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        Published according to the true original copies.</title>
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Sprint for Shakespeare

Crowdfunding

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

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Bodleian Libraries, University of Oxford

11 September 2014
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Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, tragedies.: Published according to the true originall copies.

Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories, tragedies.

First Folio

London, England:

William Jaggard, Edward Blount, John Smethwicke

1623

8 November 1623 (entered)

Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30


Bodleian Library, Arch. G c.7 [first Bodleian shelfmark, 1624-1664?]

Arch. F c.13 [superscript z?] [second Bodleian shelfmark, 1906-?]

The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: \( \pi A^6 (\pi A1+1) \)
\[2C^2 a-g^6 \chi g g^8 h-v^6 x^6 \chi 1.2 [\text{para.}] 2\] [\text{para.}] 6 3[\text{para.}] 1 a-a-f f^6
\[h h^6 k k-b b b^6; 2. West: \pi A^6 (\pi A1+1, \pi A5+1.2) \]
\[2 A^2 B^6 2 C^2 a-g^6 g^8 h-v^6 x^4 'g g 3.4' (\pm 'g g 3') [\text{para.}] 2 [\text{para.}] 6 3[\text{para.}] 1 a-a-f f^6 2 a-2 f^6 2 g^2 2 G^6 2 h^6 \]
\[x^6 2 y-3 b^6.\]

Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; 3gg1 mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.

"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination on leaf a1 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on leaf aa1 recto.
The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of the Droeuchout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.

Predominantly printed in double columns.

Text within simple lined frame.


Head- and tail- pieces; initials.

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

Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap was seen". 2. A copy of Ben Jonson’s printed "To the Reader"; MS note on t.p. (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor
annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.</p></additions></bindingDesc><p>Seventeenth-century (1624) English (Oxford) smooth calf. Bound for the Bodleian Library by William Wildgoose, with evidence of two cloth ties, red sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at the head of the spine. Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S. Gibson in Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items sent out on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing printed waste from a copy of Cicero’s "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard Pafraet, between 1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this work see: Bod. Inc. Cat., C-322.</p></bindingDesc></physDesc><history><origin><p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.</p></origin><acquisition><p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on 17 February 1624 for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian’s catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in 1674, replaced by the newer <bibl><title>Third Folio</title> (<date when="1664">1664</date>)</bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of</p></acquisition>
"superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard Davis</persName>, a bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the sum of <num value="24">£24</num>.<p></p> After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family’s possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num value="3000">£3000</num>, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (the Turbutt Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905).<p></p> For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.</acquisition>
Dull, a constable

Anth.

Con.

Du.

Dul.

Don Adriano de Armado, a fantastical Spaniard

Ar.

Arm.

Arma.

Br.

Bra.

Brag.

Biron, lord attending on the king

Be.

Ber.

Bero.

Berow.

Berowne.

Boyet, lord attending on the princess of France

Bo.

Boi.

Boiet.

Boy.

Boyet.

Bro.

Boy Hercules

Boy. Hercules.

Boy Sampson

Boy. Sampson.

Costard, a clown

Clo.

Clow.

Cost.
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  <persName type="form">Cur.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Cura.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Curat.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Curat. Nath.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Nat.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Nath.</persName>
</person>

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  <persName type="form">Dum.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Duma.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Dumane.</persName>
</person>

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  <persName type="form">Fer.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Ferd.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Kin.</persName>
  <persName type="form">King.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Nau.</persName>
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<person xml:id="F-lll-for">
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  <persName type="form">For.</persName>
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<person xml:id="F-lll-hol">
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  <persName type="form">Hol.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Ped.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Peda.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Pedant.</persName>
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  <persName type="form">Iaq.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Iaqu.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Mai.</persName>
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<person xml:id="F-lll-kat">
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  <persName type="form">Ka.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Kat.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Kath.</persName>
</person>
Mercade, lord attending on the princess of France

Maria, lady attending on the princess

Rosaline, lady attending on the princess

Longaville, lord attending on the king

Moth, a page to Armado

Princess of France
Loues Labour's lost.

Actus primus. [Act 1, Scene 1]

Et Fame, that all hunt after in their lives, live recorded upon our brazen tombs, and then grace us in the disgrace of death, when spite of cormorant devouring Time, live endeavours of this present breath may buy. That honour which shall bite his sythes keene edge, and make us heirs of all eternity. Therefore braue Conquerours, for so you are, that warre against your owne affections, and the huge armie of the worlds desires. Our late edict shall strongly stand in force. You three, Berowne, Dumaine, and Longauill, haue sworn for three yeeres terme, to live with me. My fellow Schollers, and to keepe those statutes! That are recorded in this scedule here.
Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names:

That his owne hand may strike his honour downe,

That violates the smallest branch heerein:

If you are arm'd to doe, as sworne to do,

Subscribe to your deepe oaths, and keepe it to.

Who = "#F-lll-lon"

Longauill. I am resolu'd, 'tis but a three yeeres fast:

The minde shall banquet, though the body pine,

Fat paunche haue leane pates: and dainty bits,

Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

Who = "#F-lll-dum"

Dumane. My louing Lord, Dumane is mortified,

The grosser manner of these worlds delights,

He throwes vpon the grosse worlds baser slaues:

To loue, to wealth, to pompe, I pine and die,

With all these liuwing in Philosophie.

Who = "#F-lll-bir"

Berowne. I can but say their protestation ouer,

So much, deare Liege, I haue already sworne,

That is, to liue and study heere three yeeres.

But there are other strict obseruances:

As not to see a woman in that terme,

Which I hope well is not enrolled there.

And one day in a weeke to touch no foode:

And but one meale on euery day beside:

The which I hope is not enrolled there.

And then to sleepe but three houres in the night,

And not be seene to winke of all the day.

When I was wont to thinke no harme all night,

Which I hope well is not enrolled there.

O, these are barren taskes, too hard to keepe,

Not to see Ladies, study, fast, not sleepe.

Who = "#F-lll-fer"

Ferd. Your oath is past, to passe away from these.

Who = "#F-lll-bir"

Berow. Let me say no my Liedge, and if you please,

I onely swore to study with your grace,
And stay heere in your Court for three yeeres space.

You swore to that Berowne, and to the rest.

What is the end of study, let me know?

Why that to know which else wee should not know.

I, that is studies god-like recompence.

These be the stops that hinder studie quite, and traine our intellects to vaine delight.
Ber. Why? all delights are vaine, and that most vaine,
Which with paine purchas'd, doth inherit paine,
As painefully to poare vpon a Booke,
To seeke the light of truth, while truth the while
Doth falsely blinde the eye & sight of his looke:
Light seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So ere you finde where light in darkenesse lies,
Your light growes darke by losing of your eyes.
Studie me how to please the eye indeede,
By fixing it vpon a fairer eye,
Who dazling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And giue him light that it was blinded by.
Studie is like the heauens glorious Sunne,
That will not be deepe search'd with sawcy lookes:
Small haue continuall plodders euer wonne,
Saue base authoritie from others Bookes.
These earthly Godfathers of heauens lights,
That giue a name to euery fixed Starre,
Haue no more profit of their shining nights,
Then those that walke and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame:
And euery Godfather can giue a name.
Fer. How well hee's read, to reason against reading.
Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.
Lon. Hee weedes the corne, and still lets grow the weeding.
Ber. The Spring is neare when greene geesse are a breeding.
How followes that?

Fit in his place and time.

In reason nothing.

Something then in rime.

That bites the first borne infants of the Spring.

That were to clymbe ore the house to vnlocke the gate.

Well, sit you out: go home Berowne:

No my good Lord, I haue sworn to stay with you.

And though I haue for barbarisme spoke more.

Then for that Angell knowledge you can say.

Yet confident Ile keepe what I haue sworne.

And bide the pennisance of each three yeares day.

Giue me the paper, let me reade the same.

And to the strictest decrees Ile write my name.

How well this yeelding rescues thee from shame.
Item. That no woman shall come within a mile of my Court.

Hath this bin proclaimed?

Foure dayes agoe.

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

Marry that did I. To fright them hence with that dread penaltie, A dangerous law against gentilitie. If any man be seene to talke with a woman with in the tearme of three yeares, hee shall indure such publicke shame as the rest of the Court shall possibly devise.

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

Why, this was quite forgot.

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

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

Necessity will make vs all forsworne
Three thousand times within this three yeeres space:
For euery man with his affects is borne,
Not by might mastred, but by speciall grace.
If I breake faith, this word shall breake for me,
I am forsworne on meere necessitie.

So to the Lawes at large I write my name,
And he that breakes them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternall shame.
Suggestions are to others as to me:
I am the last that will last keepe his oth.
But is there no quicke recreation granted?

I that there is, our Court you know is hanted
With a refined trauailer of Spaine,
A man in all the worlds new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his braine:
A man of complements whom right and wrong
Have chose as vmpire of their mutinie.
This childe of fancie that hight,
For interim to our studies shall relate,
In high&x2011;borne words the worth of many a Knight:
From tawnie Spaine lost in the worlds debate.

How you delight my Lords, I know not I,

But I protest I loue to heare him lie,

And I will vse him for my Minstrelsie.

Bero.

Armado is a most illustrious wight,

A man of fire, new words, fashions owne Knight.

Costard the swaine and he, shall be our sport,

And so to studie, three yeeres is but short.

Enter a Constable with Costard with a Letter.

Which is the Dukes owne person.

This fellow, What would'st?

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

This is he.

Signeour Arme, Arme commends you:

Ther's villanie abroad, this letter will tell you more.
A letter from the magnificent Armado.

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

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

To heare, or forbeare hearing.

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

Well sir, be it as the stile shall give us cause to clime in the merrinesse.

The matter is to me sir, as concerning Iaquinetta.

The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

In what manner?

In manner and forme following sir all those three.

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

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

Will you heare this Letter with attention?

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

Great

Welkins Vicegerent, and sole dominator of Nauar, my soules earths God, and bodies string patrone:

Not a vword of Costard yet.

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

Peace,

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

No words,

Of other mens secrets I beseech you.

So it is besieged with sable coloured melancholie,

I did commend the blakke oppressing humour to the most whole health giving ayre: And as I am a Gentleman, betooke my selve to walke: the time When? about the sixt houre, When beasts most grase, birds best pecke, and men sit downe to that nourishment which is called supper: So much for the time When. Now for the ground Which? which I meane I walkt vpon, it is ycliped, Thy Parke. Then for the place Where? where I meane I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous euent that draweth from my snow white pen the ebon coloured Inke, which heere thou viewest, beholdest or seest. But to the place Where? It standeth North North-east and by East from the West corner of thy curious knotted garden; There did I see that low spiri ted Swaine, that base Minow of thy myrth.
Clown.

Mee?

that vnletered small knowing soule,

that shallow vassall

which as I remember, hight Co&#xad; stard, 

sorted and consorted contrary to thy e&#x00AD; stablished proclaymed Edict and Continet, Cannon: Which with, &#x00F4; with, but with this I passion to say wherewith:
Clo. With a Wench.

Ferd. With a childe of our Grandmother Eue, a female; or for thy more sweet understanding a woman: me on I (as my euer esteemed dutie haue sent to thee, to the meed of punishment by thy sweet Graces Officer Anthony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, estimation.

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

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

Don Adriana de Armado.

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

Fer. I the best, for the worst. But sirra, What say you to
"this?"</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lll-cos">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>Sir I confesse the Wench.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lll-fer">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fer.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>Did you heare the Proclamation?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lll-cos">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>I doe confesse much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.</p>
</sp>

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

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

<sp who="#F-lll-fer">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fer.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>Well, it was proclaimed Damosell.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lll-cos">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>This was no Damosell neyther sir, shee was a Virgin.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lll-fer">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fer.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>It is so varried to, for it was proclaimed Virgin.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lll-cos">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>If it were, I denie her Virginitie: I was taken with a Maide.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lll-fer">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fer.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>This Maid will not serue your turne sir.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lll-cos">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
</sp>
This Maide will serve my turne sir.

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

I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton and Porridge.

And see him delivered, and goe we Lords to put in practice that, Which each to other hath so strongly sworne.

Ille lay my head to any good mans hat, These oathes and lawes will proove an idle scorne.

My Lord Berowne, see him deliuer'd ore,

Which each to other hath so strongly sworne.

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

Exit.

[Act 1, Scene 2] Enter Armado and Moth his Page.
A great signe sir, that he will looke sad.

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

Why tender Iuuenall? Why tender Iuuenall?

I spoke it tender, as a congruent apathan, appertaining to thy young daies, which we may nominate tender.

And I tough signeur, as an appertinent title to your olde time, which we may name tough.
Who = "#F-lll-mot"

<p>
How meane you sir, I pretty, and my saying apt? <lb/>
or I apt, and my saying prettie?</p>

Who = "#F-lll-adr"

<p>
Boy.</p>

Who = "#F-lll-mot"

<p>
Boy.</p>

Who = "#F-lll-adr"

<p>
Thou pretty because little.</p>

Who = "#F-lll-mot"

<p>
Boy.</p>

Who = "#F-lll-adr"

<p>
Brag.</p>

Who = "#F-lll-mot"

<p>
Boy.</p>

Who = "#F-lll-adr"

<p>
Brag.</p>

Who = "#F-lll-mot"

<p>
Boy.</p>

Who = "#F-lll-adr"

<p>
Brag.</p>

Who = "#F-lll-mot"

<p>
Boy.</p>

Who = "#F-lll-adr"

<p>
Brag.</p>

Who = "#F-lll-mot"

<p>
Boy.</p>

Who = "#F-lll-adr"

<p>
Brag.</p>
I loue not to be crost.

Boy. He speakes the meere contrary, crosses loue not (him.)

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

Boy. You may doe it' in an houre sir.

Brag. Impossible.

Boy. How many is one thrice told?

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

Boy. You are a gentleman and a gamester sir.

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

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

Brag. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the base vulgar call three.
Br.<br/>
<p>True Boy. Why sir is this such a piece of study?</p>

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

Brag. A most fine Figure.

To proue you a Cypher.

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

Hercules Master.

Most sweete Hercules: more authority deare Boy, name more; and sweet my childe let them be men of good repute and carriage.
<sp who="#F-lll-mot">
  <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
  <p>Sampson Master, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for hee carried the Towne\textsuperscript{2011}; gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in loue.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lll-adr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
  <p>O well\textsuperscript{2011}; knit Sampson, strong joyned Sampson;</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lll-mot">
  <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
  <p>A Woman, Master.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lll-adr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
  <p>Of what complexion?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lll-mot">
  <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
  <p>As I haue read sir, and the best of them too.</p>
</sp>
Brag.<p>
Greene indeed is the colour of Louers: but to haue a Loue of that colour, methinkes Sampson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.</p>

Boy.

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

My Loue is most immaculate white and red.

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

Define, define, well educated infant.

My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue assist mee.

If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will nere be knowne:

For blush\textquotesingle in cheekes by faults are bred,

And feares by pale white showne:

Then if she feare, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know,

For still her cheekes possesse the same,

Which natuue she doth owe:

A dangerous rime master against the reason of white and redde.

Is there not a ballet Boy, of the King and the Begger?
<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
<p>The world was very guilty of such a Ballet some <lb>three ages since, but I thinke now 'tis not to be found: or <lb>if it were, it would neither serue for the writing, nor the <lb>tune.</p></sp>
<sp who="#F-III-adr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
  <p>I will haue that subiect newly writ ore, that I <lb>may example my digression by some mighty president. <lb>Boy, I doe loue that Countrey girl that I tooke in <lb>the Parke with the rationall hinde <hi rend="italic">Costard:</hi> she deserues <lb>well.</lb></sp>
<sp who="#F-III-mot">
  <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
  <p>To bee whip'd: and yet a better loue then my Master.</p></sp>
<sp who="#F-III-adr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
  <p>Sing Boy, my spirit grows heauy in <choice>
    <orig>ioue</orig>
    <corr>loue</corr>
  </choice>.</p></sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-III-mot">
  <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
  <p>And that's great maruell, louing a light wench.</p></sp>
<sp who="#F-III-adr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
  <p>I say sing.</p></sp>
<sp who="#F-III-mot">
  <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
  <p>Forbeare till this company be past.</p></sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Clowne, Constable, and Wench.</stage>
<sp who="#F-III-dul">
  <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
  <p>Sir, the Dukes pleasure, is that you keepe <hi rend="italic">Co</hi>&#xad;<lb>stard</hi> safe, and you must let him take no delight, nor no <lb>penance, but hee must fast three daies a weeke: for this <lb>Damsell, I must keepe her at the Parke, shee is alowd for <lb>the Day-woman. Fare you well</p>
Exit.

Brag.

I do betray myself with blushing: Maide.

I will visit thee at the Lodge.

That's here by.

I know where it is situate.

Lord how wise you are!

I loue thee.

So I heard you say.

And so farewell.

Faire weather after you.
Clo. Come Iaquenetta, away.

Exeunt.

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

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

Brag. Thou shalt be heauily punished.

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

This speech is conventionally given to Don Adriano de Armado.

Boy. Come you transgressing slaue, away.

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

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

Clow. Well, if euer I do see the merry dayes of desolation that I haue seene, some shall see.

Boy. Take away this villaine, shut him vp.
<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
<p>What shall some see?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-cos">
<speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
<p>Nay nothing, Master <hi rend="italic">Moth</hi>, but what they looke vpon. It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing: I thanke God, I haue as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-lll-adr">
<speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
<p>I doe affect the very ground (which is base) where her shooe (which is baser) guided by her foote (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworn (which is a great argument of falshood) if I loue. And how can that be true loue, which is falsly attempted? Loue is a familiar, Loue is a Diuell. There is no euill Angell but Loue, yet Sampson was so tempted, and he had an excel lent strength: Yet was Salomon so seduced, and hee had a very good witte.

Cupids But shaft is too hard for Her cules Clubbe, and therefore too much ods for a Spains Rapier: The first and second cause will not serue my turne: the Passado hee respects not, the Duello he regards not; his disgrace is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to subdue men. Adue Valour, rust bee still Drum, for your manager is in loue; yea hee loueth. Assist me some extemporall god of Rime, for I am sure I shall turne Sonnet. Deuise Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<trailer>Finis Actus Primus.</trailer>
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">L3</fw>
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Actus</fw>
Loues Labour's lost.

[Act 2, Scene 1]

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

Now Madam summon vp your dearest spirits, Consider who the King your father sends: To whom he sends, and what's his Embassie. Your selfe, held precious in the worlds esteeeme, To parlee with the sole inheritour Of all perfections that a man may owe, Matchlesse Nauarre, the plea of no lesse weight. Then Aquitaine, a Dowrie for a Queene.

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

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

Proud of imployment, willingly I goe.

All pride is willing pride, and yours is so:
Who are the Votaries my louing Lo

Longauill is one.

I know him Madam at a marriage feast,
Betweene L. Perigort and the beautious heire
Of Iaques Fauconbridge solemnized.
In Normandie saw I this

A man of soueraigne parts he is esteem'd:
Well fitted in Arts, glorious in Armes:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The onely soyle of his faire vertues glosse,
If vertues glosse will staine with any soile,
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a Will:
Whose edge hath power to cut whose will still wills,
It should none spare that come within his power.

Some merry mocking Lord be like, ist so?
Lad. I.

They say so most, that most his humors know.

Lad. 2.

Who are the rest?

These speeches, here given to the Second Lady, are conventionally given to Katharine.

The yong Dumaine, a well accomplisht youth,

Of all that Vertue loue, for Vertue loued.

Most power to doe most harme, least knowing ill:

For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,

And shape to win grace though she had no wit.

I saw him at the Duke Alansoes once,

And much too little of that good I saw,

Is my report to his great worthinesse.

Another of these Students at that time,

Was there with him, as I haue heard a truth.

Berowne they call him, but a merrier man,

Within the limit of becomming mirth,

I neuer spent an houres talke withall.

His eye begets occasion for his wit,

For euery obiect that the one doth catch,

The other turnes to a mirth mouing iest.

Which his faire tongue (conceits expositor)

Deluiers in such apt and gracious words,

That aged eares play treuant at his tales,

And yonger hearings are quite rauished.

So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

God blesse my Ladies, are they all in loue?

That euery one her owne hath garnished,

With such bedecking ornaments of praise.
Ma. Heere comes Boyet.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance Lord?

Boyet. Nauar had notice of your faire approach;

And he and his competitors in oath,

Were all addrest to meete you gentle Lady

Before I came: Marrie thus much I haue learnt,

He rather meanes to lodge you in the field,

Like one that comes heere to besiege his Court,

Then seeke a dispensation for his oath:

To let you enter his vnpeopled house.

Enter Nauar, Longauill, Dumaine, and Berowne.

Heere comes Nauar.

Faire Princesse, welcom to the Court of Nauar.

You shall be welcome Madam to my Court.

Faire I giue you backe againe, and welcome I haue not yet:

the rooife of this Court is too high to bee yours, and welcome to the wide fields, too base to be mine.

You shall be welcome Madam to my Court.

I wil be welcome then, Conduct me thither.

Heare me deare Lady, I haue sworn an oath.

Faire I giue you backe againe, and welcome I haue not yet:

Nauar.

You shall be welcome Madam to my Court.

I wil be welcome then, Conduct me thither.
Our Lady helpe my Lord, he'll be forsworne.

Not for the world faire Madam, by my will.

Your Ladiship is ignorant what it is.

Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

'Tis deadly sinne to keep that oath my Lord,
And sinne to breake it:
But pardon me, I am too sodaine bold,
To teach a Teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And sodainly resolue me in my suite.

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

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

Did not I dance with you in Brabant?
Loues Labour's lost.

Ber. I know you did.

Rosa. How needlesse was it then to ask the question?

Ber. You must not be so quicke.

Rosa. 'Tis long of you spur me with such questions.

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

Rosa. Not till it leaue the Rider in the mire.

Ber. What time a day?

Rosa. The howre that fooles should aske.

Ber. Now faire befall your maske.

Rosa. Faire fall the face it couers.

Ber. And send you many louers.
Amen, so you be none.

Nay then will I be gone.

Madame, your father heere doth intimate, The payment of a hundred thousand Crownes, Disbursed by my father in his warres.

But say that he, or we, as neither haue Receiu'd that summe; yet there remaines vnpaid. A hundred thousand more: in surety of the which. Although not valued to the moneys worth. If then the King your father will restore. But that one halfe which is vnsatisfied.

We will giue vp our right in Aquitaine, And hold faire friendship with his Maistie. But that it seems he little purposeth. For here he doth demand to haue repaie. An hundred thousand Crownes, and not demands. One paiment of Aquitaine is bound to vs.

Although not valued to the moneys worth. If then the King your father will restore. But that one halfe which is vnsatisfied, We will giue vp our right in Aquitaine.

And hold faire friendship with his Maistie:

But that it seems he little purposeth,

For here he doth demand to haue repaie,

An hundred thousand Crownes, and not demands,

One paiment of a hundred thousand Crownes,

To haue his title liue in Aquitaine.

Which we much rather had depart withall,

And haue the money by our father lent,

Then Aquitane, so guelded as it is.

Deare Princesse, were not his requests so farre From reasons yeelding, your faire selfe should make.

A yeelding 'gainst some reason in my brest,

And goe well satisfied to Aquitaine.

Deare Princesse, were not his requests so farre From reasons yeelding, your faire selfe should make.

A yeelding 'gainst some reason in my brest,

And goe well satisfied to Aquitaine.

You doe the King my Father too much wrong,

And wrong the reputation of your name,

In so vnseeming to confesse receyt.

Of that which hath so faithfully beeene paid.

I doe protest I neuer heard of it,

If you proue it, Ile repay it backe,

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

Satisfie me so. So please your Grace, the packet is not come. Where that and other specialties are bound, To morrow you shall haue a sight of them.

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

Sweet health & faire desires consort your grace.

Thy own wish wish I thee, in euyer place.

Exit.

These speeches, here given to Boyet, are conventionally given to Berowne.
Pray you doe my commendations,
I would be glad to see it.

I would you heard it grone.

Is the soule sicke?

Sicke at the heart.

Alacke, let it bloud.

Would that doe it good?

My Phisicke saies I.

Will you prick't with your eye.

No poynt, with my knife.

Now God saue thy life.

And yours from long liuing.

I cannot stay thanks.

Exit.

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

A gallant Lady, Mounsier fare you well.

Perchance light in the light: I desire her name.

She hath but one for her selfe,

To desire that were a shame.

Pray you sir, whose daughter?

Her Mothers, I haue heard.

Gods blessing a your beard.

Good sir be not offended.

Shee is an heyre of Faulconbridge.

Nay, my choller is ended.
Shee is a most sweet Lady.

Exit. Long.

Boy.

Not vnlike sir, that may be.

Enter Beroune.

Boy.

What's her name in the cap.

Boy.

Katherine

This is conventionally addressed to Rosaline.

Boy.

Is she wedded, or no.

Boy.

To her will sir, or so.

Boy.

You are welcome sir, adiew.

Boy.

Fare well to me sir, and welcome to you.

Exit.

That last is Katherine, the mery Lord.

Not a word with him, but a iest.

Boy.

And euer iest but a word.

Pri.

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

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

La. Ma. Two hot Sheepe marie:

And wherefore not Ships?

La. Ma. Two hot Sheepes marie: And wherefore not Ships?

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

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

La. Not so gentle beast. My lips are no Common, though seuerall they be.

Bo. Belonging to whom?

La. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits wil be iangling, but gentles agree. This ciuill warre of wits were much better vsed On Nauar Nauar is infected.

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

Bo. If my obseruation (which very seldome lies By the hearts still rhetoricke, disclosed with eyes) Deceiue me not now, Nauar is infected.
With what?

Why all his behauiours doe make their retire,
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire.
His hart like an Agot with your print impressed,
Did stumble with haste in his eie sight to be,
All sences to that sence did make their repaire,
To feele onely looking on fairest of faire:
Me thought all his sences were lockt in his eye,
As Jewels in Christall for some Prince to buy.
Who tendring their own worth from whence they were
Did point out to buy them along as you past.
His faces owne margent did coate such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eies enchanted with gazes.
Ile giue you Aquitaine, and all that is his,
And you giue him for my sake, but one louing Kisse.

Come to our Pauillion, Boyet is disposde.

But to speak that in words, which his eie hath dis tree.
I onelie haue made a mouth of his eie,
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.
<sp who="#F-ILL-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lad. Ro.</speaker>
  <lb>Thou art an old Loue &amp; monger, and speakest skilfully.</lb>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lad. Ma.</speaker>
  <lb>He is Cupids Grandfather, and learnes news of him.</lb>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-boy">
  <note type="editorial" resp="#PW">This speech is conventionally given to Katharine.</note>
  <speaker rend="italic">Lad. 2.</speaker>
  <lb>I, our way to be gone.</lb>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
  <lb>You are too hard for me.</lb>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt. Omnes.</stage>
Song.

Warble childe, make passionate my sense of hearing.

Concolinel.

Sweete Ayer, go tenderness of yeares: take this Key, giue enlargement to the swaine, bring him fe&\textsuperscript{0}ring to the tongue: I must imploy him in a letter to my Loue.

Will you win your loue with a French braule?

How meanest thou, brauling in French?

No my compleat master, but to ligge off a tune at the end, canarie to it with the feete, humour it with turning vp your eie: sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throat: if you swallowed loue with singing, loue sometime through: nose as if you snuft vp loue by smelling loue with your hat penthouse\&\textsuperscript{2011}: like ore the shop of your eies, your armes crost on your thinbellie doublet, like a Rabbet on a spit, or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting, and keepe not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: these are complements, these are humours, these betraie nice wenches that would be betraied without these, and make them men of note: do you note men that most are affected to these?
Boy. By my penne of obseruation.

Brag. But O, but O.

Boy. The Hobbie horse is forgot.

Brag. Cal'st thou my loue Hobbi horse.

Boy. No Master, the Hobbie horse is but a Colt, and your Loue perhaps, a Hacknie.

Brag. Almost I had.

Boy. Negligent student, learne her by heart.

Brag. By heart, and in heart Boy.

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

Brag. What wilt thou proue?

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

I am all these three.

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

The way is but short, away.

As swift as Lead sir.

Thy meaning prettie ingenious, is not Lead a mettall heauie, dull, and slow?
Minnime honest Master, or rather Master no.

I say Lead is slow.

You are too swift sir to say so.

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

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

Thump then, and I flee.

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

Enter Page and Clowne.

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

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

No egma, no riddle, no Lenuoy, no salue, in thee male sir. Or sir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan: no Lenuoy, no salue, but a Plantan.
rediculous
smyling: O pardon me my stars, doth the inconsiderate take
and
the word for a

No Page, it is an epilogue or discourse to
make

A good

would you

Sir

Loues Labour's lost.
Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat.

To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose:

Let me see a fat Lenuoy, I that's a fat Goose.

Come hither, come hither:

How did this argument begin?

By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin.

Then cal'd you for the Lenuoy.

True, and I for a Plantan:

Thus came your argument in:

Then the Boyes fat Lenuoy, the Goose that you bought.

And he ended the market.

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

I will tell you sencibly.

Thou hast no feeling of it Moth, I will speake that Lenuoy.

I Costard running out, that was safely within,

Fell ouer the threshold, and broke my shin.

We will talke no more of this matte.

Fell ouer the threshold, and broke my shin.
Till there be more matter in the shin.

Sirra, I will infranchise thee.

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

By my sweete soule, I meane, setting thee at liberty.

Enfreedoming thy person: thou wert emured, restrained, captiuated, bound.

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

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

Like the sequell I.

Signeur Costard adew.

Exit.

My sweete ounce of mans flesh, my inew: Remuneration, O, that's the Latine word for three farthings:
remuneration, What's the price <lb/>of this yncle? i.d. no, Ie giue you a remuneration: Why? <lb/>It carries it remuneration: Why?

It is a fairer name then <lb/>a French Crowne. I will neuer buy and sell out of this <lb/>word.</p>

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

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

<p>O my good knaue <hi rend="italic">Costard</hi>, exceedingly well met.</p>

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

<p>Pray you sir, How much Carnation Ribbon <lb/>may a man buy for a remuneration?</p>

<sp rend="italic">Cost.</sp>

<p>Marrie sir, halfe pennie farthing.</p>

<sp rend="italic">Cost.</sp>

<p>I thanke your worship, God be wy you.</p>

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

<p>O stay slawe, I must employ thee</p>

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

<p>O, Why then three farthings worth of Silke.</p>

<sp rend="italic">Cost.</sp>

<p>I thanke your worship, God be wy you.</p>

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

<p>O stay slawe, I must employ thee</p>

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

<p>O this after</p>

<sp rend="italic">Costard</sp>, exceedingly

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

<p>When would you haue it done sir?</p>

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

<p>O this after</p>
Well, I will doe it sir: Fare you well.

O thou knowest not what it is.

I shall know sir, when I haue done it.

Why villaine thou must know first.

I wil come to your worship to morrow morning.

It must be done this after noone, Harke slawe, it is but this:
The Princesse comes to hunt here in the Parke,
And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And <hi rend="italic">Rosaline</hi> they call her, aske for her:
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd vp counsaile. Ther's thy guerdon: goe.
Gardon, O sweete gardon, better then remuneraton,
leuenpence: farthing better: most sweete gardon.
A verie Beadle to a humerous sigh: A Criticke,
Nay, a night & watch Constable.
A domineering pedant ore the Boy,
Then whom no mortall so magnificent.
This wimplied, whyning, purblinde waiward Boy,
This signior Iunios gyant dwarfe, don Cupid,
Regent of Loue-rimes, Lord of folded armes,
Th’annointed soueraigne of sighes and groanes:
Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents:
Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeces.
Sole Emperator and great generall
Of trottting Parrators (O my little heart.)
And I to be a Corporall of his field,
And weare his colours like a Tumblers hoope.
What? I loue, I sue, I seke a wife,
A woman that is like a Germane Cloake,
Still a repairing: euer out of frame,
And neuer going a right, being a Watch:
But being watcht, that it may still goe right.
Nay, to be periurde, which is worst of all:
And among three, to loue the worst of all,
A whitly wanton, with a velvet brow.
With two pitch bals stucke in her face for eyes.
I, and by heauen, one that will doe the deede,
Though Argus were her Eunuch and her garde.
And I to sigh for her, to watch for her,
To pray for her, go to: it is a plague
Of his almighty dreadfull little might.
Well, I will loue, write, sigh, pray, shue, grone,
Some men must loue my Lady, and some Ione.

Actus Quartus.
[Act 4, Scene 1]
Enter the Prince, a Forrester, her Ladies, and her Lords.

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

Boy.

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

Who ere a was, a shew'd a mounting minde:

Well Lords, to day we shall haue our dispatch,

On Saterday we will returne to France.

Then Forrester my friend, Where is the agent resp="#LMC"/>

That we must stand and play the murtherer in?

Hereby vpon the edge of yonder Coppice,

A Stand where you may make the fairest shoote.

I thanke my beautie, I am faire that shoote,

And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoote.

Pardon me Madam, for I meant not so.

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


Yes Madam faire.

Nay, neuer paint me now,

Where faire is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here (good my glasse) take this for telling true:

Faire payment for foule words, is more then due.

Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.

Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.

Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.

Thus will I saue my credit in the shoote,

Thus will I saue my credit in the shoote,

Thus will I saue my credit in the shoote,

Thus will I saue my credit in the shoote,

For.

For.

For.

For.

Glory growes guiltie of detested crimes,

Glory growes guiltie of detested crimes,

Glory growes guiltie of detested crimes,

Glory growes guiltie of detested crimes,

We bend to that, the working of the hart.

We bend to that, the working of the hart.

We bend to that, the working of the hart.

We bend to that, the working of the hart.

If wounding, then it was to shew my skill.

If wounding, then it was to shew my skill.

If wounding, then it was to shew my skill.

If wounding, then it was to shew my skill.

And out of question, so it is sometimes:

And out of question, so it is sometimes:

And out of question, so it is sometimes:

And out of question, so it is sometimes:

Onely for praise sake, when they strive to be

Onely for praise sake, when they strive to be

Onely for praise sake, when they strive to be

Onely for praise sake, when they strive to be

To any Lady that subdewes a Lord.

To any Lady that subdewes a Lord.

To any Lady that subdewes a Lord.

To any Lady that subdewes a Lord.

Do not curst wifes hold that selfe

Do not curst wifes hold that selfe

Do not curst wifes hold that selfe

Do not curst wifes hold that selfe

As I for praise alone now seeke to spill

As I for praise alone now seeke to spill

As I for praise alone now seeke to spill

As I for praise alone now seeke to spill

The poore Deeres blood, that my heart meanes no ill.

The poore Deeres blood, that my heart meanes no ill.

The poore Deeres blood, that my heart meanes no ill.

The poore Deeres blood, that my heart meanes no ill.

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Boy.
<l>Which is the greatest Lady, the highest?</l>

<l>The thickest, and the tallest.</l>

<l>I haue a Letter from Monsier Berowne, To one Lady Rosaline.</l>

<l>O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of mine.</l>

<l>stand a side good bearer.</l>

<l>Breake vp this Capon.</l>

<l>We will read it, I sweare.</l>

<l>Breake the necke of the Waxe, and euery one giue eare.</l>
Boyet reades.

B heauen, that thou art faire, is most infallible: true that thou art beauteous, truth it selfe that thou art louely: more fairer then faire, beautifull then beautious, truer then truth it selfe: have comiseration on thy heroi and call Vassall. The magnanimous and most illustrate King Cophetua set eie vpon the pernicious and indubitate Begger: and he it was that might rightly say, Ve

vidi, vici: Which to annothanize in the vulgar, O base and obscure vulgar; He came, See, and so came: hee came one; see, two; three: Who came? the King. Why did he come? to over come. To whom came he? to the Begger. What saw he? the Begger. Who overcame he? the Begger. The conclusion is victorie: On whose side? the King: the captiue is inricht: On whose side? the Beggers. The catastrophe is a Nuptiall: on whose side? the Kings: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the King (for so stands the comparison) thou the Begger, for so witnesseth thy lowlinesse. Shall I command thy loue? I may. Shall I enforce thy loue? I could. Shall I entreatie thy loue? I will. What, shalt thou ex change for ragges, roabes: for tittles on thy selfe mee. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips part.

Thine in the dearest designe of industrie,
Against thee thou Lambe, that standest as his prey:
Submitte fall his princely feete before,
And he from forrage will incline to play.
But if thou striue (poore soule) what art thou then?
Foode for his rage, repasture for his den.

What plume of feathers is hee that indited this Letter?
What veine? What Wethercocke? Did you euer heare better?

I am much deceiued, but I remember the stile.
Else your memorie is bad, going ore it erewhile.

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

Thou fellow, a word.
Who gaue thee this Letter?
To whom should'st thou giue it?
From my Lord Berowne, a good master
of mine,

To a Lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come Lords away.

Here sweete, put vp this, 'twill be thine another day.

Exeunt.

Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter?

Shall I teach you to know.

I my continent of beautie.

Why she that beares the Bow. Finely put off.

My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,

Hang me by the necke, if hornes that yeare miscarrie.

Finely put on.

Well then, I am the shooter.

And who is your Deare?

If we choose by the hornes, your selfe come not neare.

Finely put on indeed.

You still wrangle with her Boyet, and
shee

<sp who="#F-ILL-boy">
  <speaker rend="italic">Boyet.</speaker>
  <l>But she her selfe is hit lower:</l>
  <l>Haue I hit her now.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
  <p>Shall I come vpon thee with an old saying, that <lb/>was a man
  when
  King <hi rend="italic">Pippin</hi> of <hi rend="italic">France</hi>
  was a little boy, as <lb/>touching the hit it.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
  <p>Thou <lb/>hit it, hit it, hit it,
  Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-boy">
  <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
  <l>I cannot, cannot, cannot:</l>
  <l>And I cannot, another can.</l>
</sp>

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

<sp who="#F-ILL-cos">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <l>By my troth most pleasant, how both did fit it.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <l>A marke marueilous well shot, for they both <lb/>did hit.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-boy">
  <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
</sp>
A mark, O marke but that marke: a marke saies my Lady.

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

Mar.

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

Clo.

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

Then will shee get the vpshoot by cleauing the pin.

Ma.

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

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

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

By my soule a Swaine, a most simple Clowne.

Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I haue put him downe.

O my troth most sweete iests, most inconie vulgar wit.

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

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

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

To see him kisse his hand, and how most sweetly a will swearer:
And his Page at other side, that handfull of wit,
Ah heauens, it is most patheticall nit.
Sowla, sowla.

Exeunt.

Shoote within.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant and Nathaniel.

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

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

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

Sir Nathaniel, haud credo.
'Twas not a haud credo, 'twas a Pricket.

Most barbarous intimation: yet a kinde of insination, as it were in via, in way of explication facere: as it were replication, or rather ostentare, to show as it were his
inclination after his vnndressed, vnpolished, vneduca &
veducad, vnpruned, vntrained, or rather
my

<hi rend="italic">haud credo</hi>

for a Deare.</p>

</sp>

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

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

<p>I said the Deare was not a <hi rend="italic">haud credo</hi>,

'twas a

<lb/>Pricket.</p>

</sp>

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

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

<p>Twice sod simplicitie, <hi rend="italic">bis coctus</hi>, O thou

mon&<lb/>ster Ignorance, how deformed doost thou

looke.</p>

</sp>

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

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

<p>Sir hee hath neuer fed of the<gap extent="1" unit="chars"
reason="nonstandardCharacter" agent="inkedSpacemarker"
resp="#LMC"/>dainties that are <lb/>bred in a booke.</p>

<p>He hath not eate paper as it were:</p>

<p>He hath not drunke inke.</p>

<cb n="2"/>

<p>His intellect is not replenished, hee is onely an animall,

<lb/>onely sensible in the duller parts: and such barren plants <lb/>are set
before vs, that we thankfull should be: which we <lb/>taste and
feeling, are for those parts that doe fructifie in <lb/>vs more then
he.</p>

<p>For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indiscreet, or <lb/>a

foole;</p>

<p>So were there a patch set on Learning, to see him in a

<lb/>Schoole.</p>

<p>But <hi rend="italic">omne bene</hi> say I, being of an old

Fathers minde.</p>

<p>Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde.</p>

</sp>

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

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

<p>You two are book-men: Can you tell by your <lb/>wit, What

was a month

old at <hi rend="italic">Cains</hi> birth, that's not fiue

<lb/>weekes old as yet?</p>

</sp>
Dictisima goodman Dull,

Hol.

What is dictima?

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

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

And wrought not to five weeks when he came to five.

Th'allusion holds in the Exchange.

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

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

Moone is neuer but a month old: and I say be a Pricket that the Princesse kill'd.

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

Perge</hi>, good M. <hi rend="italic">Holofernes,

perge</hi>, so it shall please you to abrogate scurilitie.</l>

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

The prayfull Princesse pearst and prickt a prettie pleasing Pricket,

Some say a Sore, but not a sore,

till now made sore with shooting.

The Dogges did yell, put ell to Sore,

then Sorrell iumps from thicket:

Or Pricket&amp;#x2011;sore, or else Sorell,

the people fall a hooting.

If Sore be sore, than ell to Sore,

makes fiftie sores O sorell:

Of one sore I an hundred make

by adding but one more L.

A rare talent.

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

This is a gift that I haue simple: simple, a

extraugant spirit, full of formes, figures, shapes, obiects, Ideas, apprehensions, motions,
Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners, for their Sonnes are well tutor'd by you, and their Daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Me hercle, If their Sonnes be in gennous, they shall want no instruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But Vir sapiis qui paucis loquitur, a soule Feminine saluteth vs.

Enter Iaquenetta and the Clowne.

God giue you good morrow M. Person.

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

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

Of persing a Hogshead, a good luster of conceit in a turph of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: 'tis prettie, it is well.
Good Master Parson be so good as reade mee this Letter, it was giuen mee by Costard, and sent mee from Don Armaho: I beseech you read it.

Facile precor gellida, quando pecas omnia sub vm&#x00AD;bra ruminat, and so forth. Ah good old Mantuan, I may speake of thee as the traueiler doth of Venice, vem&#x00AD;chie, vencha, que non te vnde, que non te perreche. Old Man&#x00AD;tuam, old Mantuan. Who vnderstandeth thee not, vt re sol la mi fa: Vnder pardon sir, What are the contents? Or rather as Horrace sayes in his, What my soule verses.

Let me heare a staffe, a stanze, a verse, Lege mine. If Loue make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to loue? Ah neuer faith could hold, if not to beautie vowed. Though to my selfe forsworn, to thee Ile faithfull proue. Those thoughts to mee were Okes, to thee like Osiers Studie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes. Where all those pleasures liue, that Art would compr#&#x00AD;hend. If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice. Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend. All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder. Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire. Thy eye Ioues lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull thunder.
Which not to anger bent, is musique, and sweete fire.

Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon loue this wrong.

That sings heauens praise, with such an earthly tongue.

who = "#F-Ill-hol"

Ped.<speaker rend="italic">You finde not the apostraphas, and so misse the accent. Let me superuise the cangenet.</speaker>

Nath.<speaker rend="italic">Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facility,

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

reason="illegible"

agent="inkBlot" extent="1" unit="chars" resp="#LMC"/>

was the man. And why in deed <hi rend="italic">Naso</hi>, but

for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the

ierkes of inuention imitarie is nothing: So doth the

Hound

his master, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horse his rider: But

Damosella virgin</hi>, Was this directed to you?<p>

Iaq.<speaker rend="italic">I sir from one mounsier</speaker>

Berowne</hi>, one of the

strange Queenes Lords.</p>

Nath.<speaker rend="italic">I will ouerglance the superscript. </speaker>

<hi rend="italic">To the snow-white hand of the most beautious Lady Rosaline. </hi>

I will looke againe on the intellect of the Letter, for the nomination of the partie written to the person writ, ten vnto. <hi rend="italic">Your Ladiships in all desired imployment</hi>, Berowne.</p>

Per.<speaker rend="italic">Sir </speaker>

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sp who="#F-III-hol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Peda.</speaker>
  <p>I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine
  Pu&<lb>ill of mine, where if (being repast) it shall please you to <lb>
  gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priuiledge I <lb>
  haue with the parents of the foresaid Childe or Pupill, <lb>
  vndertake your <hi rend="italic">bien venuto</hi>, where I will proue those
  <lb> Verses to be very vnlearned, neither sauouring of
  <lb>Poetrie, Wit, nor Inuention. I beseech your So&</lb>cietie.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-nat">
  <speaker rend="italic">Nat.</speaker>
  <p>And thanke you to: for societie (saith the text) <lb>
  is the happinesse of life.</p>
</sp>
And certes the text most infallibly concludes it.
Sir I do inuite you too, you shall not say me nay: pauca verba.
Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

The King he is hunting the Deare,
I am coursing my selfe.
They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toyling in a pytch,
defiles; defile, a foule word: Well, set thee downe sorrow;
so they say the foole said, and so say I, and I the foole: Well proued wit. By the Lord this Loue is as mad as Aiax, it kils sheepe, it kils mee, I a sheepe: Well proued againe a my side. I will not loue;
I do hang me: yfaith I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye, and lye in my throate. By heauen I doe loue, and it hath taught mee to be mallicholie: and here is part of my Rime, and my mallicholie. Well, she hath one a'my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the Foole sent it, and the Lady hath it: sweet Clowne, sweeter Foole, sweetest Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God giue him grace to grone.

He stands aside.
The King entreth.
Ay mee!

Shot by heaven: proceed sweet Cupid, thou hast thumped him with thy Birdbolt under the left pap: in faith secrets.

So sweet a kiss the golden Sun gives not, To those fresh morning drops upon the Rose, As thy eye beams, when their fresh raise have smote. The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes. Nor shines the siluer Moone one halfe so bright, Through the transparent bosome of the deepe, As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light: Thou shinest in euery teare that I doe weepe. No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee: And they thy glory through my griefe will show: But do not loue thy selfe, then thou wilt keepe My teares for glasses, and still make me weepe. O Queene of Queenes, how farre dost thou excell, No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell. How shall she know my griefes? Ile drop the paper. Sweete leaues shade folly. Who is he comes heere?

But doe not loue thy selfe, then thou wilt keepe My teares for glasses, and still make me weepe. O Queene of Queenes, how farre dost thou excell, No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell. How shall she know my griefes? Ile drop the paper. Sweete leaues shade folly. Who is he comes heere?

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Enter Longauile. The King steps aside. What Longauill, and reading: listen eare.
Long.

In loue I hope, sweet fellowship in shame.

One drunkard loues another of the same.

Am I the first y that have been periur'd so?

I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I know.

Thou makest the triumphery, the corner cap of societie,
The shape of Loues Tiburne, that hangs vp simplicitie.

I feare these stubborn lines lack power to moue.

O sweet Maria, Empresse of my Loue,

These numbers will I teare, and write in prose.

O Rimes are gards on wanton Cupids hose,

Disfigure not his Shop.

This same shall goe.

He redes the Sonnet.

Did not the heauenly Rhetoricke of thine eye,

Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,

Persuad my heart to this false periurie?  

Vowes for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A Woman I forswore, but I will proue,

Thou being a Goddesse, I forswore not thee.

My Vow was earthly, thou a heauenly Loue.

Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is.

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

Exhalest this vapor, in thee it is:

If broken then, it is no fault of mine:

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

To loose an oath, to win a Paradise?

This is the liuer veine, which makes flesh a deity.

A greene Goose, a Goddesse, pure pure Idolatry.

God amend vs, God amend, we are much out o'th'way.

Enter Dumaine.

All hid, all hid, an old infant play,

Like a demie God, here sit I in the skie,

And wretched fooles secrets heedfully ore /eye./

More Sacks to the myll. O heauens I haue my wish,

O most diuine Kate.

O most prophane coxcomb.

Her Amber haires for foule hath amber coted.
<sp who="#F-ILL-bir">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
  <l>An Amber coloured Rauen was well noted.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-dum">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
  <l>As upright as the Cedar.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-bir">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
  <l>Stoop I say, her shoulder is with child.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-dum">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
  <l>As faire as day.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-bir">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
  <l>I as some daies, but then no sunne must shine.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-dum">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
  <l>O that I had my wish?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-lon">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lon.</speaker>
  <l>And I had mine.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-fer">
  <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
  <l>And mine too good Lord.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-bir">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
  <l>Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-dum">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
  <l>I would forget her, but a Feuer she Raignes in my bloud, and will remembred be.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-bir">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
  <l>A Feuer in your bloud, why then incision</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>Would let her out in Sawcers, sweet misprision.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-dum">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
</sp>
Once more Ie read the Ode that I haue writ.

Ber.<n>Once more Ie marke how Loue can varry Wit.</n>

Dumane reades his Sonnet.

On a day, alack the day:
Loue, whose Month is euery May,
Spied a blossome passing faire,
Playing in the wanton ayre:
Through theVeluet, leaues the winde,
All vnseeene, can passage finde.
That the Louer sicke to death,
Wish himselfe the heauens breath.
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blowe,
Ayre, would I might triumph so.
But alacke my hand is sworne,
Nere to plucke thee from thy throne:
Youth so apt to plucke a sweet.
Doe not call it sinne in me,
That I am forsworne for thee.
Thou for whom Ioue would sweare,
Iuno but an Æthiop were,
And denie himselfe for Ioue.
Turning mortall for thy Loue.

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

Lon.<n>Dumaine, thy Loue is farre from charitie.</n>

That in Loues griefe desir'st societie:
You may looke pale, but I should blush I know,
To be ore&x2011;heard, and taken napping so.

Come sir, you blush: as his, your case is such.

You chide at him, offending twice as much.

You doe not loue Maria? 

I haue beene closely shrowded in this bush, and markt you both, and for you both did blush.

I heard your guilty Rimess, obseru'd your fashion:

Saw sighes reeke from you, noted well your passion.

Aye me, sayes one! O Ioue, the other cries!

On her haires were Gold, Christall the others eyes.

Did neuer Sonnet for her sake compile;

Nor neuer lay his wreathed armes athwart his louing bosome, to keepe downe his heart.

Longauile.

Did neuer Sonnet for her sake compile;

Nor neuer lay his wreathed armes athwart his louing bosome, to keepe downe his heart.

I haue beene closely shrowded in this bush, and markt you both, and for you both did blush.

I heard your guilty Rimes, obseru'd your fashion:

Saw sighes reeke from you, noted well your passion.

Aye me, sayes one! O Ioue, the other cries!

On her haires were Gold, Christall the others eyes.

You would for Paradise breake Faith and troth,

And for your Loue would infringe an oath.

What will Berowne say when that he shall heare

Faith infringed, which such zeale did sweare.

How will he scorne? how will he spend his wit?

How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?

For all the wealth that eu er I did see,

I would not haue him know so much by me.

Now step I forth to whip hypocrisie.

Ah good my Liedge, I pray thee pardon me.

Good heart, What grace hast thou thus to reproue these wormes for louing, that art most in loue?

Your eyes doe make no couches in your teares.

There is no certaine Princesse that appeares.

You'll not be periur'd, 'tis a hatefull thing:

Tush, none but Minstrels like of Sonnetting.

But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not?

All three of you, to be thus much ore'shot?

You found his Moth, the King your Moth did see:
But I a Beame doe finde in each of three.

O what a Scene of fool'ry haue I seene.

Of sighes, of grones, of sorrow, and of teene:

O me, with what strict patience haue I sat,

To see a King transformed to a Gnat?

To see great Hercules whipping a

Gigge,

And profound Salomon tuning a

lygge?

And <hi rend="italic">Nestor</hi> play at push pin

with the

boyes,

And <hi rend="italic">Critticke Tymon</hi> laugh at idle

toyes.

Where lies thy griefe? O tell me good <hi rend="italic">

>Dumaine</hi>;

And gentle <hi rend="italic">Longauill</hi>, where lies thy

paine?

And where my Liedges? all about the brest:

A Candle hoa!

Too bitter is thy iest.

Are wee betrayed thus to thy ouer view?

Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.

I that am honest, I that hold it sinne

To breake the vow I am ingaged in.

I am betrayed by keeping company

With men, like men of inconstancie.

When shall you see me write a thing in rime?

Or grone for <hi rend="italic">Ioane</hi>? or spend a minutes time,

In pruning mee, when shall you heare that I will praise a hand,

a foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a state, a brow, a brest, a legge, a limme.

Soft, Whither a way so fast?

A true man, or a theefe, that gallops so.
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Iaquenetta and Clowne.</stage>

<sp who="#F-lll-jaq">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iaqu.</speaker>
  <l>God blesse the King.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lll-fer">
  <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
  <l>What Present hast thou there?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lll-cos">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <l>Some certaine treason.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lll-fer">
  <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
  <l>What makes treason heere?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lll-cos">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <l>Nay it makes nothing sir</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lll-fer">
  <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
  <l>If it marre nothing neither, The treason and you goe in peace away together.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lll-jaq">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iaqu.</speaker>
  <l>I beseech your Grace let this Letter be read, Our person misdoubts it: it was treason he said.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lll-fer">
  <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
  <l>Where hadst thou it?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lll-jaq">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iaqu.</speaker>
  <l>Of Costard.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lll-fer">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic inline">He reades the Letter.</stage>
Where hadst thou it?

Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

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

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

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

It is Berowns writing, and heere is his name.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Now the number is euen.

True true, we are fowre: will these Turtles be gone?
Hence sirs, away.

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

Sweet Lords, sweet Louers, O let vs imbrace,
As true we are as flesh and bloud can be,
The Sea will ebbe and flow, heauen will shew his face:
Young bloud doth not obey an old decree.
We cannot crosse the cause why we are borne:
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworne.

What, did these rent lines shew some loue of thine?
Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heauenly
(Inde.)
At the first opening of the gorgeous East,
Bowes not his vassall head, and strooken blinde,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremp'tory Eagle spected eye
Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,
That is not blinded by her maiestie?

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

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

By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.
Is Ebonie like her? O word diuine?
A wife of such wood were felicite.
O who can giue an oth? Where is a booke?
That I may sweare Beauty doth beauty lacke,
If that she learne not of her eye to looke:
No face is faire that is not full so blacke.
O paradoxe, Blacke is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night:
And beauties crest becomes the heauens well.

To look like her are Chimny'sweepers blacke.

King.

By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.

Berow.

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

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

To look like her are Chimny'sweepers blacke.

Kon.

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

Ber.

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

Dum.

To look like her are Chimny'sweepers blacke.

Lon.
And since her time, are Colliers counted bright.

Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light.

No Diuell will fright thee then so much as shee.

O if the streets were paued with thine eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.

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

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

O nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworne.

Then leaue this chat, & good Berown now proue.

I marie there, some flattery for this euill.

Some salue for periurie.

O 'tis more then neede.

Haue at you then affections men at armes,

Consider what you first did sweare vnto:

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

Flat treason against the Kingly state of youth.

Say, Can you fast? your stomacks are too young:

And abstinence ingenders maladies.

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

In that each of you haue forsworne his Booke.

Can you still dreame and pore, and thereon looke.

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

Haue found the ground of studies excellence.

Without the beauty of a womans face;

From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue,

They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achadems,

From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
Why, universall plodding poysons vp
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long during action tyres
The sinnowy vigour of the trauailer.
Now for not looking on a womans face,
You haue in that forsworne the vse of eyes:
And studie too, the causer of your vow.
For where is any Author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a womans eye:
Learning is but an adjunct to our selfe,
And where we are, our Learning likewise is.
Then when our selues we see in Ladies eyes,
With our selues.
Doe we not likewise see our learning there?
O we haue made a Vow to studie, Lords,
And in that vow we haue forsworne our Bookes:
For when would you (my Leege) or you, or you?
In leaden contemplation haue found out
Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes,
Of beauties tutors haue inrich'd you with:
Other slow Arts intirely keepe the braine:
And therefore finding barraine practizers,
Scarce shew a haruest of their heauy toyle.
But Loue first learned in a Ladies eyes,
Liues not alone emured in the braine:
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in euery power,
And giues to euery power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It addes a precious seeing to the eye:
A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde.
A Louers eare will heare the lowest sound.
When the suspicious head of theft is stopt.
Loues feeling is more soft and sensible,
Then are the tender hornes of Cockle Snayles.
Loues tongue proues dainty, <hi rend="italic">Bachus</hi>
grosse in taste,
For Valour, is not Loue a <hi rend="italic">Hercules</hi>?
Still cliiming trees in the <hi rend="italic">Hesperides</hi>.
Subtill as <hi rend="italic">Sphinx</hi>, as sweet and musicall,
As bright <hi rend="italic">Apollo's</hi> Lute, strung with his haire.
And when Loue speakes, the voyce of all the Gods,
Make heauen drowsie with the harmonie.
Neuer durst Poet touch a pen to write,
Vntill his Inke were tempred with Loues sighes:
O then his lines would rauish sauage eares,
And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue.
They sparcle still the right promethean fire,
They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Aciademes,
That shew, containe, and nourish all the world.
Else none at all in ought proues excellent.
Then fooles you were these women to forsweare:
Or keeping what is sworne, you will proue fooles,
For Wisedomes sake, a word that all men loue:
Or for Loues sake, a word that loues all men.
Or for Mens sake, the author of these Women:
Or Woms sake, by whom we men are Men.
Let's once loose our oathes to finde our selues,
Or else we loose our selues, to keepe our oathes:
It is religion to be thus forsworne.
For Charity it selfe fulfills the Law:
And who can seuer loue from Charity.

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

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

Now to plaine dealing, Lay these glozes by,
Shall we resolue to woe these girles of France?
And winne them too, therefore let vs deuise,
Some entertainment for them in their Tents.
First from the Park let vs conduct them thither,
Then homeward euery man attach the hand
Of his faire Mistresse, in the afternoone
We will with some strange pastime solace them:
Such as the shortnesse of the time can shape,
For Reuels, Dances, Maskes, and merry houres,
Fore&amp;#x2011;runne faire Loue, strewing her way with flowres.
Away, away, no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by vs be fitted.

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

Enter the Pedant, Curate and Dull.

I praise God for you sir, your reasons at dinner haue beene sharpe & sententious: pleasant without scrillity, witty without affection, audacious without impeudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresie: I did comverse this quondam day with a compagnion of the Kings, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armatho.

Noui hominum tanquam te, His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptorie: his tongue filed, his eye
ambitious, his gate maiesticall, and his generall behauuiour vaine, ridiculous, and thrasonicall. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odde, as it were, too peregrinat, as I may call it.</p>

A most singular and choyse Epithat, Draw out his Table-booke. He draweth out the thred of his verbositie, finer then the staple of his argument. I abhor such phantasims, such insociable and poynt deuise companions, such rackers of ortagriphie, as to speake doubt fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he shold pronounce debt; debt, not det: he clepeth a Calf, Caufe: halfe, haufe: neighbour neighe abreuiated ne: this is abominable, which he would call abhominable: it insinuateth me of infamie: ne inteligis domine, to make franticke, lunaticke?</p>

Enter Bragart, Boy.
Curat.

Vides ne quis venit?

Peda.

Video, & gaudio.

Quari Chirra, not Sirra?

Men of peace well incountred.

Most millitarie sir salutation.

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

O they haue liu'd long on the almes basket of words. I maruell thy M. hath not eaten thee for a word. for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatis: Thou art easier swallowed then a flapdra.
<speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
<p>Mounsier, are you not lettred?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-mot">
  <speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
  <p>Yes, yes, he teaches boyes the Horne book: What is Ab speld backward with the horn on his head?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-hol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Peda.</speaker>
  <p>Ba, <hi rend="italic">puericia</hi> with a horne added.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-mot">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pag.</speaker>
  <p>Ba most seely Sheepe, with a horne: you heare his learning.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-hol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Peda.</speaker>
  <p>Quis quis, thou Consonant?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-mot">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pag.</speaker>
  <p>The last of the five Vowels if You repeat them, or the fift if I.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-hol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Peda.</speaker>
  <p>I will repeat them: a e I.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-mot">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pag.</speaker>
  <p>The Sheepe, the other two concludes it o u.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-adr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
  <p>Now by the salt waue of the mediteranum, a sweet tutch, a quicke vene we of wit, snip snap, quick home, it reioyceth my intellect, true wit.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-mot">
  <speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
  <p>Offered by a childe to an olde man: which is wit old.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-hol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Peda.</speaker>
  <p>What is the figure? What is the figure?</p>
</sp>
Page.

Hornes.

Thou disputes like an Infant: goe whip thy Gigge.

Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Infamie vnnum cita a gigge of a Cuckolds horne.

And I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst haue it to buy Ginger bread: Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Maister, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou Pidgeon egge of discretion. O the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my Bastard; What a ioyfull father wouldst thou make mee? Goe to, thou hast it ad dungil, at the fingers ends, as they say.

Oh I smell false Latine, dunghel for vnguem.

And I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst haue it to buy Ginger bread: Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Maister, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou Pidgeon egge of discretion. O the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my Bastard; What a ioyfull father wouldst thou make mee? Goe to, thou hast it ad dungil, at the fingers ends, as they say.

Or Mons the hill.

singed from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charghouse on the top of the Mountaine?
At your sweet pleasure, for the Mountaine.

Peda. I doe sans question.

Bra. Sir, it is the Kings most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the Princesse at her Pavilion, in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the after nonone.

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

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

Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir Holofernes, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to bee rendered by our assistants the Kings command: and this most gallant, illustrate and learned Gentleman, before the Princesse: I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.
will haue an Apologie for that purpose.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-mot">
<!--[CDATA[<speaker rend="italic">Pag.</speaker>]]-->
<p>An excellent deuice: so if any of the audience <lb>/his</lb>se, you may cry, Well done <hi rend="italic">Hercules</hi>, now thou cru&amp;#x00AD;<lb>sh</lb>est the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gra&amp;#x00AD;<lb>cious, though few haue the grace to doe it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-adr">
<!--[CDATA[<speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>]]-->
<p>For the rest of the Worthies?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-hol">
<!--[CDATA[<speaker rend="italic">Peda.</speaker>]]-->
<p>I will play three my selfe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-mot">
<!--[CDATA[<speaker rend="italic">Pag.</speaker>]]-->
<p>Thrice worthy Gentleman.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-adr">
<!--[CDATA[<speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>]]-->
<p>Shall I tell you a thing?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-hol">
<!--[CDATA[<speaker rend="italic">Peda.</speaker>]]-->
<p>We attend.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-adr">
<!--[CDATA[<speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>]]-->
<p>We will haue, if this fadge not, an Antique. I &lt;/lb&gt;beseech you follow.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-hol">
<!--[CDATA[<speaker rend="italic">Ped.</speaker>]]-->
<p>Via&lt;/hi&gt; good&amp;#x2011;man &lt;hi rend="italic"&gt;Dull&lt;/hi&gt;, thou hast spoken no word &lt;/lb&gt;all this while.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-dul">
<!--[CDATA[<speaker rend="italic">Dull.</speaker>]]-->
<p>Nor vnderstood none neither sir.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-hol">
<!--[CDATA[<speaker rend="italic">Ped.</speaker>]]-->
<p>Alone, we will employ thee.</p>
I'll make one in a dance, or so: or I will play

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

Most, honest Dull, to our sport away.

Exit.

Sweet hearts we shall be rich ere we depart,

If fairings come thus plentifully in.

A Lady wal'd about with Diamonds: Look you, what I have from the loving King.

That was the way to make his godhead wax:

For he hath beene fiue thousand yeeres a Boy.

I, and a shrewd unhappy gallowes too.

That he was faine to seale on Cupids name.

That was the way to make his godhead wax:

For he hath beene fiue thousand yeeres a Boy.
You'll nere be friends with him, a kild your sister.

He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy, and so she died: had she beene Light like you, of such a mery and nimble spirit, she might a bin a Grandam ere she died. And so may you:

For a light heart liues long.

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

A light condition in a beauty darke.

We need more light to finde your meaning out.

You marre the light by taking it in snuffe:

Therefore Ile darkely end the argument.

Great reason: for past care, is still past cure.
Qu. Well bandied both, a set of Wit well played.
But Rosaline, you have a Favour too?

Who sent it? and what is it?

I would you knew.
And if my face were but as faire as yours,
My Favour were as great, be witness this.
Nay, I have Verses too, I thank Berowne,
The numbers true, and were the numbring too.
I were the fairest goddesse on the ground.
O he hath drawne my picture in his letter.

Any thing like?
Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.
Beauteous as Incke: a good conclusion.
Faire as a text B. in a Coppie booke.
Ware pensals. How? Let me not die your debtor,
My red Dominicall, my golden letter.
O that your face were full of Oes.

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

A Pox of that iest, and I beshrew all Shrowes:
But Katherine, what was sent to you?
From faire Dumaine?
<l>Madame, this Gloue.</l>

<sp who="#F-ILL-pri">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
  <l>Did he not send you twaine?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-kat">
  <speaker rend="italic">Kat.</speaker>
  <l>Yes Madame: and moreouer,</l>
  <l>Some thousand Verses of a faithfull Louer.</l>
  <l>A huge translation of hypocrisie,</l>
  <l>Vildly compiled, profound simplicitie.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <l>This, and these Pearls, to me sent Longauile.</l>
  <l>The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-pri">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
  <l>I thinke no lesse: Dost thou wish in heart</l>
  <l>The Chaine were longer, and the Letter short.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <l>I, or I would these hands might neuer part.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-pri">
  <speaker rend="italic">Quee.</speaker>
  <l>We are wise girles to mocke our Loue so.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
  <l>They are worse fooles to purchase mocking so.</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>That same Berowne</l>
  <l>ile torture ere I goe.</l>
  <l>O that I knew he were but in by th' weeke,</l>
  <l>How I would make him fawne, and begge, and seeke,</l>
  <l>And wait the season, and obserue the times,</l>
  <l>And spend his prodigall wits in booteles rimes,</l>
  <l>And shape his seruice wholly to my deuice,</l>
  <l>And make him proud to make me proud that iests.</l>
  <l>So pertaunt like would I o'resway his state,</l>
  <l>That he shold be my foole, and I his fate</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-pri">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
  <l>None are so surely caught, when they are catcht,</l>
</sp>
As Wit turn'd foole, follie in Wisedome hatch'd:
Hath wisedoms warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,
And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole?

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

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

Enter Boyet.

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

Thy newes Boyet?

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

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

Vnder the coole shade of a Siccamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some halfe an houre:
When lo to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addrest,
The King and his companions: warely
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And ouer heare, what you shall
That by and by disguis'd they will be heere.
Their Herald is a pretty knauish Page:
That well by heart hath con'd his embassage,
Action and accent did they teach him there.
Thus must thou speake, and thus thy body beare.
And euer and anon they made a doubt,
Presence maiesticall would put him out:
For quoth the King, an Angell shalt thou see:
Yet feare not thou, but speake audaciously.
The Boy reply'd, An Angell is not euill:
I should haue fear'd her, had she beene a deuill.
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wagg by their praises bolder.
One rub'd his elboe thus, and fleer'd, and swore,
A better speech was neuer spoke before.
Another with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd "via", we will doo't, come what will come.
The third he caper'd and cried, All goes well.
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and downe he fell:
With such a zelous laughter so profound,
That in this spleene ridiculous appeares,
To checke their folly passions solemne teares.
But what, but what, come they to visit vs?
They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,
Like Muscouites; or Russians, as I gesse.
Their purpose is to parlee, to court, and dance,
And
And every one his Loue-feat will aduance,
Vnto his seuerall mistresse: which they'll know
By fauours seuerall, which they did bestow.
<speaker rend="italic">Queen.</speaker>
<line>And will they so? the Gallants shall be taskt;</line>
<line>For Ladies; we will euery one be maskt;</line>
<line>And not a man of them shall haue the grace</line>
<line>Despight of sute, to see a Ladies face.</line>
<line>Hold <hi rend="italic">Rosaline</hi>, this Fauour thou shalt weare,</line>
<line>And then the King will court thee for his Deare;</line>
<line>Hold, take thou this my sweet, and giue me thine,</line>
<line>So shall Berowne take me for <hi rend="italic">Rosaline</hi>.</line>
<line>And change your Fauours too, so shall your Loues</line>
<line>Woo contrary, deceiu'd by these remoues.</line>

<speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
<line>Come on then, weare the fauours most in sight.</line>

<speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
<line>But in this changing, What is your intent?</line>

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

<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
<line>But shall we dance, if they desire vs too't?</line>

<speaker rend="italic">Quee.</speaker>
<line>No, to the death we will not moue a foot,</line>
<line>Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace:</line>
<line>But while 'tis spoke, each turne away his face.</line>

<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
<line>Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,</line>
<line>And quite diuorce his memory from his part.</line>

<speaker rend="italic">Quee.</speaker>
<line>Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt.</line>
The rest will ere come in, if he be out.
Theres no such sport, as sport by sport orethrowne:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So shall we stay mocking entended game,
And they well mockt, depart away with shame.

Sound.

Boy.
The Trompet sounds, be maskt, the maskers come.
Enter Black moores with musicke,
the Boy with a speech, and the rest of the Lords disguised.

All haile, the richest Beauties on the earth.

That euer turn'd their eyes to mortall viewes.
Out.
True, out indeed.
Out of your fauours heauenly spirits vouchsafe
Not to beholde.<hl></hl>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-bir">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
  <l>Once to behold, rogue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-mot">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pag.</speaker>
  <l>Once to behold with your Sunne beamed eyes,</l>
  <l rend="italic">With your Sunne beamed eyes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-boy">
  <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
  <l>They will not answer to that Ephytite, you were best call it Daughter beamed eyes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-mot">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pag.</speaker>
  <l>They do not marke me, and that brings me out.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-bir">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bero.</speaker>
  <l>Is this your perfectnesse? be gon you rogue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
  <l>What would these strangers? say they? Know their minds</l>
  <hi rend="italic">Boyet</hi>.<hl></hl>
  <l>If they doe speake our language, 'tis our will</l>
  <l>That some plaine man recount their purposes.</l>
  <l>Know what they would?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-boy">
  <speaker rend="italic">Boyet.</speaker>
  <l>What would you with the Princes</l>
  <hi rend="italic">?</hi>.<hl></hl>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-bir">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
  <l>Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
  <l>What would they, say they?</l>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-lll-boy">
  <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
  <l>Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lll-ros"/>
Rosa. Why that they haue, and bid them so be gon.

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

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

Boy. They say that they haue measur'd many a mile, And many miles: the Princesse bids you tell, How many inches doth fill vp one mile?

Ber. Tell her we measure them by weary steps.

Boy. She heares her selfe.

Rosa. How manie wearie steps, Of many wearie miles you haue ore\&x2011;gone, Are numbred in the trauell of one mile?

Bero. We number nothing that we spend for you, Our dutie is so rich, so infinite, That we may doe it still without accompt. Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face, That we (like saugages) may worship it.
My face is but a Moone and clouded too.

Blessed are clouds, to doe as such clouds do.

Vouchsafe bright Moone, and these thy stars to shine,

(Those clouds remoued) vpon our waterie eyne.

O vaine peticioner, beg a greater matter,

Thou now requests but Mooneshine in the water.

Will you not dance? How come you thus stranged?

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

Play musicke then: nay you must doe it soone.

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

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

But your legges should doe it.

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

Will you not dance? How come you thus stranged?
Since you are strangers, & come here by chance,
We'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.

Kin. Why take you hands then?

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

Kin. That can neuer be.

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

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

Ros. In priuate then.

Kin. I am best pleas'd with that.
Be.
White handed Mistris, one sweet word with thee.

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

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

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

Ber.
One word in secret.
Thou greeu'st my gall.

Queen.
Loues Labour's lost.

Qu.
Gall, bitter.

Du.
Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Mar.
Name it.
Dum.

Faire Ladie:

Mar.

Say you so? Faire Lord:

As much in príuate, and Ile bid adieu.

These speeches are conventionally given to Katharine.

What, was your vizard made without a tong?

I know the reason Ladie why you aske.

O for your reason, quickly sir, I long.

You haue a double tongue within your mask.

And would affoord my speechlesse vizard halfe.

Veale quoth the Dutch-­‐man: is not Veale a Calfe?

A Calfe faire Ladie?

No, a faire Lord Calfe.

Let's part the word.
Mar. No, I'll not be your halfe; Take all and weane it, it may prove an Oxe.

Lon. Looke how you but your selfe in these sharpe mockes. Will you giue horns chast Ladie? Do not so.

Mar. Then die a Calfe before your horns do grow.

Lon. One word in priuate with you ere I die.

Mar. Bleat softly then, the Butcher heares you cry.

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen As is the Razors edge, invisible: Cutting a smaller haire then may be seene, Aboue the sense of sense so sensible: Seemeth their conference, their conceits haue wings, Fleeter then arrows, bullets wind, thoght, swifter things.

Rosa. Not one word more my maides, breake off, breake off.

Ber. By heauen, all drie beaten with pure scoffe.

King. Farewell madde Wenches, you haue simple wits.

Exeunt. 

Qu. Twentie adieus my frozen Muscouits. Are these the breed of wits so wondred at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweete breathes puft out.

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

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

Qu. O pouertie in wit, Kingly poore flout. Will they not (thinke you) hang themselues to night? Or euer but in vizards shew their faces: This pert Berowne was out of count'rance quite.

Qu. Pouertie in wit, Kingly poore flout. Will they not (thinke you) hang themselues to night? Or euer but in vizards shew their faces: This pert Berowne was out of count'rance quite.

Rosa. They were all in lamentable cases. The King was weeping ripe for a good word.

Qu. Berowne did sweare himselfe out of all suite.

Mar. Dumaine was at my seruice, and his sword:

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

Kat. Lord Longauill said I came ore his hart:

Qu. Go sicknesse as thou art.
Well, better wits have worn plain statute caps,
But will you heare; the King is my loue sworne.

And quicke Berowne hath plighted faith to me.

And Longaull was for my service borne.

Dumaine is mine as sure as barke on tree.

Will they returne?

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

How blow? how blow? Speake to bee under &
Faire Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud.
Dismaskt, their damaske sweet commixture showne,
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roses blowne.

Qu. Ant perplexitie: What shall we do, If they returne in their owne shapes to wo?

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

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

Quee. Whip to our Tents, as Roes runnes ore Land.

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

Boy. Gone to her Tent. Please it your Maiestie command me any seruice to her?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

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

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

Enter the Ladies.

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

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

I in truth, my Lord.<n>
Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state.<n>
</n>

<sp who="#F-III-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rosa.</speaker>
    <l>Madam speake true. It is not so my Lord:<n>
    <l>My Ladie (to the manner of the daies)<n>
    <l>In curtesie giues vndeserving praise.<n>
    <l>We foure indeed confronted were with foure<n>
    <l>In Russia habit: Heere they stayed an houre,<n>
    <l>And talk'd apace: and in that houre (my Lord)<n>
    <l>They did not blesse vs with one happy word.<n>
    <l>I dare not call them fooles; but this I thinke,<n>
    <l>When they are thirstie, fooles would faine haue drinke.<n>
</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-bir">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
    <l>This iest is drie to me. Gentle sweete,<n>
    <l>Your wits makes wise things foolish when we greete<n>
    <l>With eies best seeing, heauens fierie eie:<n>
    <l>By light we loose light; your capacitie<n>
    <l>Is of that nature, that to your huge stoore,<n>
    <l>Wise things seeme foolish, and rich things but poore.<n>
</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
    <l>This proues you wise and rich: for in my eie<n>
</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-bir">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
    <l>I am a foole, and full of pouertie.<n>
</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
    <l>But that you take what doth to you belong.<n>
    <l>It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.<n>
</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-bir">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
    <l>O, I am yours, and all that I possesse.<n>
</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
    <l>All the foole mine.<n>
</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-bir">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
    <l>I cannot giue you lesse.<n>
</l>
</sp>

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

Ros. Which of the Vizards what it that you wore?

Ber. Where? when? What Vizard?

Why demand you this?

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

We are discrived, They'l mocke vs now downright.

Let vs confesse, and turne it to a iest.

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

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

Sea-sicke I thinke comming from Muscouie.

Thus poure the stars down plagues for periury. Can any face of brasse hold longer out? Heere stand I, Ladie dart thy skill at me, Bruise me with scorne, confound me with a flout. Thrust thy sharpe wit quite through my ignorance. Nor neuer more in Russian habit waite. O! neuer will I trust to speeches pen'd, Nor to the motion of a Schoole, Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend, Nor woo in rime like a blind, Taffata phrases, silken tearmes precise, Three pil'd Hyperboles, spruce affection; Figures pedanticall, these summer flies,
Haue blowne me full of maggot ostentation.
I do forsweare them, and I heere protest,
By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knows)
Henceforth my woing minde shall be exprest
In russet yeas, and honest kersie noes.
And to begin Wenche, so God helpe me law,
My loue to thee is sound,
Rosa.
Sans, sans, I pray you.
Yet I haue a tricke
Of the old rage: beare with me, I am sicke.
Ile leau it by degrees: soft, let vs see,
Write Lord haue mercie on vs, on those three,
They are infected, in their hearts it lies:
They haue the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
These Lords are visited, you are not free:
For the Lords tokens on you do I see.
No, they are free that gaue these tokens to vs.
Our states are forfeit, seeke not to vndo vs.
It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue.
Peace, for I will not haue to do with you.
Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.
Speake for your selues, my wit is at an end.
Teach vs sweete Madame, for our rude transgression, some faire excuse.

The fairest is confession.

Were you not here but even now, disguis'd?

I was faire Madam.

When you then were here, what did you whisper in your Ladies eare?

That more then all the world I did respect her.

When shee shall challenge this, you will reiect her.

Vpon mine Honor no.

Peace, peace, forbeare: Your oath once broke, you force not to forsweare.

Despise me when I breake this oath of mine.
I will, and therefore keepe it. 

What did the Russian whisper in your eare?

Madam, he swore that he did hold me deare

As precious eye-sight, and did value me

Aboue this World: adding thereto moreouer,

That he vvould Wed me, or else die my Louer.

God giue thee ioy of him: the Noble Lord

Most honorably doth vphold his word.

My faith and this, the Princesse I did giue,

I knew her by this Iewell on her sleeue.

Pardon me sir, this Iewell did she weare.

And Lord (I thanke him) is my deare.

What? Will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?

Neither of either, I remit both twaine.

Knowing aforehand of our merriment,

To dash it like a Christmas Comedie.

Some carry & tale, some please & man, some slight

Zanie,
Some mumble newes, some trencher knight, Dick

That smiles his cheeke in yeares, and knowes the trick

Following the signes, woo'd but the signe of she.

We are againe forsworne in will and error.

Now to our periurie, to adde more terror,

Much vpon this tis: and might not you

Forestall our sport, to make vs thus vntrue?

Do not you know my Ladies foot by'th squier?

And laugh vpon the apple of her eie?

And stand betweene her backe sir, and the fire,

Holding a trencher, iesting merrilie?

You put our Page out: go, you are alowd.

Die when you will, a smocke shall be your shrowd.

You leere vpon me, do you? There's an eie

Wounds like a Leaden sword.

Boy.

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

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

What, are there but three?

For euerie one pursents three.
<sp who="#F-lll-bir">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
  <l>And three times thrice is nine.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lll-cos">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <l>Not so sir, vnder correction sir, I hope it is not so.</l>
  <l>You cannot beg vs sir, I can assure you sir, we know what we know: I hope sir three times thrice sir.</l>
</sp>

<lb/>we know: I hope sir three times thrice sir.

<sp who="#F-lll-bir">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
  <l>Is not nine.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lll-cos">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <l>Vnder correction sir, wee know where\-vntill it doth amount.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lll-bir">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
  <l>By Ioue, I alwaies tooke three threes for nine.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lll-cos">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
  <p>O Lord sir, it were pittie you should get your liiuing by reckning sir.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lll-bir">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
  <l>How much is it?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lll-cos">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>O Lord sir, the parties themselues, the actors sir will shew where\-vntill it doth amount: for mine owne part, I am (as they say, but to perfect one man in one poore man) <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi> the great sir.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lll-bir">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
  <p>Art thou one of the Worthies?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lll-cos">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>It pleased them to thinke me worthie of <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi></p>
</sp>
the great: for mine owne part, I know not the degree of the Worthie, but I am to stand for him.

Go, bid them prepare.

Exit.

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

Berowne, they will shame vs:

Let them not approach.

A right description of our sport my Lord.

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

Doth this man serue God?
<sp who="#F-lll-bir">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
  <p>Why aske you?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lll-pri">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
  <p>He speak's not like a man of God's making.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lll-adr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
  <p>That's all one my faire sweet honie Monarch: <lb/>
For I protest, the Schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical: <lb/>
Too too vaine, too vaine. But we wil put it (as they <lb/>say) to <hi rend="italic">
Fortuna delaguar</hi>, I wish you the peace of minde</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lll-bir">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
  <p>There is fiue in the first shew.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lll-pri">
  <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
  <p>You are deceiued, tis not so.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lll-bir">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
  <p>The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge>Priest, the
</p>
</sp>
and the Boy,

Abate throw at Novum, and the whole world againe,

Cannot pricke out fiue such, take each one in's vaine.

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

Enter Pompey.

I Pompey am.

You lie, you are not he.

I Pompey am.

With Libbards head on knee.

Well said old mocker,

I must needs be friends with thee.

Pompey surnam'd the big.

The great.

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

That oft in field, with Targe and Shield, did make my foe to sweat:
And trauailing along this coast, I heere am come by chance, and lay my Armes before the legs of this sweet Lasse of France.

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

Great thankes great Pompey.

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

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

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

My Scutcheon plaine declares that I am Alisander.

Your nose saies no, you are not:

Your nose smells no, in this most tender smell.
Qu. The Conqueror is dismaid: Proceede good Alexander.

Cur. When in the world I liued, I was the worldes Commander.

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

Ber. Pompey the great.

Clo. your seruant and Costard.

Ber. Take away the Conqueror, take away Alisander.

Clo. O sir, you haue ouerthrowne Alisander the conqueror: you will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for this: your Lion that holds his Pollax sitting on a close stoole, will be giuen to Aiax. He will be the ninth wor theie. A Conqueror, and affraid to speake? Runne away for shame Alisander. There an't shall please you: a foolish milde man, an honest man, looke you, & soon dasht. He is a maruellous good neighbour insooth, and a verie good Bowler: but for
Alisander, alas you see, how 'tis a little ore & part. But there are Worthies a comming, will speake their minde in some other sort.

Exit Cu.

Stand aside good Pompey.

Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

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

Exit Boy

A Iudas?

Iudas Machabeus clipt, is plaine Iudas.

Iudas Machabeus clipt, is plaine
Ber. A kissing traitor. How art thou prou'd Judas?

Ped. Iudas I am.

Dum. The more shame for you Judas.

Ped. What meane you sir?

Boi. To make Judas hang himselfe.

Ped. I will not be put out of countenance.

Ber. Because thou hast no face.

Ped. What is this?

Boi. A Citterne head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.
Ber. A death's face in a ring.

Lon. The face of an old Roman coine, scarce seen.

Boi. The pummell of Faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd bone face on a Flaske.

Ber. S. George's halfe cheeke in a brooch.

Ped. You haue put me out of countenance.

Ber. False, we haue giuen thee faces.

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

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

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

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

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

His legge is too big for *Hector*.

More Calfe certaine.

This cannot be *Hector*.

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

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

A gilt Nutmegge.

A Lemmon.

Stucke with Cloues.

No clouen.

The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the almighty, gaue *Hector* a gift.
The Armipotent Mars of Launces the almighty, Gaue Hector a gift, the heire of Illion; A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight: yea out of his Pauillion. I am that Flower. That Mint. That Cullambine. I must rather giue it the reine: for it runnes a gains a Greyhound. The sweet War-man is dead and rotten, Sweet chuckes, beat not the bones of the buried: But I will forward with my deuice; Sweete Royaltie bestow on me the sence of hearing. Berowne steppes forth.

Qu. Speake braue Hector, we are much delighted.
I do adore thy sweet Graces slipper.

Loues her by the foot.

He may not by the yard.

This Hector farre surmounted Hanniball.

The partie is gone.

What meanest thou?

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

Dost thou infamonly me among Potentates? Thou shalt die.

Then shall Hector be whipt for Iaquenetta that is quicke by him, and hang'd for Pompey, that is dead by him.
Most rare <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi>.<p>

<sp who="#F-III-boy">
  <speaker rend="italic">Boi.</speaker>
  <p>Renowned <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi>.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-bir">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
  <p>Greater then great, great, great, great <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi>: <lb/>
Pompey/<hi> the huge.</lb></p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-dum">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
  <p>Hector trembles.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-bir">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
  <p>I, if a'haue no more mans blood in's belly, then <lb/>
  will sup a Flea.</lb></p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-adr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Brag.</speaker>
  <l>By the North &amp;#x2011; pole I do challenge thee.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-cos">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <l>I wil not fight with a pole like a Northern man;</l>
  <l>Ile slash, Ile do it by the sword: I pray you let mee <lb/>
  row my Armes againe.</lb></l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-dum">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dum.</speaker>
  <p>Roome for the incensed Worthies.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-cos">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Ile do it in my shirt.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-dum">
  <l>stirre <lb/> them, or stirre them on.</lb></l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-dum">
  <p>Hector will challenge him.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-bir">
  <l>But Ile slash, Ile do it by the sword: I pray you let mee <lb/>
  row my Armes againe.</lb></l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-III-adr">
  <l>By the North &amp;#x2011; pole I do challenge thee.</l>
</sp>

<b><i>Atees</i></b>
Most resolute Pompey.

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

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

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

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

True, and it was inioyned him in Rome for want a dishclout of Iaquenettas, and that hee weares next his heart for a fauour.
Enter a Messenger,

Monsieur

Marcade.</stage>

Mar.</sp>

God save you Madame.</p>

Qu.</speaker>

Welcome Marcade, but that thou interruptest our merriment.</p>

I am sorrie Madam, for the newes I bring is heauie in my tongue.

The King your father

Dead for my life.

Euen so: My tale is told.

Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.

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

Exeunt

Worthies</stage>

Kin.</speaker>

How fare's your Maiestie?</l>

Qu.</speaker>

Boyet prepare, I will away to night.</l>
<speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>  
<l>Madame not so, I do beseech you stay.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-pri">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
  <l>Prepare I say. I thanke you gracious Lords.</l>  
  <l>For all your faire endeuours and entreats.</l>  
  <l>Out of a new sad&#x2011;soule, that you vouchsafe.</l>  
  <l>In your rich wisedome to excuse, or hide.</l>  
  <l>The liberall opposition of our spirits.</l>  
  <l>If ouer&#x2011;baldly we haue borne our selues,</l>  
  <l>In the conuurse of breath (your gentlenesse</l>  
  <l>Was guilte of it.) Farewell worthie Lord:</l>  
  <l>A heauie heart beares not a humble tongue.</l>  
  <l>Excuse me so, comming so short of thankes,</l>  
  <l>For my great suite, so easily obtain'd.</l>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-fer">
  <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>  
  <l>The extreme parts of time, extremelie formes</l>  
  <l>All causes to the purpose of his speed:</l>  
  <l>And often at his verie loose decides</l>  
  <l>That, which long processe could not arbitrate.</l>  
  <l>And though the mourning brow of progenie</l>  
  <l>Forbid the smiling curtesie of Loue:</l>  
  <l>The holy suite which faine it would conuince,</l>  
  <l>Yet since loues argument was first on foote,</l>  
  <l>Let not the cloud of sorrow iustle it</l>  
  <l>From what it purpos'd: since to waile friends lost,</l>  
  <l>Is not by much so wholsome profitable,</l>  
  <l>As to reioyce at friends but newly found.</l>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-pri">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>  
  <l>I vnderstand you not, my greefes a</l>  
  <l>re double.</l>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ILL-bir">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>  
  <l>Honest plain words, best pierce the ears of griefe</l>  
  <l>And by these badges vnderstand the King,</l>  
  <l>For your faire sakes haue we neglected time,</l>  
  <l>Plaid foule play with our oaths: your beautie Ladies</l>  
  <l>Hath much deformed vs, fashioning our humors</l>  
  <l>Euen to the opposed end of our intents.</l>  
  <l>And what in vs hath seem'd ridiculous:</l>  
  <l>As Loue is full of vnbefitting straines,</l>  
  <l>All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine.</l>  
  <l>Form'd by the eie, and therefore like the eie.</l>  
  <l>Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of formes</l>  
</cb n="2"/>
Varying in subjects as the eie doth roule,
To euerie varied obiect in his glance:
Which partie coated presence of loose loue
Put on by vs, if in your heauenly eies,
Haue misbecom'd our oathes and grauities.
Those heauenlie eies that looke into these faults,
Suggested vs to make: therefore Ladies
Our loue being yours, the error that Loue makes
Is likewise yours. We to our selues proue false,
By being once false, for euer to be true
To those that make vs both, faire Ladies you.
And euen that falshood in it selfe a sinne,
Thus purifies it selfe, and turnes to grace.

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

Our letters Madam, shew'd much more then iest.
So did our looks.
We did not coat them so.
Now at the latest minute of the houre,
Grant vs your loues.
A time me thinkes too short,
To make a world without end bargaine in;
No, no my Lord, your Grace is periur'd much,
Full of deare guiltinesse, and therefore this:
If for my Loue (as there is no such cause)
You will do ought, this shall you do for me.
Your oth I will not trust: but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked Hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world:
There stay, untill the twelue Celestiall Signes
Haue brought about their annuall reckoning.
If this austere insociable life,
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudie blossomes of your Loue,
But that it beare this triall, and last loue:
Then at the expiration of the yeare,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,
And by this Virgin palme, now kissing thine,
I will be thine: and till that instant shut
My wofull selfe vp in a mourning house,
Raining the teares of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my Fathers death.
If this thou do denie, let our hands part,
Neither intituled in the others hart.

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

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

But what to me my Loue? but what to me?
A wife? a beard, faire health, and honestie,
With three-fold loue, I wish you all these three.
O shall I say, I thanke you gentle wife?

Kat.

Not so my Lord, a tweluemonth and a day,

Ile

Loues Labour's lost.

Ile marke no words that smoothfac'd wooers say.

Dum.

Ile serue thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath.

Yet sweare not, least ye be forsworne agen.

Lon.

What saies Maria?

Mari.

At the tweluemonths end,

Ile change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend.

Lon.

Ile stay with patience: but the time is long.

Mari.

The liker you, few taller are so yong.

Ber.

Studies my Ladie? Mistresse, looke on me,

Behold the window of my heart, mine eie:

What humble suite attends thy answer there,

Impose some seruice on me for my loue.

Ros.

Oft haue I heard of you my Lord Berowne

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

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

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

A tweluemonth in an Hospitall.
I sweet my Lord, and so I take my leaue.
No Madam, we will bring you on your way.
Our woing doth not end like an old Play:
Jacke hath not Gill: these Ladies courtesie
Might wel haue made our sport a Comedie.

Come sir, it wants a tweluemonth and a day,
And then 'twil end.
That's too long for a play.

Enter Braggart.
Sweet Maiesty vouchsafe me.
Was not that Hector?
The worthie Knight of Troy.
I wil kisse thy royal finger, and take leaue.
I am a Votarie, I haue vow'd to Iaquenetta
to holde the Plough for her sweet loue three yeares. But most
estee&med greatnesse, wil you heare the Dialogue
that the two Learned men haue compiled, in praise of the Owle
and the Cuckow? It should haue followed in the end of our
shew.

Call them forth quickely, we will do so.
Holla, Approach.

Enter all.
This side is Hiems, Winter.

This Ver, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owle.

Th' other by the Cuckow.

Ver, begin.

The Song.

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

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

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

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

Winter.

When Isicles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Shepheard blowes his naile;
And Tom beares Logges into the hall,
And Milke comes frozen home in paile:
When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle,
Then nightly sings the staring Owle
Tu-whit to who.
A merrie note,
While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

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

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

Exeunt omnes.