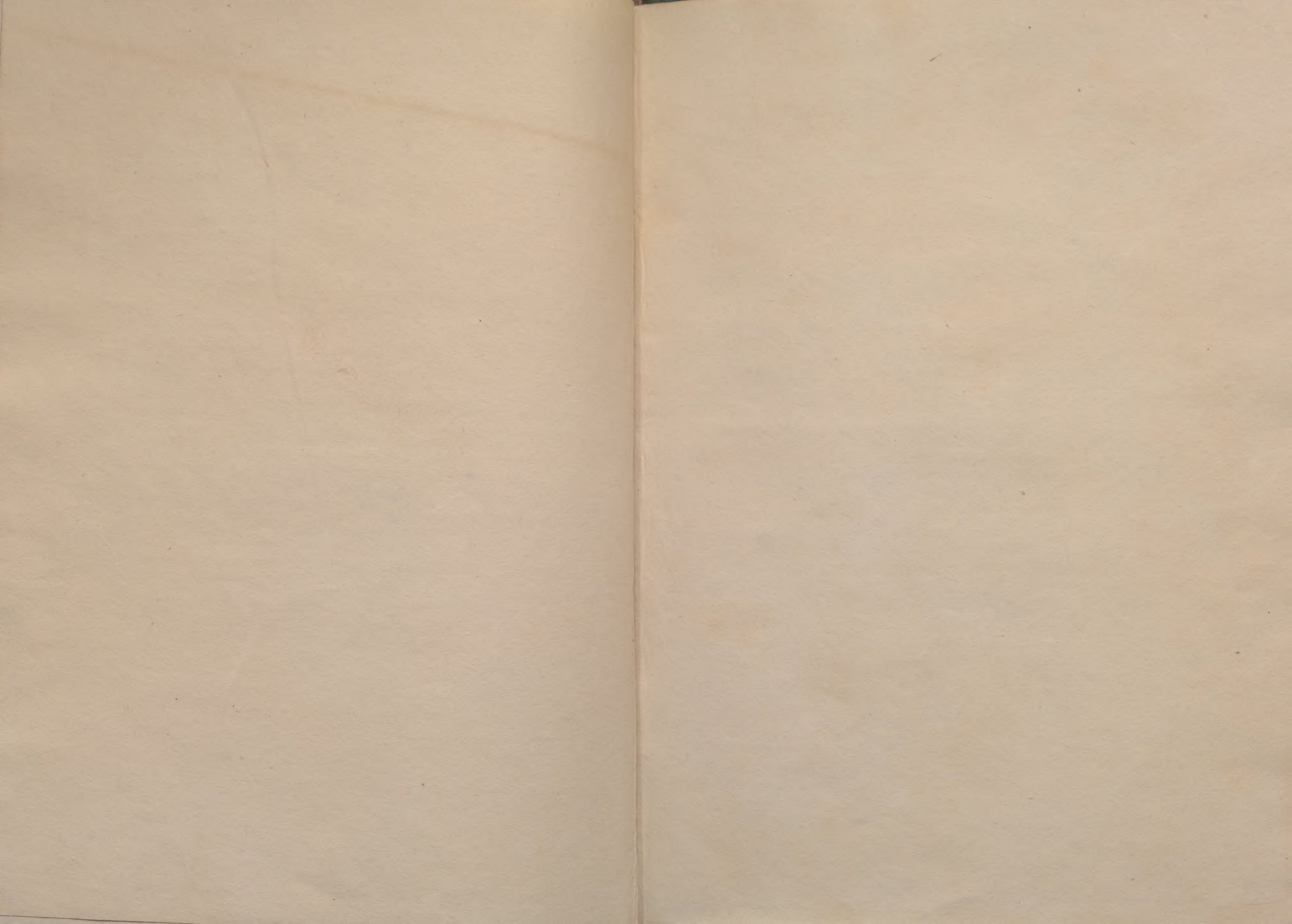






House of Falkland.





Loues Labourslost.  
A WITTIE AND  
PLEASANT  
COMEDIE,

As it was Acted by his Maiesties Seruants at  
*the Blacke-Friers and the Globe.*

*Written*

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

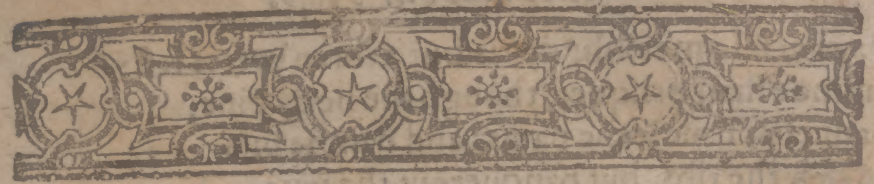
*M. 2. D. 4.*



L O N D O N,

Printed by *W.S.* for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be  
sold at his Shop in *Saint Dunstones Church-*  
*yard vnder the Diall.*

1631.



## Loues Labour's lost.

*Actus Primus.*

*Enter Ferdinand King of Nauarre, Berowne, Longauill,  
and Dumaine.*

*Ferdinand.*

**H**ET *Fame*, that all hunt after in their liues,  
Liue registred vpon our brazen Tombes,  
And then grace vs in the disgrace of death;  
When spight of cormorant deuouring Time,  
Th'endeuour of this present breath may buye  
That honour which shall bate his sythes keene edge,  
And make vs heyres of all eternitie.  
Therefore braue conquerors, for so you are,  
That warre against your owne affections,  
And the huge Armie of the worlds desires.  
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force,  
*Nauar* shall be the wonder of the world.  
Our Court shall be a little Academe,  
Still and contemplatiue in liuing Art,  
You three, *Berowne*, *Dumaine*, and *Longauill*,  
Haue sworne for three yeeres terme, to liue with me:  
My fellow schollers, and to keepe those statutes  
That are recorded in this scedule heere.  
Your oathes are past, and now subscribe your names  
That his owne hand may strike his honour downe,  
That violates the smallest branch herein:  
If you are arm'd to doe, as sworne to doe,  
Subscribe to your deepe oathes, and keepe it to.

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

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

*Berowne.* I can but say their protestation ouer,  
So much, deere 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 food:  
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 harne all night,  
And make a darke night too of halfe the day:  
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.  
O, these are barren taskes, too hard to keepe,  
Not to see Ladies, study, fast, nor sleepe.

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

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

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

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

*Fer.* Why that to know which else we should not know.

*Ber.* Things hid & bard (you meane) from common sense.

*Ferd.* I, that is studies god-like recompence.

*Berow.* Come on then, I will swear to study, so,  
To know the thing I am forbid to know:  
As thus, to study where I well may dine,  
When I too fast expressly am forbid.

Or study where to meete some Mistresse fine,  
When Mistresses from common sense are hid.  
Or heuing sworne too hard a keeping oath,  
Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth.  
If studies gaine be thus, and this be soe,  
Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know,  
Swear me to this, and I will nec're say no.

*Ferd.* These be the stops that hinder studie quite,  
And traine our intellects to vaine delight.

*Ber.* Why? all delights are vaine, and that most vaine  
Which with paine purchas'd, doth inherit paine,  
As painefully to poare vpon a Booke,  
To seeke the light of truth, while truth the while  
Doth falsely blinde the eye-sight of his looke:  
Light seeking light, doth light of light beguile.  
So ere you finde where light in darkenelle lies,  
Your light growes darke by loosing 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 authority 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, isto 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.* Hes weedes the corne, and still lets grow the weeding.

*Ber.* The spring is neare when greene geesse are abreedng.

*Dum.* How followes that?

*Ber.* Fit in his place and time.

*Dum.* In reason nothing.

*Ber.* Something then in times.

Loues Labour's lost.

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

Ber. Well, say I am, why should proud Summer boast,  
Before the birds haue any cause to sing?

Why should I ioy in any abortiue birth?  
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,

Then with a Snow in Mayes new fangled showes:  
But like of each thing that in season growes.

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

Fer. Well, sit you out, goe home Berowne: adue.

Ber. No my good Lord, I haue sworne 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 penance of each three yeares daye.  
Giue me the paper, let me reade the same,

And to the strictest decrees Ile write my name,  
Fer. How well this yeelding rescues thee from shame.

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

Hath this beene proclaimed?  
Lon. Foure dayes agoe.

Ber. Let's see the penaltie.  
On paine of loosing her tongue.

Who deuise'd this penaltie?  
Lon. Marry that did I.

Ber. Sweete Lord, and why?  
Lon. To fright them hence with that dread penaltie,

A dangerous law against gentilitie.  
Item, If any man be seene to talke with a woman within the

tearme of three yeeres, he shall endure such publike shame, as  
the rest of the Court shall possibly deuise.

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

The French Kings daughter, with your selfe to speake:  
A Maide of grace and compleate maiestie,

About surrender vp of Aquitaine:  
To her decrepit, sicke, and bed-rid Father,

Therefore

Loues Labour's lost.

Therefore this article is made in vaine,  
Or vainely comes th'admired Princesse hither.

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

Ber. So studie euermore is ouershot,  
While it doth studie to haue what it would,

It doth forget to doe the thing it should:  
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,

'Tis won as townes with fire, so won, so lost.  
Fer. Wee must of force dispence with this Decree,

She must lye here on meere necessity.  
Ber. Necessity will make vs both forsworne

Three thousand times within this three yeeres space:  
For euery man with his affects is borne,

Not by might mastered, 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 attainer of eternall shame.

Suggestions are to others as to mee:  
But I belecue although I seeme so loth,

I am the last that will last keepe his oth.  
But is there no quickere creation granted?

Fer. I that there is, our Court you know is hanted  
With a refined trauailer of Spaine,

A man in all the worlds new fashion planted,  
That hath a mint of phrases in his braine:

One, who the Musicke of his owne vaine tongue,  
Doth rauish like inchanting harmonic:

A man of complements whom right and wrong  
Haue chose as vmpire of their mutinie.

This childe of fancie that Armado hight,  
For interim to our studies shall relate.

In high-borne words the worth of many a Knight:  
From tawny 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 Minstrellic.

Bere



Loues Labour's lost.

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

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

Enter a Constable with Costard with a Letter.

Const. Which is the Dukes owne person?

Ber. This fellow, What would'st?

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

Ber. This is he.

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

Clow. Sir the Contempts thereof are as touching mee.

Fer. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

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

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

Ber. To heare or forbear hearing.

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

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

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

Ber. In what manner?

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

Ber. For the following sir.

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

Fer. Will you heare this Letter with attention?

Ber. As wee would heare an Oracle,

Loues Labour's lost.

Clo. Such is the simplicite of man to harken after the flesh.

Ferdinan.

Great Deputie, the Welkins Vicegerent, and sole dominator  
of Nauar, my soules earths God, and bodies fostering patron:

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

Ferd. So it is.

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

Ferd. Peace.

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

Ferd. No words,

Clow. Of other mens secrets I beseech you.

Ferd. So it is besieged with sable coloured melancholy, I did  
commend the blacke oppressing humour to the most wholesome  
Physicke of thy health-giuing ayre: And as I am a Gentleman,  
betooke my selfe to walke: the time when? about the sixt houre,  
when beasts most graze, 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 walke vpon, it is  
ycliped, Thy Parke. Then for the place where? where I meane I  
did encounter that obscene and most preposterous euent that draw-  
eth from my snow-white pen the ebon coloured Inke, which heere  
thou viewest, beholdest, surueyest, or seest. But to the place where?  
It standeth North North-east and by East from the West corner  
of thy curious knotted garden; there did I see that low spirited  
Swaine, that base Minow of thy myrth, (Clow. Mee?) that  
unlettered small knowing soule, (Clow. Me?) that shallow vassall  
(Clow. Still mee?) which as I remember, hight Costard, (Clow.  
O me) sorted and consorted contrary to thy established proclaimed  
Edict and continent Cannon: Which with, o with, but with this  
I passion to say wheren'th:

Clo. With a Wench.

Ferd. With a childe of our Grandmother Eue, a female; or  
for thy more sweete understanding a woman: him, I (as my euer  
esteemed duty prickes me on) haue sent to thee, to receiue the meed  
of punishment by thy sweete 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

sclo.

B

Loues Labour's lost.

apprehended with the aforesaid Swaine, I keepe her as a vassell 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 Adriano 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?

Clow. Sir I confesse the Wench.

Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation?

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

Fer. It was proclaimed a yeeres imprisonment to be taken with a Wench.

Clow. I was taken with none sir, I was taken with a Damofell.

Fer. Well, it was proclaimed Damofell.

Clow. This was no Damofell neyther sir, she was a Virgin.

Fer. It is so varied too, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

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

Fer. This Maide shall not serue your turne sir.

Clow. This Maide will serue my turne sir.

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

Clow. I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton & Porridge.

Kin. And *Dan Armado* shall be your keeper.

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

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

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

Exit.

Enter *Armado* and *Mosh* his page.

Arma. Boy, What signe is it when a Mau of great spirit  
growes

Loues Labour's lost.

growes melancholy?

Boy. A great signe sir, that he will looke sad.

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

Boy. No no, O Lord sir no.

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

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

Brag. Why tough signeur? Why tough signeur?

Boy. Why tender *Iuuenall*? Why tender *Iuuenall*?

Brag. I spoke it tender *Iuuenall*, as a congruent apathaton, appertaining to thy yong daies, which we may nominate tender.

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

Brag. Pretty and apt.

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

Brag. Thou prettie because little.

Boy. Little pretty, because little: wherefore apt?

Brag. And therefore, because quicke.

Boy. Speake you this in my prayse Master?

Brag. In thy condigne praise.

Boy. I will praise an Eele with the same praise.

Brag. What? that an Eele is ingenuous.

Boy. That an Eele is quicke.

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

Boy. I am answer'd sir.

Brag. I loue not to be crost.

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

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

Boy. You may doe it in an houre sir.

Brag. Impossible.

Boy. How many is onethrice tolde?

Br. 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.

*Loues Labour's lost.*

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

*Brag.* It doth amount to one more then two.

*Boy.* Which the base vulgar call three.

*Br.* True. *Boy.* Why sir is this such a peece of study? Now heer's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink, & how easie it is to put yeeres to the word three, and study three yeeres in two words the dancing horse will tell you.

*Brag.* A most fine Figure.

*Boy.* Toproue you a Cypher.

*Brag.* I will hereupon 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 me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French Courtier for a new deuis'd curtsie. I thinke scorne to sigh, me thinks I should out-sweare *Cupid*. Comfort mee *Boy*, What great men haue beene in loue?

*Boy.* *Hercules* Master.

*Brag.* Most sweet *Hercules*: more authoritie deere *Boy*, name more; and sweet my childe let them be men of good repute and carriage.

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

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

*Boy.* A Woman Master.

*Brag.* Of what complexion?

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

*Brag.* Tell mee precisely of what complexion?

*Boy.* Of the sea-water Greene sir.

*Brag.* Is that one of the foure complexions?

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

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

*Boy.*

*Loues Labour's lost.*

*Boy.* It was so sir, for she had a Greene wit.

*Brag.* Me loue is most immaculate white and red.

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

*Brag.* Define, define, well educated infant.

*Boy.* My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue assist mee.

*Brag.* Sweet inuocation of a childe, most pretty and patheticall.

*Boy.* If she be made of white and red,  
Her faults will nere be knowne:  
For blush-in cheekes by faults are bred,  
And feares by pale white showne:  
Then if she feare, or be to blame,  
By this you shall not know,  
For still her cheekes possesse the same,  
Which natiue she doth owe:

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

*Brag.* Is there not a Ballet Boy, of the King and the Bogger?

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

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

*Boy.* To be whip'd: and yet a better loue then my Master.

*Brag.* Sing *Boy*, my spirit growes heauy in loue.

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

*Brag.* I say sing.

*Boy.* Forbeare till this company be past.

*Enter* Clowne, Constable, and Wench.

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

*Exit.*

*Brag.* I doe betray my selfe with blushing: Maide.

B 3

*Maid.*

Loues Labour's lost.

Maid. Man.

Brag. I will visit thee at the Lodge.

Maid. That's hereby.

Brag. I know where it is situate.

Mai. Lord how wile you are.

Brag. I will tell thee wonders.

Ma. With what face?

Brag. I loue thee.

Mai. So I heard you say.

Brag. And so farewell.

Mai. Faire weather after you!

Cl. Come *Iaquenetta*, away.

*Exeunt.*

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

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

Brag. Thou shalt be heauily punished.

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

Brag. Take away this villaine, shut him vp.

Boy. Come you transgressing slaue away.

Clow. Let me not be 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 doe see the merrie dayes of desolation that I haue scene, some shall see.

Boy. What shall some see?

Clow. Nay nothing, Master *Moth*, but what they looke vpon. It is for prisoners to be silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing: I thanke God, I haue as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet.

*Exit.*

Brag. I doe affect the very ground (which is base) where her shooe (which is baser) guided by her foote (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworne (which is a great argument of falshood) if I loue. And how can that be true loue, which is falsely 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 excellent strength: Yet was *Salomon* so seduced, and he had a very good witte. *Cupids* Butshaft is too hard for *Hercules* Clubbe, and therefore too much ods for a Spaniards Rapier: The first

Loues Labour's lost.

first and second cause will not serue my turne: the *Passado* hee respects not, the *Duello* he regards not; his disgrace is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to subdue men. A due Valour, rust Rapi-er, be still Drum, for your manager is in loue; yea he loueth. Assist me some extemporall god of Rime, for I am sure I shall turne Sonnet. Deuise Wit, write pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio.

*Exit.*

*Finis Actus Primus.*

*Actus Secundus.*

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

Boyet. Now Madam summon vp your dearest spirits,  
Consider who the King your father sends:  
To whom he sends, and what's his Embassie.  
Your selfe held precious in the worlds esteeme,  
To parlee with the sole inheritour  
Of all perfections that a man may owe,  
Matchlesse *Nanarre*, 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.

Queene. Good L. Boyet, my thought but meane,  
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:  
Beauty is bought by iudgement of the eye,  
Not vttered by base sayle of chapmen tongues:  
I am lesse proud to heare you tell my worth,  
Then you much willing to be counted wise,  
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.  
But now to taske the tasker, good Boyet,

Prin. You are not ignorant all telling fame:  
Doth noyse broad *Nanar* hath made a vow,  
Till painefull studie shall out-weare three yeeres,

*Loues Labour's lost.*

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 behalfe  
Bold of your worthinesse, we single you,  
As our best mouing 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.

*Boy*, Proud of imployment, willingly I goe. *Exit.*

*Prin.* All pride is willing pride, and yours is so:  
Who are the Votaries my louing Lords, that are vow-fellowes,  
with this vertuous Duke?

*Lor.* Longauill is one.

*Princ.* Know you the man?

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

*Prin.* Some merry mocking Lord belike, ist so?

*Lad.* 1. They say so most, that most his humors know.

*Prin.* Such short liu'd wits doe wither as they grow.

Who are the rest?

*2. Lad.* 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 *Alanfoes* once,

And

*Loues Labour's lost.*

And much too litle of that good I saw,  
Is my report to his great worthinesse.

*Rossa.* Another of the 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 obiekt that the one doth catch,  
The other turnes to a mirth-mouing iest.  
Which his faire tongue (conceits expositor)

Deliuers in such apt and gracious words,  
That aged eares play treuant at his tales,  
And yonger hearings are quite rauished.  
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

*Prin.* God bleffe 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 adrest to meete you gentle Lady  
Before I came: marry 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*.

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

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

*Nau.* You shall be welcome Madam to my Court.

*Prin.* I will be welcome then. Condukt me thither.

C

*Nau.*

Loues Labour's lost.

*Nau.* Heare me deare Lady, I haue sworne an oath,  
*Prin.* Our Lady helpe my Lord, hee'll be forsworne.  
*Nau.* Not for the world faire Madam, by my will.  
*Prin.* Why will shall breake it will, and nothing els.  
*Nau.* Your Ladiship is ignorant what it is.  
*Prin.* Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wise,  
Where now his knowledge must proue ignorance.  
I heare your grace hath sworne out House-keeping:  
'Tis deadly sinne to keepe that oath my Lord,  
And sinne to breake it:  
But pardon me I am too sodaine bold,  
To teach a Teacher ill befeemeth me.  
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,  
And sodainly resolue me in my suite.  
*Nau.* Madam, I will, if sodainly I may.  
*Prin.* You will the sooner that I were away,  
For you'le proue periu'r'd if you make me stay.  
*Berow.* Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?  
*Rosa.* Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?  
*Ber.* I know you did.  
*Rosa.* How needlesse was it then to aske the question?  
*Ber.* You must not be so quicke.  
*Rosa.* 'Tis long of you that spurre mee 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 houre that fooles should aske.  
*Ber.* Now faire befall your maske.  
*Rosa.* Faire falls the face it couers.  
*Ber.* And send you many Louers.  
*Rosa.* Amen, so you be none.  
*Ber.* Nay then will I begone.  
*Kin.* Madame your father here doth intimate,  
The payment of a hundred thousand Crownes,  
Being but th'one halfe of an intire summe,  
Disburshed 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,

Loues Labour's lost.

One part of *Aquitaine* is bound to vs,  
Although not valued to the moneys worth.  
If then the King your father will restore  
But that one halfe which is but satisfied,  
We will giue vp our right in *Aquitaine*,  
And hold faire friendship with his Maiestic:  
But that it seemes he little purposeth,  
For here he doth demand to haue repaie,  
An hundred thousand Crownes, and not demands  
One payment of an hundred thousand Crownes,  
To haue his title liue in *Aquitaine*.  
Which we much rather had depart withall,  
And haue the money by our fathers lent,  
Then *Aquitaine*, so guelded as it is.  
Deare Princeesse, were not his requests so farre  
From reasons yeelding, your faire selfe should make  
A yeelding 'gainst some reason in my brest,  
And goe well satisfied to *France* againe.  
*Prin.* You doe the King my Father too much wrong,  
And wrong the reputation of your name,  
In so vnseeming to confesse receit  
Of that which hath so faithfully beene paid.  
*Kin.* I doe protest I neuer heard of it,  
And if you proue it, Ile repay it backe,  
Or yeeld vp *Aquitaine*.  
*Prin.* We arrest your word:  
*Boyet*, You can produce acquittances  
For such a summe from speciall Officers,  
Of *Charles* his Father.  
*Kin.* Satisfie me soe.  
*Boyet.* So please your grace the packet is not come  
Where that and other specialities are bound.  
To morrow you shall haue a sight of them.  
*Kin.* It shall suffice me; at which enterview,  
All liberall reason would I yeeld vnto:  
Meane time, receiue such welcome at my hand,  
As Honour, without breach of Honour may  
Make tender of, to thy true worthinesse.  
You may not come faire Princeesse in my gates,

Loues Labour's lost.

But here without you shall be receiu'd,  
As you shall deeme your selfe lodg'd in my heart;  
Though so deni'd farther harbour in my house:  
Your owne good thoughts excuse me, and farewell,  
To morrow we shall visit you againe.

*Prin.* Sweet health and faire desires consort your grace.

*Kin.* Thy owne wish wish I thee, in euery place. *Exit.*

*Boy.* Lady, I will commend you to mine owne heart.

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

*Boy.* I would you heard it grone.

*La. Ro.* Is the soule sicke?

*Boy.* Sicke at the heart.

*La. Ro.* Alacke, let it bloud.

*Boy.* Would that doe it good?

*La. Ro.* My Physicke sayes I.

*Boy.* Will you prick't with your eye?

*La. Ro.* No poynt, with my knife:

*Boy.* Now God saue thy life.

*La. Ro.* And yours from long liuing.

*Ber.* I cannot stay thank-giuing. *Exit.*

*Enter Dumaine.*

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

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

*Dum.* A gallant Lady, Mounsier fare you well.

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

*Boy.* A woman sometime if you saw her in the light.

*Long.* Perchance light in the light I desire her name.

*Boy.* She hath but one for her selfe,  
To desire that were a shame.

*Long.* Pray you sir whose daughter?

*Boy.* Her Mothers, I haue heard.

*Long.* Gods blessing on your beard.

*Boy.* Good sir be not offended,  
Shee is an heyre of *Faulconbridge*.

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

*Boy.* Not vnlike sir, that may be. *Exit Long.*

Loues Labour's lost.

*Enter Berowne.*

*Ber.* What's her name in the cap.

*Boy.* *Katherine* by good hap.

*Ber.* Is she wedded, or no.

*Boy.* To her will sir, or so.

*Ber.* You are welcome sir, adiew.

*Boy.* Farewell to me sir, and welcome to you. *Exit.*

*La. Ma.* That last is *Berowne*, the mery mad-cap Lord.  
Not a word with him, but a iest.

*Boy.* And cuery iest but a word.

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

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

*La. Mn.* Two hot sheepes marie,

And wherefore not Ships:

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

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

*Boy.* So you grant pasture for me?

*La.* Not so gentle beast.

My lips are no Common, though feuerall they be,

*Boy.* Belonging to whom?

*La.* To my fortunes and me.

*Prin.* Good wits will be iangling but Gentles agree.

This ciuill warre of wits were much better vsed.

On *Navar* 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, *Navar* is infected.

*Prin.* With what?

*Bo.* With that which we Louers in ritle affected.

*Prin.* Your reason.

*Bo.* Why all his behauiours doe make the retire,

To the Court of his eye, peeping through desire.

His heart like an Agot with your print impressed,

Proud with his forme, in his eye pride expressed.

His tongue all impatient to speake and not see.

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

All fences to that sence did make their reaire,

To feele onely looking on fairest of faire.

Loues Labour's lost.

Me thought all his senses were lockt in his eye,  
As Jewels in Chrifall for some Prince to buy. (glaf,

Whotendring their own worth from whence they were  
Did point out to buy them along as you paff.

Hifaces owne margent did quote fuch amazes,  
That all eyes faw his eyes enchanted with gazes.

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

And you giue him for my fake, but one louing Kiffe,

*Prin.* Come to our pauillion, *Boyet* is difpofe.

*Bro.* But to fpeake that in words, which his eye hath difclof'd.  
I onely haue made a mouth of his eye,  
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.

*Lad. Ro.* Thou art an old Loue-monger, and fpeakeft skillful-  
ly.

*Lad. Ma.* He is *Cupids* Grandfather, and learnes newes of  
him.

*Lad. 2.* Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is  
but grim.

*Boy.* Do you heare my mad Wenches?

*Lad. 1.* No.

*Boy.* What then, do you fee?

*Lad. 2.* I, our way to be gone:

*Boy.* You are too hard for me. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Braggart and Boy.

Song.

*Bra.* Warble child, make passionate my fenfe of hearing.

*Boy.* Concolinel.

*Brag.* Sweet ayre, go tendernesse of yeeres: take this Key,  
giue enlargement to the swaine, bring him fettinately hither: I  
must employ him in a letter to my Loue.

*Boy.* Willyou win your loue with a French braule?

*Bra.* How meanest thou brauling in French?

*Boy.* No my compleat master, but to jigge off a tune at the  
tongues

Loues Labour's lost.

tongues end, canarie to it with the fecte, humour it with tur-  
ning vp your eye: figh a note and fing a note sometime through  
the throate: if you fwallowed loue with finging, loue sometime  
through: nose as if you fnuitt vp loue by smelling loue with your  
hat penthouse-like ore the fhop of your eyes, with your armes  
croft 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 fnip and away: thefe are  
complements, thefe are humours, thefe betray nice wenches  
that would be betrayed without thefe, and make them men of  
note: do you note men that moft are affected to thefe?

*Brag.* How haft thou purchas'd this experience?

*Boy.* By my pen of obseruation.

*Brag.* But O, but O.

*Boy.* The Hobbie-horfe is forgot.

*Bra.* Cal'ft thou my loue Hobbie-horfe.

*Boy.* No Master the Hobbie-horfe is but a Colt, and your  
Loue perhaps a Hacknic:

But haue you forgot your Loue?

*Brag.* Almost I had.

*Boy.* Negligent ftudent, learne her by heart,

*Brag.* By heart, and in heart Boy.

*Boy.* And out of heart Master: all thofe three I will proue.

*Brag.* What wilt thou proue?

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

*Brag.* I am all thefe three.

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

*Boy.* Fetch hither the Swaine he must carrie mee a Letter.

*Boy.* A melleage well sympathis'd, a Horfe to be embaffadour  
for an Affe.

*Brag.* Ha, ha, What faift thou?

*Boy.* Marrie fir, you must fend the Affe vpon the Horfe for  
he is verie flow gated: but I goe,

*Brag.* The way is but fhort, away.

*Boy.* As fwift as lead fir.

*Brag.*



Loues Labour's lost.

*Brag.* Thy meaning prettie ingenuous, is not Lead, a mettall heauie dull, and slow?

*Boy.* *Minime* honest Master, or rather Master no.

*Brag.* I say Lead is slow.

*Boy.* You are too swift fir to say so.

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

*Brag.* Sweete smoake of Rhetoricke, He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's hee: I shoote thee at the Swaine.

*Boy.* Thumpe then and I flee.

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

*Enter Page and Clowne.*

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

*Ar.* Some enigma, some Riddle, come, thy *Lenuoy* begin.

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

*Ar.* By vertue thou enforcest laughter, thy sillie thought, my spleene, the heauing of my lungs prouokes me to ridiculous smiling: O pardon me my stars, doth the vnconsiderate take *salue* for *lenuoy*, and the word *lenuoy* for a *salue*?

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

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

The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee.

Were still at oddes being but three.

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

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

*Clo.* The Boy hath sold him a bargaine, a Goose, that's flat Sir, your pennie-worth is good, and your Goose be fat. To sell a Bargaine well is as cunning as fast and loose.

Let

Loues Labour's lost.

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

*Ar.* Come hither, come hither:

How did this argument begin?

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

*Clo.* True, and I for a Plantan:

Thus came your argument in:

Then the Boyes fat *Lenuoy*, the Goose that you bought, And he ended the market.

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

*Pag.* I will tell you sencibly.

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

I *Costard* running out, that was safely within, Fell ouer the threshold, and broke my shin.

*Arm.* We will talke no more of this matter.

*Clo.* Till there be more matter in the shin.

*Arm.* Sirra *Costard* I will infranchise thee.

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

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

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

*Arm.* I giue thee thy libertie, set thee from durance, and in lieu thereof, impole on thee nothing but this: Beare this significant to the Countrey Maide *Iaquenotta*: there is remuneration, for the best ward of my honours is rewarding my dependants.

*Moth*, follow.

*Pag.* Like the sequell I.

Signeur *Costard* adieu. *Exit.*

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

*Enter*

Loues Labour's lost.

Enter Berowne.

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

Clow. Pray you sir, How much carnation Ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Ber. Wh at is a remuneration?

Clow. Marrie sir, halfe pennie farthing.

Ber. O, why then three farthings worth of Silke.

Clow. I thanke your worship, God be wy you.

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

Clow. When would you haue it done sir?

Ber. O this after-noon.

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

Ber. O thou knowest not what it is.

Clow. I shall know sir, when I haue done it.

Ber. Why villaine thou must know first.

Clow. I will come to your worship to morrow morning.

Ber. It must be done this after-noon.

Harke slaue, it is but this;

The Princes comes to hunt heere in the Parke,

And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:

When tongues speak sweetly then they name her name,

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

And to her whyte hand see thou doe commend

This seal'd vp counsaile, There's thy guerdon: goe.

Clow. Gardon, O sweet gardon, better then remuneration, a leuenpence-farthing better: most sweet gardon, I will doe it: sir in print: gardon, remuneration. Exit.

Ber. O, and I forsooth in loue,

I that haue beene loues whip?

A verie Beadle to a humorous sigh: A Criticke,

Nay, a night-watch Constable.

A domineering pedant ore the Boy,

Then whom no mortall so magnificent.

This wimpled, whyning, purblindeward Boy;

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

Regent of Loue-rimes, Lord of folded armes,

Th'annointed soueraigne of sighes and groanes:

Liedge

Loues Labour's lost.

Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents:  
Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeces,  
Sole Emperator and great generall  
Of trotting Parritors (O my little heart)  
And I to be a Corporall of his field,  
And weare his Colours like a Tumblers hoope,  
What? I loue, I sue, I seeke a wife,  
A woman that is like a *Germaine Cloake*,  
Still a repairing: euer out of frame,  
And neuer going a right, being a Watch:  
But being watcht, that it may still goe right:  
Nay, to be periurde, which is worst of all:  
And among three, to loue the worst of all,  
A whitly wanton, with a veluet brow.  
With two pitch bals stucke in her face for eyes,  
I, and by heauen one that will doe the deede,  
Though *Argus* were her Eunuch and her garde  
And I to sigh for her, to watch for her,  
To pray for her, go to: it is a plague  
That *Cupid* will impose for my neglect,  
Of his almighty dreadfull little might.  
Well, I will loue, write, sigh, pray, sue grone,  
Some men must loue my Lady, and some lone.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Princesse, a Forrester, her Ladies, and her Lords.

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

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

Qu. Who ere a was, a shew'd a mounting minde:  
Well Lords to day we shall haue our dispatch,

On Saturday we will returne to *France*.

Then *Forrester* my friend, Where is the Bush,  
That we must stand and play the murtherer in?

D 2

For

Loues Labour's lost.

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

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

For. Pardon me Madam, for I meant not so.

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

For. Yes Madam faire.

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

For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.

Qu. See, see my beautie will be sau'd by merit,  
O heresie in faire, fit for these dayes,  
A giuing hand, though foule, shall haue faire praise.

But come, the Bow: Now Mercy goes to kill,  
And shooting well, is then accounted ill:  
Thus will I saue my credit in the shoote,

Not wounding, pittie would not let me do't:  
If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,  
That more for praise, then purpose meant to kill,

And out of question, so it is sometimes:  
Glorie growes guiltie of detested crimes,  
When for Fames sake, for prayse an outward part,

We bend to that the working of the heart.  
As I for praise alone now seeke to spill  
The poore Deeres blood, that my heart meanes no ill.

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

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

Enter Clowne.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

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

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

Clow. Which is the greatest Lady, the highest?

Qu.

Loues Labour's lost.

Qu. The thickest, and the tallest.  
Clow. The thickest, & the tallest: it is so, truth is truth.

And your waste Mistris, were as slender as my wit,  
One a these Maides girdles for your waste should be fit.  
Are not you the chiefe woman? You are the thickest here?

Qu. What's your will sir? What's your will?

Clow. I haue a Letter from Mounsier Berowne,  
To one Lady Rosaline.

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

Boyet, you can carue,  
Breake vp this Capon.

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

Qu. We will reade it, I sweare.  
Breake the necke of the Waxe, and euery one giue care.

Boyet reades.

BY heauen, that thou art faire, is most infallible: true that thou  
art beauteous, truth it selfe that thou art louely: more fair-  
er then faire, beautifull then beauteous, truer then truth it selfe:  
haue comiseration on thy heroicall Vassall. The magnanimous  
& most illustrious King Cophetua set eie vpon the pernicious &  
indubitate Beggar Zenelophon: and he it was, that might rightly  
say, *Veni, vidi, vici*: Which to annothanize in the vulgar, O  
base and obscure vulgar; *videlicet*, He came, See, and ouercame:  
he came one; see two; ouercame three: Who came? the King.  
Why did he come? to see. Why did he see? to ouercome. To  
whom came he? to the Beggar. What saw he? the Beggar. Who  
ouercame he? the Beggar. The conclusion is victorie: on  
whose side? the Kings: the captiuitie is inricht: On whose side? the  
Beggars. The catastrophe is a Nuptiall: on whose side? the King:  
no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the King (for so stands  
the comparison): thou the Beggar, for so witnesseth thy lowlines.  
Shall I command thy loue? I may. Shall I enforce thy loue? I  
could. Shall I entreate thy loue? I will. What, shalt thou exchange  
for ragges, robes: for tittles titles: for thy selfe mee. Thus ex-  
pecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foote, my eyes on  
thy picture, and my heart on thy euery part.

D. 3

Thine:

Loues Labour's lost.

Thine in the dearest designe of industrie.

Don Adriano de Armatho.

Thus dost thou heare the Nemean Lion roare,  
Gainst thee thou Lambe that standest as his pray;  
Submissiue fall his princely feet before,  
And he from forrage will incline to play.

But if thou striue (poore soule) what art thou then?  
Foode for his rage, repasture for his den.

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

Boy I am much deceiued, but I remember the stile.

Qu. Else your memory is bad, going ore it ere while.

Boy. This Armado is a Spaniard that keepes here in court,  
A Phantasme a Monorcho, and one that makes sport  
To the Prince and his Booke-mates.

Qu. Thou fellow, a word.

Who gaued thee this Letter?

Clow. I told you my Lord.

Qu. To whom should'st thou giue it;

Clow. From my Lord to my Lady.

Qu. From which Lord, to which Lady.

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

Qu. Thou hast mistaken his Letter. Come Lords away.

Heere sweet, put vp this, 'twill be thine another day. *Exeunt.*

Boy. Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter?

Rosa. Shall I teach you to know.

Boy. I my continent of Beautie.

Rosa. Why she that beares the Bow. Finely put off.

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

Rosa. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boy. And who is your Deare?

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

Maria. You still wrangle with her Boyet, and she strikes at  
the brow.

Boyet.

Loues Labour's lost.

Boyet. But she her selfe is hit lower.  
Haue I hit her now.

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

Boyet. So I may answere thee with one as old that was a wo-  
man when Queene Guinouer of Brittaino was a little wench, as  
touching the hit it.

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

Boy. I cannot, cannot, cannot.  
And I cannot, another can.

*Exit.*

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

Mar. A marke maruellous well shot, for they both did hit.

Boy. A Mark, O marke but that marke: a marke sayes my Lady.  
Let the marke haue a pricke in't, to meat at, if it may be.

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

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

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

Clow. Then will she get the vpshoot by cleauing the is in.

Ma. Come, come, you talke greasily, your lips grow foule.

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

Boy. Ifeare too much rubbing: good night my good Oule.

Clow. By my soule a Swaine, a most simple Clowne.

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

O my troth most sweet iests, most inconie vulgar wit,  
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were so fit.

Armatho 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 sweare:

And his Page at other side, that handfull of wit.

Ah heauens, it is most patheticall nit.

Sowla, so wla.

*Exeunt.*

Shoote with him.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant and Nathaniel.

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

*Ped.*

Loves Labour's lost.

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

*Curat. Nath.* Truly *M. Holofernes*, the epithithes are sweetly varied like a scholler at the least: but Sir I assure ye, it was a Bucke of the first head.

*Hol.* Sir, *Nathaniel*, *haud credo*.

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

*Hol.* Most barbarous intimation: yet a kinde of insinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication *facere*: as it were replication, or rather *ostentare*, to show as it were his inclination after his vndressed, vnpolished, vneducated, vnpruned, vntrained, or rather vnletter'd, or rather est vnconfirmed fashion, to insert againe my *haud credo* for a Deare.

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

*Hol.* Twice-fod simplicitie, *bis coctus*, O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou looke.

*Nath.* Sir, he hath neuer fed of the dainties that are bred in a booke.

He hath not eate paper as it were:

He hath not drunke inke.

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

For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indiscreet, or a foole; So were there a patch set on Learning, to see him in a Schoole.

But *omne bene* say I, being of an old Fathers minde, Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde.

*Dul.* You two are booke-men: can you tell by your wit, What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not fise weekes old as yet?

*Hol.* *Dictissima* good man *Dull*, *Dictissima* goodman *Dull*.

*Dul.* What is *Dictima*?

*Nath.* A title to *Phæbe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moone*.

*Hol.* The *Moone* was a month old when *Adam* was no more, And wrought not to fise weekes when he came to fiescore.

*Th'allusion* holds in the *Exchange*.

*Dul.*

Loves Labour's lost.

*Dul.* 'Tis true indeed, the *Collusion* holds in the *Exchange*.

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

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

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

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

*Hol.* I will something affect the *Letter*, for it argues *facilitie*.

The prayfull *Princesse* pearst and 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 *Sorell* iumps from thicket:  
Or *Pricket-sore*, or else *Sorell*,  
The people fall a hooting,  
If *Sore* be *sore*, then ell to *Sore*,  
makes fiftie sores O *sorell*:  
Of one *sore* I an hundred make  
by adding but one more *L*.

*Nath.* A rare talent.

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

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

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

E

*Nath.*

Loues Labour's lost.

Nath. *Me hercle*, If their sonnes be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*, a soule Feminine salueth vs.

Enter Iaquenetta and the Clowne.

Iaqu. God giue you good morrow. M. Person.

Nath. Master Person, *quasi* Person? And if one should be perfit, Which is the one?

Clow. Marry M. Shoolemaster, he that is likest to a hogthead.

Nath. Of perling a Hogthead, a good lustre of conceit in a surph of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: 'tis prettie, it is well.

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

Nath. *Facile precor gleida, quando peccas omnia sub umbra ruminat*, and so forth. Ah good old *Mantuan*, I may speake of thee as the traueller doth of *Venice*, *venchie, vencha, que non te vnde, que non te perrache*. Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan*. Who vnderstandeth thee not, *ut re sol la mi fa*: Vnder pardon sir, What are the contents? or rather as *Horace* sayes in his, What my soule verses.

Hol. I sir, and verie learned.

Nath. Let me heare a staffe, a stanze, a verse, *Lege Domine*. 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.

Thosethoughts to me were Okes, to the like Osiers bowed.

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

Where all those pleasures liue, That Art would comprehend.

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

Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.

All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder.

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

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

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

Celestiall as thou art, O pardon Loue this wrong,

That sings heauens praise with such an earthly tongue.

Pea

Loues Labour's lost.

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

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facilitie, and golden cadence of poesie caret: *Onidius Naso* was the man. And why indeede *Naso*, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the ierkes of inuention imitaricis nothing: so doth the Hound his Master, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horse his rider: But *Damosella Virgin*, Was this directed to you?

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

Nath. I will ouerglance the superscript.

To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady *Rosaline*. I will looke againe on the intellect of the Letter, for the nomination of the partie written to the person written vnto.

Your Ladiships it all desired employment, *Berowne*.

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

Maid. Good *Costard* go with me:

Sir God saue your life.

Cost. Haue with thee my girl.

Exit.

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

Ped. Sir tell me not of the Father, I doe feare colourable colors: But to return to the verses, did they please you sir *Nathaniel*?

Nat. Marueilous well for the pen.

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

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

E 2

Peda.

Loues Labour's lost.

*Peda.* And certes the text most infallibly concludes it. Sir I doe inuire you too, you shall not say me nay: *paucaverba.*  
Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Berowne with a Paper in his hand, alone.*

*Bero.* The King he is hunting the Deare, I am coursing my selfe.  
They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toyling in a pycht, pitch that defiles; defile a foule word: Well, set thee downe sorrow; for so they say the foole said, and so say I, and I the foole: well proued wit. By the Lord this Loue is as mad as *Aiax*, it kills sheepe, it kills mee, I a sheepe: well proued againe a my side. I will not loue; if I doe hang mee: 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 me to Rime, and to be mallichollie; and here is part of my Rime, and heere my mallicholic. Well, she hath one a my Sonnets already the Clowne bore it, the foole sent it, and the Lady hath it: sweet Clowne, sweeter Foole, sweetest Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God giue him grace to grone.

*He stands aside.*

*The King entreth.*

*Kin.* Ay mee!

*Bero.* Shot by heauen: proceede sweet *Cupid*, thou hast thump't him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left pap: in faith secrets.

*King.* So sweet a kisse the golden Sunne giues not,  
To those fresh morning drops vpon the Rose,  
As thy eye beames, when their fresh rayse haue smot.  
The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes,  
Nor shines the siluer Moone one halfe so bright,  
Through the transparant bosome of the deepe,  
As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light:  
Thou shin'st in euery teare that I doe weepe,  
No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee:  
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.  
Do but behold the teares that swell in me,  
And they thy glory through my griefe will show:

But

Loues Labour's lost.

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

*Enter Longanile.*

*The King steps aside.*

What *Longanill*, and reading: listen care.

*Ber.* Now in thy likenesse, one more foole appeare.

*Long.* Ay me, I am forsworne.

*Ber.* Why, he comes in like a periure, wearing papers.

*Long.* In loue I hope, sweet fellowship in shame.

*Ber.* One drunkard loues another of the name.

*Lon.* Am I the first, that haue beene periur'd so?

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

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

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

*Lon.* This same shall goe.

*He reads the Sonnet:*

Did not the heavenly Rhetorick of thine eye,  
Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,  
Perswade my heart to this false periurie?  
Vowes for thee broke deserves not punishment.  
A woman I forswore, but I will proue,  
Thou being a Goddesse, I forswore not thee.  
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly 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 dost shine,  
Exhalest this vapor-vow, in thee it is:  
If broken, then it is no fault of mine:  
If by me broke, what foole is not so wise,  
To lose an oath, to win a Paradise?

E. 3.

*Bero.*

*Loues Labour's lost.*

*Ber.* This is the liuer veine, which makes flesh a deitie.  
A Greene Goose, a Coddelle, pure pure Idolatrie.  
God amend vs, God amend, we are much out o'th' way.

*Enter Dumaine.*

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

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

*Dum.* O most diuine *Kate*.

*Bero.* O most prophane coxcombe.

*Dum.* By heauen the wonder of a mortall eye.

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

*Dum.* Her Amber haire for foule hath amber coted,

*Ber.* An Amber coloured Rauen was well noted.

*Dum.* As vpright as the Cedar.

*Ber.* Stoope I say her shoulder is with-child.

*Dum.* As faire as day.

*Ber.* I as some dayes, but then no Sunne must shine.

*Dum.* O that I had my wish?

*Lon.* And I had mine.

*Kin.* And mine too good Lord.

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

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

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

*Dum.* Once more Ile read the Ode that I haue writ.

*Ber.* Once more Ile marke how Loue can vary Wit.

*Dumaine* reades his Sonnet.

**O**n a day, alack the day:  
Loue, whose Month is euer May,  
Spied a blossome passing faire,  
Playing in the wanton ayre:  
Through the Veluct, leaues the winde,  
All vnseene, can passage finde.

*Loues Labour's lost.*

That the Lower sicke to death,  
Wish himsef the heauens breath.  
*Ayre* (quoth he) thy cheekes may blowe,  
*Ayre*, would I might triumph so.  
But alacke my hand is sworne,  
Nere to plucke thee from thy throne:  
Vow alacke for youth vnmeete,  
Youth so apt to plucke a sweete.  
Doe not call it sinne in me,  
That I am forsworne for thee.  
Thou for whom Ioue would swear,  
Iuno but an *Ethiope* were,  
And denie himsef for Ioue.  
Turning mortall for thy Loue.

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

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

*Kin.* Come sir, you blush: as his your case is such,  
You chide at him, offending twice as much,  
You doe not Loue *Maria*? *Longauille*,  
Did neuer Sonnet for her sake compile;  
Nor neuer lay his wreathed armes a whart  
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 you fashion:  
Saw sighes reeke from you, noted well your passion.  
Aye me, sayes one! O *Ioue*! the other cries!  
On her haire were gold, Christfall the others eyes.  
You would for Paradise breake Faith and troth,  
And Ioue for your Loue, would infringe an oath.  
What will *Berowne* say when that he shall heare



Loues Labour's lost.

Faith infringed: which such zeale did I weare.  
How will he scorne? how will he spend his wit?  
How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?  
For all the wealth that euer I did see,  
I would not haue him know so much by me.

*Bero.* Now step I forth to whip Hypocritic.  
Ah good my Liedge, I pray thee pardon me,  
Good heart, What Grace hast thou thus to reprove  
These wormes for louing, that art most in loue?  
Your eyes doe make mo couches in your teares.  
There is no certaine Princesse that appears.  
You'll not be periur'd, 'tis a hatefull thing:  
Tush, none but Minstrels-like of Sonnering,  
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 Iygge?  
And Nestor play at push-pin with the Boyes,  
And Criticke Timon laugh at idle toyles.  
Where liesthy grieffe? O tell me good Dumaine;  
And gentle Longauill, where lies thy paine?  
And where my Liedges? all about the brest:  
A Candle hoa!

*Kin.* Toobitter is thy iest.  
Are wee betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?  
*Ber.* Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.  
I that am honest, I that hold it sinne  
To breake the vow I am ingaged in.  
I am betrayed by keeping company  
With men, like men of inconstancie.  
When shall you see me write a thing in rime?  
Or grone for Ioane? or spend a minutes time,  
In pruning mee, when shall you heare that I will praise a hand, a

Loues Labour's lost.

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

*Kin.* Soft, Whither a-way so fast?  
A true man, or a theefe, that gallops so.  
*Ber.* I post from Loue, good Louer let me go.

*Enter Iaquenetta and Clowne.*

*Iaque.* God blesse the King.  
*Kin.* What present hast thou there?  
*Clow.* Some certaine treason.  
*Kin.* What makes treason here?  
*Clow.* Nay it makes nothing sir.  
*Kin.* If it marre nothing neither.  
The treason and you goe in peace away together.  
*Iaque.* I beseech your Grace let this Letter be read,  
Our person mis-doubts it: it was treason he said.  
*Kin.* Berowne, read it ouer. *He reads the Letter.*  
*Kin.* Where hadst thou it?  
*Iaque.* Of Costard.  
*King.* Where hadst thou it?  
*Cost.* Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adrimadio.  
*Kin.* How now, what is in you? why dost thou teare it?  
*Ber.* A toy my Liedge, a toy: your grace needes not feare it.  
*Long.* It did moue him to passion, and therefore let's heare it.  
*Dum.* It is Berownes writing, and heere is his name.  
*Ber.* Ah you whoreson logger head you were borne to doe me  
shame.

Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confesse, I confesse.  
*Kin.* What?  
*Ber.* That you three fooles, lackt mee foole, to make vp the  
messe.  
He, he, and you: and you my Liedge, and I,  
Are picke-purses in loue, and we deserue to die.  
O dismisse this audience, and I shall tell you more.  
*Dum.* Now the number is euen.  
*Berow.* True rue, we are foure: will these Turtles be gone  
*Kin.* Hence sirs, away.  
*Clow.* Walk aside the true folke, and let the traytors stay.  
*Ber.* Sweet Lords, sweet Louers, O let vs imbrace,

*Loues Labour's lost.*

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

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

*Ber.* Did they quoth you? Who sees the heauenly *Rosaline*,

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

At the first opening of the Gorgeous East,  
Bowes not his vassall head, and strooken blinde,  
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?  
What peremptorie Eagle-fighted eye  
Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,  
That is not blinded by her Maiestie?

*Kin.* What zeale, what furie, hath inspir'd thee now?

My Loue (her Mistresse) is a gracious Moone,  
Shee (an attending Starre) scarce seene a light,

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

*King.* By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.

*Berow.* Is Ebonie like her? O word diuine?  
A wife of such wood were felicitie,  
O who can giue an oath? 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.

*Loues Labour's lost.*

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

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

*Dum.* To looke like her are Chimny-sweepers blacke.

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

*King.* And *Aethiops* of their sweet complexion cracke.

*Dum.* Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light.

*Ber.* Your Mistresses dare neuer come in raine,  
For feare her colours should be washt away.

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

*Ber.* He proue her faire, or talke till doomes-day here.

*Kin.* No Diuell will fright thee then so much as shee.

*Duma.* I neuer knew man hold vile stufte so deere.

*Lon.* Looke heer's thy Loue, my foot and her face see.

*Ber.* O if the streetes were paued with thine eyes,  
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.

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

*Kin.* But what of this are we not all in loue?

*Ber.* O nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworne.

*Kin.* Then leaue this chat, and good *Berowne* now proue  
Our louing, lawfull, and our faith not torne.

*Dum.* I marry there, some flattery for this euill.

*Long.* O some authority how to proceed,  
Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the Diuell.

*Dum.* Some salve for periurie.

*Ber.* O 'tis more then neede.

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

*Loues Labour's lost.*

To fast, to study, and to see no woman:  
Flattreason against the Kingly state of youth,  
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young.  
And abstinence ingenders maladies.  
And where that you haue vowd 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 beautie of a womans face,  
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue,  
They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Academs,  
From whence doe spring the true *Promethean* fire,  
Why, vniuersall plodding poysons vp,  
The nimble spirits in the arteries,  
As motion and long during action tyres  
The sinnowy vigour of the traoueller.  
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 beautie as a womans eye:  
Learning is but an adiunct to our selve,  
And where we are, our Learning likewise is.  
Then when our selues we see in Ladies eye,  
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 Liege) or you, or you?  
In leaden contemplation haue found out,  
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes  
Of beauties tutors haue inricht you with:  
Other slow Arts intirely keepe the braine:  
And therefore finding barren practizers,  
Scarce shew a haruest of their heauie toyle.  
But Loue first learned in a Ladies eyes,  
Lives not alone emured in the braine:  
But with the motion of all Elements,

*Loues Labour's lost.*

Courses as swift as thought in euery power.  
And giues to euery power a double power,  
About their functions and their offices,  
It addes a precious seeing to the eye:  
A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blind.  
A Louers eare will heare the lowest sound.  
When the suspitious head of theft is stopt.  
Loues feeling is more soft and sensible,  
Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snailles:  
Loue tongue proues dainty, *Bacchus* grosse in taste,  
For Valour, is not Loue a *Hercules*?  
Still climbing trees in the *Hesperides*.  
Subtill as *Sphinx*: as sweet and musicall  
As bright *Apollo's* Lute, strung with his haire.  
And when Loue speakes, the voyce of all the Gods,  
Make heauen drowsie with the harmonie.  
Neuer durst Poet touch a pen to write.  
Vntill his Inke were tempred with Loues sighes:  
O then his lines would rauish sauage eares,  
And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.  
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue.  
They sparkle still the right *Promethean* fire,  
They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Academes,  
That shew, containe, and nourish all the world.  
Else none at all in ought proues excellent.  
Then fooles you were, these women to forswear:  
Or keeping what is sworne, you will proue fooles,  
For wisdomes sake a word, that all men loue:  
Or for loues sake, a word that loues all men.  
Or for Mens sake, the author of these Women:  
Or Womens sake, by whom we men, are Men.  
Let's once loose our oathes to find our selues,  
Or else we loose our selues, to keepe our oathes:  
It is religion to be thus forsworne.  
For Charitie it selfe fulfills the Law:  
And who can seuer Loue from Charitie.  
*Kin.* Saint *Cupid* then, and Souldiers to the field.  
*Ber.* Aduance your standards, and vpon them Lords,  
Pell, mell, downe with them: but be first aduis'd,

In conflict that you get the Sunne of them.

*Long.* Now to plaine dealing, Lay these glozes by,  
Shall we resolute to wooe these girles of France?

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

*Ber.* First from the Park, let vs conduct them thither,  
Then homeward euery man attach the hand

Of his faire Mistresse, in the afternoone

We will with some strange pastime solace them:

Such as the shortnesse of the time can shape,

For Reuels, Dances, Maskes, and merrie houres,

Fore-runne faire Loue, strewing her way with flowers.

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

*Ber.* Alone, alone sowed Cockell, reaped no Corne,  
And Iustice alwayes whirles in equall measure:

Light Wenches may proue plagues to men forsworne,

If so our Copper buyes no better treasure. *Exeunt.*

*Actus Quartus.*

*Enter the Pedant, Curate and Dull.*

*Pedant.* *Satis quid sufficit.*

*Curat.* I praise God for you, your reasons at dinner haue  
beene sharpe and sententious: pleasant without scurrillitie, wit-  
ty without affection, audacious without impudencie, learned  
without opinion, and strange without heresie: I did conuerse  
this *quondam* day with a companion of the Kings, who is inti-  
tuled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano, de Armatho.*

*Ped.* *Noni hominum tanquãte,* His humour is lofty, his discourse  
peremptorie, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate ma-  
iesticall, and his generall behauiour vaine, ridiculous, and thra-  
sonicall. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odde, as  
it were too peregrinate, as I may call it.

*Curat.* A most singular and choyce Epithat,

*Draw out his Table booke,*

*Peda.* He draweth out the thred of his verboritie, finer then

the

the staple of his argument. I abhor such phanaticall phantasims,  
such insociable and poynt deuise companions, such rackers of  
ortographic, as to speake dout fine, when he should say doubt;  
det, when he should pronounce debt; d e b t not det: he clep-  
eth a Calf, Cause: halfe, haufe: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh-  
abreuiated ne: this is abhominable, which he would call abho-  
minable: it insinuateth me of infamie: *ne intelligis Domine,* to  
make franticke, lunaticke?

*Curat.* *Laus deo, bene intelligo.*

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

*Enter Bragart, Boy.*

*Curat.* *Vides ne quis venit?*

*Peda.* *Video, & gaudeo.*

*Brag.* Chirra.

*Peda.* *Quari Chirra, not Sirra?*

*Brag.* Men of peace well incountred.

*Ped.* Most militarie sir salutation.

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

*Clow.* O they haue liu'd long on the Almes-basket of words. I  
maruell thy M. hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not  
so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: Thou art  
easier swallowed then a flapdragon.

*Page.* Peace, the peale begins.

*Brag.* Mounsier, are you not lectred?

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

*Peda.* Ba, *pueritia* with a horne added.

*Pag.* Ba most feely Sheepe, with a horne: you heare his lear-  
ning.

*Peda.* *Quis, quis,* thou Consonant?

*Page.* The last of the five Vowels if You repeate them, or the  
fist if I.

*Peda.* I will repeate them: a e I.

*Page.* The sheepe, the other two concludes it o u.

*Brag.* Now by the salt waue of the mediteraneum, a sweet  
tutch, a qui ke veine we of wit, snip snap, quick and home, it  
reioyceth my intellect, true wit.

Loves Labour's lost.

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

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

Page. Hornes.

Peda. Thou disputes like an Infant : goe whip thy Gigge.

Pag. Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will whip a-  
bout your Infamie *unum cita* a gigge of a Cuckolds horne.

Clow. And I had but one pennie in the world, thou shouldst  
haue it to buy Gingerbread: Hold, there is the very Remunera-  
tion I had of thy Master, thou halfe pennie purse of wit, thou  
Pidgeon-egge of discretion. O And the heauens were so pleased,  
that thou wert but my bastard; what a ioyfull father wouldst  
thou make mee? Goe to, thou hast it *ad dungil*, at the fingers  
ends as they say.

Peda. Oh I smell false Latine, *durghel*, for *unguem*.

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

Peda. Or *Monsthe* hill.

Brag. At your sweete pleasure, for the Mountaine.

Peda. I doe *sans question*.

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

Ped. The *Posterior* of the day, most generous sir, is liable,  
congruent, and measureable for the afternoon: the word is  
well culd, chose sweet, and apt I doe assure sir, I doe assure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar,  
I doe assure you very good friend: for what is inward betweene  
vs, let it passe. I doe beseech thee remeber thy curtesie. I beseech  
thee apparrell thy head: and among other importunate & most  
serious desigas, & of great import indeed too: but let that passe,  
for I must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the world) some-  
time to leane vpon my poore shoulder, and with his royall finger  
thus dallie with my excrement, with my mustachio: but sweete  
heart let that passe. By the world I recount no fable, some certaine  
speciall honours it pleaseth his greatnesse to impart to *Arma-  
do* a Souldier, a man of trauell, that hath seene the world: but  
let that passe; the very all of all is: but sweet heart I doe implore

secrecie

Loves Labour's lost.

secrecie, that the King would haue mee present the Princesse  
(sweet chucked) with some delightfull ostentation, or show or  
pageant, or anticke, or fire-worke: Now, vnderstanding that  
the Curate and your sweet selfe are good at such eruptions, and  
sodaine breaking out of myrth (as it were) I haue acquainted  
you withall, to the end to craue your assistance.

Peda. Sir, you shall present before her the nine Worthies.  
Sir, *Holofernes*, as concerning some entertainment of time, some  
show in the posterior of this day, to be rendred 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.

Curat. Where will you finde men worthie enough to present  
them?

Peda. *Iosua*, your selfe: my selfe, and this Gallant gentle-  
man *Indas Maccabeus*; this Swaine (because of his great limme  
or ioynt) shall passe *Pompey* the great, the Page *Hercules*.

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

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

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

Brag. For the rest of the Worthies?

Peda. I will play three my selfe.

Pag. Thrice worthie Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing.

Peda. We attend.

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

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

*Dull*. Nor vnderstood none neither sir.

Ped. Alone, we will imploy thee.

*Dull*. Ile make one in a dance, or so: or I will play on the Ta-  
bor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hey.

G

Ped.

Loues Labour's lost.

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

*Enter Ladies.*

*Qu.* Sweet hearts we shall be rich ere we depart,  
If fairings come thus plentifully in.

A Lady wal'd about with Diamonds: Looke you, what I haue  
from the Louing King.

*Rosa.* Madam, came nothing else along with that?

*Qu.* Nothing but this: yes as much loue in Rime,  
As would be cram'd vp in a sheet of paper

Writ on both sides the leafe, margent and all,

That he was faine to seale on *Cupids* name.

*Rosa.* That was the way to make his God-head wax:  
For he hath beene five thousand yeeres a Boy.

*Kath.* I, and a shrewd vnhappy gallowes too.

*Ros.* You'll neere be friends with him, a kild your sister.

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

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

*Kat.* A light condition in a beautie darke.

*Ros.* We need more light to finde your meaning out.

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

*Ros.* Look what you doe, you doe it still i'th darke.

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

*Ros.* Indeed I waigh not you, and therefore light.

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

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

*Qu.* Well bandied both, a set of Wit well played.

But *Rosaline*, you haue a fauour too.

Who sent it? and what is it?

*Ros.* I would you knew.

And if my face were but as faire as yours;

My Fauour were as great, be witnesse this.

Nay, I haue verses too, I thanke *Berowne*,

The numbers true, and were the numbring too,

I were the fairest Goddess on the ground.

Loues Labour's lost.

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O he hath drawne my picture in his letter.

*Qu.* Any thing like?

*Ros.* Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.

*Qu.* Beauteous, as Incke: a good conclusion.

*Kat.* Faire as a text B. in a Coppie booke.

*Ros.* Ware pensils; How? Let me not die your debtor,  
My red Dominicall, my golden Letter.

O that your face were full of Oes.

*Qu.* A Pox of that iest, and I beshrew all Shrowes!

But *Katherine*, what was sent to you

From faire *Dumaine*?

*Kat.* Madame, this Gloue.

*Qu.* Did he not send you twaine?

*Kat.* Yes Madame and moreouer,  
Some thousand Verses of a faithfull Louer.

A huge translation of Hypocrisie,  
Vildly compiled, profound simplicitie.

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

*Qu.* I thinke no lesse: dost thou wish in heart  
The Chaine were Longer, and the Letter short.

*Mar.* I, or I would these hands might neuer part.

*Quee.* We are wise girles to mocke our Louers so.

*Ros.* They are worse fooles to purchase mocking so.  
That same *Berowne* ile torture ere I goe.

O that I knew he were but in by th'weeke,  
How I would make him fawne, and begge, and seeke,

And waite the season, and obserue the times,  
And spend his prodigall wits in bootles rimes.

And shape his seruice wholly to my deuice,  
And make him proud, to make me proud that iests.

So pertaunt like would I o'resway his state,  
That he should be my foole, and I his fate.

*Qu.* None are so surely caught, when they are caught,  
As wit turn'd foole, follic in Wisdome hatch'd:

Hath wisdomes warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,  
And Wits one grace to grace a learned Foole?

*Ros.* The bloud of youth burns not with such excessse,

Loues Labour's lost.

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.

Boy. O I am stab'd with laughter, Wher's her grace?

Qu. Thy newes Boyet?

Boy. Prepare Madame, prepare.

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

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

Boy. Vnder the coole shade of a Siccamore,  
I thought to close mine eyes some halfe an houre:  
When lo to interrupt my purpos'd rest,  
Toward that shade I might behold adrest  
The King and his companions: warely  
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,

And ouer-heard, what you shall ouer-heare:  
That by and by disguis'd they will be heere.

Their Herald is a prettie 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 Maiestical 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 shee beene a deuill.

With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder:  
Making the bold wagg by their prayfes bolder.

One rub'd his elboe thus, and flect'd, and swore,

Loues Labour's lost.

A better speech was neuer spoke before.  
Another with his finger and his thumb,  
Cry'd *uia*, we will doo't, come what will come.  
The third he caper'd and cried all goes well.  
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and downe he fell:  
With that they all did tumble on the ground,  
With such a zealous laughter so profound,  
That in this spleene ridiculous appears,  
To checke their folly passions solemne teares.

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

Boy. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,  
Like *Muscovites*, or *Russians*, as I gesse.

Their purpose is to parlee, to court, and dance,  
And euey one his Loue-seat will aduance,  
Vnto his seuerall Mistres: which they'll know  
By fauours seuerall, which they did bestow.

Queen. And will they so? the Gallants shall be taskt:  
For Ladies; we will euey one be maskt,  
And not a man of them shall haue the grace  
Despight of sute, to see a Ladies face.

Hold *Rosaline*, this Fauour thou shalt weare,  
And then the King will court thee for his Deare:  
Hold, take thou this my Sweet, and giue me thine;  
So shall *Berowne* take me for *Rosaline*.

And change your Fauours too, so shall your Loues  
Woo contrary, deceiu'd by these remoues.

Rosa. Come on then, weare the fauours most in sight.

Kath. But in this changing, What is your intent?

Queene. The effect of my intent is to crosse theirs:  
They doe it but in mocking merriment,  
And mocke for mocke is onely my intent.  
Their seuerall counsels they vnbofome shall,  
To Loues mistooke, and so be mockt withall.

Vpon the next occasion that we meete,  
With Visages displayd, to talke and greete,

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

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

*Loues Labour's lost.*

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

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

Theres no such sport, as sport by sport orethrowne:  
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.

So shall we stay mocking intended Game,  
And they well mockt, depart away with shame. *Sound.*

*Boy.* The Trumpet sounds, be maskt, the maskers come.

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

*Page.* All haile the richest Beauties on the earth.

*Ber.* Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.

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

The Ladies turne their backes to him.

*Ber.* Their eyes villaine, their eyes.

*Page.* That euer turn'd their eyes to mortall viewes. *Out*

*Boy.* True, out indeed.

*Page.* Out of your fauours heavenly spirits vouchsafe  
Not to beholde.

*Ber.* Once to behold, rogue.

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

*Boy.* They will not answer to that Epithite,  
You were best call it daughter beamed eyes.

*Page.* They doe not marke me, and that brings me out.

*Bero.* Is this your perfectnesse? be gon you rogue.

*Rosa.* What would these strangers?  
Know their mindes *Boyet.*

If they doespeake our language, 'tis our will  
That some plaine man recount their purposes.

Know what they would?

*Boyet.* What would you with the Princes?

*Ber.* Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

*Ros.* What would they, say they?

*Boy.* Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

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

*Boy.*

*Loues Labour's lost.*

*Boy.* Shee sayes you haue it, and you may be gon.

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

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

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

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

*Ber.* Tell her we measure them by weary steps.

*Boy.* She heares her selfe.

*Rosa.* How many weary steps,  
Of many weary miles you haue ore-gone,  
Are numbred in the trauell of one mile?

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

*Rosa.* My face is but a Moone and clouded too.

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

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

*Kin.* Then in our measure, vouchsafe but one change.  
Thou bid'st me begge, this begging is not strange.

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

*Kin.* Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?

*Rosa.* You tooke the Moone at full, but now she's changed?

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

*Rosa.* The musicke playes, vouchsafe some motion to it:  
Our eares vouchsafe it.

*Kin.* But your legges should doe it.

*Ros.* Since you are strangers, and come heere by chance,  
Wee'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.

*Kin.*



*Kin.* Why take you hands then?  
*Rosa.* Onely to part friends.  
 Curtesie sweet hearts, and so the Measure ends:  
*Kin.* More measure of this measure, be not nice.  
*Rosa.* We can afford no more at such a price.  
*Kin.* Prife your selues: What buyes your companie?  
*Rosa.* Your absence onely.  
*Kin.* That can neuer be.  
*Rosa.* Then cannot we be bought: and so adue,  
 Twice to your Visore, and halfe once to you.  
*Kin.* If you denie to dance, let's hold more char.  
*Rosa.* 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, and if you grow so nice  
 Methegline, Wort, and Malmesey; well runne dice:  
 There's halfe a dozen sweets.  
*Qu.* Seuenth sweet adue, since you can cogg,  
 Ile play no more with you.  
*Ber.* One word in secret.  
*Qu.* Let it not be sweet.  
*Ber.* Thou grieu'st my gall.  
*Qu.* Gall bitter.  
*Ber.* Therefore meete.  
*Du.* Will you vouchsafe with mee to change a word?  
*Mar.* Name it.  
*Dum.* Faire Ladie.  
*Mar.* Say you so? Faire Lord:  
 Take you that for your faire Lady.  
*Du.* Please it you,  
 As much in priuate, and Ile bid adieu.  
*Mar.* What, was your Vizard made without a tong?  
*Long.* I know the reason Lady why you aske.  
*Mar.* O for your reason, quickly sir, I long.  
*Long.* You haue a double tongue within your mask.  
 And would afford my speechlesse vizard halfe.  
*Mar.* Veale quoth the Dutch-man; is not Veale a Calfe?  
*Long.* A Calfe faire Ladie?

*Mar.* No, a faire Lord Calfe.  
*Long.* Let's part the word.  
*Mar.* No, Ile not be your halfe:  
 Take all and weane it, it may proue an Oxe.  
*Long.* Looke how you but your selfe in these sharpe mo:  
 Will you giue hornes chaste 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 keene  
 As is the Razors edge, inuisible:  
 Cutting a smaller haire then may be scene,  
 About the sence of sence so sensible:  
 Seemeth their conference, their conceits haue wings,  
 Fleeter then arrowes, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.  
*Rosa.* Not one word more, my maides, breake off, breake off.  
*Ber.* By heauen, all drie beaten with pure scoffe.  
*King.* Farewell made Wenches you haue simple wits.

Exeunt.

*Qu.* Twentie adieus my frozen Muscouites.  
 Are these the breed of wits so wondred at?  
*Boyet.* Tapers they are, with your sweet breathes puffed out.  
*Rosa.* Wel-liking wits they haue, grosse, grosse, fat, fat.  
*Qu.* O pouertie in wit, Kingly poore flout,  
 Will they not (thinke you) hang themselues to night?  
 Or euer but in vizardes shew their faces:  
 This pert *Berowne* was out of count'nance quite.  
*Rosa.* They were all in lamentable cases,  
 The King was weeping ripe for a good word.  
*Qu.* *Berowne* did swear himselfe out of all sute.  
*Mar.* *Dumaine* was at my seruice, and his sword:  
 No poynt (quoth I:) my seruant straight was mute.  
*Ka.* Lord *Longanill* said I came ore his heart:  
 And trow you what he call'd me?  
*Qu.* Qualme perhaps.  
*Kat.* Yes in good faith.  
*Qu.* Go sicknesse as thou art.  
*Ros.* Well better wits haue worne plaine statute caps,  
 But will you heare; the King is my loue sworne.

*Loves Labour's lost.*

*Qu.* And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted faith to me.

*Kat.* And *Longavill* was for my seruice borne.

*Mar.* *Dumaine* is mine as sure as barke on tree.

*Boyet.* Madam, and pretty Mistresses giue care,  
Immediately they will againe be heere  
In their owne shapes: for it can neuer be,  
They will digest this harsh indignitie.

*Qu.* Will they returne?

*Boy.* They will, they will, God knowes,  
And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes;  
Therefore change Favours, and when they reaire,  
Blow like sweet Roses in this summer aire,

*Qu.* How blow? how blow? Speake to be vnderstood.

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

*Qu.* Auant perplexitie; What shall we do,  
If they returne in their owne shapes to wo?

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

*Boyet.* Ladies, with draw: the gallants are at hand.

*Quee.* Whip to our Tents, as *Roes* runnesore Land.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the King and the rest.*

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

*Boy.* Gone to her tent.

Please it your Maiestie command me any seruice to her,

*King.* That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

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

*Ber.* This fellow pickes vp wit, as Pigeons pease,  
And vtters it againe, when *Ioue* doth please.  
He is Wits Pedler, and retails his Wares,

*Loves Labour's lost.*

At Wakes, and Wastels, 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 temptred *Eue*.

He can carue too, and lisse: Why this is he.

That kist away his hand in courtesie.

This is the Ape of forme, Mounsier the nice.

That when he playes at Tables, chides the Dice

In honourable tearmes, nay he can sing

A meane most meanly, and in Vshering

Mend him who can: the Ladies call him sweet.

The staires as he treads on them kisse his feete.

This is the flower that smiles on euery one,

To shew his teeth as white as Whales bone.

And consciences that will not die in debt,

Pay him the duty of honie-tongued *Boyet*.

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

*Enter the Ladies.*

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

*King.* All haile sweet Madame, and faire time of day.

*Qu.* Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceiue.

*King.* Construe my speeches better, if you may.

*Qu.* Then with me better, I will giue leaue.

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

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

*King.* Rebuke me not for that which you prouoke:  
The vertue of your eye must breake my oath.

*Qu.* You nickname vertue: vice you should haue spoke:  
For vertues office neuer breakes men troth.

Now by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the vsfallied Lilly, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yeeld to be your houses guest:

Loues Labour's lost.

So much I hate a breaking cause to be  
Of heavenly oath, vow'd with integritie.

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

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

*Kin.* How Madam? Russians?

*Qu.* I intruth my Lord,  
Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state.

*Rosa.* Madam speake true. It is not so my Lord:  
My Ladie (to the manner of the daies)  
In curtesie giues vnderferuing praise.

We foure indeed confronted were with foure  
In Russia habit: Heere they stayed an houre,  
And talk'd apace: and in that houre (my Lord)  
They did not blesse vs with one happy word.  
I dare not call them fooles: but this I thinke,  
When they are thirstie, fooles would faine haue drinke.

*Ber.* This iest is drie to me. Gentle sweet,  
Your wits makes wise things foolish when we greet  
With eyes best seeing, heauens fiery eye:  
By light we loose light: your capacity  
Is of that nature, that to your huge store,  
Wise things seeme foolish, and rich things but poore.

*Ros.* This proues you wise and rich: for in my eye.

*Ber.* I am a foole, and full of povertie.

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

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

*Ros.* All the foole mine.

*Ber.* I cannot giue you lesse.

*Ros.* Which of the Vizards was it that you wore?

*Ber.* Where? when? what Vizard?  
Why demand you this?

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

*Kin.* We are discried,  
They'll mocke vs now downeright.

Loues Labour's lost.

*Du.* Let vs confesse and turne it to a iest.

*Que.* Amaz'd my Lord, Why lookes your Hignesse sadde:

*Rosa.* Helpe hold his browes, he'l sound: why looke you pale?  
Sea-sicke I thinke, comming from Muscouie.

*Ber.* Thus poure the stars down plagues for periury.  
Can any face of brasse hold longer out,

Heere stand I, Ladie dart thy skill at me,  
Bruise me with scorne, confound me with a flout.

Thrust thy scarpe wit quite through my ignorance.  
Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit:

And I will wish thee neuer more to dance,  
Nor neuer more in Russian habit waite.

O! neuer will I trust to speeches pen'd,  
Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boyes tongue,

Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend,  
Nor woo in rime like a blind-harpers song.

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 forswear them, and I heere protest,  
By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knows)

Henceforth my woing minde shall be exprest  
In russet yeas, and honest kerlic noes.

And to begin Wench, so God helpe me law,  
My loue to thee is sound, sans cracke or flaw.

*Rosa.* Sans, sans, I pray you.

*Ber.* Yet I haue a tricke  
Of the old rage: beare with me, I am sicke.

Ile leaue it by degrees: soft, let vs see,  
Write Lord haue mercy on vs, on those three;

They are infected, in their hearts it lies:  
They haue the plague, and caught of your eyes:

These Lords are visited, you are not free:  
For the Lords tokens on you doe I see.

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

*Ber.* Our states are forfeit, seeke not to vndoe vs.

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

*Ber.*

Loues Labour's lost.

Ber. Peace, for I will not haue to doe with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I doe as I intend.

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

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

Qu. The fairest is confession.

Were you not here but euen now disguis'd?

Kin. Madam, I was.

Qu. And were you well aduis'd?

Kin. I was faire Madam.

Qu. When you then were heere,

What did you whisper in your Ladies eare?

King. That more then all the world I did respect her.

Qu. When she shall challenge this you will reiect her.

King. Vpon mine Honour no.

Qu. Peace, peace, forbear:

Your oath once broke, you forcenot to forswear.

King. Despise me when I breake this oath of mine.

Qu. I will and therefore keepe it *Rosaline,*

What did the Russian whisper in your eare?

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

As precious eye-fight, and did value me

Above this world: adding thereto moreouer,

That he would wed me, or else die my Louer.

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

Kin. What meane you Madame?

By my life, my troth,

I neuer swore this Ladie such an oth.

Ros. By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine  
you gaue me this: But take it fir againe.

King. My faith and this, the Princesse I did giue,  
I knew her by this Iewell on her slecve.

Qu. Pardon me fir, this Iewell did she weare,  
And Lord *Berowne* (I thanke him) is my deare.

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

Ber. Neither of either I remit both twaine.

I see the tricke on't: Heere was a consent,

Knowing aforehand of our merriment,

Loues Labour's lost.

To dash it like a Christmas Comedie.

Some carry-rale, some please-man, some flight Zanie,

Some mumble-newes, some trencher-knight, some Dick,

That smiles his cheeke in yeeres, and knowes the trick

To make my Ladie laugh, when she's dispos'd;

Told our intents before which once disclos'd,

The Ladies did change Favours, and then we

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

Now to our periurie, to adde more terror,

We are againe forsworne in will and error.

Much vpon this tis: and might not you

Foretell our sport, to make vs thus vnttrue?

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

And laugh vpon the apple of her eye.

And stand betweene her backe fir, 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, doe you? there's an eye

Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boy. Full merrily hath this braue Manager, this carriere  
bene run.

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

Enter Clowne.

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

Clow. O Lord fir, they would know.

Whether the three Worthies shall come in, or no.

Ber. What, are there but three?

Clow. No fir, but it is vara fine,

For euerie one pursents three.

Ber. And three times thrice is nine.

Clow. Not so fir, vnder correction fir, I hope it is not so.

You cannot beg vs fir, I can assure yo u fir, we kn ow what we  
know: I hope fir three times thrice fir.

Ber. Is not nine.

Clow. Vnder correction fir, we know where-vntill it doth  
amount.

Ber. By Ioue, I alwayes tooke three threes for nine.

*Loues Labour's lost.*

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

*Ber.* How much is it?

*Clow.* 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) *Pompeion* the great sir.

*Ber.* Art thou one of the Worthies?

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

*Ber.* Go, bid them prepare.

*Exit.*

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

*King.* *Berowne*, they will shame vs: Let them not approach.

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

*Kin.* I say they shall not come.

*Qu.* Nay my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now; That sport best pleases, that doth least know how. Where Zeale striues to content, and the contents Dies in the Zeale of that which it presents:

Their forme confounded, makes most forme in mirth, When great things labouring perish in their birth,

*Ber.* A right description of our sport my Lord.

*Enter Braggart.*

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

*Qu.* Doth this man serue God?

*Ber.* Why askeyou?

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

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

*King.* Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies; He presents *Hector* of Troy, the Swaine *Pompey* the great, the Parish

*Loues Labour's lost.*

*Parish Curate Alexander, Armadoes Page Hercules, the Pedant Indas Machabeus:* And if these foure Worthies in their first shew thriue, these foure will change habites, and present the other fiue.

*Ber.* There is fiue in the first shew.

*Kin.* You are deceiued, tis not so.

*Ber.* The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge-Priest, the foole, and the Boy,

Abate throw at *Novum*, and the whole world againe,

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

*Kin.* The ship is vnder saile, and here she comes amain.

*Enter Pompey.*

*Clow.* I Pompey am.

*Ber.* You lie, you are not he.

*Clow.* I Pompey am.

*Boy.* Wich Libbards head on knee,

*Ber.* Well said old mocker, I must needs be friends with thee.

*Clow.* I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big.

*Du.* The great.

*Clow.* It is great sir: Pompey surnam'd the great: That oft in field, with Targe and Shield, did make my foe to sweat:

And trauelling along this coast, I heere am come by chance, And lay my Armes before the legs of this sweet Lasse of France. If your Ladiship would say thankes Pompey, I had done.

*La.* Great thankes great Pompey.

*Clow.* Tis not so much worth: but I hope I was perfect. I made a litle fault in great.

*Ber.* My hat to a halfe-penie, Pompey proues the best Worthie.

*Enter Curate for Alexander.*

*Curat.* When in the world I lin'd, I was the worlds Commander: By East, West, North, & South, I spred my conquering might. My Scutcheon plaine declares that I am *Alisander*.

*Boyet.* Your nose sayes no, you are not: For it stands too right.

*Ber.* Your nose smells no, in this most tender smelling Knight.

Loues Labour's lost.

Qu. The Conqueror is dismaid:  
Proceed good Alexander.

Cur. When in the world I lived, I was the worlds Commander.

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right: you were so Alexander.

Ber. Pompey the great.

Clo. Your seruant and Costard.

Ber. Take away the Conqueror, take away Alexander.

Clo. O sir you haue ouerthrowne Alexander the conqueror: you will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for this: your lion on that holds his Pollax sitting on a close-stoole, will be giuen to Ajax. He will be the ninth worthie. A Conqueror? and afraid to speake? Runne away for shame Alexander. There an't shall please you: a foolish milde man, an honest man, locke you, and soonedasht. He is a maruellous good neighbour intooth, and a very good Bowler: but for Alexander, alas you see, how it's a little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a comming will speake their minde in some other sort. Exit Qu.

Qu. Stand aside good Pompey.

Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great Hercules is presented by this Impe. Whose Club kil'd Cerberus that three-headed Canus, And when he was a babe, a childe, a shrimpe, Thus did he strangle Serpents in his Manus:

Quoniam; he seemeth in minoritic,

Ergo, I come with this Apologic.

Keepe some state in thy Exit, and vanish.

Ped. Iudas I am.

Dum. A Iudas?

Ped. Not Iscariot sir.

Iudas I am, yctyped Machabeus.

Dum. Iudas Machabeus clipt, is plaine Iudas.

Ber. A kilsing Traitor. How art thou prou'd Iudas?

Ped. Iudas I am.

Dum. The more shame for you Iudas.

Ped. What meane you sir?

Boy. To make Iudas hang himselfe.

Ped. Begin sir, you are my elder.

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

Ped.

Loues Labour's lost.

Ped. I will not be put of countenance.

Ber. Because thou hast no face.

Ped. What is this?

Boy. A Citterne head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Ber. A deaths face in a ring.

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

Boy. The Pummell of Casars Faulchion.

Dum. The caru'd-bone face on a Flaske.

Ber. Saint Georges halfe cheeke in a brooch.

Dum. I, and in a brooch of Lead.

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

And now forward, for we haue put thee in countenance.

Ped. You haue put me out of countenance.

Ber. False, we haue giuen thee faces.

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

Ber. And thou wert a Lion, we would do so.

Boy. Therefore as he is an Ass, let him goe:

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

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Ber. For the Ass to the Inde: giue it him, Ind-as away.

Ped. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boy. A light for mounsier Iudas, it growes dark, he may stumble.

Que. Alas poore Machabeus, how hath he beene baited.

Enter Braggart.

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

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

King. Hector was but a Troyan in respect of this.

Boy. But is this Hector?

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

Lon. His legge is too big for Hector.

Dum. More Calfe certaine.

Boy. No he is best indued in the small.

Ber. This cannot be Hector.

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

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

*Dum.* A gilt Nutmegge.

*Ber.* A Lemmon.

*Lon.* Stucke with Cloues.

*Dum.* No clouen.

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

*Dum.* That Mint.

*Long.* That Cullambine.

*Brag.* Sweet Lord Longanill, reine thy tongue.

*Lon.* I must rather giue it the reine: for it runs against Hector.

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

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

*Berowne steps forth.*

*Qu.* Speake braue Hector, we are much delighted.

*Brag.* I doe adore thy sweet Graces slipper.

*Boy.* Loves her by the foot.

*Dum.* He may not by the yard.

*Brag.* This Hector farre surmounted Hanniball.

*The partie is gone.*

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

*Brag.* What meanest thou?

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

*Brag.* Dost thou infamonize me among Potentates?  
Thou shalt die.

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

*Dum.* Most rare Pompey.

*Boy.* Renowned Pompey.

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

*Dum.* Hector trembles.

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

*Dum.* Hector will challenge him.

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

*Brag.* By the North-pole I do challenge thee.

*Clow.* I will not fight with a pole like a Northern man; Ile slash, Ile doe it by the sword: I pray you let me borrow my Armes againe.

*Dum.* Roome for the incensed Worthies.

*Clow.* Ile doe it in my shirt.

*Dum.* Most resolute Pompey.

*Pag.* Master, let me take you a butten hoole lower: Do you not see Pompey is vncaising for the combat: what meane you? you will lose your reputation.

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

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

*Brag.* Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.

*Ber.* What reason haue you for't?

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

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

*Enter a Messenger, Monsieur Marcade.*

*Mar.* God saue you Madame.

*Qu.* Welcomes Marcade, but that thou interruptest our merriment.

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

*Qu.* Dead for my life.

*Mar.* Euen so: My tale is told.

*Ber.* Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.

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

*Kin.* How fare's your Maiestie?

*Loues Labour's lost.*

*Qu.* Boyet prepare, I will away to night.

*Kin.* Madam not so, I doe beseech you stay.

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

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

*Qu.* I vnderstand you not, my greefes are double.

*Ber.* Honest plaine words, best pierce the eares of griefe  
And by these badges vnderstand the King.  
For your faire sakes haue we neglected time,  
Plaid foule play with our oathes: your beautie Ladies  
Hath much deformed vs, fashioning our humors  
Euen to the opposed end of our intents.  
And what in vs hath seem'd ridiculous:  
As Loue is full of vnbefitting straines,  
All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine.  
Form'd by the eye, and therefore like the eie.  
Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of formes  
Varying in subiects as the eie doth roule,  
To euerie varied obiect in his glance:

Which

*Loues Labour's lost.*

Which partie-coated presence of loose loue.  
Put on by vs, if in your heauenly cies,  
Haue misbecomm'd our oathes and grauities.  
Those heauenly eyes that looke into these faults,  
Suggested vs to make: therefore Ladies  
Our Loue being yours, the error that Loue makes  
Is likewise yours, we to our selues proue false,  
By being once false, for euer to be true.  
To those that make vs both, Faire Ladies you,  
And euen that falshood in it selfe a sinne,  
Thus purifies it selfe, and turnes to grace.

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

*Du.* Our Letters Madam, shew'd much more then iest.

*Lon.* So did our lookes.

*Rosa.* We did not coat them so.

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

*Qu.* A time me thinkes too short,  
To make a world-without-end bargaine in;  
No, no my Lord your grace is periu'd much;  
Full of deare guiltinesse, and therefore this:  
If for my Loue (as there is no such cause)  
You will doe ought, this shall you doe for me.  
Your oath I will not trust: but goe with speed  
To some forlorne and naked Hermitage  
Remote from all the pleasures of the world:  
There stay, vntill the twelue Celestiall Signes  
Haue brought about their annuall reckoning,  
If this austere insociable life,  
Change not your offer made in heate of blood:  
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds  
Nip not the gaudie blossomes of your Loue,

But



*Loues Labour's losse.*

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 doe denie, let our hands part,  
Neither intituled in the others heart.

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

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

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

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

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

*Du.* O shall I say, I thanke you gentle wife?

*Kat.* Not so my Lord, a twelue moneth and a day,  
Ile marke no words that smoothfac'd wooers say.  
Come when the King doth to my Ladie come:  
Then if I haue much loue, Ile giue you some.

*Dum.* Ile serue thee true and faithfully till then:

*Kath.* Yet sweare not leaſt ye be forsworne agen.

*Lon.* What saies *Maria*?

*Mari.* At the twelue moneths 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 Lady? Mistresse, looke on me,  
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye:  
What humble suite attends thy answer there,  
Impose some seruice on me for my loue

*Loues Labour's lost.*

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

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

*Ros.* Why that's the way to choake a gibing spirit,  
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,  
Which shallow laughing hearers giue to fooles:  
A iests prosperitie lies in the care  
Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue  
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly cares,  
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 shall finde you emptie of that fault,  
Right ioyfull of your reformation.

*Ber.* A twelue moneth: Well: befall what will befall,  
Ile iest a twelue moneth in an Hospitall.

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

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

*Ber.* Our wooing doth not end like an old Play:  
Iacke hath not Gill: these Ladies curtisie  
Might well haue made our sport a Comedie.

*Kin.* Come fir it wants a twelue moneth and a day,  
And then 'twill end.

*Ber.* That's too long for a play.

*Loues Labour's lost.*

*Enter Braggart.*

*Brag.* Sweet Maiestie vouchsafe me.

*Qui.* Was that Hector?

*Dum.* The worthie Knight of Troy.

*Brag.* I will kisse thy royall finger, and take leaue,  
I am a Votarie, I haue vow'd to *Iaquenetta* to hold the Plough  
for her sweet loue three yeares. But most esteemed greatnesse,  
will you heare the Dialogue that the two Learned men haue  
compiled, in praise of the Owle and the Cuckow? It should  
haue followed in the end of our shew.

*Kin.* Call them forth quickly, we will doe so.

*Brag.* Holla, approach.

*Enter all.*

This side is *Hiems*, Winter.

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

Th'other by the Cuckow.

*Ver*, begin.

*The Song.*

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

Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,  
Vnpleasing 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 euery tree  
Mockes married men; for thus sings he,  
Cuckow.

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

*Winter*

*Loues Labour's lost.*

*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 cossing drownes the Parsons saw:  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marrians nose lookes red and draw:  
When roasted Crabs hiss 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.

*Exunt omnes.*

**FINIS.**



K 2

When the first day of the year  
 And the first day of the year  
 And the first day of the year  
 When blood is mixt, and water be fowle  
 Then night is the first day of the year  
 To what end  
 A more note  
 While the first day of the year

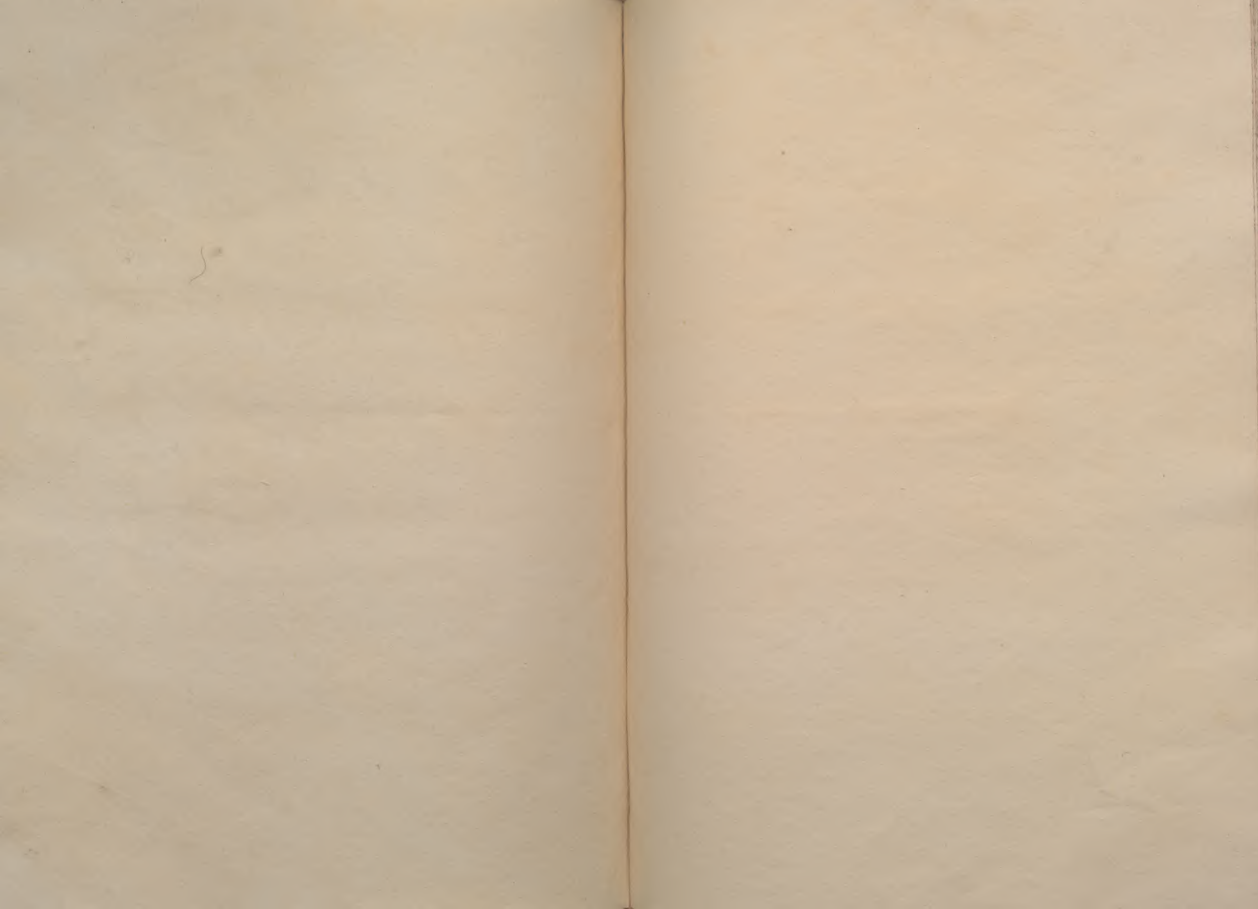
Then all about the world  
 And the first day of the year  
 And the first day of the year  
 And the first day of the year  
 Then night is the first day of the year  
 In a more note  
 A more note  
 While the first day of the year

The words of Mercurius  
 And the first day of the year  
 You that way; we that way

Can't say

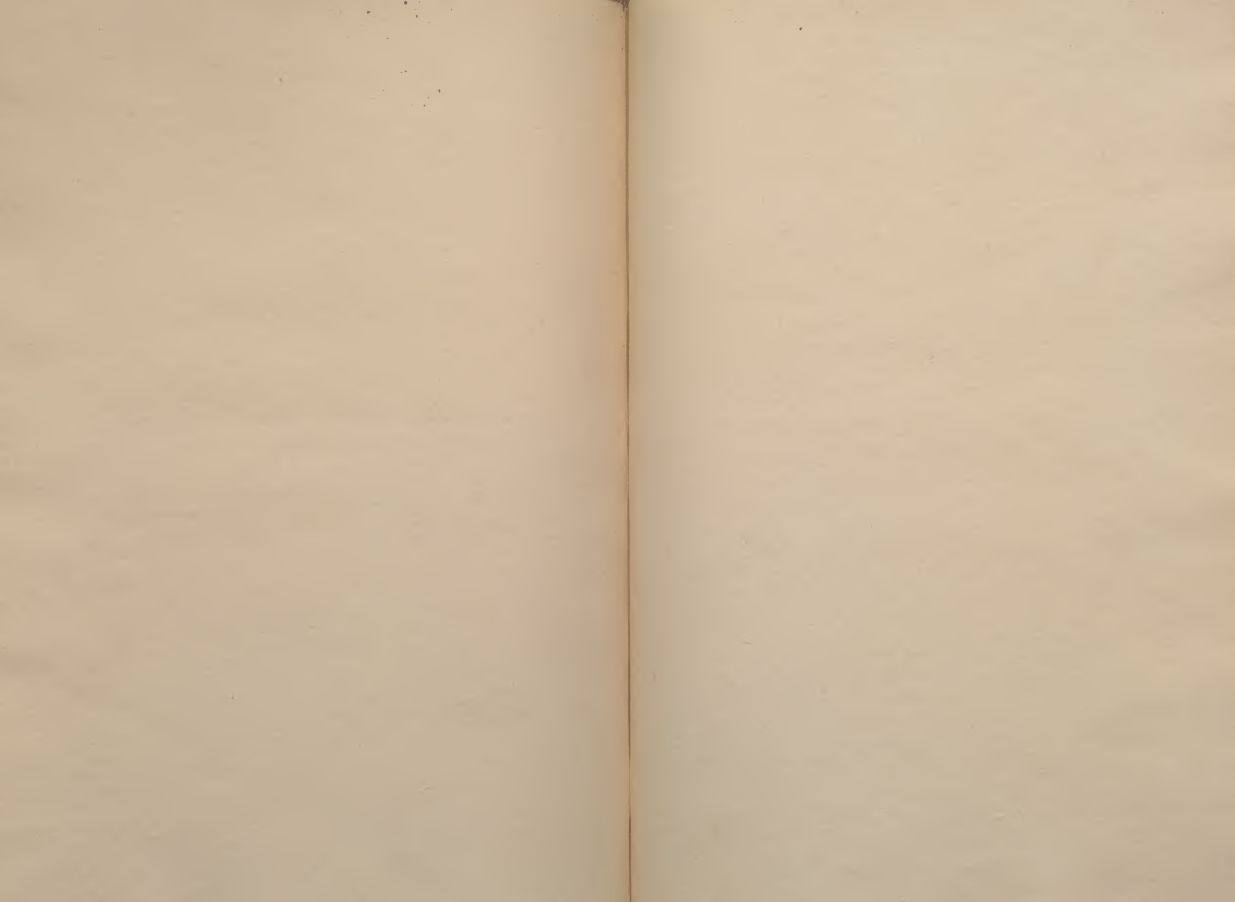
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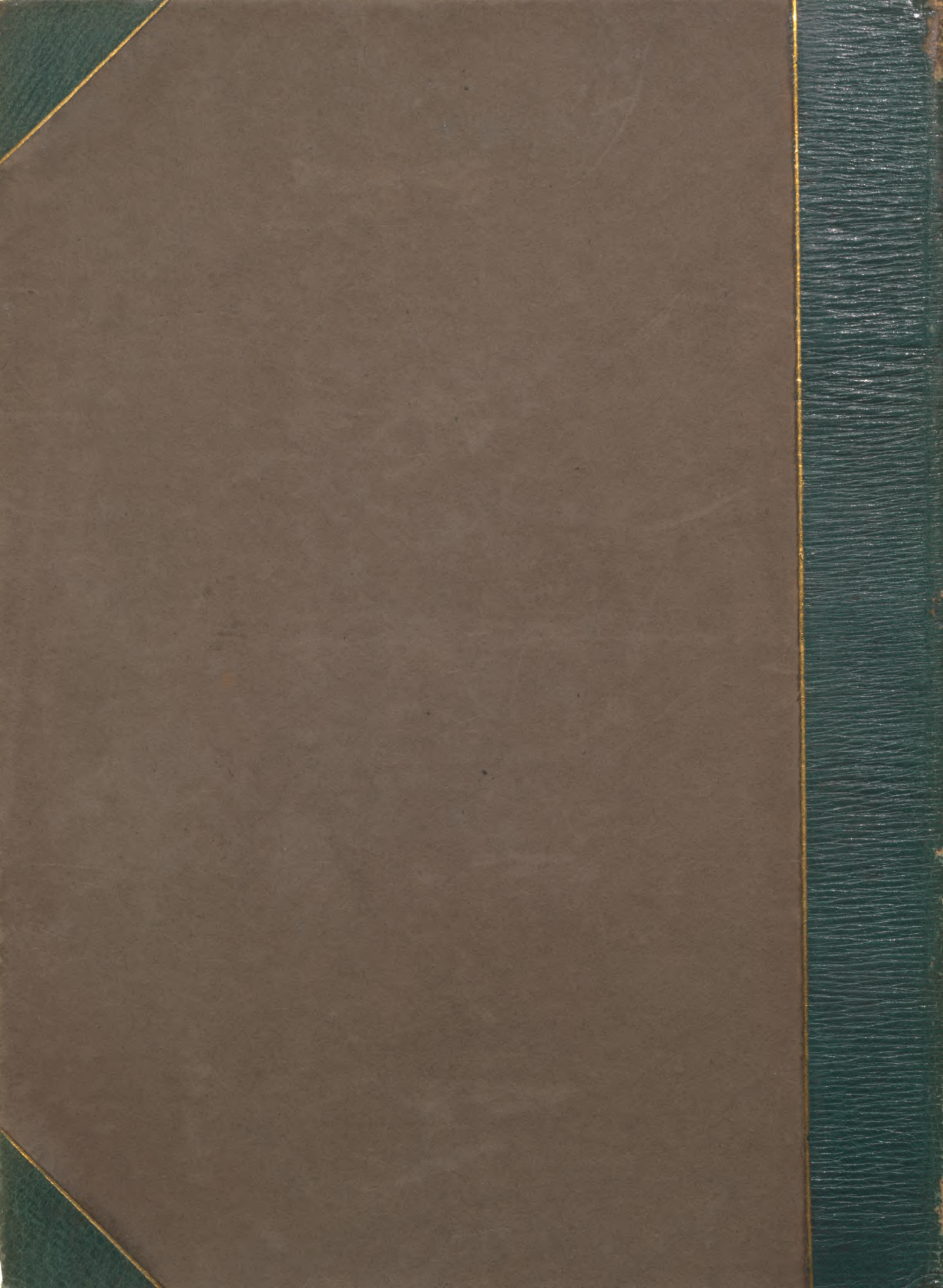
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LOVES  
LABOUR'S  
LOST

2ND

EDIT.

W.M.

SHAKESPEARE



1631