

# LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

FERDINAND, King of Navarre.

BEROWNE,

LONGAVILLE, } Lords, attending on the King.

DUMAINE,

BOYET, } Lords, attending on the Princess of France.

MARCADE,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, a fantastical Spaniard.

SIR NATHANIEL, a Curate.

HOLOFERNES, a Schoolmaster.

DULL, a Constable.

COSTARD, a Clown.

MOTH, Page to Armado.

A Forester.

The PRINCESS of France.

ROSALINE,

MARIA,

KATHARINE,

JAQUENETTA, a country Wench.

Officers and Others, Attendants on the King and Princess.

## SCENE.—Navarre.

### ACT I

#### SCENE I.—The KING OF NAVARRE'S Park.

Enter the KING, BEROWNE, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAINE.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,

Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,

And then grace us in the disgrace of death;

When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,

The endeavour of this present breath may buy

That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,

And make us heirs of all eternity.

Therefore, brave conquerors,—for so you are,

That war against your own affections

And the huge army of the world's desires,—

Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:

Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;

Our court shall be a little academe,

Still and contemplative in living art.

You three, Berowne, Dumaine, and Longaville,

Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,

My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes

That are recorded in this schedule here:

Your oaths are pass'd; and now subscribe your names,

That his own hand may strike his honour down

That violates the smallest branch herein.

If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,

Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolv'd; 'tis but a three years' fast:

The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:

Fat paunches have lean pates, and dainty bits

Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumaine is mortified:

The grosser manner of these world's delights

He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:

To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;

With all these living in philosophy.

Ber. I can but say their protestation over;

So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,

That is, to live and study here three years.

But there are other strict observances;

As, not to see a woman in that term,

Which I hope well is not enrolled there:

And one day in a week to touch no food,

And but one meal on every day beside;

The which I hope is not enrolled there:

And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,

And not be seen to wink of all the day,—

When I was wont to think no harm all night

And make a dark night too of half the day,—

Which I hope well is not enrolled there.

O! these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,

Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Ber. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please.

I only swore to study with your Grace,

And stay here in your court for three years' space.

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

Ber. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.

What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know which else we should not know.

Ber. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

Ber. 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 to feast expressly am forbid;

Or study where to meet some mistress fine,

When mistresses from common sense are hid;

Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,

Study to break it, and not break my troth.

If study's gain be thus, and this be so,

Study knows that which yet it doth not know.

Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,

And train our intellects to vain delight.

Ber. Why, all delights are vain; but that

most vain

Which, with pain purchas'd doth inherit pain:

As, painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the light of truth; while truth the while

Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:

Light seeking light doth light of light beguile:

So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,

Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.

## ACT I, SCENE I]

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## LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye,

Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,

And give him light that it was blinded by.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,

That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;

Small have continual plodders ever won,

Save base authority from others' books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights

That give a name to every fixed star,

Have no more profit of their shining nights

Than those that walk and wot not what they are.

Too much to know is to know nought but fame;

And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reason against reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

Ber. The spring is near, when green geese are a-breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Ber. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Ber. Something then, in rime.

King. Berowne is like an envious sneaping frost

That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Ber. Well, say I am: why should proud summer boast

Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in an abortive birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled mirth;

But like of each thing that in season grows.

So you, to study now it is too late,

Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

King. Well, sit you out: go home, Berowne: adieu!

Ber. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:

And though I have for barbarism spoke more

Than for that angel knowledge you can say,

Yet confident I'll keep to what I swore,

And bide the penance of each three years' day.

Give me the paper; let me read the same;

And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

Ber. Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court. Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Ber. Let's see the penalty. On pain of losing her tongue. Who devised this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Ber. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Ber. A dangerous law against gentility!

Item. If any man be seen to talk with a wo-

man within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.

This article, my liege, yourself must break;

For well you know here comes in embassy

The French king's daughter with yourself to speak—

A maid of grace and complete majesty—

About surrender up of Aquitaine

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-ridden father:

Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes th' admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Ber. So study evermore is overshot:

While it doth study to have what it would,

It doth forget to do the thing it should;

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,

'Tis won as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

King. We must of force dispense with this decree:

She must lie here on mere necessity.

Ber. Necessity will make us all forsworn

Three thousand times within this three years' space;

For every man with his affects is born,

Not by might master'd, but by special grace.

If I break faith this word shall speak for me,

I am forsworn 'on mere necessity.'

So to the laws at large I write my name:

[Subscribes.

And he that breaks them in the least degree

Stands in attainder of eternal shame:

Suggestions are to others as to me;

But I believe, although I seem so loath,

I am the last that will last keep his oath.

But is there no quick recreation granted?

King. Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain;

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,

That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;

One whom the music of his own vain tongue

Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;

A man of complements, whom right and wrong

Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:

This child of fancy, that Armado hight,

For interim to our studies shall relate

In high-born words the worth of many a knight

From tawny Spain lost in the world's debate.

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;

But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,

And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Ber. Armado is a most illustrious wight,

A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Long. Costard the swain and he shall be our sport;

And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL, with a letter, and COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?

Ber. This, fellow. What wouldst?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his Grace's tharborough: but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.



*Ber.* This is he.  
*Dull.* Signior Arm—Arm—commends you.  
 There's villany abroad: this letter will tell you more. 188

*Cost.* Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

*King.* A letter from the magnificent Armado.  
*Ber.* How long soever the matter, I hope in God for high words. 193

*Long.* A high hope for a low heaven: God grant us patience!

*Ber.* To hear, or forbear laughing? 196  
*Long.* To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

*Ber.* Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness. 200

*Cost.* The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner. 204

*Ber.* In what manner?

*Cost.* In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman, for the form,—in some form. 212

*Ber.* For the following, sir?  
*Cost.* As it shall follow in my correction; and God defend the right!

*King.* Will you hear this letter with attention?

*Ber.* As we would hear an oracle. 216

*Cost.* Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

*King.* Great deputy, the welkin's viceroy, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron, 221

*Cost.* Not a word of Costard yet.

*King.* So it is,—

*Cost.* It may be so; but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.— 225

*King.* Peace!

*Cost.* Be to me and every man that dares not fight. 228

*King.* No words!

*Cost.* Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

*King.* So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper: so much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is cycled thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that most obscene and preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebony-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, 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 swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,— 249

*Cost.* Me.

*King.* that unlettered small-knowing soul,—

*Cost.* Me. 252

*King.* that shallow vessel,—

*Cost.* Still me.

*King.* which, as I remember, hight Costard,— 256

*Cost.* O me.

*King.* sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with,—O! with but with this I passion to say wherewith,—

*Cost.* With a wench. 262

*King.* with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him, I,—as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on,—have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet Grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation. 269

*Dull.* Me, an't please you; I am Antony Dull.

*King.* For Jaquenetta,—so is the weaker vessel called which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,—I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty, 276

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

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

*King.* Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this? 280

*Cost.* Sir, I confess the wench.

*King.* Did you hear the proclamation?

*Cost.* I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it. 284

*King.* It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment to be taken with a wench.

*Cost.* I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damosel. 288

*King.* Well, it was proclaimed 'damosel.'

*Cost.* This was no damosel neither, sir: she was a virgin.

*King.* It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed 'virgin.' 293

*Cost.* If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

*King.* This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

*Cost.* This maid will serve my turn, sir. 297

*King.* Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

*Cost.* I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge. 301

*King.* And Don Armado shall be your keeper. My Lord Berowne, see him deliver'd o'er:

And go we, lords, to put in practice that Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt KING, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAINE.*]

*Ber.* I'll lay my head to any good man's hat, These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.

*Sirrah,* come on. 308

*Cost.* I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again; and till then, sit thee down, sorrow! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

*Arm.* Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

*Moth.* A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

*Arm.* Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp. 5

*Moth.* No, no; O Lord, sir, no.

*Arm.* How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal? 8

*Moth.* By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

*Arm.* Why tough senior? why tough senior?

*Moth.* Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal? 13

*Arm.* I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender. 16

*Moth.* And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

*Arm.* Pretty, and apt.

*Moth.* How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty? 21

*Arm.* Thou pretty, because little.

*Moth.* Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt? 24

*Arm.* And therefore apt, because quick.

*Moth.* Speak you this in my praise, master?

*Arm.* In thy condign praise.

*Moth.* I will praise an eel with the same praise. 29

*Arm.* What! that an eel is ingenious?

*Moth.* That an eel is quick.

*Arm.* I do say thou art quick in answers: thou heatest my blood. 33

*Moth.* I am answered, sir.

*Arm.* I love not to be crossed.

*Moth.* [*Aside.*] He speaks the mere contrary: crosses love not him. 37

*Arm.* I have promised to study three years with the duke.

*Moth.* You may do it in an hour, sir. 40

*Arm.* Impossible.

*Moth.* How many is one thrice told?

*Arm.* I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster. 44

*Moth.* You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

*Arm.* I confess both: they are both the varnish of a complete man. 48

*Moth.* Then, I am sure you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

*Arm.* It doth amount to one more than two.

*Moth.* Which the base vulgar do call three.

*Arm.* True. 53

*Moth.* Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now, here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink; and how easy it is to put 'years' to the word 'three,' and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

*Arm.* A most fine figure!

*Moth.* To prove you a cipher. 60

*Arm.* I will hereupon confess I am in love; and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword

against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devised curtsy. I think scorn to sigh: methinks I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: what great men have been in love? 70

*Moth.* Hercules, master.

*Arm.* Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage. 74

*Moth.* Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter; and he was in love.

*Arm.* O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

*Moth.* A woman, master. 82

*Arm.* Of what complexion?

*Moth.* Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

*Arm.* Tell me precisely of what complexion.

*Moth.* Of the sea-water green, sir. 87

*Arm.* Is that one of the four complexions?

*Moth.* As I have read, sir; and the best of them too. 90

*Arm.* Green indeed is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit. 94

*Moth.* It was so, sir, for she had a green wit.

*Arm.* My love is most immaculate white and red.

*Moth.* Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours. 99

*Arm.* Define, define, well-educated infant.

*Moth.* My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

*Arm.* Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and pathetical! 104

*Moth.* If she be made of white and red, Her faults will ne'er be known,

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred, And fears by pale white shown: 108

Then if she fear, or be to blame, By this you shall not know,

For still her cheeks possess the same Which native she doth owe. 112

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

*Arm.* Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar? 116

*Moth.* The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since; but I think now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune. 120

*Arm.* I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard: she deserves well. 125

*Moth.* [*Aside.*] To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master.

*Arm.* Sing, boy: my spirit grows heavy in love. 129



*Moth.* And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

*Arm.* I say, sing.

*Moth.* Forbear till this company be past.

*Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.*

*Dull.* Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight nor no penance, but a' must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.

*Arm.* I do betray myself with blushing. Maid!

*Jaq.* Man?

*Arm.* I will visit thee at the lodge.

*Jaq.* That's hereby.

*Arm.* I know where it is situate.

*Jaq.* Lord, how wise you are!

*Arm.* I will tell thee wonders.

*Jaq.* With that face?

*Arm.* I love thee.

*Jaq.* So I heard you say.

*Arm.* And so farewell.

*Jaq.* Fair weather after you!

*Dull.* Come, Jaquenetta, away!

*[Exeunt DULL and JAQUENETTA.]*

*Arm.* Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

*Cost.* Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

*Arm.* Thou shalt be heavily punished.

*Cost.* I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

*Arm.* Take away this villain: shut him up.

*Moth.* Come, you transgressing slave: away!

*Cost.* Let me not be pent up, sir: I will fast, being loose.

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

*Cost.* Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

*Moth.* What shall some see?

*Cost.* Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and therefore I will say nothing: I thank God I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet.

*[Exeunt MOTH and COSTARD.]*

*Arm.* I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn,—which is a great argument of falsehood,—if I love. And how can that be true love which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; Love is a devil: there is no evil angel but Love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength; yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second clause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy, but his glory is, to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal

god of rime, for I am sure I shall turn sonnetter. Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio.

*[Exit.]*

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*The KING of NAVARRE's Park. A Pavilion and Tents at a distance.*

*Enter the PRINCESS of FRANCE, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants.*

*Boyet.* Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:

Consider whom the king your father sends, To whom he sends, and what's his embassy:

Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem, 4

To parley with the sole inheritor

Of all perfections that a man may owe,

Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight

Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen. 8

Be now as prodigal of all dear grace

As Nature was in making graces dear

When she did starve the general world beside,

And prodigally gave them all to you. 12

*Prin.* Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,

Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:

Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,

Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.

I am less proud to hear you tell my worth 17

Than you much willing to be counted wise

In spending your wit in the praise of mine.

But now to task the tasker: good Boyet, 20

You are not ignorant, all-telling fame

Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,

Till painful study shall out-wear three years,

No woman may approach his silent court: 24

Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,

Before we enter his forbidden gates,

To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,

Bold of your worthiness, we single you 28

As our best-moving fair solicitor.

Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,

On serious business, craving quick dispatch,

Importunes personal conference with his Grace.

Haste, signify so much; while we attend, 33

Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

*Boyet.* Proud of employment, willingly I go.

*Prin.* All pride is willing pride, and yours

is so. *[Exit BOYET.]*

Who are the votaries, my loving lords, 37

That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

*First Lord.* Lord Longaville is one.

*Prin.* Know you the man?

*Mar.* I know him, madam: at a marriage

feast, 40

Between Lord Perigot and the beauteous heir

Of Jacques Falconbridge, solemnized

In Normandy, saw I this Longaville.

A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd; 44

Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms:

Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.

The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,—

If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,— 48

Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;

Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills

It should none spare that come within his power.

*Prin.* Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't

so? 52

*Mar.* They say so most that most his humours

know.

*Prin.* Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they

grow.

Who are the rest?

*Kath.* The young Dumaine, a well-accom-

plish'd youth, 56

Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:

Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill,

For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,

And shape to win grace though he had no wit.

I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once; 61

And much too little of that good I saw

Is my report to his great worthiness.

*Ros.* Another of these students at that time

Was there with him, if I have heard a truth: 65

Berowne they call him; but a merrier man,

Within the limit of becoming mirth,

I never spent an hour's talk withal. 68

His eye begets occasion for his wit;

For every object that the one doth catch

The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,

Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor, 72

Delivers in such apt and gracious words,

That aged ears play truant at his tales,

And younger hearings are quite ravished;

So sweet and voluble is his discourse. 76

*Prin.* God bless my ladies! are they all in

love,

That every one her own hath garnished

With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

*First Lord.* Here comes Boyet.

*Re-enter BOYET.*

*Prin.* Now, what admittance, lord?

*Boyet.* Navarre had notice of your fair ap-

proach; 81

And he and his competitors in oath

Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,

Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt;

He rather means to lodge you in the field, 85

Like one that comes here to besiege his court,

Than seek a dispensation for his oath,

To let you enter his unpeeled house, 88

Here comes Navarre. *[The Ladies mask.]*

*Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAINE, BEROWNE, and Attendants.*

*King.* Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

*Prin.* 'Fair,' I give you back again; and 'welcome' I have not yet: the roof of this court

is too high to be yours, and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

*King.* You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

*Prin.* I will be welcome, then: conduct me thither. 96

*King.* Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.

*Prin.* Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

*King.* Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

*Prin.* Why, will shall break it; will, and no-

thing else. 100

*King.* Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

*Prin.* Were my lord so, his ignorance were

wise,

Where now his knowledge must prove igno-

rance.

I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping:

'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord, 105

And sin to break it.

But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold:

To teach a teacher ill besee meth me. 108

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,

And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

*[Gives a paper.]*

*King.* Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

*Prin.* You will the sooner that I were away,

For you'll prove perjur'd if you make me

stay. 113

*Ber.* Did not I dance with you in Brabant

once?

*Ros.* Did not I dance with you in Brabant

once?

*Ber.* I know you did.

*Ros.* How needless was it then 116

To ask the question!

*Ber.* You must not be so quick.

*Ros.* 'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such

questions.

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

'twill tire.

*Ros.* Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

*Ber.* What time o' day? 121

*Ros.* The hour that fools should ask.

*Ber.* Now fair befall your mask!

*Ros.* Fair fall the face it covers! 124

*Ber.* And send you many lovers!

*Ros.* Amen, so you be none.

*Ber.* Nay, then I will be gone. 127

*King.* Madam, your father here doth intimate

The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;

Being but the one half of an entire sum

Disbursed by my father in his wars.

But say that he, or we,—as neither have,— 132

Receiv'd that sum, yet there remains unpaid

A hundred thousand more; in surety of the

which,

One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,

Although not valu'd to the money's worth. 136

If then the king your father will restore

But that one half which is unsatisfied,

We will give up our right in Aquitaine, 140

And hold fair friendship with his majesty.

But that it seems, he little purposeth,

For here he doth demand to have repaid

A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,

On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,

To have his title live in Aquitaine; 145

Which we much rather had depart withal,

And have the money by our father lent,

Than Aquitaine, so gelded as it is. 148

Dear princess, were not his requests so far



From reason's yielding, your fair self should make

A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast,  
And go well satisfied to France again. 152

*Prin.* You do the king my father too much wrong

And wrong the reputation of your name,  
In so unseemingly to confess receipt

Of that which hath so faithfully been paid. 156

*King.* I do protest I never heard of it;  
And if you prove it, I'll repay it back

Or yield up Aquitaine. *We arrest your word.*

*Boyet.* you can produce acquittances 160  
For such a sum from special officers  
Of Charles his father.

*King.* Satisfy me so.  
*Boyet.* So please your Grace, the packet is not

come  
Where that and other specialties are bound: 164

To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.  
*King.* It shall suffice me: at which interview

All liberal reason I will yield unto.  
Meantime, receive such welcome at my hand 168

As honour, without breach of honour, may  
Make tender of to thy true worthiness.

You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;  
But here without you shall be so receiv'd, 172

As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,  
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.

Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:

To-morrow shall we visit you again. 176

*Prin.* Sweet health and fair desires consort  
your Grace!

*King.* Thy own wish wish I thee in every  
place! *[Exeunt KING and his Train.]*

*Ber.* Lady, I will commend you to mine own  
heart.

*Ros.* Pray you, do my commendations; I  
would be glad to see it. 180

*Ber.* I would you heard it groan.  
*Ros.* Is the fool sick?

*Ber.* Sick at the heart.  
*Ros.* Alack! let it blood. 184

*Ber.* Would that do it good?  
*Ros.* My physic says, 'ay.'

*Ber.* Will you prick't with your eye?  
*Ros.* No point, with my knife. 188

*Ber.* Now, God save thy life!  
*Ros.* And yours from long living!

*Ber.* I cannot stay thanksgiving. *[Retiring.]*

*Dum.* Sir, I pray you, a word: what lady is  
that same? 192

*Boyet.* The heir of Alençon, Katharine her  
name.

*Dum.* A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you  
well. *[Exit.]*

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

*Boyet.* A woman sometimes, an you saw her  
in the light. 196

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

*Boyet.* She hath but one for herself; to desire  
that, were a shame.

*Long.* Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

*Boyet.* Her mother's, I have heard. 200

*Long.* God's blessing on your beard!

*Boyet.* Good sir, be not offended.

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

*Long.* Nay, my choler is ended. 204

She is a most sweet lady.

*Boyet.* Not unlike, sir; that may be.

*[Exit LONGAVILLE.]*

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

*Boyet.* Rosaline, by good hap. 208

*Ber.* Is she wedded or no?

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

*Ber.* You are welcome, sir. Adieu.

*Boyet.* Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to

you. *[Exit BEROWNE.—Ladies unmask.]*

*Mar.* That last is Berowne, the merry mad-

cap lord: 213

Not a word with him but a jest.

*Boyet.* And every jest but a word.

*Prin.* It was well done of you to take him at

his word.

*Boyet.* I was as willing to grapple, as he was

to board. 216

*Mar.* Two hot sheeps, marry!

*Boyet.* And wherefore not ships?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your

lips.

*Mar.* You sheep, and I pasture: shall that

finish the jest?

*Boyet.* So you grant pasture for me.

*[Offering to kiss her.]*

*Mar.* Not so, gentle beast. 220

My lips are no common, though several they be.

*Boyet.* Belonging to whom?

*Mar.* To my fortunes and me.

*Prin.* Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles,

agree.

This civil war of wits were much better us'd 224

On Navarre and his book-men, for here 'tis

abus'd.

*Boyet.* If my observation,—which very sel-

dom lies,—

By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes,

Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected. 228

*Prin.* With what?

*Boyet.* With that which we lovers entitle

affected.

*Prin.* Your reason.

*Boyet.* Why, all his behaviours did make

their retire 232

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire;

His heart, like an agate, with your print im-

press'd,

Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd:

His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,

Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;

All senses to that sense did make their repair,

To feel only looking on fairest of fair,

Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,

As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy; 241

Who, tend'ring their own worth from where they

were glass'd,

Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.

His face's own margin did quote such amazes,

That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.

I'll give you Aquitaine, and all that is his, 246  
An' you give him for my sake but one loving

kiss.

*Prin.* Come to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd.

*Boyet.* But to speak that in words which his  
eye hath disclos'd.

I only have made a mouth of his eye,  
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

*Ros.* Thou art an old love-monger, and  
speak'st skilfully. 252

*Mar.* He is Cupid's grandfather and learns  
news of him.

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

*Boyet.* Do you hear, my mad wenches?

*Mar.* No.

*Boyet.* What, then, do you see?

*Ros.* Ay our way to be gone.

*Boyet.* You are too hard for me. 256

*[Exeunt.]*

## ACT III

## SCENE I.—The KING OF NAVARRE'S Park.

*Enter ARMADO and MOTH.*

*Arm.* Warble, child; make passionate my  
sense of hearing.

*Moth.* *[Singing.]* Concolinel,—

*Arm.* Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years;  
take this key, give enlargement to the swain,

bring him festinately hither; I must employ him  
in a letter to my love.

*Moth.* Master, will you win your love with a  
French brawl? 9

*Arm.* How meanest thou? brawling in  
French?

*Moth.* No, my complete master; but to jig off  
a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your

feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids,  
sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through

the throat, as if you swallowed love by singing  
love, sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed

up love by smelling love; with your hat pent-  
house-like o'er the shop of your eyes; with your

arms crossed on your thin belly-doublet like a  
rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket

like a man after the old painting; and keep not  
too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These

are complements, these are humours, these be-  
tray nice wenches, that would be betrayed with-

out these; and make them men of note,—do you  
note me?—that most are affected to these. 27

*Arm.* How hast thou purchased this ex-  
perience?

*Moth.* By my penny of observation.

*Arm.* But O—but O,—

*Moth.* 'The hobby-horse is forgot.' 32

*Arm.* Callest thou my love 'hobby-horse'?

*Moth.* No, master; the hobby-horse is but a  
colt, and your love perhaps, a hackney. But

have you forgot your love? 36

*Arm.* Almost I had.

*Moth.* Negligent student! learn her by heart.

*Arm.* By heart, and in heart, boy.

*Moth.* And out of heart, master: all those  
three I will prove. 41

*Arm.* What wilt thou prove?

*Moth.* A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and  
without, upon the instant: by heart you love

her, because your heart cannot come by her; in  
heart you love her, because your heart is in love

with her; and out of heart you love her, being  
out of heart that you cannot enjoy her. 48

*Arm.* I am all these three.

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

*Arm.* Fetch hither the swain: he must carry  
me a letter. 53

*Moth.* A message well sympathized: a horse  
to be ambassador for an ass.

*Arm.* Ha, ha! what sayest thou? 56

*Moth.* Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon  
the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

*Arm.* The way is but short: away!

*Moth.* As swift as lead, sir. 60

*Arm.* Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?

Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

*Moth.* Minime, honest master; or rather,  
master, no.

*Arm.* I say, lead is slow.

*Moth.* You are too swift, sir, to say so:  
Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun? 65

*Arm.* Sweet smoke of rhetoric!

He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's  
he:

I shoot thee at the swain.

*Moth.* Thump then, and I flee. *[Exit.]*

*Arm.* A most acute juvenile; volable and free  
of grace! 69

By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy  
face:

Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.

My herald is return'd. 72

*Re-enter MOTH with COSTARD.*

*Moth.* A wonder, master! here's a costard  
broken in a shin.

*Arm.* Some enigma, some riddle: come, thy  
l'envoy; begin.

*Cost.* No egma, no riddle, no l'envoy; no salve  
in the mail, sir. O! sir, plantain, a plain plan-

tain: no l'envoy, no l'envoy: no salve, sir, but a  
plantain. 78

*Arm.* By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy  
silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my

lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O!  
pardon me, my stars. Doth the inconsiderate

take salve for l'envoy, and the word l'envoy for  
a salve? 84

*Moth.* Do the wise think them other? is not  
l'envoy a salve?

*Arm.* No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse,  
to make plain

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been  
sain. 88

I will example it:

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee  
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral. Now the l'envoy. 92



*Moth.* I will add the *l'envoy*. Say the moral again.

*Arm.* The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three. 96

*Moth.* Until the goose came out of door,  
And stay'd the odds by adding four.  
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*. 100

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three.

*Arm.* Until the goose came out of door,  
Staying the odds by adding four. 104

*Moth.* A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose.  
Would you desire more?

*Cost.* The boy hath sold him a bargain, a  
goose, that's fat.

*Sir*, your pennyworth is good an your goose be  
fat. 108

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

Let me see; a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that's a fat  
goose.

*Arm.* Come hither, come hither. How did  
this argument begin?

*Moth.* By saying that a costard was broken  
in a shin. 112

Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

*Cost.* True, and I for a plantain: thus came  
your argument in;

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you  
bought;

And he ended the market. 116

*Arm.* But tell me; how was there a costard  
broken in a shin?

*Moth.* I will tell you sensibly.

*Cost.* Thou hast no feeling of it, *Moth*: I will  
speak that *l'envoy*: 121

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

*Arm.* We will talk no more of this matter. 124

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

*Arm.* Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

*Cost.* O! marry me to one Frances: I smell  
some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this. 128

*Arm.* By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee  
at liberty, enfranchising thy person: thou wert  
immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

*Cost.* True, true, and now you will be my pur-  
gation and let me loose. 133

*Arm.* I give thee thy liberty, set thee from  
durance; and in lieu thereof, impose upon thee  
nothing but this:—[*Giving a letter.*] Bear this  
significant to the country maid Jaquenetta.

[*Giving money.*] There is remuneration; for  
the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my  
dependents. *Moth*, follow. [Exit.]

*Moth.* Like the sequel, I. Signior Costard,  
adieu. 141

*Cost.* My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my  
incony Jew! [Exit *MOTH*.]

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remune-  
ration! O! that's the Latin word for three far-  
things: three farthings, remuneration. 'What's  
the price of this inkle?' 'One penny.' 'No, I'll  
give you a remuneration:' why, it carries it.

Remuneration! why, it is a fairer name than

French crown. I will never buy and sell out of  
this word.

Enter BEROWNE.

*Ber.* O! my good knave Costard, exceedingly  
well met. 152

*Cost.* Pray you, sir, how much carnation  
riband may a man buy for a remuneration?

*Ber.* What is a remuneration?

*Cost.* Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing. 156

*Ber.* Why then, three-farthing-worth of silk.

*Cost.* I thank your worship. God be wi'  
you!

*Ber.* Stay, slave; I must employ thee: 160  
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,  
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

*Cost.* When would you have it done, sir?

*Ber.* O, this afternoon. 164

*Cost.* Well, I will do it, sir! fare you well.

*Ber.* O, thou knowest not what it is.

*Cost.* I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

*Ber.* Why, villain, thou must know first. 168

*Cost.* I will come to your worship to-morrow  
morning.

*Ber.* It must be done this afternoon. Hark,  
slave, it is but this: 172

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,  
And in her train there is a gentle lady;

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name  
her name,

And Rosaline they call her: ask for her 176

And to her white hand see thou do commend  
This seal'd-up counsel. [*Gives him a shilling.*]

There's thy guerdon: go.

*Cost.* Gardon, O sweet gardon! better than  
remuneration; a 'leven-pence farthing better.

Most sweet gardon! I will do it, sir, in print.  
Gardon! remuneration! [Exit.]

*Ber.* And I,—  
Forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh; 185

A critic, nay, a night-watch constable,  
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,

Than whom no mortal so magnificent! 188

This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy,  
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;

Regent of love-rimes, lord of folded arms,  
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans, 192

Liege of all loiterers and malecontents,  
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,

Sole imperator and great general  
Of trotting paritors: O my little heart! 196

And I to be a corporal of his field,  
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!

What I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!  
A woman that is like a German clock, 200

Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,  
And never going aright, being a watch,

But being watch'd that it may still go right!  
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all; 204

And, among three, to love the worst of all;  
A wighty wanton with a velvet brow,

With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;  
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed 208

Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:  
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 212

Of his almighty dreadful little might.  
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and  
groan:

Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.  
[Exit.]

## ACT IV

SCENE I.—The KING OF NAVARRE'S Park.

Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHA-  
RINE, BOYET, Lords, Attendants, and a  
Forester.

*Prin.* Was that the king, that spurr'd his  
horse so hard

Against the steep uprising of the hill?

*Boyet.* I know not; but I think it was not he.

*Prin.* Whoe'er a' was, a' show'd a mounting  
mind. 4

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch;  
On Saturday we will return to France.

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush  
That we must stand and play the murderer in? 8

*For.* Hereby, upon the edge of yonder cop-  
pice;

A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.

*Prin.* I thank my beauty, I am fair that  
shoot. 11

And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

*For.* Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

*Prin.* What, what? first praise me, and again  
say no?

O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

*For.* Yes, madam, fair.

*Prin.* Nay, never paint me now: 16  
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

Here, good my glass:—[*Gives money.*] Take  
this for telling true:

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

*For.* Nothing but fair is that which you in-  
herit. 20

*Prin.* See, see! my beauty will be sav'd by  
merit.

O heresy in fair, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair  
praise.

But come, the bow: now mercy goes to kill, 24  
And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:

Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;

If wounding, then it was to show my skill, 28  
That more for praise than purpose meant to  
kill.

And out of question so it is sometimes,  
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,

When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward  
part, 32

We bend to that the working of the heart;

As I for praise alone now seek to spill  
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no  
ill.

*Boyet.* Do not curst wives hold that self-  
sovereignty 36

Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be  
Lords o'er their lords?

*Prin.* Only for praise; and praise we may  
afford

To any lady that subdues a lord. 40

Enter COSTARD.

*Boyet.* Here comes a member of the common-  
wealth.

*Cost.* God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which  
is the head lady?

*Prin.* Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the  
rest that have no heads. 45

*Cost.* Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

*Prin.* The thickest, and the tallest.

*Cost.* The thickest, and the tallest! it is so;  
truth is truth. 48

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my  
wit,

One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should  
be fit.

Are not you the chief woman? you are the  
thickest here.

*Prin.* What's your will, sir? what's your will?

*Cost.* I have a letter from Monsieur Berowne  
to one Lady Rosaline. 53

*Prin.* O! thy letter, thy letter; he's a good  
friend of mine.

Stand aside, good bearer. Boyet, you can carve;  
Break up this capon.

*Boyet.* I am bound to serve. 56

This letter is mistook; it importeth none here:  
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

*Prin.* We will read it, I swear.  
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give  
ear.

*Boyet.* By heaven, that thou art fair, is most  
infallible; true, that thou art beautiful; truth  
itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than  
fair, beautiful than beautiful, truer than truth  
itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vas-  
sal! The magnanimous and most illustrious  
king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and  
indubitate beggar Zenelophon, and he it was  
that might rightly say veni, vidi, vici; which to  
anatomize in the vulgar—O base and obscure  
vulgar!—videlicet, he came, saw, and overcame:  
he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who  
came? the king: Why did he come? to see: Why  
did he see? to overcome: To whom came he? to  
the beggar: What saw he? the beggar. Whom  
overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is  
victory: on whose side? the king's; the captive  
is enriched: on whose side? the beggar's. The  
catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side? the  
king's, 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 lowliness. Shall  
I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce  
thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I  
will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes;  
for titles? titles; for thyself? me. Thus, ex-  
pecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot,  
my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy  
every part. 88

Thine, in the dearest design of Industry,  
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.



Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar  
 'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his  
 prey: 92  
 Submissive fall his princely feet before,  
 And he from forage will incline to play.  
 But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou  
 then?  
 Food for his rage, repasture for his den. 96  
 Prin. What plume of feathers is he that in-  
 dited this letter?  
 What vane? what weathercock? did you ever  
 hear better?  
 Boyet. I am much deceiv'd but I remember  
 the style.  
 Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it  
 erewhile. 100  
 Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps  
 here in court;  
 A phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes  
 sport  
 To the prince and his book-mates.  
 Prin. Thou, fellow, a word.  
 Who gave thee this letter?  
 Cost. I told you; my lord. 104  
 Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?  
 Cost. From my lord to my lady.  
 Prin. From which lord, to which lady?  
 Cost. From my lord Berowne, a good master  
 of mine,  
 To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.  
 Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come,  
 lords, away. 109  
 Here, sweet, put up this: 'twill be thine another  
 day. [Exeunt PRINCESS and Train.  
 Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?  
 Ros. Shall I teach you to know?  
 Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.  
 Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.  
 Finely put off! 113  
 Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if  
 thou marry,  
 Hang me by the neck if horns that year mis-  
 carry.  
 Finely put on! 116  
 Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.  
 Boyet. And who is your deer?  
 Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself:  
 come not near.  
 Finely put on, indeed!  
 Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and  
 she strikes at the brow. 120  
 Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: have I hit  
 her now?  
 Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old say-  
 ing, that was a man when King Pepin of France  
 was a little boy, as touching the hit it? 124  
 Boyet. So may I answer thee with one as  
 old, that was a woman when Queen Guinever  
 of Britain was a little wench, as touching the  
 hit it. 128  
 Ros. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,  
 Thou canst not hit it, my good man.  
 Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,  
 An I cannot, another can. 132  
 [Exeunt ROSALINE and KATHARINE.

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant: how both  
 did fit it!  
 Mar. A mark marvellous well shot, for they  
 both did hit it.  
 Boyet. A mark! O! mark but that mark; a  
 mark, says my lady!  
 Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it  
 may be. 136  
 Mar. Wide o' the bow hand! i' faith your  
 hand is out.  
 Cost. Indeed a' must shoot nearer, or he'll  
 ne'er hit the clout.  
 Boyet. An' if my hand be out, then belike  
 your hand is in.  
 Cost. Then will she get the upshoot by cleav-  
 ing the pin. 140  
 Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily; your  
 lips grow foul.  
 Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir:  
 challenge her to bowl.  
 Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good night,  
 my good owl. [Exeunt BOYET and MARIA.  
 Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple  
 clown! 144  
 Lord, lord how the ladies and I have put him  
 down!  
 O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vul-  
 gar wit!  
 When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely,  
 as it were, so fit,  
 Armado, o' the one side, O! a most dainty man.  
 To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her  
 fan! 149  
 To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly  
 a' will swear!  
 And his page o' t'other side, that handful of  
 wit!  
 Ah! heavens, it is a most pathological nit. 152  
 [Shouting within.] Sola, sola! [Exit running.

## SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.  
 Nath. Very reverend sport, truly: and done  
 in the testimony of a good conscience.  
 Hol. The deer was, as you know, sanguis, in  
 blood; ripe as a pomewater, who now hangeth  
 like a jewel in the ear of *cælo*, the sky, the welkin,  
 the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab on the  
 face of *terra*, the soil, the land, the earth. 7  
 Nath. Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets  
 are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but,  
 sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.  
 Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*. 11  
 Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.  
 Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind  
 of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of ex-  
 plication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or,  
 rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclina-  
 tion,—after his undressed, unpolished, unedu-  
 cated, unpruned, untrained, or, rather, un-  
 lettered, or, rather, unconfirmed fashion,—to  
 insert again my *haud credo* for a deer. 20  
 Dull. I said the deer was not a *haud credo*;  
 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *his coctus*!  
 O! thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost  
 thou look! 24  
 Nath. Sir, he hath not fed of the dainties that  
 are bred of a book;  
 he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not  
 drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is  
 only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts:  
 And such barren plants are set before us, that  
 we thankful should be, 29  
 Which we of taste and feeling are, for those  
 parts that do fructify in us more than he;  
 For as it would ill become me to be vain, indis-  
 creet, or a fool:  
 So, were there a patch set on learning, to see  
 him in a school: 32  
 But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old Father's  
 mind,  
 Many can brook the weather that love not the  
 wind.  
 Dull. You two are book-men: can you tell by  
 your wit,  
 What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's  
 not five weeks old as yet? 36  
 Hol. Dictynna, Goodman Dull: Dictynna,  
 Goodman Dull.  
 Dull. What is Dictynna?  
 Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.  
 Hol. The moon was a month old when Adam  
 was no more; 40  
 And taught not to five weeks when he came to  
 five-score.  
 The allusion holds in the exchange.  
 Dull. 'Tis true indeed: the collusion holds in  
 the exchange.  
 Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the  
 allusion holds in the exchange. 45  
 Dull. And I say the pollution holds in the  
 exchange, for the moon is never but a month old;  
 and I say beside that 'twas a pricket that the  
 princess killed. 49  
 Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extem-  
 poral epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to  
 humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the  
 princess killed, a pricket. 53  
 Nath. *Perge*, good Master Holofernes, *perge*;  
 so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.  
 Hol. I will something affect the letter; for it  
 argues facility. 57  
 The preylful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty  
 pleasing pricket;  
 Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made  
 sore with shooting.  
 The dogs did yell; put L to sore, then sorel jumps  
 from thicket; 60  
 Or pricket, sore, or else sorel; the people fall a  
 hooting.  
 If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores  
 one sore!  
 Of one sore I a hundred make, by adding but  
 one more L.  
 Nath. A rare talent! 64  
 Dull. [Aside.] If a talent be a claw, look how  
 he claws him with a talent.  
 Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple;  
 a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures,

shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions,  
 revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of  
 memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*,  
 and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion.  
 But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute,  
 and I am thankful for it. 74

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so  
 may my parishioners; for their sons are well  
 tutored by you, and their daughters profit very  
 greatly under you: you are a good member of  
 the commonwealth. 79

Hol. *Mehercle!* if their sons being untaught, they  
 shall want no instruction; if their daughters be  
 capable, I will put it to them. But, *vir sapit qui  
 pauca loquitur*. A soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, Master parson.  
 Hol. Master parson, *quasi pers-on*. An if  
 one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, Master schoolmaster, he that is  
 likeliest to a hogshead. 88

Hol. Piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of  
 conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint,  
 pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good Master parson [giving a letter to  
 NATHANIEL], be so good as read me this letter:  
 it was given me by Costard, and sent me from  
 Don Armado: I beseech you, read it. 95

Hol. *Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus  
 omne sub umbra Ruminat*, and so forth. Ah!  
 good old Mantuan. I may speak of thee as the  
 traveller doth of Venice:

—*Venetia, Venetia*, 100

*Chi non te vede, non te pretia*.

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who under-  
 standeth thee not, loves thee not. *Ut, re, sol,  
 la, mi, fa*. Under pardon, sir, what are the con-  
 tents? or, rather, as Horace says in his—What,  
 my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse:  
*lege, domine*. 109

Nath. If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to  
 love?

Ah! never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd;  
 Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;  
 Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers  
 bow'd. 113

Study his bias leaves and makes his book thine eyes,  
 Where all those pleasures live that art would com-  
 prehend:

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice.  
 Well learned is that tongue that well can thee com-  
 mend; 117

All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;  
 Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire.  
 Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful  
 thunder. 120

Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.  
 Celestial as thou art, O! pardon love this wrong,  
 That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!

Hol. You find not the apostrophas, and so  
 miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet.  
 Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the  
 elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy,  
*caret*. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why,