacke.

Boy. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Clown. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for

they are but lightly rewarded.

Clown. Take away this villain, stripe him vp.

Boy. Come you transgiving blase, away.

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

loose.

Boy. No sir, that were fast and loose: thou shalt be

put to prison.

Clown. Well, if ever I doe see the merry dayes of

gloration that I haue seene, some shall see.

Boy. What shall some bee?

Clown. Nay nothing; Master Math, but what they

look vnuppon. It is not for prisoners to bee silent in

their words, and therefore I will say nothing; I thank God,

have a little patience as another man, and therefore I

can be quiet.

Boy. I doe affect the very ground (which is base)

where her foot is (which is bater) guided by her footes

(which is bater) both read. I shall be forgiven (which

is a great argument of falsesse) if I loose. And how can

that true looke, which is falsely accustomed, but his

familiar, that Lune is a Duell. There is no emill Angell but

Lune yet Sampson was so terrifyed, and he had an exel-

lent strength. Yet was Salomon so seduced, and he had a

very good witte. Cumpus but that is too hard for Her-

cules Clubbe, and therefore too much odds for a Span-

iardz Rapier: The first and second cause will not ferre

my turne; that if God doe respites not, the Duell he

regardes not; his disgrace is to be called Boy, but his

glorie is to subdue men. Aude Valour, rut Rapier, bee

full Drum, for your managers in love; yea hee louchs.

Assist me some extemporall god of Rome, for I am sure I

shall turne Sonnet. Deuise Wit, wise Pen, for I am for

whole volumes in solio;
Actus Secunda.

Enter the Prince(s) of France, with three attending Ladies, and three Lords.

Boyet. Now Madam, furnish up your dearest spirits, consider who the King your father sends:
To whom he sends, and what's his Embassage,
Your sillé, held precious in the worlds esteem,
To partake with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Marchienne Nanmor the plea of no leiffe weight
Then Aquitania Downe for a Queene,
Be now as prodigal of all deare grace,
As Nature in making Graces desre,
When she did thrue the generall world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Queen. Good Lady Boyet, my beauty though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
Not vended by base tale of chapman tongues:
I am leiffe proud to heare you tell my worth,
Then you much willing to be counted wise,
In spending your wit in the prate of mine,
But now to taske the tasker, good Boyet,
Print. You are not ignorant all-telling fame
Doth noisy abroad Nanmor hath made a vow,
Till painfull studie shall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his silent Courte,
Therefore to his secret he must needes hie,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure, and in that behalfe
Bold of your worthine, we singe you,
As our best moving faire soliciter:
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
On farsous butine, erasing quicks dispatch,
Imparting personal conference with his grace.
Bale, signifie so much while we attend,
Like humble visage doth his high will.
Boy. Proud of employment, willingly I goe. 

Exit. Print. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so:
Who are the Votaries my loving Lo
fellows with this vertuous Duke?
Law. Longuill is one.
Print. Know you the man?
1. Lady. I know him Madame at a mariage feast.
Betweene L. Perigot and the beautious heir.
Of Legues Faucombe onseminated.
In Normandy law I this Longuill,
A man of foreigne parts he is esteemed:
Well fitted in Armes, glorious in Armes.
Nothing becometh him ill, that he would well.
The ancle toyse of his faire vertues glowes,
If vertues glowes will shine with any folke,
Is a sharp wit march'd with too blunt a Will.
Whole edge hath power to oue whose will shall wills,
It should none trace that come within his power.

Print. Same merry mocking Lord beside, is he?
Law. 2. They say to mock, that mock his humour.
Print. Such hoars out louds doe wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?
2. Lad. The yong Dumas, a well accomplisht youth,

Of all that Vertue lose, for Vertue loved.
Most power to doe most harme, least knowing ill:
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though she had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke Alansfer once,
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthine.

Raf. Another of thefe Students at that time,
Was there with him, as I heare a truth.
Because they call him, but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirch,
I never spent an houres talkes withall.
His eye begets occasion for his wit,
For ever oblieth that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving left.
Which his faire tongue (conceits expotitor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged cares play tenant at his tales,
And yonger hearings are quite rouzished,
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Print. God bless your Ladies, are they all in love?
That ever one her owne hath garnished,
With fuch bedecking ornaments of prate.

1st. Here coms Boyet.

Enter Boyet.

Print. Now, what admittance Lord?
Boyet. Nanor had notice of your faire approach,
And he and his competitors in oath,
Were all adstreft to meete you gentle Lady,
Before I came: Marie thus much I haue learnt,
He rather meanes to lodge you in the field,
Like one that coms here to bettie his Court,
Then fecke a dispensation for his oath:
To let you enter his unpeopled house.

Enter Nanor, Longuill, Dumas, and Berocrne.

Here coms Nanor.

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

Nanor. You shall be welcome Madam to my Court.
Print. I will be welcome then, Conduite me thither.
Nanor. Hear me deare Lady, I haue sworn an oath.
Print. Our Lady helpe my Lord, he shall be forsworne.
Nanor. Not for the world fayre Nanor, by my will.
Print. Why, shall break it he will, and nothing els.
Nanor. Your Ladyshipp is ignorant what it is.
Print. Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wife,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I haere your grace hath sworn out Housekeeping:
His deadly finnes to keep that oath my Lord,
And finnes to brake it.
But pardon me, I am too sodaine bold,
I osseach's Teacher ill becommeth me,
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my comming,
And sodaintly refolue me in my suite.

Nanor. Madam, I will, if sodainly I may.
Print. You will the sooner that I were away,
So you'll proue peten'd if you make me stay.

Berocrne. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Raf. 1st. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Lady, I will commend you to my owne heart.

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

Boy. I would you heared it gone.

La Ro. Is the foule fike?

Boy. Sike at the heart.

La Ro. Alack, let is bloood.

Boy. Would that doe it good?

La Ro. My Phisike feit I,

Boy. Will you prickt with your eye.

La Ro. No ponit, with my knife.

Boy. Now God faue thy life.

La Ro. And yours from long lusing.

Ber. I cannot say thankfull glouding.

Enter Demesne.

Dren. Sir, I pray you a word: What Lady is that fame?

Boy. The heare of Alarum, Resolves her name.

Dren. A gallant Lady, Mournifie fare you well.

Long. I dectech you a word: what is fle in the white?

Boy. A woman sometymes, if you Fav her in the light.

Long. Perchance light in the light: I defire her name.

Boy. She hath but one for her felice,

To defire that were a shame.

Long. Pray you sir, whole daught?

Boy. Her Mothers, I haue heard.

Long. Gods blessing a your beard.

Boy. Good sir be not offende, Shee is an heare of Faulconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choller is ended:

Shee is a woul sweet Lady.

Boy. Not unlike sir, that may be.

Enter Berenice.

Ber. What is her name in the cap.

Boy. Kabensye by good hap.

Ber. Is the weddes, or no.

Boy. To her will fit, or so.

Ber. You are welcome sir, adiew.

Boy. Fare well to me sir, and welcome to you. Exit.

La Ma. That latt is Berenice, the mery mad-cap Lord.

Not a word with him, but a left.

Boy. And every left but a word.

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

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

La Ma. Two hot Sheeps ears mene.

And wherefore not Sheeps? (lips)

Boy. No Sheeps (sweet Lamb) yewe feed on your

La. You Sheep & I pature fiall that finish the left?

Boy. So you grant pature for me.

La. Not so genteel haste.

My lips are no Common, though feeverall they be.

Bes. Belonging to whom?

La. To my fortunes and me.

Pri. Good wits will be ingling, but gentle agree.

This ciuall ware of wits were much better vifed.

On Nataur and his booken, for heere 'tis absur'd.

Bes. If my obseruation (which very feldom lies

By the hearts still rhetoricke, discloed with eyes)

Deceyde me not now, Nataur is infectèd.

Pri. With what?

Bes. With that which we Louters intitle affected,

Pri. Your reason.

Bes. Why all his behaualours doe make them retire,

To the course of his eye, peeping thorough defire.

His har as like an Agot with your print impresed,

Proud
Proud with his forme, in his eie pride express'd.
His tongue all impatient to speake and not feele,
Did stumble with haste in his eie-fight to be,
All fences to that fence did make their repaires,
To feel onely looking on fairest of faire :
Me thought all his fences were lockt in his eye,
As lewes in Christhall for some Prince to buy. (glaff,
Who rendring their own worths from whence they were
Did point out to buy them along as you paff.
His faces owne margent did cost such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eies incantted with gazes.
He gie you Aquavitae, and all that is his,
And you gie him for my sake, but one loving Kiss.

"Praye. Come to our Paulillon, Boyer is disposed.
Brav. But to speake that in words, which his eie hath dif-
ionce he have made a mouth of his eie,
By adding a tongue, which it know will not lie.

Lad. Re. Thou art an old Loue-monger, and speakest
skilfully.
Lad. Ma. He is Captaine Grandfather, and learns news of
him.
Lad. 2. Then was Venus like her mother, for her fa-
ther is but grim.
Boy. Do you heare my mad wenches?
Lad. 1. No.
Boy. What then, do you fee?
Lad. 2. I, our way to be gone.
Boy. You are too hard for me.

Enter Braggart and Boy.

Song.
Brav. Warble childe, make passionate my senfe of hea-
rine.
Boy. Concoileth.
Brav. Sweete Ayre, go tendermeffe of yeares: take
this Key, give enlugement to the swaine, bring him fe-
minate hither: I must imploye him in a letter to my
Loue.
Boy. Will you win your loue with a French branle?
Brav. How meanest thou, brailing in French?
Boy. No my compleat maffe, but to ligge off a tune
at the tounges end, canarie to it with the fife, humour
it with turning vp your eie: sibh a note and sing a note,
sometime through the throat: if you swallowed loue
with fissing, love sometime through: note as if you
swallowed loue by smeling loue with your hat petticoat-
like ore the shope of your eies, with your armes croft
on your thinbelle doublert, like a Racket on a spig, 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 see humours, these betrai
nice wenches that would be betraied without these, and
make them men of note: do you note men that most
are affected to thefe?

Brav. How hafe thou purchas'd this experience?
Boy. By my penne of oblivution.
Brav. But O, but O.
Boy. The Hobbie-horse is forget.
Brav. Call'th thou my Loue Hobbi-horse.
Boy. No Maffe, the Hobbie-horse is but a Cof, and
and your Loue perhaps, a H acknle:
But haue you forgot your Loue?

Brav. Almost I had.
Boy. Neglligent stundent, learme her by heart.
Brav. By heart, and in heart Boy.
Boy. And out of heart Masse: all these three I will
proye.

Brav. What wilt thou prove?
Boy. A man, if I live, and this boy in, and without, on
the infant: by heart you love her, because your heart
cannot come by her: in heart you love her, because your
heart is in loue with her: and out of heart you love her,
being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Boy. I am all these thee.
Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing
at all.

Boy. Fetch hithe the Swaine, he must carrie mee a
letter.
Boy. A message well simpathis'd, a Horfe to be em-
blaze'd for an Asse.

Brav. Ha, ha,What fairest thou?
Boy. MARRIE sir, you must fend the Asse upon the Horfe
for he is vnto flower gar'd: but I goe.

Brav. The way is buts flow'red, away.
Boy. As swift as Lead flow.

Brav. Thy meaning prettie ingenious, is not Lead a
metall haue, dill, and flow?
Boy. Minnows honest Masse, or rather Masse no.

Brav. I say Lead is flow.
Boy. You are too swift sir to say so.

Is that Lead flow which is fid from a Gunne?
Boy. Sweete smoke of Rheterike,
He repents me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's he:
I chooze thee at the Swaine.
Boy. Thump thee, and I flee.
Boy. A most acute huanell, voluble and free of grace,
By thy faviour sweet Welkin, I must figh in thy face.
Moff rude melancholie, Valour gies thee place.
My Herald is return'd.

Enter Page and Cloward.

Pag. A wonder Masse, here's a Cuffard broken in a
thin.

Ar. Some asime, some riddle, come, thy Lewny
begin.

Cle. No, no, no riddle, no Lewny, no false, in thee
male sir. Or by Planatan, a plaine Planatan: no Lewny,
no Lewny, no Salve false, but a Planatan.

Ar. By vertue thou inforc'd laughter, thy fille
thought, my spleene, the heaving of my langues prookes
me to redious impling: O pardon me my fairs, doth
the incondurate take false for Lewny, and the word Lew-
ny for a false?

Pag. Doe the withe thinke them other, is not Lewny a
false?

(plain.

Ar. No Page, it is an epistle or discourse to make
Some obscure preceedence that hath tofore bin faine.
Now will I begin my merrall, and do you follow with
my Lewny,

The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Beec,
Were fill at oddes, being but three.

Arm. Vanill the Goose came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding flour.

Pag. A good Lewny, ending in the Goose: would you
define more?

Clav. The Boy hath hold him a bargaine, a Goose, that's
flat
Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat.
To fell a bargain was as cunning as aft and loofe;
Let me see a fat Lenny, that's a fat Goose.

- More chitter, more chitter!

How did this argument begin?

- By saying that a Coffard was broken in a fish.

Then call'd you for the Lenny.

- True, and I for a Plaman.

Thus came your argument in:

Then the Boys fat Lenny, the Goose that you bought,
And he ended the market.

- But tell me: How was there a Coffard broken in a fish?

- I will tell you shenily.

- Thou hast no feeling of it, Matt.

- I will speak that Lenny.

- I Coffard running out, that was safely within,
Fall out the thirteenth, and broke my fin.

- We will take no more of this matter.

- Till there be more matter in the fish.

- Sirra Coffard, I will unfranchise thee.

- O, marry me to one person, I swear some Lenny,
Some Goose in this.

- By my sweete soule, I meane, setting thee at liberty.
Enfreedoming thy person: thou wert enured,
Refrained, captivated, bound.

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

- I will grant thee thy liberty, free thee from durance,
And in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing, but this:
Beare this significant to the countrey Maiie Ingenuiss,
That there is remuneration, for the beartward of mine honours
Is rewarding my dependants.

- Mirth, follow.

- Like the perplexed.

Signet Coffard is awa.

- Next.

My sweete ounce of mass flesh, my in-conie.

- Now will I brooke to his remuneration.

Remuneration, O, that's the Latine word for three-farthings:
Three-farthings remuneration, What's the price of this yncle?
O, do ye give you a remuneration? Why?
It carries it remuneration? Why? It is a fairer name then
A French-Crowne. I will never buy and sell out of this work.

Enter Borrowes.

- O my good kinsman Coffard, exceedingly well met.

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

- What is a remuneration?

- Marrie sir, halfe pennye farting.

- O, Why then threefarthings worth of Shill.

- Rather ye thank your worship, God be wy you.

- O, Flay flay, I must employ thee.

- As thou wilt win my favour, good my Knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall intreate.

- When would you have it done, sir?

- O this after-noone,

- Well, will I do it sir: Fare you well.

- O thou knowest not what it is.

- Ye shall know it, when I have done it.

- Why wilt you this must know first,

- I will come to your worship and mowtow meeting.

- It must be done this after-noone.

Harke flayflay, it is but this.

The Princepce comes sudde to here in the Park.

And in her traine there is a gentle Lady:
When tongues speake sweetly, then they name her name,
And Refinshe they call her, asker for her:
And to her white hand fee thou do commend
This welldyp countenaunce. Ther's thy guarddon: goe.

- Garden, Of sweete gardons, better then remunera-
Ration, a leusement-farthing better: most sweete gar-
don. I will doe it sir in print: gardon, remuneration.

- Sir, I and forsooth in loue,
I have beene loues whisp?
A verie Beadle to a humorous ligh.

- A Critick, Nay, a night-watch Contable,
A dominating pedent ore the Boy,
Then whom no marrail so magnificent,
This wimpled, whyning, purblind whiteard Boy,
This signifit Lounes gyante draweifie, don Capi,
Regent of Loues-rimes, Lord of folded armes,
Th'annointed iouesaigne of fighes and groases:
Liedge of all lorters and malecontents:
Dread Prince of Placats, King of Codpeeces.
Sole Emperour and great general
Of crounting Parisors (O my little heart.)
And I to be a Corporall of his field,
And wearc his colours like a Tumbler's hoope.
What? I love, I sue, I seekes a wife,
A woman that is like a German Cloake,
Still a repairing: ouer out of frame,
And never going a right, being a Watch
But being watchful, that it may ill goe right,
Nay, to be preurdur, which is worst of all,
And among three, to lose the worst of all,
A whitly wanton, with a velout browe.

With two pitch bals flucke in her face for eyes,
Land by heauen, one that will doe the deed,
Though Argw were her Eunuch and her garde.
And I to figh for her, to watch for her,
To pray for her, to go to: it is a plague.
Thus Capi will impoase for my negleat,
Of his almighty dreadful little oun.

Well, I will love, write, fight, pray, flue, grove,
Some men must love my Lady, and some Jane.

A Bus Quartus.

Enter the Prime Sr, a Forester, her Ladies, and her Lords.

- Was that the King that spur'd his horse so hard,
Against the steeppe rising of the hill?

- I know not, but I think it was not he.

- Who ere a was, a newd a mounting minde:
Well Lords, to day we shall haue our dispach,
On Sabdral we will returne to France.

Then Forester my friend, Where is the last,
That we must stand and play the murtherer in?

- Hereby upon the edge of yonder Coppice,
A Stand where you may make the fairest thoot.

- I thank thee beautifull, I am faire that thoot,
And thereupon thou speakest the fairest thoot.

- For God's sake Madam, for I meant not so,

- What, what? First praise me, and then again say no.

- Out h'ud't pride. Not faire. aackle for we.

- Yes
For. Yes Madam faire.
Qu. Nay, never paint me now,
Where faire is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here (good my glaise) take this for telling true:
Praise pleinant for foule words, is more than due.
For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.
Qu. See, for my beauty will be gu'd by merit.
O herein in faire, fit for these days,
A guing hand, though foule, shall have faire praise.
But come, the Bow: Now Merce goes to kill,
And fowling here is then accounted ill:
Thus will I face my credit in the flooste,
Not wounding, pittie would not let me do't.
If wounding, then it was to fiew my skill,
That more for pittie, then purposed meant to kill.
And out of question, so it is sometimes:
Glory proves guise of defected cures.
When for Fames sake, for pittie an outward part,
We bend to that, the working of the hart.
As I for pittie alone now neke to speke
The poore Deeres blood, that my heart meenes no ill.
Do not curteous virtues hold that felloe for anaigne,
Onely for pittie sake, when they fluite to be
Lords ore their Lords?
Qu. Onely for pittie, and pittie we may afford,
To any Lady that subdews a Lord.

Enter Glouce.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.
Clo. God dig-you-deaill, pray you which is the head Lady?
Qu. Thou shalt know her fellow, by the reft that have no heads.
Clo. Which is the greatest Lady, the highest?
Qu. The thickest, and the tallet.
Clo. The thickest, & the tallet:
Qu. It is so, truth is truth.
And your waffe Midirs, were as fenders as my own,
One a thife Maides girdles, for your waffe shoul'd be fit.
Are not you the chife woma? You are the thickest here?
Qu. What's your will for? What's your will?
Clo. I have a letter from Monfier Bernaze,
To one Lady Rafcilme.
Qu. O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of mine,
Scand a fide good better.
Boy. You can care.
Break ip this Capron.
Boy. I am bound to ferve.
This Letter is miftooke: it importeth none here:
It is writ to Lagronette.
Qu. We will reade it, I ware.
Break the lace of the Waxe, and every one gluee care.

By heurth, that thou art faire, is most infallible:
true that thou art: beauteous, truth it selfe: that thou art lovely:
more faire then faire, beautifull then beauteous:
true then truth it selfe: have comitration on thy heroi-
call Vaffal: The magnanimoys and most illustre King
Chapman set mee upon the prouious and indubitate Beg-
er Lansfiphen: and he was that might rightly say: He
is, vidit, vidi: Which to animadverse in the vagrants,
Of base and obscure vilare: sayleshe. He came, Sse, and o-
ueuesd: he came one, two, three, four came three:
Who came the King, Why did he come? Vicar. Why
did he come to outcome. To whom came he? to the
Begger. What saw he? the Begger. Who outcame he?
the Begger. The conclusion is victorie: On whose
side? the King: the captaine is inche: On whose side? the
Beggers. The castration is a Nutriall: on whose
side? the King: no, in both in one, or one in both. I am
the King (for to stands the comparison) thou the Beg-
ger, for to wittneffe thy loselwone. Shall I command
thy louse? I may. Shall I enforce thy louse? I could.
Shall I etrete thy louse? I will. What, what thou ex-
change for ragges, roases: for tittles titles, for thy felle
mee. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophanne my lips on
thy foute, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy
cuerie part.

Thee in the dearst designe of industrie,
Don Adriana de Armaratho.

Thus doth thou heare the Nemean Lion roar,
Gainst thee thou Lambie, that standest as thy pray:
Subjennce to thy princely feet before,
And he from courage to incline to play.
But if thou fishe (poore foole) what art thou then?
Foolde for his rage, repartue for his den.

Qu. What plaunce of fether is hee that indited this
expost for better?
Boy. I am much deceived, but remember the file.
Qu. Else your memorie is bad, going one ere while.
Boy, This Armado is a Spaniard that keeps here in court.
A Phantasm, a Monarchio, and one that makes sport
To the Prince and his Bookes-mates.
Qu. Thou follow, a word.
Who gave thee this Letter?
Clo. I told you my Lord.
Qu. To whom I should it thou gius it?
Clo. From my Lord to my Lady.
Qu. From which Lord, to which Lady?
Clo. From my Lord Bernaze, a good mater of mine,
To a Lady of France, that he call'd: Pefilame,
Qu. Thou hast mislaken his letter. Come Lords away.
Here I sweete, put yp, this be the thirde another day.

Exeunt.

Boy. Who is the shoeter? Who is the shooter?
Rafa. Shall I teach you to know.
Boy. I aby contention of beautie.
Rafa. Why the that bears the Bow. Finely put off.
Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,
Hang me by the necke, hornes that years miscarrie.
Finely put on.
Rafa. Well then, I am the shoeter.
Boy. And who is your Deare?
Rafa. If we chose by the horns, your felle come not near.
Finely put on indeede.
Maria. You still wrangle with her Boyet, and face striking at the brow.
Boyet. But she her felle is hit lower:
Have hit her now.
Rafa. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that
was a man whom King Pippo of France was a little boy,
as touching the hit.
Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old that
was a woman when Queene Cymounor of Britaine was a
little wench, as touching the th回合.
Rafa. Thou
His intellect is not replenished, he is only an animal, only tenable in the duller parts: and such ben men plants are set before vs, that we thankfull should be: which we taste and feeling, are for those parts that doe fructifie in vs more then her. For as it would ill become me to be raine, indifferent, or a fool; so were there a patch set on Learning, to see him in a Schoole.

But some have sayd, being of an old Fathers minde, Many can brooke the weather, that lose not the winde. Dul. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit, What was a month old at Gaunt birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?


Dul. What is ditisme?

Nath. A title to Phoebe, to Luna, to the Moon.

Hol. The Moon was a month old when Adam was no more. (lecture.)

And wrought not to five-weekes when he came to fine-
Thallusion holds in the Exchange.

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


Dul. And I say the polution holds in the Exchange: for the Moon is never but a month old: and I say befide that, was a Pricket that the Princelle kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you have an extemporall Epigraph on the death of the Deare, and to humour the ignorant call'd the Deare, the Princefull kill'd a Pricket.

Nath. Perge, good M. Helena, Perge, so shall please you to abrogate scrulisit.

Hol. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.

Dul. Enter Enter Dul, Holofernes, the Pedant and Nathaniel.

Nat. Very recurrent sport truly, and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Ped. The Deare was, as you know, guising in blood, tips as a Damson-water, who now hangeth like a Jewell in the ear of Cole the like, the welken the heauen, and anon falleth like a Crab on the face of Terra, the spoyle, the land, the earth.

Curt. Nath. Truly M. Holoferne, the epithaphs are sweeterly varied like a scholler at the lesson: but if I affaire ye, it was a Buckle of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, hand cread.

Dul. I was not a band cread, I was a Pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation: yet a kind of infalluation, as it were, in way of explanation, as it were replication, or rather as it were, so to show as it were his inclination after his vnderdrest, unpublishcd, vneducate, vnprunct, vntrained, or rather vnlettered, or rather vncustomed fashion, to intire against my hand cread for a Deare.

Dul. I said the Deare was not a band cread, I was a Pricket.

Hol. Twice told simpliciter, hic collum, O thou monst.

Dul. Forget Ignorance, how deformed doost thou look.

Nath. Site hath hiset feed of the dainties that are bred in a book.

He hath not eat paper as it were. He hath not drunk inake.
Loves Labour's lost.

shall want no instruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But Vir sapit qui parce loquitur, a foule Feminine falacie vs.

Enter Laucenetta and the Clowns.

Iap. God give you good morrow M. Perfum.

Nat. Master Perfum, good morrow Perfum! And if one should be perfit, Which is the one?

Cl. Master M. Schoolmaster, he that is like to a hoghead.

Nat. Offering a Hogshead, a good liquor of conceit in a turp of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, PEARLE enough for a Swine; 'tis prettiest, it is well.

Iap. Good Master Perfum be so good as to reade mee this letter, it was giuen mee by Cofard, and sent mee from Don Armado: I beseech you reade it.

Nat. Facile precor golla, quando pecus omnibus fab un
brovumnat, and so forth. Ah! good old Munson, I may speake of thee as the tracerel doth of Venice, where she, wheare, que non te unde, que non te percreae. Old Munson, old Munson. Who vnderstandeth thee not, est vel

sala me: Vnder pardon sir, What are the contents? or rather is Herwaere ladies in his, What hat my foule veris.

Iap. I sile, and very learned.

Nat. Let me hear a flaske, a flanze, a verfe, Lege
domaine.

If Loue make me forsworne, how shall I Sware to love? Ah neuer faith could hold, if not to be certifie. Though to my felie forsworn, to thee Ie faithfull proue. Thofe thoughts to mee were Okes, to the like Okes bowed. Studie his byas leaves, and makes his booke shine eyes. Where all those pleasures line, that Art would comprehend.

If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice. Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee comend. All ignorant that foule, that thee without wonder. Which is to me some prais, that I thy parts admire. Thy eie lower lightening besees, thy voyse his dreadful thunder.

Which not to anger bents, is mutique, and sweet fire. Celebritall as thou art, O pardone loue this wrong, That fings heauens prais, with such an earthy tongue. Ped. You finde not the apophrasies, and do misthe the accent. Let me superseue the cangenes.

Nat. Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facility, & golden cadence of poëtie care: Odium Nono the man was, And why in deed Nao, but for smelting out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the irkes of intention imitarte is nothing: So doth the Hound his master, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horfe his rider: But Damnifia virginis. Was this directed to you?

Iap. I sile from one monsieur Bereone, one of the strange Queens Lords.

Nat. I shall overglance the superscript.

To the six white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline. I will looke againe on the intellect of the Letter, for the nomination of the partie written to the perfon written verto.

Your Ladyship in all desyre employment, Bereone.

Per. Sir Madam, this Bereone is one of the Vortaries with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a frequenct of the strangre Queens: which accidicently, or by the way of progreffion, hath miscarried. Trip and
goe my sweete, deliver this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concernemuch: I stay not thy complemente, I forgive thy duetie, adieu.

Maid. Good Cofard go with me: Sir God faue your life.

Cof. Hauce with thee my girl.

Exit. Het. And have done this in the fear of God very religiose: and as a certaine Father faith.

Ped. Sir tell not me of the Father, I do feare colourable colours. But to returne to the Verfe, Did they please you in Nathaniel?

Nat. Marvellous well for the pen.

Ped. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pul
pill of mine, where if I (being relased) it shall please you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my prussile I have with the parents of the foresaid Childe or Pulpill, undertake your ben venuto, where I will prose those Verfe to be very unlearned, neither favouring of Poetrie, Wit, nor Invention. I beseech you So-
cieiet.

Nat. And thank you to: for socieiete (faith the text) is the happiest of life.

Ped. And as the text most infully concludes it, sir I do inuite you too, you shall not say me nay: poche verba.

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

Excuse.

Enter Beroemse with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Bero. The King he is hanging the Deare, I am courting my lady.

They have pitched a Toyale, I am toyling in a pyrth, a pitch that defiles, defile, a foule word: Well, set thee downe forrow; for so they say the foule faid, and so say I, and I the foule: Well proued wit. By the Lord this Loues is as mad as Aias, it kills sheepe, it kills me, I a sheepe: Well proued against a my life. I will not lourage, if I do hang me: ythil I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her, yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lye, and lye in my throat. By heauen I do lourage, and it hath taught me to Rime, and to be mallichiose: and here is part of my Rime, and here my mallichiose. Well, the hath one my Soneter already, the Clowne bore it, the Foule sent her, and the Lady hath it: sweet Clowne, sweete Foule, sweete Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other there were in. Here comes one a paper, God give him grace to grone.

He fland o/side.

The King entereth.

Kin. Ay mee!

Bero. Shot by heauem: procede sweete Care, thou haft chumpied him with thy Bindulse under the left paper in faith secrete.

King. So sweete a kiffe the golden Sune giues not, To those freth morning drops upon the Rofe, As thy eye beames, when their freth raye shane time. The night of dew that on my cheeks downe flowers, Nor thine the flower Moone one halfe so bright, Through the transparent boisme of the deepes, As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light? Thou thinkest in entry teares that I doe wepe, No drop, but as a Coach doth entere theye: So rtich thou triumphing in my woe, Do but behold the teares that dwell in me, And theye glory through my grieue will flow:

But
But do not loose thy selfe, then thou wilt keepe
My teares for glades, and still make me weep.
O Queene of Queenes, how faire doest thou excell,
No thought can winke, nor tongue of mortall tell.
How shall the know my griefes? Ile drop the paper.
Sweet lesues, hide folly. Who is he comes hither?

Enter Longaide. The King steps aside.
What Longaide, and reading: listen ear.
Ber. Now in thy likene, one more foole appeare.
Long. Ay me, I am forworne.
Ber. Why he comes in like a puritie, wearing papers.
Long. In loue I hope, sweet Fellowship in flame.
Ber. One drunkard loves another of the name.
Lou. Am I the first I have been perciv'd so? (know)
Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I
Thou maist the triumphery, the corner cap of sollicite,
The shape of Loues Tibune, that hang vp simplicitie.
Lou. I loose their thriftbourn limes lack power to move.
O sweet Storia, Enprest of every Loue,
These numbers will I erase, and write in prose.
Ber. O Rimes are gards on wanton Cupid's hole,
Disguise not his Shop.
Lou. This name shall goe. He reades the Sonnet.
Did not the barley harketrick of thine eye,
Gibus and with the world cannot build an argument,
Perforce my heart to this false, permitted.
Votes for thee broke downe my punishment.
A Woman I foresaw, but I will prove,
Thus being a Goddess, I foresaw not thee.
My Pow was earthly, thence a heavenly Loue,
Thy grace being gaine, owes all disaffection in me.
Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is.
Thus thou faire Sun, which on my earth doth flow,
Exhalt the earth vapour, in thee is it.
If broken down, is no fault of thine:
If by me broke, What force is not in wife.
To loose an oath, to win a Paradys.
Ber. This is the inner veine, which makes flein a deity.
A greene Goose, a Goddesse, pure pure in Idolatry.
God amen vs, God amen vs, we are much out o' th' way.

Enter Damaide.
Lou. By whom shall I fend thus (company) Stay.
Ber. All hid, all hid, an old infant play.
Like a demie God, here sit in the skie,
And wretched fools teares heedlessly ore-eye.
More Sacks to the myll. O heauen I have my wife,
Damaide transform'd, Jourde Woodcock in a diff.
Dum. O most divine Kate.
Ber. Of most prophane coxcombe.
Dum. By heauen the wonder of a mortall eye.
Ber. By earth she is not, corporall there you lye.
Dum. Her Amber hairs for foule hath amber coted.
Ber. An Amber coloured Rauen was well noted.
Dum. As vpright as the Cedar.
Ber. Stoopen I say her shoulder is with-child.
Dum. As fair as day.
Ber. As some dates, but then no sunne must shine.
Dum. 0 that I had my wife?
Lou. And I had mine.
Kim. And mine too good Lord.
Ber. Amen, so I had mine; is not that a good word?
Dum. I would forget her, but a Fever the.
Raignes in my blood; and will remembered be.
Ber. A Fever in your blood, why then infiction
Would let her out in Soucers, sweet misprision.
Dum. Once more I telle thee the Ode that I have writ.
Ber. Once more I telle marke how Loue can vary Wit.

Damaide reads his Sonnet.
On a day, heck the day:
Loue, whose Monts is every May,
Spied a plaine name passing faire,
Playing in the wanton ayre.
Through the cloudes, joyes the wondre,
All enchanted, sweepe to throne.
That the Loue sick of death,
With himselfe he batons breath.
Ayre (you th) thee cheakes of my bloues,
Ayre, would I might triumph so.
But alacke my hand is favorne,
Next to plieke thee from thy throne:
I am alacke for youth untinct,
Touch fis to plieke a sweet.
Do not call it base in me,
That I am forsworne for thee.
Then for whom Loue would forsake,
Loue but as Ashop were,
And dense lamentes for Loue,
Turning mortal for thy Loue.

This will I fend, and something else more plaine,
That shall expresse my true-loues fashing paine,
O would the King, Bawonne and Longaide,
Were Louters too, ill to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a peridis note:
For none offend, were all alike doe dote.
Lou. Damaide, thy Loue is farre from charitie,
That in Loues griefes deff't sollicite:
You may looke pale, but I should bluss I know,
To be or-heard, and taken mapping in.
Kim. Come sit, you bluss: as his, your cate is such,
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You do not loue Mary? Longaide,
Did never Sonnet for her false compil;
Now neyer by his wrettched armes about his
His loving bosom, to keepe downe his heart.
I have beene closely throw ded in this butt,
And marks you both, and for you both did bluss.
I heard your guilty Rimes, obsteud your fashion;
Saw figues reekke from you, noted well your pasison.
Aye me, lays one! O loue, the other cries!
On her haires were Gold, Childish the others eyes.
You would for Paradys break Faith and troth, and
Loue for your Loue would infringe an oas.
What will Bawonne say when that he shall hear
Faith infringed, which such zeale did sweare.
How will he become how he will spend his witt?
How will he triumph, jeape, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that ever I did fee,
I would not haue him know so much by me.
Ber. Now slip I forth to whip hypocrite.
Ah good my Ledge, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, What grace hast thou thus to reprose
These worms for loving, that are soft in loye?
Your eyes doe make no couches in your teares,
There is no certaine Princeffe that appears.
You'll not be peris'd, this is hateful thing:
Tuff, none but Minthels like of Sonneting.
But are you not amain? Why, are you not?

M All
Loves Labour's lost.

All three of you, to be thus much at thee
You found his Mouse, the King your mouse did see:
But I a Beame doe finde in each of thee,
O what a Scene of foolery have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of scene:
O me, with what stifled patience have I sat,
To see a King transformed to a Giant?
To see great Hercules whipping a Gigge,
And profound Solomon turning a lygege?
And Nuffor play at pulse-pins with the boys,
And Crtticeke Ymne laugh at idle toys.
Where lies thy griefe? O tell me good Durname,
And gentle Lorgueil, where lies thy paine?
And where my Liege? all about the breast:
A Candle ho!

Kin. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betrayed thus to thy over-view?

Ber. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honest, I that hold in store
To break the vow I was engag'd in.
I am betrayed by keeping company
With men, like men of inconstancy.
When shall you see me wrote a thing in time?
Or groane for Loue, or spend a minutes time,
In prunung mee, when shall you hear that I will praise a hand, a foot, a face, a breast, a yoke, a flute, a brow, a breast, a waife, a legge, a limme.

Kin. Soft, Whither a-way so fast?
A true man, or a thieve, that galleys so.

Ber. I poft from Loue, good Lourer let me go.

Enter Isagremont and Clowne.

Isag. God bleffe the King.

Kin. What Prence hast thou there?

Clon. Some certaine treason.

Kin. What makes treason here?

Clon. Nay it makes nothing fir.

Kin. If it make nothing neither.

The treason and you go in peace away together.

Isag. I beleefe your Grace lett this Letter be read,
Our perfom mi-doibes it: it was treason he said.

Kin. Permore read it over.

It reads the Letter.

Isag. Where hadst thou it?

Lag. Of Ceffard.

Kin. Where hadst thou it?

Coff. Of Durne-Ardenhale, Durne Ardenhale.

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

Ber. A toy my Liedge, a toy: your grace needs not fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.

Durn. It is Browns writing, and here is his name.

Ber. Ah you whereon loggerhead, you were borne
to doe me shame.

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

Kin. What?

Ber. That you three fool, lacke mee fool, to make

up the meife.

He, he, and you: and you my Liedge, and I,
Are picke-purses in Loue, and we deferue to die.

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

Durn. Now the number is even.

I bow. True true, we are forowe: will these Turtles be gone?

Kin. Hence fire, away.

Clo. Walk slide the true folk, & let the traitors stay.

Ber. Sweet Lords, sweet Louers, O let us embrase,
A true we are as feth and bloud can be,
The Sea will idle and flow, heauen will shew his face:
Young bloud doth not obey an old decrees.
We cannot erasfe the caufe why we are borne:
Therefore of all hands mutt we be forsworne.

King. What, did these rent lines fiew some loue of thine?

(Rafaline.)

Ber. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly
Tree (like a rude and savage man of Inde.)
At the first opening of the gorgeous East,
Bouws not his vassall head, and brookes blinde,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breath?
What peremptory Eagle-fightted eye
Darcs looke upon the heauen of her brow,
That is not blinded by her maieffe?

Kin. What a scale, what firke, hath inspird thee now?
My Louer (her Mistresse) is a gracious Moone,
Shine (an attending Starre) fcarce feene a light.

Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Beronne.
O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night,
Of all complications the cuf'd fouraisyng,
Doe meet as at a faire in her faire chekke,
Where feuerall Worthyes make one dignity,
Where nothing wants, that want it felte doth seek,
Least I doe lose the flowes, that all gentle too,
Fie painted Rethorice, fife needes it not,
To things of tale, a tellers praise belongs:
She paffes praze, therefore praze too short doth blot.
A withered Hermite, furecore winters wone,
Might shake off fitte, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish Age, as if new borne,
And giues the Crutch the Cudless infanct.
O is the Sunne that maketh all things shine.

King. By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebbon.

Berow. Is Ebbon like her? O word divine?
A wife of such wood were felicitie.

O who can give an oth? Where is a bocock?
That I may Iware Beauty doth beauty lacke,
That I may see not of her eye to looke:
Not the faire that is not full so blacce.

Kin. O paradoxe, Blacce is the baie of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night:
And beauties creft becomes the heauens well.

Ber. Duels foonest tempe reflembling spirits of light.
O if in blacke my Ladies bowes be deckt,
It mournes, that painting wipping haire
Should rainsh doters with a false aspect:
And therefore is the borne to make blacke, faire.
Her faouer turns the fashion of the dayes,
For nature bloud is counted painting now:
And therefore red that would auaide difpraise,
Paints it felte blacke, to imitate her brow.

Durn. To look like her are Chinny-wipeaves blacke,
Lou. And once her time, are Colliers countred bright.

Kin. And All of their sweet complexion crake.

Durn. Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light.

Ber. Your methfrises dare never come in raine,
For feare their colours should be waffat away.

Kin. They were good yours did: for to tell you plaine,
Ile finde a faker face not wassat to day.

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

Lou. No Diuell will fright thee then to much aslice.

Durn. I never knew man hold vile fluffe so deere.
Lou. Look, hither's thy loue, my foot and her face fee.

Ber. If the streets were pased with shone eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.

Dum. O vile, then as the goes what uphour lyes?
The street should see as the walk’d our head.

Kim. But what of this, are we not all in love?

Ber. O nothing so fur, and thereby all forsworne.

Kim. Then leave this chat, and good Berowne now proue
Our cunning lawful and our true familiar.

Dum. I marry there, some flattering for this cuill.

Long. O some authority how to proceed,
Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the dowl.

Dum. Some false for periure,

Ber. O tis more then neede.

Hase as you then affections men at armes,
Consider what you first did (were into): To fall, to flud, and to fee no woman:
But if instead of the Kingly rate of youth,
Say, Can you fell? your formacks are too young:
And abstinence ingendra oldadies.
And where that you have vow’d t’fludit (Lords): In that each of you have forsworne his Book.
You can will dreame and pore, and thereon looke.
For when would you my Lord, be you or you,
Your found the ground of your excellency,
Without the beauty of a woman face;
From women eyes this doctrine I derive,
They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Acharmens,
From whence doth spire the true, Promises fine.
Why, unrivell plodding paysons vp
The nimble spints in the arteries,
As motion and long during action tyres
The cunning vigour of the trauer.
Now for not looking on a woman face,
You have in that forsworne the vie of eyes:
And fludit too, the casser of your vow.
For where is any Author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a woman eyes:
Learning is but an adjutant to our felic,
And where we are, our Learning likewise is;
Then where we live we see in Ladies eyes,
With our felices,
Do we not likewise fee our learning there?
O we have made a Vow to fludit, Lords,
And in that vow we have forsworne our Bookes:
For when would you (my Ledge) or you, or you?
In leden contemplation have found out
Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes,
Of beauties tutors have instruct’d you with:
Other low Arts intirely keep the braine:
And therefore finding barraine praedizers,
Scarce shew a harowt of their heay tyole.
But Love first learned in a Ladies eyes,
Lives not alone emured in the braine:
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And glides to every power a double power.
About their functions and their offices.
It addes a precious seeing to the eye:
A Lovers eye will gaze an Eagle blinde.
A Lovers care will hear the lowest sound.
When the scuffles head of death is flopt.
Love feesing is more behold: and fenibless.
Then are the tender homes of Cock and Snake,
Loves tongue proue damy, Bacchus grole in taff.
For Valour, is not Love a Mercury.
Still climbing trees in the Hopewell.
Subclit as Spinice, as sweet and musickall,

As bright Apollo’s Lute, string with his hair.
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the Gods,
Make heauen drowse with the harmonie.
Neuer durft Poet touch a pen to write,
Vastill his Inke were tempred with Loves fighes.
O then his lines would raise fattenage ears,
And pless in Tyburns milde humilitie.
From womans eyes this doctrine I derive.
Theypare cleale the right promethian fire.
The are the Bookes, the Acharmes, the Acharmes,
That shew, containe, and nourish all the world.
Eille none at all in ought proues excellent.
Then foole you were thefe women to forsware:
Or keeping what is frowne, you will proue foole.
For Wifes frowne face, a word that all men lone.
Or for Loves fake, a word that loves all men.
Or for Men’s fake, the author of thefe Women:
Or Woms frowne, by whom we men are Men.
Let’s once loose our oaths to finde our felues,
Or else we loose our oves, to keepe our oaths:
It is religion to be thus forswone.
For Charity it selle fulfills the Law:
And who can lover lone from Charity.

Kim. Saint Cripus then, and Soulsiers to the field.
Ber. Advance your standards, & upon them Lords,
Pell, mell, downe with them; but be first aduit’d,
In conflict that you get the Sunne of them.

Long. Now to peace dealing, Lay these glozes by.
Shall we resolute to woe these girls of France?
Kim. And winne them too, therefore let vs deuise,
Some entertainment for them Charity.

Ber. First from the Park let vs conduct them thither,
Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his faire Mistrefse, in the afternoone.
We will with some strange pastime solace them;
Such as the shortenell of the time can shape,
For Reels, Dances, Maske, and merry hours.
Fore-runne faire Love, burning her way with flowers.
Kim. Away, away, no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by vs be fittet.

Ber. Alone, alone lovew Cockell, reap’d no Corne,
And Justice alwayes whirsile in equal mesure.
Light Wenches may proue plagues to men forsworne,
Ifo, our Copper buyes no better treasure.

Enter the Pedant, Curate and Dall.

Pedant. Satis qualis efficet.
Curat. I prase God for you sir, your reasons at dinner
have beene sharpe & fenious; pleasant without securitie,
Witty without affiction, audacious without impudence,
Learned without opinion, and strange without heresies: I did converse this quendam day with a companion
of the Kings, who is intituled, nommarized, or called,
Don Adriano de Armado.

Ped. Nowes homunculorum tamagnos is. His humour is lofty,
his discourse perspicuous; his tongue flild, his eye
ambitious, his gaite mazesticall, and his general behaviour
our vain, ridiculous, and thrustfull call. He is too picked,
too froute, too affected, too odd, as it were, too pergrinant,
as I may call it.
Loves Labour's lost.

Curst. A most singular and choice Epithet, —

"Draw out his Table-books."

Peda. He drawer out the sherd of his verbosities, ferther then the staple of his argument. I labor such phatnatical phantasies, such incisibility and poyste daintie companions, such rackers of erpiography, as to speake dout fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he shold pronounce debib; de b, not det; he elepeth a Calf, Caufe; half, half; kneight-nobility vocator nebonn; neigh abbreviated ne: this is abominable, which he would call abominable; it infamizes me of infamous; no intelligible domus, to make franticke, monsthrick.

Curst. Louts doe, some intellects.

Peda. Bone boon for boon prefstion, a little scratch, 'twill serve.

Enter Braggart, Boy.

Curst. Videste me quis venit?

Bragg. Chirras.

Peda. Queri, Chirra, not Sirra?

Bragg. Men of peace well inquested.

Peda. Most militiary sir fuluration.

Boy. They have beene at a great feast of Languages, and frode the scraps.

Clown. O they have liued long on the sirens-basket of words. Now, as I remember that Mr hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not to long by the head as honorificabilissimiimis: Thou art esquill swallowed then a fladragon.

Page. Peace, the peace begins.

Bragg. Mouther, are you not lettered?

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

Peda. Baa, puericula with a horn added.

Pag. Ba most feelye Sshepee, with a horn: yow hear his learning.

Peda. Qui quae, chew Connoitan?

Page. The laft of the fuc Vowels if You repeat them, or the fit it.

Peda. I will repeat them: a e i.

Page. The Sshepee, the other two concludes it ou.

Bragg. Now by the fail waue of the metierarium, a sweet tutch, a quicke vete we of wit, imp inap, quick & home, it ireooyeth my intellect, true wit.

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

Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Page. Hornees.

Peda. Thou dippes like an Infent: gow hopp thy Giggae.

Pag. Land me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Inamese vumacuta a gigge of a Cuckolds home.

Clown. And I had but one penny in the world, thou sholdt haue it to buy Ginger bread; Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Masster, thou halfe penny pur of we, thou Padgeon-egge of direction. O & the heavens were fo pleiad, that thou went but my foffard; What a lowfull father wouldt thou make mee? Go to, thou halft it ad dapple, at the fighers ends, as they say.

Page. Oh I fucull false Latine, dapple for congrum.

Bragg. Arst man preachfulke, we will bee singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Champaigne on the top of the Mountains?

Peda. Or blow the hill.

Brag. At your sweet pleasure, for the Mountaines. Peda. I doe fay quesion.

Brag. Sir, it is the Kings most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the Princefreke at her Paullon, in the pofferis of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noone.

Pag. The pofferis of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the after-noone: the word is well culd, chope, sweet, and apt I doe affure you sir, I doe affure.

Bragg. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar, I doe affure ye very good friend: for what is in ward between vs, let it paife. I doe bethech thee remember thy curteisie. I beseech the apparel thy head; and among other inexpert & most lercious designes, and of great import indeed too: but let that paife, for I must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the world) sometimetime to leave upon my poore shoulder, and with his royall finger thus daille with my excreamen, with my mustaches: but sweet heart let that paife. By the world, I recount no fable, some certaine speciall honours I pleache his greatnesse to impart to Armedo a Souldier, a man of trauell, that haeth seene the world: but let that paife; the very all of all but sweet heart, I do implore fereicie, that the King would have mee present the Princeke (sweet chuckes) with some delightful full effenta- tion, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-worke; Now, understanding that the Carrete and your sweet fiet are good at such epytions, and fighes breaking out of myrth (as it were) I haue acquainted you withall, to the end to crave your asistance.

Peda. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. St Hesleveres, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the pofferis of this day, to bee rendered by our assailants the Kings command; and this most gallant, illustreate and learned Gentleman, before the Princeke: I fay none to fit to present the Nine Worthies.

Curst. Where will you finde men worthy enough to present them?

Peda. Insofa, your selfsmane fefe, and this gallant gentleman Lucas Machabebem; this Swaine (because of his great limme or reyn) shall paife Pompy the great, the Pag. Pompie.

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

Peda. Shall I haue audience? he shall present Hercule in minoritie: his enter and exte shall bee straungel a Snake; and I will have an Apologie for that purpose.

Pag. An excellent devise: so if any of the audience hisse, you may cry, Weli done Hercules, now thou en- sheathed the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracios, though few have the grace to doe it.

Brag. For the rest of the Worthies?

Peda. I will play three msself.

Pag. Thrice worthy Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell thee a thing? I doe.

Peda. We attend.

Brag. We shall have, if this fadge nor an Antique. I beseech you follow.

Pag. Not good-man Dall, thou haft spoken no word all this while.

Dall. Nor understand one neither sir.

Peda. Alone, we will employ thee.

Dall. Ile make one in a dance, or to; or I will play...
on the taber to the Worthies, & let them dance the hey.


Enter Ladies.

Qu. Sweethearts we shall be rich ere we depart.

If fortune come thus plentifully,

A Lady walkes about in Diamonds: Look you,what I have from the leasing King.

Ref. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Qu. Nothing but this, yet so much loue in Rhyme,

As would be cram'd vp in a sheete of paper.

Writ on both sides the leaves,margint and all,

That he was fause to feale on Capitale name.

Ref. That was the way to make his godhead wax:

For the hath beene five thousand yeeres a Boy.

Kath. I found a thread of joy with gallowes too.

Ref. You shall bee here with him,a lidd your father.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy, and so fine died: had he beene Light like you,of such a merrie nimble flitting spirit,she might a bin a Grandam ere she died. And so may you: For a light heart lines long.

Ref. What’s your darke groaning moore, of this light word?

Kat. A light condition in a beauty darke.

Ref. We need more light to finde your meaning out.

Kat. You will make the light by taking it in suiffe:

Therefore he darkely end the argument.

Ref. Look what you do, you doe it full the darke.

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

Ref. Indeed I wight you not as before light.

Kat. You wight me not,O’that you care not for me.

Ref. Great reason: for past care, is till past cure.

Qu. Well bandid both, a set of Wit well played.

But Refale, you have a Faute too?

Who sent it? and what is it?

Kat. I would you knew.

And if my face were but as faire as yours,

My favour were as great, he witness this.

Now haue Verstes too, I thank you Beanie.

The numbers true, and were the numbering too,

I was the fairest goodeff on the ground.

I am compar’d to twenty thousand fairer.

O he hath drawn my picture in his letter.

Qu. Any thing like?

Ref. Much in the letters,nothing in the praise.

Qu. Beauituous as Locke: a good conclusion.

Ref. Fair as a Text B. in a Cuppoe booke.

Ref. Wote penfals,How? Let meno die your debtor,

My teed Domini,call, my golden letter.

O that your face were full of Oes.

Qu. A Pox of that left, and I bethrow all Shrowes: But Katherine, what was sent to you

From faire Damme?

Kat. Madaune, this Gloue.

Qu. Did be not send you twaine?

Kat. Yet Madaune, and moreover.

Some thousand Verstes of a faithfull Loues.

A hauy translacon of hypocryse.

Vildly compild, profound simplicitie.

Mar. This, and these Pearls, to me sent Langerius.

The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.

I think so leffe, Doth thou with in heart.

The Chaine were longer, and the Letter, short.

Mar. Lor I would these hends might never part.

Qu. We are wise girles to mocke out Loues fo.

Ref. They were wotse fools to purchaze mocking fo.
And every one his Louse-leaf will advance,
Vnto his feuarall Mistrelle: which they'll know
By favourers feuaral, which they did bellow.

Queen. And wil they to the Gallants shall be ta't:
For Ladies: we will every one be makst,
And not a man of them shall haue the grace
deighth of face, to see a Ladies face.
Hold Rofaline, this Favour thou shalt wa're,
And then the King will court thee for his Deare:
Hold, take this thy sweet, and give me thine,
So shall Rofaline take me for Rofaline.
And change your Favour too, so shall your Louth
Woo contrary, decive by these removes.

Rofa. Come on thee, were the fauours most in sight.

Rofa. But in this changing, What is your intent?
Queen. The effect of my intent is to crose their's:
They doe it but in mocking merriment,
And mocke for mocke is oneley my intent.
Their generall comitie they vnbolome all,
To Loutes mittoke, and be mocked withall.
Upon the next occasion that we meete,
With Villages displaie to take and greet.

Rofa. But shall we dance, if they desire vs too?

Queen. No, to the death we will not move a foot,
Not to their pen'd speech render we no grace:
But while it's spoke, each turne away his face.

Boy. Why that contempt will kill the keepers hear,
And quarte divourse his memory from his part.

Queen. Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,
The rest will ere come in, if he be out.

They have no such sport, as sport by sport o'throwne:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own.
So shall we flay mocking entred game,
And they well mock, depart away with shame. Send.

Boy. The Trompet sounds, be maskes, the maskers come.

Enter Black moore with Vouchsafe, the Boy with a speech,
And the rest of the Lorde disguis'd.

Page. All haile, the richest Beanties on the earth.

Bar. Beauties no richer, then rich Tatia.

Page. A holy parcell of the fairest dams that euer issu'd their backs to mortal viewers.

The Ladies turne their backs to him.

Bar. Their eyes vllaine, their eyes.

Page. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal viewers.

Order.

Boy. True, out indeed.

Page. Out of your favourers beaustous spirits vouche safe.

Not to behoule.

Bar. Once to behold, rogue.

Page. Once to behold with your Sonne beausted eyes,

With your Sonne beausted eyes.

Bar. They will not answere to that Epythire,
You were call'd Daughters beausted eyes.

Page. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

More. Is this your perfecheselfe? be gone you rogue.

Rofa. What would these strangers?

Know their minds Boyer.

If they doe speake our language, 'tis our will
That some plaines must recount their purpos.

Know what they would?

Boyer. What would you with the Princes?

Bar. Nothing but peace, and gentle veneration.

Rofa. Why that they have, and bid them to be gone,

Boy. She late you have it, and you may be gone.

Kim. Say to her we have meafur'd many miles,

To tread a Meafure with you on the grasse.

Boy. They say that they have meafur'd many a mile,

Tell them a Meafure with you on this grasse.

Rofa. It is not so. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile? If they have meafur'd manie,
The meafure then of one is out of told.

Boy. If to come hither, you have meafur'd miles,

And many miles: the Princes bids you tell,

How many inches doth fill vp one mile?

Bar. Tell him we meafure them by weary steps.

Boy. She heares her talke.

Rofa. How manie weary steps,

Of many weary miles you have oure-gone,

Are numbred in the vrayell of one mile?

Bar. We number nothing that we spend for you,

Our duty is for rich, to infinite,

That we may doe it full without accompt.

Vouchsafe to shew the similtude of your face,
That they may (like saugues) may worship it.

Rofa. My face is but a Moone and clouded too.

Kim. Bifled are clouds, to doe as fuchs clouds doo.

Vouchsafe bright Moone, and therie therie fars to shine,

(Thoie clouds remou'd) upon our watery eyne.

Rofa. Ovaine petecioner, beg a greater matter,

Thou now requir'st but Moonshine in the water.

Kim. Then in our measure, vouchsafe but one change.

Thou bid me brege, this beging is not change.

Rofa. Play musicke then, nay you must doe it soone.

Not yet no dance: this change I like the Moone.

Rofa. Will you not dance? how come you thus e- stranged?

Kim. You cooke the Moone at full, but now she's changed.

Kim. Yet full she is the Moone, and I the Man.

Rofa. The musicke players, vouchsafe some motion to it:

Our ears vouchsafe it.

Kim. But your legges should doe it.

Rofa. Since you are strangers, & come here by chance,

We'll not be nice,make hands; we will not dance.

Kim. Why take you hands then?

Rofa. Ondie to part friends,

Cureth sweet hart, and to the Measure ends.

Kim. More measure of this measure be norice.

Rofa. We can afford no more at such a price.

Kim.普fful your felates? What buys your companie?

Rofa. Your absence ondies.

Kim. That can never be.

Rofa. Then cannot we be bought and foo adue,

Twice to your Vifor, and halfe once to you.

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

Rofa. In priuate then.

Kim. I am beft pleas'd with that.

Be. White handed Mifiris, one sweet word with thee.

Bar. Love, and Milke, and Sugaret there is three.

Bar. Nay then two treyes; an if you grow so nice

Metheline, Wort, and Mainley; well rune dice;

There's halfe a dozen sweetes.

Kim. Seventh swee adue, since you can cogg.

He play no more with you.

Bar. One word in secrect.

Kim. Let it not be sweet.

Bar. Thou green't my gall.
Qu. Gall, bitter.
Bar. Therefore meet'st.
Du. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair Ladies.
Mar. Say you so? Fair Lord:
Take you that for your faire Lady.
Du. Please it you,
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.
Mar. What, was your wizard made without a song?
Long. I know the reason Ladie why you ask.
Mar. O for your reason, quickly fit, I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your mask.
And would afford my speechelle wizard halfe.
Mar. Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is not Veale a Calf?
Long. A Calfe faire Ladie?
Mar. No, a faire Lord Calfe.
Long. Let's part the word.
Mar. No, I'll not be your halfe.
Take all and wean it, it may prove an Ox.
Long. Look how you but your sillie in these sharpes mockes.
Will you giue horns chaff Ladie? Do not so.
Mar. Then die a Calfe before your horns do grow.
Lon. One word in private with youere I die.
Mar. Blest quickly then, the Butcher beases you cry.
Beay. The tongues of mocking wenches are asken
As is the Razors edge, insufiable.
Cutting a smaller baine then may be seen.
Above the fenle of oce to suste.
Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings,
Fleeter then arrows, bullets wind, thought, wittier things.
Rofa. Not one word more my madde, break off, break off.
Beay. By heaven, all drie beaten with pure sciabe.
King. Farewell madd Madchen Wenches, you have simple wits.
Enter.
Qu. Twenty adieu my frozen Mucouites,
Are these the bread of wits to wonder at?
Beay. Tapers they are, with your sweete breathes puff out.
Rofa, Wel-king wits they have, grefie, grefie, fat, fat.
Qu. O pourrie in wit, Kingly poor fleete.
Whey not (thynke you) hang themselues to night?
Or euer but in wizard shew their faces.
This pert Barney was out of count'nance quite.
Rofa. They were all in lamentable caiws.
The King was weeping ripe for a good word.
Qu. Barney did sweare himselfe out of all suits.
Mar. Dosemae was in my servise, and his sword:
No point (spight is) my feruite straight was mine.
Ka. Lord Long-wolfd said I came ore his hart.
And now you what he call'd me?
Qu. What thence, perhaps,
Kar. Yes in good faith,
Qu. Go sickneffe as thou art.
Rof. Well, better wits have worse plain flature caps,
But wil you heare the King is my loyte sowne.
Qu. And quicke Barney hath plighted faith to me,
Kar. And Long-wolfd was for my seruice borne.
Mar. Dosemae is mine as sure as carpers on tree.
Beay. Barney, and prettie mistrefles great ears,
Immediately they will againe be heere.
In their owne shapes: for it can never be
They will dig theh in this indignite.
Qu. Will they returne?
Bar. They will they will, God knowes,
And leape for joye, though they are lame with blowes:
Therefore change Faours, and when they repair,
Blow like sweet Roses, in this summer aire.
Qu. How blowe? how blowe? Speake to bee under
Foot.
Bar. Faire Ladies atakst, are Roses in their bud.
Difmaskt, their damask sweet commixtature shone,
Are Angles vailing clouds, or Roses bloune.
Qu. Auant perplexite: What shall we do.
If they return in their owne shapes to wo?
Rofa. Good Madam, if by me you'l be aduise'd,
Let's mock them still as well knowne as disguised
Let vs complain to them what fooles were here,
Disguis'd like Mucouites in shapelesse geare:
And wonder: what they were, and to what end.
Their shawle shouwes, and Prologe videcly peud'ed
And their rugged carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our Tent to vs.
Bay. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants great hand.
Long. Whip to our Tents, 2 Roses runnes are 4 Land.
Exeunt.

Enter the King and the rest.

King. Faire sir, God ease you. What's the Princeffe?
Bay. Gone to her Tent.
Plese it your Majestie command me any servise to her?
King. That the youthfulke me audience for one word.
Bay. I will, and I will trye, I know my Lord. Est.
Bar. This fellow pickes up witt as Pilgrimms peace,
And veters it againe, when Lawe doth please.
He is Wits Pedler, and retails his Wares,
At Wakes, and Waffels, Meetings, Markets, Faires.
And we that fell by grosse, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such flow.
This Galliss pick the Wenches on his fleee.
Had he bin Adon, he had temptid Eu.
He can carre too, and lyfe: Why this is he,
That kill away his hand in courtesye.
This is the Ape of Forme, Monseur the ncie,
That when he places at Tables, chides the Dice.
In honorable tardems: Nay he can sing.
A meane most meanly, and in Vhering.
Mend him who can: the Ladys call him sweete.
The flaireess he treats on them kisse his feete.
This is the flower that smiles on euerone,
To drew his teethes as white as Wisses bone,
And confidences that wil not die in debt.
Pay him the hymn of honie-tongued Bayet.
King. A blitter on his sweete tongue with my hart,
That put Armatheus Page out of his part.

Enter the Ladies.

Bow. See where it comes. Behauiour what we're thou,
Till this madman shew'd theire? And what art thou now?
King. All haile sweet Madame, and faire time of day.
Qu. Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceiue.
King. Conforte my speeches better, if you may.
Qu. Then with me better, I wil giue you l ease.
King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.
Qu. This field shall hold me, and to hold your yows
Nor God, nor I, delights in perud'ed men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you procure.

The
The virtue of your eie must break my oie.

Q. Youe nickname virtue: vice you should have spoke:

Q. For virtues office never breaks men threats,

Q. Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure

Q. As the invalid Lilly, I protest,

Q. A world of tormentsoth though I should endure,

Q. I could not yeild to be your houses guest:

Q. So much I hate a breaking case to be,

Q. Of heaven'se oath, vow'd with integritie,

Q. You have liid in defolation heere,

Q. Vaineence, unwis'd, much to our flame.

Q. Not to my Lord, it is not so I swear,

Q. We have had paitiemes heere, and please not game,

Q. A meffe of Ruffians left is but of late,

Q. How Madam? Ruffians?

Q. It is in truth, my Lord,

Q. Trim gallants, full of Courtesie and of flatterie.

Q. Madam spake true. It is not to my Lord:

Q. My Ladie (to the manner of the dates)

Q. In curtesie givens endeavouring praise.

Q. We foure indeed confronted were with foure

Q. In Ruffian habits: Heere they stayed an hour.

Q. And talk'd in scape, and in that hour (my Lord)

Q. They did not beeifie vs with one happy word,

Q. I dare not call them foolies; but this I thinke,

Q. When they are thrife, foolies' words faile faile drink.

Q. Thisleet is dreie to me. Gentie swete e,

Q. Yowr wits makes wife things foolishe when we gretie

Q. With eies belt feeling, heeresia faire eie:

Q. By light we loose light; your exactrie

Q. Is of that nature, that to your hugh floor,

Q. Wife things seeme foolishe, and richt things but pootree.

Q. This proutes you wife and rich: nay in my eie

Q. I am a foolie, and full of pooterie.

Q. But that you take what dole you belong,

Q. It were a fault to fetch words from my tongue.

Q. O, I am yours and all that I possifie.

Q. All the foolie mine.

Q. I cannot give you leef.

Q. Which of the Vizards what is it you wore?

Q. Where's when? What Vizard?

Q. Whence may you your Highness fadde?

Q. Help helpe hold his browses, he'll find: why looke

Q. you pale you?

Q. Sea-flick I thinke comming from Mufcioni.

Q. Thus pour the flies downe plagues for perjury.

Q. Can my face of brasse hold longer out?

Q. Here he hand: I Ladie dart thy skill aunie,

Q. Bruise me with scorne, confoundme with a storm.

Q. Thrust thy sharp eit quite through my ignorance.

Q. Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit:

Q. And I will with thee never more to dance,

Q. Nor never more in Ruffian habit waite,

Q. Oineer will I trull to speeches ped'd,

Q. Nor to the motion of a Schoole, bones tongue.

Q. Nor never come in vizard to my friend,

Q. Nor woe in rime like a blind-harpers songe,

Q. Tafta phurer, filken tearms precise,

Q. Three-pil'd Hyperbolos, spruce affection;

Q. Figures pedanticall, these summer flies,

Q. Have blowne me full of maggots ostentation.

Q. I do forswear them, and there prove.

Q. By this white Gioue (how white the hand God knows)

Q. Henceforth my woing minde shall be expressed

Q. In rillet yeas, and honest kerrie does.

Q. And to begin Wench, so God helpe me law,

Q. My Ladie there is found, sans cracke or flaw.

Q. Refa. Sans, sans, I pray you

Q. Yet I hawe a trice

Q. Of the old rage: beare with me, I am sickie.

Q. He leaze it by degrees: sof't, let vs see,

Q. Write Lord have mercy on vs, on those three,

Q. They are infected, in their hearts it lies:

Q. They hauet the plague, and caught it of your eyes:

Q. These Lords are visitted, you are not free:

Q. For the Lords tokens on you I doe see.

Q. No they are free that gauet these tokens to vs,

Q. Our fates are forfeite, seek not to vando vs.

Q. It is not so; for how can this be true,

Q. That you brande forfeite, being those that fue.

Q. Peace, for I will not have to do with you.

Q. For all nor, if I do as I intend.

Q. Speake for your fates, my wit is at an end.

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

Q. The fairest is confession.

Q. Were you not here but even now, disguised?

Q. Madam, I was.

Q. And were you well aduis'd?

Q. I was faire Madam.

Q. When you then were heere,

Q. What did you whisper in your Ladies ear?

Q. That more than all the world I did receiue.

Q. When she shall challenge this, you will receipt her.

Q. Upon mine Honor no.

Q. Peace peace, forbears your oath once broke, you force not to forswear,

Q. Madam, he swore that he did hold me deare

Q. As precious eye-light, and did value me

Q. Above this World: adding thereto moreover,

Q. That he would Wed me, or else die my Louter.

Q. God gueue thee joye of him: the Noble Lord

Q. Molt honorably doth vybhold his word.

Q. What meanes you Madame?

Q. By my life, my troth,

Q. I neuer swore this Ladie such an oath.

Q. By heauen you did; and to confirm it plaine,

Q. You gave me this: but take it for againe.

Q. My faith and this, the Princefife I did gine,

Q. I knew her by this jewell on her fleuce.

Q. Pardon me for, this jewell did the weare,

Q. And Lord Berowe (I thank me) is my deare.

Q. What will you haue me, or your Peale again?

Q. Neither of either, I remit both twaine.

Q. I fee the tricke on: Heere was a content,

Q. Knowing aforesaid of our merriment.

Q. To dafe it like a Christmas Comedia.

Q. Some carry-tale, some pleaft man, some flight Zanis,

Q. Some mumble-newes, some trecherous-knight, from Dick

Q. That smilies his shecke in yeares, and knows the tricke

Q. To make my Lady laugh, when she's disposed.
Told our intents before: which once disclosed,
The Ladies did change Pauories; and then we
Following the signes, woo'd but the signes of the
Now to our purpose, to add more terror,
We are againe forsworne in will and error,
Much upon this tis: and might not you
Foresail our sport, to make vs thus victors?
Do you not know my Ladies foot by th' iquier?
And laugh upon the apple of her eie;
And stand betwixt her backe side, and the fire,
Holding a tenter, lethering merrie;
You put our Page out, go, you are slowd.
Die when you will, a snocke shall be your shroud.
Yeaste yeaste upon me, do you? There's an eie
Wounds like a Lezden sword.
Boy. Full merrily liath this braue manager, this care-
tere bene run.
Bar. Loche, he is tilting straight. Peace, I haue don.

Enter Cloues.

Welcome pure wit, thou part of a faire fray.
Clo. O Lord sir, they would knoow,
Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.
Bar. What are there but three?
Clo. No sir, but it is wars fine,
For everie one purfants three.
Bar. And three times thrice is nine.
Clo. Not so sir, under correction sir, if I hope it is no.
You cannot bawe us sir, I can assure you sir, we know what we know: I hope sir, three times thrice sir.
Bar. Is not nine.
Clo. Under correction sir, we know where-until it
doeth amount.
Bar. By loue, I always tooke three threes for nine.
Claw. O Lord sir, it were pitie you should get your
living by reckoning sir.
Bar. How much is it?
Clo. O Lord sir, the parties themselves, the actors sir
will shew where-until it doeth amount: for mine owne
part, I am (as they say, but to perfect one man in one
poore man) Pompey the great sir.
Bar. Art thou one of the Worshies?
Clo. It pleased them to think me worthise of Pompey
the great: for mine owne part, I know not the degree
of the Worshie, but I am to stand for him.
Bar. Go, bid them prepare.
Clo. We will turne it finrly off sir, we will take some care.
King. Remember, they will flame vs:
Let them not approach.
Bar. We are flame-proof my Lord: and 'tis some
police, to have one flesh worse then the Kings and his
companie.
Kim. I say they shall not come.
Qua. May my good Lord, let me or-cule you now;
That Ipart best pleases, that doth least know how.
Where Zeale strives to content, and the Contents
Dies in the Zeale of that which it pretends:
Their forme confounded, makes most forme in mirth,
When great things labourcing perish in their birth.
Bar. A right description of our sport my Lord,

Enter Bridegar.

Bridegar. Announced, I implore so much expence of thy
royal sweet breath, as will viter a brace of words.
Qu. Doth this man ferue God?
Bar. Why ask ye?
Qu. He speakes not like a man of God's making.
Bridegar. That's all one my faire sweet homie Monarch:
For I protest, the Schoolmaster is exceeding lamolecularly:
Too too vaie, too too vaie. But we will put it (as they
say) to Fortuna delegatur, I wish you the peace of minde
most royall supplment.
King. Here is like to be a good preformance of Worthies;
He presents Helias of Troy, the Swaine Pompey & great,
The Paren Curate Alexander, Amanides Page Hercules,
The Pedam Indus Manachobus: And if these foure Wor-
thies in their fift heaven thrive, these foure will change
habities, and present the other three.
Bridegar. There is fue in the first flewe.
Kim. You are deceived, tis not so.
Bridegar. The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge-Priest, the
Foole, and the Boy,
Abate throw at Novyus, and the whole world againe,
Cannot prise our fine fitch, take each one in's vaie.
Kim. The ship is vnder sail, and here the coms amain.

Enter Pompey.

Clo. I Pompey am.
Bar. You lie, you are not he.
Clo. I Pompey am.
Boy. With Libbards head on knee.
Bar. Well said old mocker.

I must needs be friends with thee,
Clo. I Pompey am, Pompey servaund of the big.
Du. The great.
Clo. It is great sir: Pompey servaund of the great:
That oft in field, with Targe and Shield,
did make my face to sweat:
And transmuting along this coast, I here am come by chance,
And lay my Armes before the legs of this most Faith of
France.
If your Ladship would say thankes Pompey, I had done.
La. Great thankes great Pompey,
Clo. Tis not so much worth: but I hope I was per-
fect, I made a little fault in great,
Bar. My hat to a halfpence, Pompey prouces the
bell Worthe.

Enter Curate for Alexander.

Curat. When in the world I sawd, I was the world's Com-
mander:
By East, West, North & South, I fired my conquering might
My Sunne thou plaie declareth that I am Alisander.
Bonte. Your nose failes me, you are not:
For it flanks too right.
Bar. Your nose isles no, in this most tender finel-
ing Knight.
Qu. The Conqueror is dismaid:

Procede good Alexander.
Cur. When in the world I lived, I was the world's Com-
mander.
Bonte. Most true, this right: you were so Alisander.
Bar. Pompey the great.
Clo. Your liuand and Alisandar.
Bar. Take away the Conqueror, take away Alisander,
Clo. O first, you haue outworne Alisander the con-
quero: you will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for
this,
this: your Lion that holds his Pollax sitting on a close stool, will be given to Ajax. He will be the ninth woe. A Conqueror, and afraid to speak: Runne away for shame Alcander. There an I shall please you: a son-like mild Man, an honest Man, locke you, & looke after. He is a manureous good neighbour inoffous, and a worthy good Bowler: but for Alcander, alas you see, how it is a little out of part. But there are Worthies in coming, will speak their munde in some other fort. Exit Cn.

Qu. Stand add good Pompey.

Enter Pedous for Indus, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great Hercules is presented by this Impo, whose Club hit's Cepheus, as that three-headed Cenius, and when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp, thus did he entangle Serpents in his Marsus: Quaetionem, he fell into minoright, Erge, I come with this Apologie. Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish. Exit Boy

Ped. Indus I am.

Dun. A Judas?

Ped. Not so creatur.

Indus I am, espoused Machabees.

Dun Indus Machabees clipt, is plaine Judas.

Ber. A kising traitor. How art thou proud of Indus?

Ped. Indus I am.

Dun. The more shame for you Indus.

Ped. What means you for?

Boi. To make Indus hang himselfe.

Ped. Begin for, you are my elder.

Ber. Well follow'd, Indus was hang'd on an Elder.

Ped. I will not be put out of countenance.

Ber. Because thou hast no face.

Ped. What is this?

Boi. A Citterne head.

Dun. The head of a bodkin.

Ber. A deaths face in a ring.

Lau. The face of an old Roman coin, licece issue.

Boi. The pummill of Cepheus Faulcon.

Dun. The car'd bone face on a Flask.

Ber. S. Georges half cheke in a brooch.

Dun. I, and in a brooch of Lead.

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

And now forward, for we have put thee in countenace.

Ped. You have put me out of countenace.

Ber. False, we have guen thee faces.

Ped. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Ber. And thou wilt not a Lion, we would do.

Boy. Therefore as he is, an Affe, let him go:

And to adue sweet Indus. Nay, why doit thou stay?

Dun. For the latter end of his name.

Ber. For the Affe to the Indus: gie him, Indus a way.

Ped. This is not generous, nor gentle, nor humble.

Boy. A light for monfeur Indus, it grows darke, he mayumble.

Que. Alas poore Machabees, how hath he becume baieted.

Enter Braggart.

Ber. Hide thy head a Achille, here comes Hecstor in Arms.

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

Kopp. Hecstor was but a Troyan in respect of this.

Boi. But is this Hecstor?

Kin. I think Hecstor was not so elegant timber'd.

Lon. His legge is too big for Hecstor.


Ber. No, he is best indeed in the small.

Ber. This cannot be Hecstor.

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

Bragg. The Armipotent Mars of Lauicce the Almighty, gave Hecstor a gift.

Dun. A gift Nutmegge.

Ber. A Lenmon.

Lon. Stucke with Cloues.

Dun. No cloues.

Bragg. The Armipotent Mars of Lauicce the Almighty, gave Hecstor a gift, the bese of Hecicce:

A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight ye, from morn till night, out of his Pavillion.

I am that Flower.

Dun. That Mint.

Long. That Cullamsbibe.

Bragg. Sweet Lord Longam all reine thy tongue.

Lon. I muet rather giue it the reigne: for it runnes against Hecstor.

Dun. 1, and Hecstor's a Grey-hound.

Bragg. The sweet War-man is dead and rotten, Sweet chuckes, beat not the bones of the buried.

But I will forwaerd with my deuice;

Sweet Royaltie bellow on me the fense of hearing.

Benerima boppes forth.

Qu. Speake braue Hecestor, we are much delighted.

Bragg. I do adore thy sweet Grace's slipper.

Boy. Lotes her by the foot.

Dun. He may not by the yard.

Bragg. This Hecstor fave farmount Hamickall.

The partie is gone.

Cloe. Fellow Hecstor, she is gone: she is a two months on her way.

Bragg. What meanest thou?

Cloe. Faith vntill ye play the honest Troyan, the poore Wench is caft away: she's quicke, the child brags in her belly alreadie: its yours.

Bragg. Doft thou informaze me among Potentates?

Thou hast die.

Cloe. Then shall Hecstor be whips for Leucipinna that is quicke by him, and hang'd for Pompey, that is dead by him.


Boi. Renowned Pompey.

Ber. Greater then great, great, great, great Pompey:

Pompey the huge.

Dun. Hector trembles.

Ber. Pompey is moused, more Aetes more Aetes flirre them, or flirre them on.

Dun. Hecstor will challenge him.

Ber. I, if a have no more mans body in my belly, then will fip a Fies.

Bragg. By the North-pole I do challenge thee.

Cloe. I will not fight with a pole like a Northern man; Ile slath, Ile do it by the wound: I pray you let mee bore romny, Pompey againe.

Dun. Rooms for the incensed Worthis.

Cloe. Ile do it in my shirt.

Dun. Moft resolute Pompey.

Page. Master, let me take you a button hole lower: Do you not see Pompey is kneazing for the combat: what meane
meane you? you will lose your reputation.

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

Du. You may not deny it, Pumpy hath made the challenge.

Brat. Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.

Bot. What reason have you for this?

Brat. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt, I go woolward for persna.

Bot. True, and it was injoyed him in Rome for want of Linnen: since when, he be worne he wore none, but a dibuild of Examples, and that be weares next his heart for a favour.

Enter a Messenger, Monsieur Marcade.

Mar. God save you Madame.

Qu. Welcome Marcade, but that thou interpretest our meetturment.

Marc. I am forrie Madam, for the newes I bring is haecie in my tongue. The King your father.

Qu. Decad or my life.

Mar. Euen fo: My tale is told.

Ber. Worshyes away, the Scence begins to cloud.

Brat. For mine own part, I breach free breath: I have seene the day of wrong, through the little hole of differenc, and I will right my felie like a Souldier.

Qu. How farre is your Majestie?

Ber. Are ye preparie, I will awaie to night.

Kim. Madame not so, I do bettie you stay.

Qu. Prepare I say. I thank you gracious Lords.

For your all ye end gouents and entreates:

Out of a new ad-louie, that you vouchsafe,

In your rich wisedome to excuse, or hide,

The liberall oppostion of our spirits,

If our-boldly we were borne out our felies,

In the converse of breath (your gentillene)

Was gullie of it). Farewell wellie Lord:

A haecie heart beart not a humble tongue.

Excuse me fo, comming so short of thanks,

For my great juice, so easyly obtain'd.

Kim. The extreme parts of time, extremellie formes

All caues to the power of his speed:

And often at his virti loose decides

That, which long processes could not arbitrate.

And though the mourning brow of progene

Forbidden the smili conteese of Louse:

The holy suite which fine it would conjunc,

Yet since loues argument was first on foot,

Let not the cloud of sorrow fulte it

From what it purpos'd; since to waile friends loft,

Is not by much so wholsome profitable,

As to rejoicy at friends but newly found.

Qu. I vnderstand you not, my greecies are double.

Ber. Honest plaineswords, best pierce the ears of grieffe

And by these badges vnderstand the King,

For your faire fakes have we neglected time,

Plaid foule play with our owr: your beautee Ladies

Hath much deformd vs, fastructing our humors

Euen to the topoped end of our intents,

And what in vs hath seem'd ridiculous:

As Loue is full of unbeftinfy fraines,

All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine.

Form'd by the eie, and therefore like the eie.

Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of formes.

Varying in subiects as the eie doth roule,

To euerie varied object in his glanc; 

Which parte-coated prudence of loose loue

Put on by vs, if our heyuness eies,

Hauie misbecom'd our soules and gravities.

Those heuenie eies that looke into these faults,

Suggered vs to make: therefore Ladies

Our loue being yours, the error that Loue makes

Is likewise yours. We to our felues prone folle,

By being once folle, for cuere to be true

To tioo that make vs both, faire Ladies you.

And even that fallhood in it felte a saine,

Thus purifie it saine, and turnes to grace.

Qu. We have receiued your Letters, full of Loue:

Your Favours, the Ambassadors of Loue,

And in our maiden consolat rated them,

At courtship, pleasant left, and curteisie,

As bannfull and as lining to the timer;

But more deuout then these are our respects.

Have we not bene, and therefore met your loues

In their owne fashion, like a metturment.

Du. Our letters Madam, diewd much more then left.

Lyon. So did our looks.

Ref. We did not cost them so.

Kim. Now at the latest minute of the hour,

Grant vs your loues.

Qu. A time me thinkest too short,

To make a world-without-end bargain in;

No, no my Lord, your Grace is percie d much,

Full of cleare gullitene, and therefore this;

If for my Loue (as there is no luche caufe)

You will do ought, this shal you do for me.

Your oie I will not truwt: but go with speed

To some forlone and naked Hermitage,

Remote from all the pleasures of the world:

There may, till the twelue Celestial signs

Have brought about their annual reckoning.

If this affure inclosible life,

Change not your offer made in heace of blood:

If froste, and faites, hard lodging, and thin weeds

Nip not the gaudie blootomes of your Loue,

But that it bear this triall, and lef lone:

Then at the expiration of the yeare,

Come challenge me, challenge me by these defers,

And by this Virgin pale, now calling shine,

I will be chiste: and till that infrant flut

My woulfel felie vp in a mourning houe,

Raining the teares of lamentation,

For the remembrance of my Fathers death.

If this then do deny, let our hands part,

Neither intiud in the others hart.

Kim. If this, or more then this, I would deny,

To flatter vp these powers of mine with reft,

The sodaine hand of death cloe vp mine eie.

Hence ever then, my heart is in tylt breff.

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

Ref. You must be purged too, your sins are racc'd,

You are attaine with faults and persiurie:

Therefore if you my favor meant to get,

A twelvemonth frail you spend, and never reft,

But seeke the worst beds of people fike.

Du. But what to me my Loue, but what to me?

Kat. A wife? a beard, faire health, and honestie,

With three-fold loue, I wish you all these three.

Du. O shall I say, I thank you gentle wife?

Kat. Not so my Lord, a twelvemonth and a day,
Loves Labour's lost.

Ile marke no words that smooth fac'd wooers saie. 
Come when the King doth to my Lady come: 
Then if I have much love, Ile yousse some. 

Dum. Ile ferue thee true and faithfully till then.
Kath. Yet verre we not, leaff ye be forsworne agen.

Lun. What fakes Maris? 

Mar. At the twelme months end, 
Ile change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend.

Lun. Ile stay with patience: but the time is long. 

Mar. The licker you, few taller are to yong, 

Ber. Studies my Ladye? Mistrefle, looke on me, 
Befold the window of my heart, mine eye: 
What humble suitte attendeth thy answer there, 
Impose some fenice on me for my love.

Raf. Off haue I heard of you my Lord Browne, 
Before I saw you; and the worldes large tonge 
Proclames you for a man replete with mocks, 
Full of comparions, and wondring floweres: 
Which you on all estates will execute, 
That Ile within the merce of your wit, 
To weede this Worrerwood from your fruitfull braine, 
And therewithall to win me, if you please; 
Without the which I am not to be won: 
You shall this twelme months terme from day to day, 
Visithe the specheffle fick, and fall conuerse 
With gosying wretches: and your caske shall be, 
With all the fierce endeavur of your wit, 
To enforceth the painted impotent to finall.

Ber. To move wilde laughter in the throat of death? 
It cannot be, it is impossible. 
Mirth cannot move a soule in agenie. 

Raf. Why that's the way to chace a giling spirit, 
Whereof influence is begot of that loofe grace, 
Which shall lowing hearers gise to foules: 
A lills prosperite, lies in the eare 
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue 
Of them that makes it; then, if thickly eater, 
Dealt with the clamours of their owne desire grones, 
Will hear your idle fareness continue then, 
And I will haue you, and that fault wihall, 
But if they will not, throw away that spirit, 
And I shall find you emptie of that fault, 
Right joyfull of your reformation. 

Ber. A tweleven mondh Well befall what will befall, 
Ile leaft a twelemonth in an Hopinall. 

Qua. If sweete my Lord, and lo I take my lease. 

King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way.

Ber. Our writing doth not end like an old Play: 
Jacke hath not Gill: there Ladies contrefie 
Might well haue made our sport a Comedie. 

Km. Come fir, it wants a twelemondh and a day, 
And then 'twill end. 

Ber. That's too long for a play. 

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweet Maiefy voucheforme.

Q. Was not that Heceto? 

Dum. The worthy Knight of Troy.

Brag. I will kill my royal finger, and take leave; 
I am a Votarie, I hate vow'd to Layometra to holde the 

Plough for her sweete loute three yeares. But most efect- 
med greatneffe, will you heere the Dialogue that the two 
Learned men have compiled, in praise of the Owle and 
the Cuckow? It should have followed in the end of our 
shew.

Km. Call them forth quickly, we will do so. 

Brag. Holla, Approch.

Enter all.

This side is Hume, Winter. 
This Ver, the Spring: the one maintayned by the Owle, 
Th'other by the Cuckow.

Ver. begin.

The Song.

When Dapes pied, and Violets blew, 
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew: 
And Ladies-smocks all fitter white, 
Do paint the Medowes with delight. 
The Cuckow than on euerie tree, 
Mocks married men, for thus fongs he, 
Cuckow. 
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare, 
Vnpleasing to a married care. 

When Shephards pipe on Osten frawes, 
And merrie Ladies are Ploughmen clockes: 
When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes, 
And Maidens bleach their summer smocks: 
The Cuckow then on euerie tree 
Mocks married men; for thus fings he, 
Cuckow. 
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare, 
Vnpleasing to a married care.

Winter.

When Ificles hang by the wall, 
And Dicke the Shepheard blows his snare; 
And Tom beare's Logges into the hall, 
And Milke come frozen home in paire; 
When blood is nipt, and waies be bowle, Then nightly fings the flaring Owle 
Tu-whit to who. 

A merrie note, 
While greife lone doth keepe the pot. 

When all aloud the winde doth blow, 
And c AFFing drownes the Parions faw; 
And birds fit brooding in the snow, 
And Marriane note lookes red and raw; When roafted Crabbs shiff in the bowle, Then nightly fings the flaring Owle, 
Tu-whit to who: 

A merrie note, 
While greife lone doth keepe the pot. 

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

Exeunt omnes.