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THE NEW TEMPLE SHAKESPEARE



Edited by M. R. Ridley, M.A.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

by William Shakespeare



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Editor's General Note

The Text. The editor has kept before him the aim of presenting to the modern reader the nearest possible approximation to what Shakespeare actually wrote. The text is therefore conservative, and is based on the earliest reliable printed text. But to avoid distraction (*a*) the spelling is modernised, and (*b*) a limited number of universally accepted emendations is admitted without comment. Where a Quarto text exists as well as the First Folio the passages which occur only in the Quarto are enclosed in square brackets [] and those which occur only in the Folio in brace brackets { }.

Scene Division. The rapid continuity of the Elizabethan curtainless production is lost by the 'traditional' scene divisions. Where there is an essential difference of place these scene divisions are retained. Where on the other hand the change of place is insignificant the scene division is indicated only by a space on the page. For ease of reference, however, the 'traditional' division is retained at the head of the page and in line numbering.

Notes. Passages on which there are notes are indicated by a † in the margin.

Punctuation adheres more closely than has been usual to the 'Elizabethan' punctuation of the early texts. It is often therefore more indicative of the way in which the lines were to be delivered than of their syntactical construction.

Glossaries are arranged on a somewhat novel principle, not alphabetically, but in the order in which the words or phrases occur. The editor is much indebted to Mr J. N. Bryson for his collaboration in the preparation of the glossaries.

Preface

The Text. The First Quarto appeared in 1598, with the following title-page:—A / PLEASANT / Conceited Comedie / CALLED / Loves labors lost. / As it was presented before her Highnes / this last Christmas. / Newly corrected and augmented / By *W. Shakespere.* / Imprinted at London by *W. W.* / for Cutbert Burby. / 1598. The First Folio was undoubtedly printed from a copy of this Quarto, since, though it corrects a number of merely typographical errors, it perpetuates others (e.g. where Q, owing to loose type, reads *vene we* for *venewe* F faithfully follows it). It also, as usual, introduces a number of errors of its own. Its most significant alterations are the addition of the last six words of the play, and a good deal of tinkering with speech-headings. These latter alterations (as probably also the addition) appear to be due to someone in the playhouse trying to straighten out, for acting purposes, some serious difficulties of the Quarto text. There is no reason to suppose that any of them are Shakespeare's own, and the Quarto, therefore, is the authoritative text.

But the Quarto presents plenty of difficulties of its own. It is very clear that the process of correction and augmentation of which the title-page advises us had either been somewhat hurriedly done and not neatly tidied up, or that it had left the MS. in a condition that was altogether too much for the unhappy compositor; more than probably both. To take the two most obvious examples, IV. iii. 294-315 is clearly a first draft of the speech which immediately follows it (316-63), and V. ii. 807-12 is the first draft of a conversation which appears in its full form a little lower (827-44). The New Cambridge editors argue cogently that Shakespeare did

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

indeed cancel the first drafts, but that the compositor did not understand, or neglected, the cancellations; which, though it causes confusion and redundancy in the text as it stands, is happy for us, since it gives us one of our too rare chances of seeing Shakespeare at work.

Other evidences of revision are broadcast throughout the play, notably in the desperate confusion in Q between the speech-headings of *Nathaniel* and *Holofernes*. But the whole question of the extent of this revision and the determination of which sections of the play have been most thoroughly worked over, fascinating problem though it is, is both technical and highly intricate, and the presentation of it would be tedious to those readers who wish to read the play with as little distraction as may be. It will be found most ably presented in the New Cambridge edition.

But even in the interests of a straightforward reading of the play something must be said of one particular section of this problem, the 'Katherine-Rosaline tangle' in II. i. For a full discussion of this also the reader must be referred to the New Cambridge edition (though I think that the editors find unnecessary complications). But in general it is clear that, if the inquiries of the men as to the identity of the ladies are to be made plausible, the ladies must be masked (which is, indeed, implied in I. 124, but of which there is no specific indication), and the conclusion is irresistible that the mask-mistaken-identity motif was originally intended for this scene, and then transferred to, and worked out more fully in, the second scene of Act V, with the result that this scene certainly required, and perhaps received, revision. Clearly in this scene, if V. ii. is not to be merely a weak repetition, the men must pair off without difficulty with their respective ladies.

PREFACE

And now to examine the scene as it stands in the Quarto. From ll. 38-76 we know that Maria has met Longavill at (presumably) the residence of Jaques Falconbridge, that Katherine has met Dumaine at the Duke of Alanson's, and that Rosaline has met Berowne at the same place and on the same occasion. When the king enters with his three lords, Berowne addresses himself to Katherine, has a brief conversation with her, in which her masking is clearly implied, and leaves her (114-28). After an interlude between the King and the Princess, Berowne addresses himself to Rosaline, and has a conversation in which there is no implication of masking, and exit. Dumaine enters and asks who the lady is, is told by Boyet that she is Rosaline, the heir of Alanson, and exit (180-96). Longavill then asks who 'she in the white' is, is told that she is the heir of Falconbridge (*i.e.* presumably Maria), and exit (197-208). Berowne enters and asks who the lady is 'in the cap,' is told that it is Katherine, and exit (209-14). The Folio follows the Quarto throughout with the one exception that it makes the first conversation between Rosaline and Berowne instead of between Katherine and Berowne. But the editors have been busy with emendations. To dispose of one point first, it has been generally supposed that (to quote the New Cambridge editors) "Boyet's reply (195) 'The heir of Alanson, Rosaline her name' cannot be correct, since it appears from l. 61 above that 'the heir of Alanson' is Katherine." But this does not appear at all. All that we know is that Katherine met Dumaine at the Duke Alanson's, where Rosaline met Berowne. Either of them might as easily be the heir as the other. Also, since the middle of the last century most editors have followed Singer in reading Rosaline for Katherine in l. 210. Now, if we take the scene as it stands, on the supposition that the ladies are masked, though not wholly satisfactory, it will

LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST

work (as was indeed pointed out by Capell, though with, as I think, quite unnecessary complications). Berowne converses with both Katherine and Rosaline ; his opening question to the former, and hers to him (if we retain them both), are natural enough on the assumption that he had met her on the same occasion as that on which he met Rosaline. Symmetry would no doubt be improved if his question about the lady in the cap were about Maria, and Boyet's answer merely to keep up the mystification ; but, in fact, Berowne is not interested in Maria, whom he has never met ; what he wants to know is which is which of the masked ladies whom he thinks he has met before. Dumaine is, I think, in the same boat (having also presumably met them both before, at the Duke of Alanson's), and though he asks his first question about the wrong one, her identification means for him the identification of his own Katherine. Longavill asks only about the lady that he has met before, namely Maria ; and, incidentally, his description of her as ' she in the white ' seems an additional argument against Capell's complication of making Berowne's question about ' her in the cap ' refer to Maria. Now we can observe one interesting point about this scene, namely, that so far as the lords and ladies are concerned (excluding, that is, the King and the Princess) it falls into two quite distinct parts ; there are first two conversations of Berowne, one with Katherine and one with Rosaline, during which the other two lords and Maria and Boyet say nothing at all ; and there is then a series of questions by all three lords, with answers by Boyet, but no direct conversation between any lord and any lady. The scene as it stands is suspiciously ill-balanced ; there is altogether too much of Berowne, and one can hardly resist a guess that at one stage his conversations were balanced by others, involving at least Dumaine, though perhaps not Longavill, the

PREFACE

neat criss-cross of Act V being here impossible, since the King and the Princess are immobilised by talking business. But taking the scene as we have it, how is a dramatist, who has decided to discard for subsequent use the masking and mistaken identity, going to adapt it? Surely by simply cutting out the Berowne conversations and leaving the interrogations of Boyet. This, amongst other things, makes the actual staging much easier; there are now two groups of figures, the Princess, with her ladies in attendance, talking to the King, on the one hand, and on the other the three lords asking questions of Boyet. There remains only one difficulty, namely, that in the scene as thus simplified the three lords, one feels, ought all to ask after the right lady, and not the wrong. It may be no more than that Shakespeare was careless, and omitted to transpose Katherine and Rosaline. But the difficulty may be otherwise resolved with the aid of a brilliant conjecture of Professor Charlton. On his theory 'Katherine' originally stood in both l. 195 and l. 210, and Shakespeare, knowing that a 'Katherine' had somewhere to be corrected, looked for her at about the right place, found her, and corrected, without noticing that he was ten lines out. The objections to this are, first, that it implies very careless correcting, and second, more serious, that it means that in the unrevised form of the scene there were two questions about Katherine within 20 lines, one right and one wrong, and no question about Rosaline, instead of there being one question about each of the ladies.

At all events, when we are reading the scene, it is important to bear in mind that we are reading a passage in which an adaptation has been imperfectly carried out, whether because Shakespeare did not completely execute it, or because the compositor neglected his instructions.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Date of Composition. As the play was 'corrected and augmented' for performance 'before her Highnes this last Christmas,' and was published in 1598, it is to be presumed that it reached the form in which we have it some time during 1597. All we can say about the uncorrected and unaugmented version is that it was probably anterior to 1594, since in his dedicatory epistle to *The Shadow of Night* (1594) Chapman appears to make allusions to *Love's Labour's Lost*. And we cannot put it much before 1594, unless we are going to make one of two suppositions, either that the 'correction and augmentation' was not with immediate view to the performance before her Highness but much earlier, or that Shakespeare was conducting a process of piecemeal tinkering with the play, adding an allusion here and a parody there as something topical caught his fancy. Unless we make one of those two suppositions we are more or less pinned down to the latter part of 1593 for the first version, since there is an allusion, quite unmistakable, in IV. ii. 82, to a passage in Gabriel Harvey's *Pierce's Supererogation*, which did not appear till 1593. (It is, however, only fair to say that this limitation of date can be evaded if we suppose Shakespeare to have read Harvey in MS., a possibility which the New Cambridge editors cheerfully postulate with regard to Chapman's poem, and neglect with regard to the *Supererogation*.) Metrical tests, which are always as fallacious for exact as they are valuable for general determination of date, are for this play the worst kind of broken reed on which if a man lean it will pierce his hand, simply because of the peculiar nature of the play. It is designedly 'lyrical,' and that means that it is comparatively early; but it also means that it is likely to have a higher proportion of rhyme, whether couplet or alternate, than, let us say, the designedly artificial *Comedy of Errors*. But no one except a critic, who, by much calculation of percentages,

PREFACE

has become like the deaf adder, is going to say that *therefore* this play is the earlier of the two. In general the probabilities point to a first version of the play in 1593, and a revision in 1597.

Sources. Of the 'historical' sources I propose to say almost nothing at all. Attempts have been made to connect the play with a debt of 200,000 crowns owed by Charles VI of France to Charles III of Navarre in the early fifteenth century. This seems of no relevance at all. On the other hand, in 1586 there was an attempt at mediation between France and Navarre conducted by Catherine de' Medici (*i.e.* by a Princess of France, though a singularly different kind of Princess), and among the names connected with the transaction are, besides Navarre himself, a Maréchal Biron (of which Berowne is the English form), a Duc de Longaville, and a Duc de Maine. And the coincidence of names is beyond accident; it is also of no importance to an appreciation of the play.

For the last thing that the play is is historical. It is topical, topical, and then again topical out of all hooping, to an extent acutely exasperating to a modern reader, who is aware that on every page he is either missing an allusion altogether or must go delving in notes in the uncertain hope of finding the point. To take only two instances, the charge-house-mons-mountain passage in V. i. 75-78, and the elaborate play that is made with the silly doggerel of the Moral and L'Envoy in III. i. 79-98, cry out to us that they have a point; but no one has yet discovered with any kind of conviction what the point is. On the more resolvable topicalities the New Cambridge editors have thrown more light than any others. It will be perhaps enough here to draw attention to two points; first, that Moth is almost certainly intended as a caricature of Thomas Nashe, the 'young Juvenal' of Meres' *Wit's*

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Treasury (see I. ii.), the writer of *Pierce Penilesse* (see the frequent puns on 'purse,' 'pen,' and 'penny'), to whom Harvey, describing him as "Penniles in witt as in purse," suggests in *Pierce's Supererogation* that he might next publish Nashe's *Penniworth of Discretion* (see V. i. 67, *thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion*; and also IV. ii. 82, and the note on it). Secondly, that a good deal of the satire of the play is apparently directed against a 'set' of persons addicted to mathematics and astronomy, of which Chapman's *The Shadow of Night* was a product (see II. i. 16, *the base sale of chapmen's tongues*, and IV. iii. 253, *the school of night*), and which may with some probability be identified with the so-called 'School of Atheisme.' When we have added to this that no reader can read this play with more than most imperfect appreciation who does not read it in the closest connection with Shakespeare's sonnets, and particularly the 'dark lady' sonnets (see all that Berowne has to say, and it is startlingly much, about his dark Rosaline, and her eyes), we have perhaps done as much as in so brief a space can be attempted.

Criticism. The play has been hardly dealt with by the critics. Dryden dismissed it with a scornful comment. Johnson said that it had many passages mean, childish, and vulgar, and "some which ought not to have been exhibited, as we are told they were, to a maiden queen." (One wonders in passing whether this is a criticism of the play or the queen, and what blunt comments might have fallen from the maiden but Tudor lips on Johnson's ponderous care for her sensibilities.) But he does also, with characteristic judgment, protest against those who "have concurred to censure the play and rejected it as unworthy of our Poet," that "there are scattered, through the whole, many sparks of genius; nor is there any play

PREFACE

that has more evident marks of the hand of Shakespeare." Brandes thought it tedious, and Dowden dismisses it in a page or two, in which he hardly examines it as a play, but makes the remarkable comment that "the play is chiefly interesting as containing Shakespeare's confession of faith with respect to the true principles of self-culture"; a criticism which must surely rank as a close proximate accessit to Johnson's criticism of Gray's *Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat* as an example of solemnity miscomprehending fancy. Even Hazlitt seems to suffer from an odd attack of blindness. "If we were to part with any of the author's comedies, it should be this." (And keep both the *Errors* and the *Two Gentlemen*?) "The style savours more of the pedantic spirit of Shakespeare's time than of his own genius; more of controversial divinity, and the logic of Peter Lombard, than of the inspiration of the Muse. . . . Shakespeare has set himself to imitate the tone of polite conversation then prevailing among the fair, the witty and the learned, and he has imitated it but too faithfully." Imitation, no; parody, yes. And of the lovely lyric quality of much of the play, not a word. It is refreshing to turn from this to Swinburne, the orotundity and cloying sweetness of whose adulation should not be allowed to obscure for us the real critical insight which they often so smotheringly overlie. "In another of Shakespeare's earliest works, which might almost be described as a lyrical farce, rhyme plays also a great part, but the finest passage, the real crown and flower of *Love's Labour's Lost*, is the praise or apology of love spoken by Biron in blank verse. This is worthy of Marlowe for dignity and sweetness, but has also the grace of a light and radiant fancy enamoured of itself, begotten between thought and mirth, a child-god with grave lips and laughing eyes, whose inspiration is nothing akin to Marlowe's. In this as in the overture of the play and in its closing scene, but especially

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

in the noble passage which winds up for a year the courtship of Biron and Rosaline, the spirit which informs the speech of the poet is finer of touch and deeper of tone than in the sweetest of the serious interludes of the *Comedy of Errors*. The play is in the main a yet lighter thing, and more wayward and capricious in build, more formless and fantastic in plot, more incomposite altogether than that first heir of Shakespeare's comic invention, which on its own ground is perfect in its consistency, blameless in composition and coherence; while in *Love's Labour's Lost* the fancy for the most part runs wild as the wind, and the structure of the story is as that of a house of clouds which the wind builds and unbuilds at pleasure. Here we find a very riot of rhymes, wild and wanton in their half-grown grace as a troop of 'young satyrs, tender-hoofed and ruddy-horned'; during certain scenes we seem almost to stand again by the cradle of new-born comedy, and hear the first lisping and laughing accents run over from her baby lips in bubbling rhyme; but when the note changes we recognise the speech of gods. For the first time in our literature the higher key of poetic or romantic comedy is finely touched to a fine issue." There is little more to be said. Of course the play is 'artificial,' and of course parody 'dates,' and its particular salt loses its savour more quickly than most; but through the artificiality moves the most human figure of Berowne, at times an early Mercutio, and like him at times discoursing some of the truest poetry that even Shakespeare ever wrote; the artificiality itself has an airy lightness; and again and again, when we are beginning to be weary of the parody, and of the sense of bafflement with which we know that we are missing a point, suddenly we find ourselves standing by the cradle of new-born comedy, or hearing the tone change to the speech of gods.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

FERDINAND, *king of Navarre.*

BEROWNE,
LONGAVILL, } *lords attending on the King.*
DUMAINE, }

BOYET,
MERCADÉ, } *lords attending on the Princess of France.*

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical Spaniard.*

SIR NATHANIEL, *a curate.*

HOLOFERNES, *a pedant.*

DULL, *a constable.*

COSTARD, *a clown.*

MOTH, *page to Armado.*

A Forester.

The PRINCESS of France.

ROSALINE,
MARIA, } *ladies attending on the Princess.*
KATHERINE, }

JAQUENETTA, *a country wench.*

Lords, Attendants, &c.

SCENE : *Navarre.*

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

*The whole action takes place in the king of
Navarre's park*

*Enter Ferdinand, king of Navarre, Berowne, Longavill,
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, 10
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world,
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

You three, Berowne, Dumaine, and Longavill,
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 20
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.

Lon. I am resolved, '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 : 30
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 : 40

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. 50

I only swore to study with your grace,

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

Lon. 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 recompence.

Ber. Come on, then, I will swear to study so,

To know the thing I am forbid to know : 60

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 ;

LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST

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, 70
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.

Study me how to please the eye indeed, 80

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 90
 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 !

Lon. 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 rhyme.

*King.*Berowne is like an envious sneaping frost, 100

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 any abortive birth ?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows :

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. 110

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

LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST

And though I have for barbarism spoke more
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn,
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. (reads) ' *Item*, That no woman shall come within a
mile of my court.'—Hath this been proclaimed ? 120

Lon. Four days ago.

Ber. Let's see the penalty. *(reads)* ' on pain of losing
her tongue.' Who devis'd this penalty ?

Lon. Marry, that did I.

Ber. Sweet lord, and why ?

Lon. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Ber. A dangerous law against gentility !

(reads) ' *Item*, If any man be seen to talk with a
woman within the term of three years, he shall en-
dure such public shame as the rest of the court can 130
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 bedrid father.

Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot. 140

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, 150

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 other as to me :

But I believe, although I seem so loth,

I am the last that will last keep his oath.

But is there no quick recreation granted? 160

LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST

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.

170

Ber. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Lon. 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 ?

180

Ber. This, fellow : what wouldst ?

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

Ber. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you: there's
villany abroad, this letter will tell you more.

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

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Ber. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high 190
words.

Lon. A high hope for a low heaven, God grant us †
patience!

Ber. To hear, or forbear hearing? †

Lon. 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.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta.
The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner. 200

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.

Ber. For the following, sir?

LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST

*Cost.*As it shall follow in my correction, and God defend 210
the right !

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

Ber. As we would hear an oracle.

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

King.(reads) ' Great deputy, the welkin's vice-gerent, and
sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's god, and
body's fostering patron.'—

*Cost.*Not a word of Costard yet.

King.(reads) ' So it is,'— 220

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

*King.*Peace !

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

*King.*No words !

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

King.(reads) ' So it is, besicged with sable-coloured melan-
choly, 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 : 230
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 ycleped Thy Park. Then for the place Where? where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured Ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the place 240
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,'— †

Cost. Me?

King. (*reads*) 'that unlettered small-knowing soul,'—

Cost. Me?

King. (*reads*) 'that shallow vassal,'—

Cost. Still me..

King. (*reads*) 'which, as I remember, hight Costard,'— 250

Cost. O, me!

King. (*reads*) 'sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed Edict and continent Canon, which with, O, with, but with this I passion to say where-with: '—

Cost. With a wench.

King. (*reads*) '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

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet Grace's Officer, Anthony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.'

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

King.(reads) '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. DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.' 270

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?

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.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment to be taken with a wench. 280

Cost. I was taken with none, sir, I was taken with a damsel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damsel.

Cost. This was no damsel neither, sir, she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too, for it was proclaimed virgin.

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.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence : you shall fast
a week with bran and water. 290

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

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.

My Lord Berowne, see him delivered o'er,
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

Exeunt King, Longavill, 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.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir ; for true it is, I was taken
with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl, and, 300
therefore, welcome the sour cup of prosperity,
affliction may one day smile again, and till then,
sit thee down, sorrow ! *Exeunt*

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Enter Armado and Moth his Page

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

Mo. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Ar. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Mo. No, no, O Lord, sir, no.

Ar. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender Juvenal ?

Mo. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough signior. 10

Ar. Why tough signior ? why tough signior ?

Mo. Why tender Juvenal ? why tender Juvenal ?

Ar. I spoke it tender Juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Mo. And I tough signior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Ar. Pretty and apt.

Mo. How mean you, sir ? I pretty, and my saying apt ? or I apt, and my saying pretty ? 20

Ar. Thou pretty, because little.

Mo. Little pretty, because little : wherefore apt ?

Ar. And therefore apt, because quick.

Mo. Speak you this in my praise, master ?

Ar. In thy condign praise.

Mo. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Ar. What ? that an eel is ingenious ?

Mo. That an eel is quick.

Ar. I do say thou art quick in answers. Thou heat'st
my blood.

30

Mo. I am answer'd, sir.

Ar. I love not to be cross'd.

Mo. (*aside*) He speaks the mere contrary ; crosses love
not him.

Ar. I have promised to study three years with the Duke.

Mo. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Ar. Impossible.

Mo. How many is one thrice told ?

Ar. I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Mo. You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

40

Ar. I confess both, they are both the varnish of a com-
plete man.

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

Ar. It doth amount to one more than two.

Mo. Which the base vulgar do call three.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Ar. Truc.

Mo. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere ye'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study 50 three years in two words, the dancing horse will † tell you.

Ar. A most fine figure!

Mo. To prove you a cipher.

Ar. 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-devis'd 60 curtsy. I think scorn to sigh, methinks I should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy, what great men have been in love?

Mo. Hercules, master.

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

Mo. 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. 70

Ar. 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?

Mo. A woman, master.

Ar. Of what complexion?

Mo. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of
the four.

Ar. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Mo. Of the sea-water green, sir. 80

Ar. Is that one of the four complexions?

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

Ar. 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.

Mo. It was so, sir, for she had a green wit. †

Ar. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Mo. Most maculate thoughts, master, are mask'd under
such colours.

Ar. Define, define, well-educated infant. 90

Mo. My father's wit and my mother's tongue assist
me!

Ar. Sweet invocation of a child, most pretty and
pathetical!

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

LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST

For blush in cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale white shown :
Then if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know ; 100
For still her cheeks possess the same
Which native she doth owe.

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

Ar. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the †
Beggar ?

Mo. 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. 110

Ar. 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.

Mo. (aside) To be whipp'd : and yet a better love than
my master.

Ar. Sing, boy, my spirit grows heavy in love.

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

Ar. I say, sing. 120

Mo. 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 suffer him to 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 allow'd for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Ar. I do betray myself with blushing. Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Ar. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.

130

Ar. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Ar. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Ar. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Ar. And so, farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away!

Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta

Ar. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be 140
pardoned.

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

Ar. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

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

Ar. Take away this villain, shut him up.

Mo. Come, you transgressing slave, away !

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

Mo. No, sir, that were fast and loose: thou shalt to 150
prison.

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

Mo. 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

Ar. I do affect the very ground (which is base) where 160
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 cause will not serve my turn; the passado he 171 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 rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnet. Devise, wit, write, pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. *Exit*

*Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Katherine,
Boyet, Lords, and other Attendants*

Boy. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:
Consider who the king your father sends,
To whom he sends, and what's his embassy.
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor

LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST

Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre, the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As Nature was in making graces dear, 10
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise :
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues : †
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth
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 outwear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court :
Therefore to 's 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,
As our best-moving fair solicitor :
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France, 30

On serious business craving quick dispatch,
 Importunes personal conference with his Grace.
 Haste, signify so much, while we attend,
 Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Boy. 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,
 That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke ?

First Lord. Lord Longavill is one.

Prin. Know you the man ?

Mar. I know him, madam : at a marriage-feast, 40

Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
 Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
 In Normandy, saw I this Longavill :

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

Well fitted in 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,
 Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will :

Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still 50
 wills

It should none spare that come within his power

Prin. Some merry mocking lord belike, is 't so ?

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

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

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

Who are the rest ?

Kat. The young Dumaine, a well-accomplish'd youth,

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. 60

I saw him at the Duke Alanson's once,

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. †

Berowne they call him, but a merrier man,

Within the limit of becoming mirth,

I never spent an hour's talk withal.

His eye begets occasion for his wit,

For every object that the one doth catch, 70

The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,

Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)

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.

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? 80

Boy. Navarre had notice of your fair approach,
 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,
 Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
 Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
 To let you enter his unpeopled house. †
 Here comes Navarre.

Enter King, Longavill, Dumaine, Berowne, and Attendants

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre. 90

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.

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 nothing else. 100

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping ;
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it.
But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold,
To teach a teacher ill bescemeth me ;
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit. 110

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.

Ber. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once ? †

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

Ber. I know you did.

Kat. How needless was it, then, to ask the question !

Ber. You must not be so quick.

Kat. 'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such questions.

Ber. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire. 120

Kat. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Ber. What time o' day ?

Kat. The hour that fools should ask.

Ber. Now fair befall your mask !

Kat. Fair fall the face it covers !

Ber. And send you many lovers !

Kat. Amen, so you be none.

Ber. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate

The payment of a hundred thousand crowns, 130

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,

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 valued to the money's worth.

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 ;

Which we much rather had depart withal,

And have the money by our father lent,

Than Aquitaine, so gelded as it is.

Dear princess, were not his requests so far 150

LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST

From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest I never heard of it :
And if you prove it, I 'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitaine.

Prin. We arrest your word. 160
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a sum from special officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boy. So please your Grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound :
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
As honour (without breach of honour) may 170
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

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.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your Grace !

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place ! *Exit*

Ber. Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart. 180

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

Ber. I would you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick ?

Ber. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

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. 190

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 ?

Boy. The heir of Alanson, Rosaline her name. †

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

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

Boy. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Lon. Perchance light in the light. I desire her name.

Boy. She hath but one for herself, to desire that were a
shame.

200

Lon. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boy. Her mother's, I have heard.

Lon. God's blessing on your beard!

Boy. Good sir, be not offended.

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Lon. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

Boy. Not unlike, sir, that may be.

Exit Longavill

Ber. What's her name in the cap?

Boy. Katherine, by good hap.

†

Ber. Is she wedded or no?

211

Boy. To her will, sir, or so.

Ber. You are welcome, sir, adieu.

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

Exit Berowne

Mar. That last is Berowne the merry mad-cap lord:

Not a word with him but a jest.

Boy. And every jest but a word.

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

Boy. I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.

Kat. Two hot sheeps, marry.

Boy. And wherefore not ships?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips. 220

Kat. You sheep and I pasture : shall that finish the jest ?

Boy. So you grant pasture for me. *Offering to kiss her*

Kat. Not so, gentle beast :

My lips are no common, though several they be.

Boy. Belonging to whom ?

Kat. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling ; but, gentles, agree :

This civil war of wits were much better used

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

Boy. If my observation, which very seldom lies,

By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,

Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected. 230

Prin. With what ?

Boy. With that which we lovers entitle affected.

Prin. Your reason ?

Boy. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire :

His heart like an agate with your print impressed,

Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed :

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, 240

To feel only looking on fairest of fair :

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

LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST

As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy,
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 margent did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.
I'll give you Aquitaine, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come to our pavilion : Boyet is dispos'd. 250

Boy. 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.

Mar. Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest skilfully. †

Kat. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

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

Boy. Do you hear, my mad wenches ?

Ladies. No.

Boy. What then, do you see ?

Ladies. Ay, our way to be gone. †

Boy. You are too hard for me.

Exeunt

Enter Armado and Moth

Ar. Warble, child, make passionate my sense of hearing.

Mo. Concolinel. *Singing*

Ar. 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.

Mo. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl ?

Ar. How meanest thou ? brawling in French ?

Mo. 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 10
a note, sometime through the throat, as if you
swallow'd love with singing love, sometime through
the nose, as if you snuff'd up love by smelling love ;
with your hat penthouse-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
betray nice wenches that would be betray'd without 20

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

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

Ar. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Mo. By my pen of observation.

Ar. But O,—but O,—

Mo. 'The hobby-horse is forgot.'

Ar. Call'st thou my love 'hobby-horse'?

Mo. No, master, the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney: but have you forgot your love?

Ar. Almost I had.

Mo. Negligent student, learn her by heart!

Ar. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Mo. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

Ar. What wilt thou prove?

Mo. 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.

Ar. I am all these three.

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

Ar. Fetch hither the swain, he must carry me a letter.

Mo. A message well sympathiz'd, a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

Ar. Ha, ha ! what sayest thou ?

Mo. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, 50
for he is very slow-gaited : but I go.

Ar. The way is but short, away !

Mo. As swift as lead, sir.

Ar. The meaning, pretty ingenious ?

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

Mo. *Minime*, honest master, or rather, master, no.

Ar. I say lead is slow.

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

Ar. Sweet smoke of rhetoric !

He reputes me a cannon ; and the bullet, that 's he : 60
I shoot thee at the swain.

Mo. Thump, then, and I flee. *Exit*

Ar. A most acute juvenal, volable and free of grace !
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face :
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter Moth with Costard

Mo. A wonder, master ! here 's a Costard broken in a
shin.

LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST

Ar. 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 plantain ! no
l'envoy, no l'envoy ; no salve, sir, but a plantain ! 70

Ar. 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 ?

Mo. Do the wise think them other ? is not l'envoy a
salve ? †

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

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.

[I will example it :

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee, †
Were still at odds, being but three. 81

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

Mo. I will add the l'envoy. Say the moral again.

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

Mo. 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.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Ar. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Ar. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

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

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

120

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

Ar. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance, and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this : bear this significant (*giving a letter*) to the country maid Jaquenetta : there is remuneration, for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow.

Exit

Mo. Like the sequel, I. Signior Costard, adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh, my incony Jew !

130

Exit Moth

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

tion ! 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 !

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a
man buy for a remuneration ? 140

Ber. What is a remuneration ?

Cost. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

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

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

Ber. Stay, slave, I must employ thee.

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. This afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir : fare you well. 150

Ber. Thou knowest not what it is.

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

Ber. Why, villain, thou must know first.

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

Ber. It must be done this afternoon ; hark, slave, it is
but this :

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,

LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST

And Rosaline they call her ; ask for her, 160
 And to her white hand see thou do commend
 This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon ; go.

Giving him a shilling

Cost. Gardon, O sweet gardon ! better than remunera-
 tion, 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,
 A critic, nay, a night-watch constable ; 170

A domineering pedant o'er the Boy,
 Than whom no mortal so magnificent !
 This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward Boy,
 This signior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid,
 Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
 The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans :
 Liege of all loiterers and malcontents :

Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
 Sole imperator and great general
 Of trotting 'paritors : (O my little heart !)

And I to be a corporal of his field,
 And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop !
 What ? I love, I sue, I seek a wife,

A woman, that is like a German clock,
 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 ;
 And, among three, to love the worst of all,
 A whitely 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,
 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
 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*

190

*Enter the Princess, and her train, a Forester, Boyet,
 Rosaline, Maria, and Katherine*

Prin. Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard
 Against the steep-up rising of the hill ?

LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST

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

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

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 ?

For. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice,

A stand where you may make the fairest shoot. 10

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

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 :

Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

Here (good my glass) take this for telling true : †

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit. 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,

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,
 That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
 And, out of question, so it is sometimes : 30
 Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
 When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
 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.

Boy. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty
 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

Boy. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Enter Costard

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.

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.

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

LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST

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

50

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.

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.

Boy. I am bound to serve.

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.

Boy. (*reads*) By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infal- 60
lible: true that thou art beauteous, truth itself that
thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than
beauteous, truer than truth itself; have commiseration
on thy heroical Vassal! The magnanimous and
most illustre King Cophetua set eye upon the
pernicious and 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 over- †

came : he came, one ; see, two ; overcame, three. 70
 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. Who
 overcame he ? the Beggar. The conclusion is
 victory : on whose side ? the King's : the captive
 is enrich'd : 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 80
 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 tittles titles,
 for thyself me ? Thus expecting thy reply, I pro-
 fane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture,
 and my heart on thy every part. 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 : 90
 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.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter ?
What vane ? what weathercock ? did you ever hear
better ?

Boy. I am much deceived but I remember the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it crewhile. .

Boy. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court,
A phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport 100
To the prince and his bookmates.

Prin. Thou fellow, a word.
Who gave thee this letter ?

Cost. I told you my lord.

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.
(*to Ros.*) Here, sweet, put up this, 'twill be thine
another day. *Exeunt Princess and train*

Boy. Who is the suitor ? who is the suitor ? †

Ros. Shall I teach you to know ?

Boy. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow. 110

Finely put off !

Boy. My lady goes to kill horns, but, if thou marry,

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on !

Ros. Well, then, I am the shooter.

Boy. 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.

Boy. But she herself is hit lower : have I hit her now ?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that 120
was a man when King Pippin of France was a
little boy, as touching the hit it ?

Boy. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a
woman when Queen Guinover of Britain was a
little wench, as touching the hit it.

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

Boy. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can.

Exeunt Rosaline and Katherine

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant, how both did fit it ! 130

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did
hit it.

Boy. A mark ! O, mark but that mark ! A mark, says
my lady !

LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST

Let the mark have a prick in 't, to mete at, if it may be.

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.

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

Cost. Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow foul.

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

Boy. I fear too much rubbing : good night, my good owl. *Exeunt Boyet and Maria* 140

Cost. By my soul, a swain, a most simple clown !

Lord, Lord, how the ladies and I have put him down !

O' my troth, most sweet jests, most incony vulgar wit !

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

Armado o' th' one side,—O, a most dainty man !

To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan !

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 !

Sola, sola ! (Shout within.) Exit Costard 150

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull

Nat. 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 the pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *caelo*, the sky, the welkin, the heaven, and anon falleth like a crab on the face of *terra*, the soil, the land, the earth.

Nat. 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. 10

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

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 explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or ratherest unconfirmed fashion, to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said the deer was not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket. 20

Hol. Twice-sod simplicity, *bis coctus*,

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou
look !

Nat. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred
in 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,

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, indiscreet,
or a fool,

So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a
school :

30

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 me by your wit
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that 's not five
weeks old as yet ?

Hol. Dictynna, goodman Dull ; Dictynna, goodman †
Dull.

Dull. What is Dictima ?

Nat. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old when Adam was no
 more,
 And raught not to five weeks when he came to five-
 score.

The allusion holds in the exchange. 40

Dull. 'Tis true indeed ; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity ; I say, the allusion holds
 in the exchange.

Dull. And I say, the polusion holds in the exchange ;
 for the moon is never but a month old : and I say
 beside that, 'twas a pricket that the princess kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on
 the death of the deer ? And, to humour the ignorant,
 call'd " The deer : the Princess kill'd a Pricket."

Nat. Perge, good Master Holofernes, *perge*, so it shall please 50
 you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.
 The preyclful princess pierced 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 ell to sore, then sorel jumps
 from thicket :

Or pricket sore, or else sorel ; the people fall
 a-hooting.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

If sore be sore, then ell to sore makes fifty sores o'
sorel.

Of one sore I an hundred make by adding but one
more L.

Nat. A rare talent !

Dull. (*aside*) If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him 60
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.

Nat. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my
parishioners ; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, 70
and their daughters profit very greatly under you :
you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. Mehercle, if their sons be ingenious, 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 Person.

†

Hol. Master Person, *quasi* pers-on. An if one should
be perc'd, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a 80
hogshead.

Hol. Percing 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 Person, 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.

Hol. *Facile, precor gelida quando pecas omnia sub umbra* †
Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan,
I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice; 90
Venetia, Venetia, †
Chi non ti vede non ti pretia.

Old Mantuan, old Mantuan, who understandeth
thee not, loves thee not. *Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*
Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or
rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul,
verses?

Nat. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanze, a verse; *lege, domine.* 99

Nat. (*reads*)

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove,
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like
osiers bowed.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes.
Where all those pleasures live, that art would
comprehend :

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice ;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee
commend ;

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,

110

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, indeed, Naso, but for
smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the
jerks of invention ? *Imitari* is nothing : so doth the
hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse

120

his rider. But, *damosella virgin*, was this directed to you ?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Berowne, one of the † strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript : 'To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.' I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for † the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto : 'Your ladyship's in all desired em- 130 ployment, BEROWNE.' Sir Nathaniel, this Berowne is one of the votaries with the king ; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's : which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and go, my sweet ; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king, it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment, I forgive thy duty, adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me. Sir, God save your life !

140

Cost. Have with thee, my girl. *Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.*

Nat. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously ; and, as a certain father saith,—

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours. But to return to the verses, did they please you, Sir Nathaniel ?

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Nat. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine, where, if (before repast) it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege 150
I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*, where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your society.

Nat. And thank you too : for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. (to *Dull*) Sir, I do invite you too ; you shall not say me nay : *pauca verba*. Away ! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. *Exeunt* 160

Enter Berowne, with a paper

Ber. The king he is hunting the deer, I am coursing myself. They have pitched a toil, I am toiling in a pitch,—pitch that defiles ; defile, a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow ! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool : well proved, wit ! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax : it

kills sheep, it kills me, I a sheep : well proved again
 o' my side ! I will not love : if I do, hang me ; i'
 faith, I will not. O, but her eye : by this light,
 but for her eye, I would not love her ; yes, for her 10
 two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie,
 and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love, and it
 hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy ;
 and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melan-
 choly. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already,
 the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath
 it : sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady ! By
 the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three
 were in. Here comes one with a paper : God give
 him grace to groan ! *Stands aside* 20

Enter the King, with a paper

King. Ay me !

Ber. (aside) Shot, by heaven ! Proceed, sweet Cupid :
 thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt under
 the left pap : in faith, secrets !

King. (reads)

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
 To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
 As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
 The night of dew that on my cheeks down
 flows :

LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST

Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep, 30
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light ;
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep ;
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee ;
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show :
But do not love thyself ; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens ! how far dost thou excel,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell. 40

How shall she know my griefs ? I'll drop the paper:—
Sweet leaves shade folly. Who is he comes here ?

Steps aside

What, Longavill ! and reading ! listen, ear.

Ber. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear !

Enter Longavill, with a paper

Lon. Ay me, I am forsworn !

Ber. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.

King. In love, I hope, sweet fellowship in shame !

Ber. One drunkard loves another of the name.

Lon. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so ?

Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I know : 50

Thou makest the triumvir, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

Lon. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move.

O sweet Maria, empress of my love !

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Ber. O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose :

Disfigure not his shop.

Lon. This same shall go. *Reads*

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,

'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury ? 60

Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore, but I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee.

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love.

Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is.

Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour-vow ; in thee it is :

If broken then, it is no fault of mine :

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise 70

To lose an oath to win a paradise ?

Ber. This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity,

A green goose a goddess, pure, pure idolatry.

God amend us, God amend ! we are much out o' the way.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Lon. By whom shall I send this ?—Company ? stay.

Steps aside

Ber. All hid, all hid, an old infant play,
Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill ! O heavens, I have my wish !

Enter Dumaine, with a paper

Dumaine transform'd, four woodcocks in a dish ! 80

Dum. O most divine Kate !

Ber. O most profane coxcomb !

Dum. By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye !

Ber. By earth, she is not, corporal, there you lie.

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul hath amber quoted.

Ber. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Ber. Stoop, I say ;

Her shoulder is with child.

Dum. As fair as day.

Ber. Ay, as some days, but then no sun must shine.

Dum. O that I had my wish !

Lon. And I had mine !

90

King. And I mine too, good Lord !

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

Dum. I would forget her, but a fever she

Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

Ber. A fever in your blood? why then, incision
 Would let her out in saucers, sweet misprision!

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Ber. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.

Dum. (*reads*)

On a day—alack the day!—
 Love, whose month is ever May, 100
 Spied a blossom passing fair
 Playing in the wanton air :
 Through the velvet leaves the wind,
 All unseen, can passage find ;
 That the lover, sick to death,
 Wish himself the heaven's breath.
 Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;
 Air, would I might triumph so !
 But, alack, my hand is sworn
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn ; 110
 Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet !
 Do not call it sin in me,
 That I am forsworn for thee ;
 Thou for whom Jove would swear †
 Juno but an Ethiop were ;
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love.

LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST

This will I send, and something else more plain,
 That shall express my true love's fasting pain. 120
 O, would the king, Berowne, and Longavill,
 Were lovers too ! Ill, to example ill,
 Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note ;
 For none offend where all alike do dote.

Lon. (advancing) Dumaine, thy love is far from charity,
 That in love's grief desir'st society :
 You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
 To be o'erheard and taken napping so.

King. (advancing) Come, sir, you blush ; as his your case is
 such ;

You chide at him, offending twice as much ; 130
 You do not love Maria ? Longavill
 Did never sonnet for her sake compile,
 Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
 His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
 I have been closely shrouded in this bush
 And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.
 I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion,
 Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion.
 Ay me ! says one ; O Jove ! the other cries ;
 One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes : †
 You would for paradise break faith and troth ; 141
 And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

What will Berowne say when that he shall hear
 Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear ? †
 How will he scorn, how will he spend his wit ?
 How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it ?
 For all the wealth that ever I did see,
 I would not have him know so much by me.

Ber. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy. *Advancing*
 Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me ! 150
 Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
 These worms for loving, that art most in love ?
 Your eyes do make no coaches ; in your tears
 There is no certain princess that appears ;
 You 'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing ;
 Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting !
 But are you not ashamed ? nay, are you not,
 All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot ?
 You found his mote ; the king your mote did see ;
 But I a beam do find in each of three. 160
 O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,
 Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen !
 O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
 To see a king transformed to a gnat !
 To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
 And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
 And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

And critic Timon laugh at idle toys !
Where lies thy grief, O, tell me, good Dumaine ?
And, gentle Longavill, where lies thy pain ? 170
And where my liege's ? all about the breast.
A caudle, ho !

King. Too bitter is thy jest.

Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view ?

Ber. Not you to me, but I betray'd by you :

I that am honest, I that hold it sin

To break the vow I am engaged in ;

I am betray'd, by keeping company

With men like men of inconstancy.

†

When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme ?

Or groan for love ? or spend a minute's time

†

In pruning me ? When shall you hear that I

181

Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,

A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,

A leg, a limb ?—

King. Soft ! whither away so fast ?

A true man, or a thief, that gallops so ?

Ber. I post from love, good lover, let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard

Jaq. God bless the king !

King. What present hast thou there ?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here ?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason and you go in peace away together. 190

Jaq. I beseech your Grace, let this letter be read,
Our parson misdoubts it : 'twas treason, he said.

King. Berowne, read it over. *Giving him the paper*
Where hadst thou it ?

Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it ?

Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

Berowne tears the letter

King. How now ! what is in you ? why dost thou tear it ?

Ber. A toy, my liege, a toy : your Grace needs not fear it.

Lon. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it. 200

Dum. It is Berowne's writing, and here is his name.

Gathering up the pieces

Ber. (to Costard) Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, you
were born to do me shame.

Guilty, my lord, guilty ! I confess, I confess.

King. What ?

Ber. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the
mess :

He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.

LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST

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

Dum. Now the number is even.

Ber. True, true ; we are four :

Will these turtles be gone ?

King. Hence, sirs ; away ! 210

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta

Ber. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace !

As true we are as flesh and blood can be :

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face ;

Young blood doth not obey an old decree :

We cannot cross the cause why we were born ;

Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine ?

Ber. Did they, quoth you ? Who sees the heavenly

Rosaline,

That (like a rude and savage man of Ind) 220

At the first opening of the gorgeous east,

Bows not his vassal head and stricken blind

Kisses the base ground with obedient breast :

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,

That is not blinded by her majesty ?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now ?

My love (her mistress) is a gracious moon ;

She (an attending star) scarce seen a light. †
Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Berowne : 230
 O, but for my love, day would turn to night !
 Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
 Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair check,
 Where several worthies make one dignity,
 Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.
 Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,
 Fie, painted rhetoric, O, she needs it not :
 To things of sale a seller's praise belongs,
 She passes praise ; then praise too short doth blot.
 A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn, 240
 Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye :
 Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
 And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy :
 O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine.
King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
Ber. Is ebony like her ? O word divine ! †
 A wife of such wood were felicity.
 O, who can give an oath ? where is a book ?
 That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
 If that she learn not of her eye to look : 250
 No face is fair that is not full so black.
King. O paradox ! Black is the badge of hell,
 The hue of dungeons, and the school of night : †

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Ber. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.

O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,

It mourns that painting and usurping hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspect ;

And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her favour turns the fashion of the days,

260

For native blood is counted painting now ;

And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,

Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.

Lon. And since her time are colliers counted bright.

King. And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Ber. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,

For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did ; for, sir, to tell you plain. 270

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Ber. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Lon. Look, here 's thy love, my foot and her face see.

Ber. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread !

Dum. O vile ! then, as she goes, what upward lies

The street should see as she walk'd overhead ?

King. But what of this ? are we not all in love ? 280

Ber. Nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworn.

King. Then leave this chat, and, good Berowne, now prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there, some flattery for this evil.

Lon. O, some authority how to proceed ;

Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the devil.

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Ber. 'Tis more than need.

Have at you, then, affection's men at arms,

Consider what you first did swear unto :

To fast, to study, and to see no woman : 290

Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

Say, can you fast ? your stomachs are too young ;

And abstinence engenders maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,

In that each of you have forsworn his book,

Can you still dream and pore and thereon look ?

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

Have found the ground of study's excellence,

Without the beauty of a woman's face ?

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive ; 300

They are the ground, the books, the academes

From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.

LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST

Why, universal plodding poisons up †
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long-during action tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes :
And study too, the causer of your vow ;
For where is any author in the world 310
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are our learning likewise is,
Then when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes, †
Do we not likewise see our learning there ?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books.
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes 320
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with ?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain ;
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil :
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain ;
But, with the motion of all elements,

Courses as swift as thought in every power,
 And gives to every power a double power,
 Above their functions and their offices. 330
 It adds a precious seeing to the eye ;
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind ;
 A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd : †
 Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
 Than are the tender horns of cockled snails ;
 Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste :
 For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides ?
 Subtle as Sphinx, as sweet and musical, 340
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair ;
 And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
 Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write
 Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs ;
 O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
 And plant in tyrants mild humility.
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :
 They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;
 They are the books, the arts, the academes, 350
 That show, contain and nourish all the world :
 Else none at all in aught proves excellent.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Then fools you were these women to forswear ;
Or keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love ;
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men :
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women ;
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men ;
Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths. 360
It is religion to be thus forsworn,
For charity itself fulfils the law :
And who can sever love from charity ?

King. Saint Cupid, then ! and soldiers to the field !

Ber. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords ;
Pell-mell, down with them ! but be first advis'd,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Lon. Now to plain-dealing ; lay these glozes by :
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France ?

King. And win them too, therefore let us devise 370
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Ber. First, from the park let us conduct them thither,
Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress : in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape ;
For revels, dances, masks and merry hours

Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away ! no time shall be omitted

That will betime, and may by us be fitted. 380

Ber. Allons ! allons ! Sow'd cockle, reap'd no corn ;

And justice always whirls in equal measure :

Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn ;

If so, our copper buys no better treasure. *Exeunt*

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull

Hol. *Satis quid sufficit.*

Nat. I praise God for you, sir, your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious : pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy : I did converse this quondam day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. *Novi hominum tanquam te :* his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory : his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general be- 10

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

haviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nat. A most singular and choice epithet.

Draw's out his table-book

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasimes, such insociable and point-devise companions, such rackers of orthography, as to speak dout fine, when he should say doubt; det, † when he should pronounce debt,—d, e, b, t, not d, e, † 21 t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abbreviated ne. This is abhominable,—which he would call abbominable: it insinuateth me of insanie: *ne intelligis, domine?* to † make frantic, lunatic.

Nat. *Laus Deo, bene intelligo.*

Hol. *Bome boon for boon prescian*, a little scratch'd; 'twill † serve.

Nat. *Videsne quis venit?*

30

Hol. *Video, et gaudeo.*

Enter Armado, Moth, and Costard

Ar. Chirrah!

To Moth

Hol. *Quare chirrah, not sirrah?*

Ar. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Mo. (*aside to Costard*) They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

Cost. O, they have liv'd long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon. † 40

Mo. Peace! the peal begins.

Ar. (*to Hol.*) Monsieur, are you not lettered?

Mo. Yes, yes, he teaches boys the horn-book. What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *puericia*, with a horn added.

Mo. Ba, most silly sheep with a horn. You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant? 50

Mo. The last of the five vowels, if you repeat them, or † the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them,—a, e, i,—

Mo. The sheep, the other two concludes it,—o, u.

Ar. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venue of wit,—a snip snap, quick and home, it rejoiceth my intellect, true wit!

Mo. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Mo. Horns.

60

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant : go, whip thy gig.

Mo. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*,—a gig of a cuckold's horn.

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread : hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me ! Go to ; thou hast it *ad dungbill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

70

Hol. O, I smell false Latin ; *dungbill* for *unguem*.

Ar. Arts-man, preambulate, we will be singuled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain ?

Hol. Or *mons*, the hill.

Ar. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Ar. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

80

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable,

congruent, and measurable for the afternoon : the word is well cull'd, chose, sweet, and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Ar. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure ye, very good friend : for what is inward between us, let it pass. I do beseech thee, remember 90 thy courtesy ; I beseech thee, apparel thy head : and among other important and most serious designs, and of great import indeed, too, but let that pass : for I must tell thee, it will please his Grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio ; but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable : some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that 100 hath seen the world ; but let that pass. The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess (sweet chuck) with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking out of mirth (as it were) I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. 110

Sir, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistants, at the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman, before the princess; I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Nat. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself, myself, and this gallant gentleman † Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great 120 limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules,—

Ar. Pardon, sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb, he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his enter and exit shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Mo. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, 'Well done, Hercules! now thou 130 crushest the snake!' that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Ar. For the rest of the Worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Mo. Thrice-worthy gentleman !

Ar. Shall I tell you a thing ?

Hol. We attend.

Ar. We will have, if this fadge not, an antic. I beseech
you, follow. 140

Hol. *Via*, goodman Dull ! thou hast spoken no word all
this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. Allons ! we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so ; or I will play

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

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull ! To our sport, away !

Exeunt

Enter the Princess, Katherine, Rosaline, and Maria

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,

If fairings come thus plentifully in :

A lady wall'd about with diamonds !

Look you what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that ?

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Prin. Nothing but this ! yes, as much love in rhyme

As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ o' both sides the leaf, margent and all,
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his godhead wax, 10

For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kat. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You 'll ne'er be friends with him ; a' kill'd your sister.

Kat. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy,
And so she died : had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might ha' been a grandam ere she died :
And so may you ; for a light heart lives long.

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

Kat. A light condition in a beauty dark. 20

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kat. You 'll mar the light by taking it in snuff ;
Therefore I 'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' th' dark.

Kat. So do not you, for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.

Kat. You weigh me not ?—O, that 's you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason ; for ' past care is still past cure.' †

Prin. Well bandied both, a set of wit well play'd.

But, Rosaline, you have a favour too : 30

Who sent it ? and what is it ?

Ros. I would you knew :

An if my face were but as fair as yours,
 My favour were as great, be witness this.
 Nay, I have verses too, I thank Berowne :
 The numbers true, and, were the numbering too,
 I were the fairest goddess on the ground :
 I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
 O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter !

Prin. Any thing like ?

Ros. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise. 40

Prin. Beauteous as ink ; a good conclusion.

Kat. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. 'Ware pencils, ho ! let me not die your debtor,
 My red dominical, my golden letter,
 O that your face were not so full of O's !

Prin. A pox of that jest ! and I beshrew all shrows. †

But, Katherine, what was sent to you from fair
 Dumaine ?

Kat. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain ?

Kat. Yes, madam ; and, moreover, 50
 Some thousand verses of a faithful lover,
 A huge translation of hypocrisy,
 Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Mar. This, and these pearls to me sent Longavill :

The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart

The chain were longer, and the letter short ?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.

That same Berowne I 'll torture ere I go :

60

O that I knew he were but in by the week !

How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,

And wait the season, and observe the times,

And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,

And shape his service wholly to my hests,

And make him proud to make me proud that jests !

So perttaunt-like would I o'ersway his state,

†

That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,

As wit turn'd fool : folly, in wisdom hatch'd,

70

Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school,

And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess

As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note

As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote :

Since all the power thereof it doth apply

To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Enter Boyet

Boy. O, I am stabb'd with laughter ! Where 's her Grace ? 80

Prin. Thy news, Boyet ?

Boy.

Prepare, madam, prepare !

Arm, wenches, arm ! encounters mounted are,
 Against your peace Love doth approach, disguis'd,
 Armed in arguments ; you 'll be surpris'd :
 Muster your wits, stand in your own defence,
 Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Denis to Saint Cupid ! What are they

That charge their breath against us ? Say, scout, say.

Boy. Under the cool shade of a sycamore

I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour ; 90

When, lo ! to interrupt my purposed rest,

Toward that shade I might behold address

The king and his companions : warily

I stole into a neighbour thicket by,

And overheard what you shall overhear ;

That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.

Their herald is a pretty knavish page,

That well by heart hath conn'd his embassy :

Action and accent did they teach him there ;

' Thus must thou speak,' and ' thus thy body bear :' 100

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

And ever and anon they made a doubt
 Presence majestical would put him out ;
 ' For,' quoth the king, ' an angel shalt thou see ;
 Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.'
 The boy replied, ' An angel is not evil ;
 I should have fear'd her had she been a devil.'
 With that, all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder,
 Making the bold wag by their praises bolder :
 One rubb'd his elbow thus, and flect'd, and swore
 A better speech was never spoke before ; 110
 Another, with his finger and his thumb,
 Cried, ' *Via!* we will do 't, come what will come ;'
 The third he caper'd, and cried, ' All goes well ;'
 The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
 With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
 With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
 That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
 To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us ?
Boy. They do, they do ; and are apparell'd thus, 120
 Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.
 Their purpose is to parle, to court, and dance,
 And every one his love-feat will advance
 Unto his several mistress : which they'll know
 By favours several, which they did bestow. †

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd ;
 For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd,
 And not a man of them shall have the grace,
 Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.
 Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear, 130
 And then the king will court thee for his dear ;
 Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,
 So shall Berowne take me for Rosaline.
 And change you favours too, so shall your loves
 Woo contrary, deceived by these removes.

Ros. Come on, then ; wear the favours most in sight.

Kat. But in this changing what is your intent ?

Prin. The effect of my intent is to cross theirs :
 They do it but in mockery-merriment,
 And mock for mock is only my intent. 140
 Their several counsels they unbosom shall
 To loves mistook, and so be mock'd withal
 Upon the next occasion that we meet,
 With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to 't ?

Prin. No, to the death we will not move a foot,
 Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace ;
 But while 'tis spoke each turn away her face.
Boy. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
 And quite divorce his memory from his part. 150

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Prin. Therefore I do it, and I make no doubt

The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.

There's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown ;

To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own :

So shall we stay, mocking intended game,

And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

Trumpets sound within

Boy. The trumpet sounds : be mask'd ; the maskers come.

The Ladies mask

Enter Blackamoors with music ; Moth ; the King, Beronne,

Longavill, and Dumaine, in Russian habits, and masked

Mo. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth !—

Boy. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.

Mo. A holy parcel of the fairest dames

160

The Ladies turn their backs to him

That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views !

Ber. (*aside to Moth*) Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Mo. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views !—

Out—

Boy. True ; out indeed.

Mo. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe

Not to behold—

Ber. (*aside to Moth*) Once to behold, rogue.

Mo. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,

—with your sun-beamed eyes—

Boy. They will not answer to that epithet ; 170

You were best call it ' daughter-beamed eyes.'

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

Ber. Is this your perfectness ? be gone, you rogue !

Exit Motb

Ros. What would these strangers ? know their minds,

Boyet :

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will

That some plain man recount their purposes :

Know what they would.

Boy. What would you with the princess ?

Ber. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they ? 180

Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have, and bid them so be gone.

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

King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles

To tread a measure with her on this grass.

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

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so. Ask them how many inches

Is in one mile : if they have measur'd many,

The measure then of one is easily told. 190

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

And many miles, the princess bids you tell

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

How many inches doth fill up one miile.

Ber. Tell her we measure them by weary steps.

Boy. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps,

Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,

Are number'd in the travel of one mile ?

Ber. We number nothing that we spend for you,

Our duty is so rich, so infinite,

That we may do it still without accompt. 200

Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,

That we (like savages) may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do !

Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine,

(Those clouds removed) upon our watery eyne.

Ros. O vain petitioner, beg a greater matter ;

Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

King. Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe one change.

Thou bid'st me beg : this begging is not strange. 210

Ros. Play, music, then ! Nay, you must do it soon.

Music plays

Not yet ! no dance ! Thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance ? How come you thus estranged ?

Ros. You took the moon at full, but now she's changed.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man. †

The music plays, vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice, take hands. We will not dance.

King. Why take we hands, then ?

Ros. Only to part friends : 220

Curtsey, sweet hearts ; and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure ; be not nice.

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

King. Price you yourselves : what buys your company ?

Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought : and so, adieu ;

Twice to your visor, and half once to you.

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

Ros. In private, then.

King. I am best pleas'd with that.

They converse apart

Ber. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee. 230

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar ; there is three.

Ber. Nay then, two treys, an if you grow so nice,
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey : well run, dice !
There's half-a-dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu :

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

Ber. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Ber. Thou grievest my gall.

Prin. Gall ! bitter.

Ber. Therefore meet.

They converse apart

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

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady,—

Mar. Say you so ? Fair lord,—

Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you,

240

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

They converse apart

Kat. What, was your vizard made without a tongue ?

Lon. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Kat. O for your reason ! quickly, sir ; I long.

Lon. You have a double tongue within your mask,

†

And would afford my speechless vizard half.

Kat. Veal, quoth the Dutchman. Is not ' veal ' a calf ?

Lon. A calf, fair lady !

Kat. No, a fair lord calf.

Lon. Let's part the word.

Kat. No, I'll not be your half :

Take all, and wean it ; it may prove an ox. 250

Lon. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks !
Will you give horns, chaste lady ? do not so.

Kat. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Lon. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kat. Bleat softly, then ; the butcher hears you cry.

They converse apart

Boy. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen ;

Above the sense of sense ; so sensible

Seemeth their conference ; their conceits have
wings 260

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter
things. †

Ros. Not one word more, my maids ; break off, break
off.

Ber. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff !

King. Farewell, mad wenches ; you have simple wits.

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.

Exeunt King, Lords, and Blackamoors

Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at ?

Boy. Tapers they are with your sweet breaths puff'd out.

Ros. Well-liking wits they have ; gross, gross ; fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout !

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night ? 270

Or ever, but in vizards, show their faces ?

This pert Berowne was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O, they were all in lamentable cases !

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Berowne did swear himself out of all suit.

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

No point, quoth I ; my servant straight was mute.

Kat. Lord Longavill said I came o'er his heart ;

And trow you what he call'd me ?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kat. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art ! 280

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.

But will you hear ? the king is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Berowne hath plighted faith to me.

Kat. And Longavill was for my service born.

Mar. Dumaine is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boy. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear :

Immediately they will again be here

In their own shapes ; for it can never be

They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return ?

Boy. They will, they will, God knows, 290

And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows :

Therefore change favours, and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How blow ? how blow ? speak to be understood.

Boy. Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their bud ;
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels veiling clouds, or roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity ! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo ?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you 'll be advis'd, 300
Let 's mock them still, as well known as disguis'd :
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear ;
And wonder what they were and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

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

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er land.

Exeunt Princess, Rosaline, Katherine, and Maria

*Re-enter the King, Berowne, Longavill, and Dumaine,
in their proper habits*

King. Fair sir, God save you ! Where is the princess ? 310

Boy. Gone to her tent. Please it your Majesty
Command me any service to her thither ?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

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

Ber. This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons pease,
And utters it again when God doth please :
He is wit's pedler, and retails his wares
At wakes and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs ;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show. 320
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve ;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve ;
A' can carve too, and lisp : why, this is he
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy ;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms : nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly ; and in ushering,
Mend him who can : the ladies call him sweet ;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet : 330
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whalës bone ;
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of ' honey-tongued ' Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part !

Ber. See where it comes ! Behaviour, what wert thou
Till this mad man show'd thee ? and what art thou now ?

*Re-enter the Princess, ushered by Boyet ; Rosaline, Maria,
and Katherine*

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day !

Prin. ' Fair ' in ' all hail ' is foul, as I conceive. 340

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better ; I will give you leave.

King. We came to visit you, and purpose now

To lead you to our court ; vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow :

Nor God nor I delights in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke :

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nickname virtue, vice you should have spoke ;

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth. 350

Now by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unsullied lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest ;

So much I hate a breaking cause to be

Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,

Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord, it is not so, I swear ;

We have had pastimes here and pleasant game : 360

A mess of Russians left us but of late.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

King. How, madam? Russians?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;

Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord:

My lady, to the manner of the days,

In courtesy gives undeserving praise.

We four indeed confronted were with four,

In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,

And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,

They did not bless us with one happy word.

370

I dare not call them fools; but this I think,

When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Ber. This jest is dry to me. Gentle sweet,

†

Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet,

With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,

By light we lose light: your capacity

Is of that nature that to your huge store

Wise things seem foolish and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,—

Ber. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

380

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 possess!

Ros. All the fool mine?

Ber. I cannot give you less.

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 show'd the better face.

King. We were descried, they 'll mock us now downright.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest. 390

Prin. Amaz'd, my lord ? why looks your highness sad ?

Ros. Help, hold his brows, he 'll swoond ! Why look
you pale ?

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Ber. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out ?

Here stand I, lady, dart thy skill at me,

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout ;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance ;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit ;

And I will wish thee never more to dance, 400

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O, never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue ;

Nor never come in vizard to my friend,

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song !

Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,

Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Figures pedantical, these summer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation :
I do forswear them, and I here protest, 410
By this white glove,—how white the hand, God
knows !—

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes :
And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la !—
My love to thee is sound, *sance* crack or flaw. †

Ros. *Sans sans*, I pray you.

Ber. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage :—bear with me, I am sick ;
I'll leave it by degrees ; soft, let us see :
Write, ' Lord have mercy on us ' on those three ;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies ; 420
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes ;
These lords are visited ; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.

Ber. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.

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

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

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

Ber. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end. 430

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.

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

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd ?

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear ?

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

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace ! forbear :

Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear. 440

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will : and therefore keep it. Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear ?

Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eyesight, and did value me
Above this world ; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him ! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, madam ? by my life, my troth, 450
I never swore this lady such an oath.

LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST

Ros. By heaven, you did ; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this : but take it, sir, again.

King. My faith and this the princess I did give,
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear ;
And Lord Berowne (I thank him) is my dear.
What ? will you have me, or your pearl again ?

Ber. Neither of either ; I remit both twain.
I see the trick on 't : here was a consent, 460
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy :
Some carry-talc, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some
Dick,

That smiles, his cheek in years, and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh when she 's dispos'd,
Told our intents before ; which once disclos'd,
The ladies did change favours ; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror, 470
We are again forsworn, in will and error.

Much upon this it is : and might not you *To Boyet*
Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue ?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squier
And laugh upon the apple of her eye ?

And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
 Holding a trencher, jesting merrily ?
 You put our page out : go, you are allow'd ;
 Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
 You leer upon me, do you ? there's an eye 480
 Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boy. Full merrily
 Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

Ber. Lo, he is tilting straight ! Peace ! I have done.

Enter Costard

Welcome, pure wit ! thou part'st a fair fray.

Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know

Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.

Ber. What, are there but three ?

Cost. No, sir ; but it is vara fine,
 For every one pursents three.

Ber. And three times thrice is nine.

Cost. Not so, sir, under correction, sir, I hope it is not so.

You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir, we know
 what we know : 490

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

Ber. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth
 amount.

Ber. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living
by reckoning, sir.

Ber. How much is it ?

Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir,
will show whereuntil it doth amount : for mine own 500
part, I am (as they say, but to perfect one man in one
poor man) Pompion the Great, sir.

Ber. Art thou one of the Worthies ?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the
Great : for mine own part, I know not the degree of
the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.

Ber. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir, we will take some care.

Exit

King. Berowne, they will shame us : let them not approach.

Ber. We are shame-proof, my lord : and 'tis some policy 510
To have one show worse than the king's and his
company.

King. I say they shall not come.

Priu. Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now :
That sport best pleases that doth least know how :
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents :
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Ber. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter Armado

Ar. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal 520
sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

Converses apart with the King, and delivers him a paper

Prin. Doth this man serve God ?

Ber. Why ask you ?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God his making.

Ar. That is all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch ; for,
I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical ;
too too vain, too too vain : but we will put it, as they
say, to fortuna de la guerra. I wish you the peace of
mind, most royal complement ! *Exit*

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He 530
presents Hector of Troy ; the swain, Pompey the
Great ; the parish curate, Alexander ; Armado's
page, Hercules ; the pedant, Judas Maccabæus :
And if these four Worthies in their first show
thrive,

These four will change habits, and present the other
five.

Ber. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceived ; 'tis not so.

Ber. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool
and the boy :—

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Abate throw at novum, and the whole world again †
Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein. 541

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

Enter Costard, for Pompey

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Ber. You lic, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boy. With libbard's head on knee.

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

Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the Big,—

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is, ' Great,' sir :—

Pompey surnam'd the Great ;

That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my
foe to sweat :

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by
chance, 550

And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass
of France.

If your ladyship would say, ' Thanks, Pompey,' I
had done.

Prin. Great thanks, Great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth, but I hope I was perfect :
I made a little fault in ' Great.'

Ber. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best
Worthy.

Enter Sir Nathaniel, for Alexander

Nat. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's com-
mander ;

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my con-
quering might :

My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander,—

Boy. Your nose says, no, you are not ; for it stands too
right. †

Ber. Your nose smells 'no' in this, most tender-smelling
knight. 561

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alex-
ander.

Nat. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's com-
mander,—

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

Ber. Pompey the Great,—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Ber. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. (to *Sir Nath.*) O, sir, you have overthrown Alisander
the conqueror ! You will be scrap'd out of the
painted cloth for this : your lion, that holds his †
pole-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to 571
Ajax : he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror,

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

and afeard to speak ? run away for shame, Alisander.
(*Nath. retires.*) There, an't shall please you, a foolish
mild man, an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd.
He is a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very
good bowler : but, for Alisander, alas, you see how
'tis, a little o'erparted. But there are Worthies
a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey. 580

Enter Holofernes, for Judas ; and Moth, for Hercules

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp,

Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed *canus* ;
And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,

Thus did he strangle serpents in his *manus*.

Quoniam he seemeth in minority,

Ergo I come with this apology.

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish. *Moth retires*

Judas I am,—

Dum. A Judas !

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.

590

Judas I am, yclipped Maccabæus.

Dum. Judas Maccabæus clipt is plain Judas.

Ber. A kissing traitor. How art thou prov'd Judas ?

Hol. Judas I am,—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir ?

Boy. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir ; you are my elder.

Ber. Well followed : Judas was hanged on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

600

Ber. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this ?

Boy. A cittern-head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Ber. A Death's face in a ring.

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

Boy. The pommel of Cæsar's falchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.

Ber. Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

610

Ber. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.

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

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Ber. False : we have given thee faces.

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

Ber. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

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

And so adieu, sweet Jude ! nay, why dost thou stay ?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Ber. For the ass to the Jude ; give it him :—Jud-as, away ! 620

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

Boy. A light for Monsieur Judas ! it grows dark, he may
stumble. *Holofernes retires*

Prin. Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited !

Enter Armado, for Hector

Ber. Hide thy head, Achilles : here comes Hector in
arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now
be merry.

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

Boy. But is this Hector ?

King. I think Hector was not so clean-timber'd. 630

Lon. His leg is too big for Hector's.

Dum. More calf, certain.

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.

Ar. The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift,—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Ber. A lemon.

Lon. Stuck with cloves. 640

Dum. No, cloven.

Ar. Peace !—

The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
 Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion ;
 A man so breathed, that certain he would fight ; yea,
 From morn till night out of his pavilion.
 I am that flower,—

Dum. That mint.

Lon. That columbine.

Ar. Sweet Lord Longavill, rein thy tongue.

Lon. I must rather give it the rein ; for it runs against
 Hector. 650

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Ar. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten ; sweet
 chucks, beat not the bones of the buried : when
 he breathed, he was a man. But I will forward
 with my device. (*to the Princess*) Sweet royalty, be-
 stow on me the sense of hearing. *Berowne steps forth* †

Prin. Speak, brave Hector : we are much delighted.

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

Boy. (*aside to Dum.*) Loves her by the foot.

Dum. (*aside to Boyet*) He may not by the yard. 660

Ar. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—the party is
 gone.

Cost. Fellow Hector, she is gone ; she is two months on her
 way.

Ar. What meanest thou ?

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Troyan, the poor wench is cast away : she 's quick ; the child brags in her belly already ; 'tis yours.

Ar. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates ? thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipp'd for Jaquenetta that 670
is quick by him, and hang'd for Pompey that is dead
by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey !

Boy. Renowned Pompey !

Ber. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey !
Pompey the Huge !

Dum. Hector trembles.

Ber. Pompey is moved. More Ates, more Ates ! stir them
on ! stir them on !

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

680

Ber. Ay, if a' have no more man's blood in 's belly than
will sup a flea.

Ar. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man :
I 'll slash, I 'll do it by the sword. I bepray you,
let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies !

Cost. I 'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey !

Mo. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? You will lose your reputation.

Ar. Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

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

Ar. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Ber. What reason have you for 't?

Ar. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.

700

Boy. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's, and that a' wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter Mercade

Mer. God save you, madam!

Prin. Welcome, Mercade;

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam, for the news I bring

Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life!

710

Mer. Even so; my tale is told.

Ber. Worthies, away, the scene begins to cloud.

Ar. For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

seen the day of wrong through the little hole of
discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.

Exeunt Worthies

*King.*How fares your majesty ?

*Prin.*Boyet, prepare ; I will away to-night.

*King.*Madam, not so ; I do beseech you, stay.

*Prin.*Prepare, I say. I thank you, gracious lords,

For all your fair endeavours ; and entreat,

720

Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe

In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,

The liberal opposition of our spirits,

If over-boldly we have borne ourselves

In the converse of breath : your gentleness

Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord !

A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue :

Excuse me so coming too short of thanks

For my great suit, so easily obtain'd.

*King.*The extreme parts of time extremely forms

†

All causes to the purpose of his speed :

731

And often, at his very loose, decides

That which long process could not arbitrate :

And though the mourning brow of progeny

Forbid the smiling courtesy of love

The holy suit which fain it would convince,

Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,

Let not the cloud of sorrow jumble it
 From what it purpos'd ; since, to wail friends lost
 Is not by much so wholesome-profitable 740
 As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not : my griefs are double. †

Ber. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief,
 And by these badges understand the king. †
 For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
 Play'd foul play with our oaths : your beauty, ladies,
 Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
 Even to the opposed end of our intents :
 And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
 As love is full of unbecfitting strains, 750
 All wanton as a child, skipping and vain ;
 Form'd by the eye, and therefore like the eye,
 Full of strange shapes, of habits and of forms,
 Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
 To every varied object in his glance :
 Which parti-coated presence of loose love
 Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
 Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
 Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
 Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies, 760
 Our love being yours, the error that love makes
 Is likewise yours : we to ourselves prove false,

LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST

By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you :
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love :

Your favours, the ambassadors of love ;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest and courtesy,
As bombast and as lining to the time ;
But more devout than this in our respects
Have we not been, and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

770

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

Lon. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,

Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short

To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltiness, and therefore this :—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me :
Your oath I will not trust, but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,

780

Remote from all the pleasures of the world ;
 There stay until the twelve celestial signs
 Have brought about the annual reckoning.
 If this austere insociable life
 Change not your offer made in heat of blood ; 790
 If frosts and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds
 Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
 But that it bear this trial, and last love ;
 Then, at the expiration of the year,
 Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts :
 And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,
 I will be thine ; and till that instant shut
 My woeful self up in a mourning house,
 Raining the tears of lamentation
 For the remembrance of my father's death. 800
 If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
 Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,

To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
 The sudden hand of death close up mine eye !

Hence hermit then—my heart is in thy breast. †

Ber. And what to me, my love ? and what to me ?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd, †

You are attaint with faults and perjury :

Therefore if you my favour mean to get, 810

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

A twelvemonth shall you spend and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dum. But what to me, my love ? but what to me ?
A wife ?

Kat. A beard, fair health, and honesty ;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

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

Kat. Not so, my lord ; a twelvemonth and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say :
Come when the king doth to my lady come ;
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some. 820

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kat. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again.

Lon. What says Maria ?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Lon. I'll stay with patience, but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you, few taller are so young.

Ber. Studies my lady ? mistress, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye :
What humble suit attends thy answer there :
Impose some service on me for thy love. 830

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Berowne,
Before I saw you ; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,

Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
 Which you on all estates will execute
 That lie within the mercy of your wit.
 To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
 And therewithal to win me, if you please,
 Without the which I am not to be won,
 You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day 840
 Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
 With groaning wretches ; and your task shall be,
 With all the fierce endeavour of your wit
 To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Ber. To move wild laughter in the throat of death ?
 It cannot be ; it is impossible :
 Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that 's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
 Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
 Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools : 850
 A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
 Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
 Of him that makes it : then, if sickly ears,
 Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,
 Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
 And I will have you, and that fault withal ;
 But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
 And I shall find you empty of that fault,

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Right joyful of your reformation.

Ber. A twelvemonth? well; befall what will befall, 860
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin. (to the King) Ay, sweet my Lord, and so I take my
leave.

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

Ber. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

*King.*Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Ber. That 's too long for a play.

Re-enter Armado

Ar. Sweet Majesty, vouchsafe me,—

*Prin.*Was not that Hector? 870

*Dum.*The worthy knight of Troy.

Ar. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am
a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the
plough for her sweet love three year. But, most
esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that
the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the
owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the
end of our show.

*King.*Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

Ar. Holla! approach. 880

*Re-enter Holofernes, Nathaniel, Motb, Costard,
and others*

This side is *Hiems*, Winter, this *Ver*, the Spring ;
the one maintained by the owl, the other by the
cuckoo. *Ver*, begin.

THE SONG

SPRING. When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men ; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo ;
Cuckoo, cuckoo : O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear !

890

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men ; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo ;
Cuckoo, cuckoo : O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear !

900

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

WINTER. When icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit, tu-who, †
A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot. 910

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit, tu-who,
A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

{*Arm.*} The words of Mercury are harsh after the †
 songs of Apollo. {You that way,—we this 921
 way.} *Exeunt*

Notes

I. i. 192. *A high hope for a low heaven*; this has puzzled editors, and Theobald wished to emend *heaven* to *hearing*. The New Cambridge editors are probably right in explaining that as 'hope in God' is a theological expression, generally used in connection with the after-life, Longavill means that *high words* are a low sort of heaven to hope for.

I. i. 194. *To bear, or forbear bearing*; *bearing* is usually emended to *laughing*; but Hart rightly quotes Ezekiel ii. 5, "whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear." But Longavill's rejoinder would have much more point if Berowne had duplicated his phrase, and said *To bear, or forbear bearing; to laugh, or forbear laughing?*

I. i. 244. *base Minnow*; Johnson emended, perhaps rightly, Q's *Minow* to *minion*. But is this perhaps connected with the mysterious *minnock* of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which is usually emended to *mimic*?

I. ii. 51. *the dancing horse*; "Morocco," the property of one Banks, often alluded to. He apparently counted numbers by tapping with his hoof.

I. ii. 86. *a green wit*; possibly an allusion to the green withes with which Samson was bound.

I. ii. 105. *a ballad*; see Perry's *Reliques, King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid*, where the maid's name is Penelophon.

I. ii. 170. *the first and second cause*; Professor Charlton pointed out the origin of this phrase in *The Booke of Honor and Armes* (1590): "the cause of al quarrell whereupon it behoveth to use the triall of Armes, may be reduced into two," which are, an accusation of a capital crime, and 'Honor.'

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

II. i. 16. *base sale of chapmen's tongues*; it is surely not too far-fetched to see here a hit at Chapman.

II. i. 44. *parts*; Q reads *peerelsse*; the New Cambridge editors think that *peries* was read as *perles* and the latter expanded to the Q reading: but it is, I think, more probable that *peerlesse* was a correction of *soveraigne* which displaced the wrong word and then had a letter transposed: i.e. that we should read *peerless parts*.

II. i. 65. *if I have heard a truth*; Rosaline does not mean that she has heard he was there (which she knows) but that she has heard that he is one of the students.

II. i. 88. *unpeopl'd*; Q *unpeeled*, F *unpeopled*. The F emendation is reasonably certain, giving much better sense, and the error of *unpeeled* for *unpeopled* easy.

II. i. 114. *Did not I dance with you . . .*; Q gives *Kath.* as Berowne's interlocutor, and there seems no adequate reason for changing her to *Ros.* as is done by most editors. It appears from ll. 56-66 of this same scene that Dumaine and Berowne were both at the Duke Alanson's, where Katherine certainly met the former and presumably the latter.

II. i. 195, 210. Q and F agree in giving *Rosaline* in the first of the two lines and *Katherine* in the second, and the universal transposition of later editors, though admittedly it makes the passage neater, is without authority. (See Preface.)

II. i. 238. *impatient to speak and not see*; i.e. impatient that it could only speak and not see.

II. i. 254-58. Q gives as speech headings (as in I. i. 40-65) merely 1 *Lad.*, 2 *Lad.*, 3 *Lad.* The attribution in Act I is reasonably certain, and to retain the same emendation here gives as good a distribution as any other.

II. i. 258. *Ay, our way to be gone*; the New Cambridge editors'

note is an interesting example of the expert's pitfalls. "Q 'Lad. I, our way.' This 'I,' which all editors have hitherto taken as 'Ay,' seems quite meaningless. We believe it to be the 'y' belonging to *Lad.* which has been mistaken for an English MS. majuscule 'I.'" The mistake is, no doubt, quite possible (even though the other speech headings are also *Lad.* and not *Lady*), but it is worse than unnecessary to assume that it was made. *Ay*, far from being meaningless, is almost necessary to the meaning. Boycet, having asked whether they hear, and received the answer *No*, then asks not *what* they see, but, as the comma after *then* clearly shows, and the balance of the sentences demands, *whether* they see.

III. i. 24. *pen*; Q *penne*; there is no doubt a quibble on *penny* though this is lost by modernising the spelling; but there is no justification for emending to *penny*. The phrase is particularly appropriate if Moth is a caricature of Nashe.

III. i. 76. *is not l'envoy a salve*; Moth is punning on the Latin *salve* = 'welcome.'

III. i. 80. *The fox . . .*; the emphasis laid by repetition on this doggerel indicates clearly enough that it had some piquant topical flavour which, for us, it has wholly lost.

IV. i. 18. *good my glass*; *i.e.* the forester is her (truth-telling) mirror, and she rewards him.

IV. i. 21-33. Perhaps an allusion to the conversion of Henry IV when he "bought Paris for a mass."

IV. i. 69. *see*; so Q. Usually emended to *saw*, but the error is such an odd one for the compositor to have made that emendation seems to me dangerous, though on the other side there seems no reason why Armado should make the blunder.

IV. i. 109. *suitor*; Q *shooter*, so making clear the pun, an effective one enough with Elizabethan pronunciation.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

IV. ii. 35, 36. *Dictynna* . . . *Dictima*; Q reads *Dictisima* in Holofernes' speech, *dictima* in Dull's. The emendation may be right in the first case, since though Holofernes blunders often enough in his Latin, he is not usually so far out as that; but I can see no reason to emend for the sake of saving Dull from a blunder, and assuming that the two forms are due to the vagaries of Shakespeare's spelling.

IV. ii. 53-8. I have retained Q's reading, since neither emendations nor explanations seem to make Holofernes' quibbling much clearer, apart from the main and obvious point, that L=50.

IV. ii. 77. *Person*; this form (the same as 'Parson'), as Q gives it, must be retained if Holofernes' laboured witticisms are to have any point at all. There is a close parallel to the joke (as Hart pointed out) in Gabriel Harvey's *Pierce's Supererogation* (1593).

IV. ii. 88. *Facile, precor* . . .; the opening of Mantuan's first eclogue is *Fauste, precor, gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra Ruminat*. How much of the blundering is Holofernes', and how much the compositor's, it is impossible to determine; *Facile* for *Fauste* almost certainly the former's.

IV. ii. 91. *Venetia* . . .; here Q reads *venchie, vencha, que non te vnde, que non te perreche*. Here the compositor must be responsible for most of the trouble, since as the words stand they are too meaninglessly far from the original to be even amusing. The quotation was apparently almost a hackneyed one at the time: 'Venice, Venice, who does not see thee, does not praise thee.'

IV. ii. 114. *You find not the apostrophas*; the spelling of *apostrophas* makes it clear that either Holofernes has an odd pronunciation of his Latin, or that both this and *pecas* in l. 88 are compositor's blunders, confusing *u* and *a*. As to the meaning, Gollancz rightly pointed out that the attempt to make Holofernes refer to *vowed* and

bowed is unsatisfactory, since the words are too far back in the canzonet to make the point effective, even if it were better than feeble in itself. And he was surely right in suggesting that *Holofernes* meant not apostrophe but diæresis. Nathaniel has wrecked the metre of the last line by reading *singes* as *sings* instead of as *singēs*.

IV. ii. 124. *Berowne*; so Q. The New Cambridge editors suggest that we should substitute *Boyet*. I think that they are no doubt right, but that the trouble goes rather deeper. It is clear that owing to Costard's blunder Rosaline has Jaquenetta's letter from Armado (IV i.). It is also clear that Costard is supposed to have grasped the fact from the Princess's direct statement (IV. i. 107). But Jaquenetta's remark in l. 86 of this scene makes it appear as though Costard has given her the letter in good faith as from Armado; one suspects Boyet of having engineered the misdelivery, but there is nothing in IV. i. to make this explicit. It looks as though there had been some careless revision or omission.

IV. ii. 128. *intellect*; 'intellect = understanding = what stands under the letter = the signature': so, excellently, the New Cambridge editors.

IV. iii. 115. *Thou for whom Jove would swear*; an extra syllable is wanted, e.g. *e'en Jove* or *Jove's self*.

IV. iii. 140. *One, her hairs . . .*; the line halts. Walker's suggestion, *One's hairs*, is almost irresistible.

IV. iii. 144. *Faith infringed*; this line also halts, this time from a syllable too few. The most natural expedient is to import either *troth* or *oath* from the lines above, and read *Faith, troth, infringed*.

IV. iii. 178. *men like men*; so Q. Many conjectures. Dyce, very straightforwardly, *men like you, men*; the New Cambridge editors, very ingeniously, *moon-like men, men*.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

IV. iii. 180. *groan for love*; so the Devonshire Q: others read *Ione*; we should perhaps read *Joan*, even though we need not admit, on the sole evidence of III. i. 199, that it was 'a favourite word with Berowne.'

IV. iii. 229. *an attending star*; much erudition has been expended on what is described as 'a somewhat recondite astronomical phenomemon' (see, amongst other places, *Shakespeare's England*, I. 454). But whatever '*the attending star*' may have been supposed to be, does Shakespeare here by his '*an attending star*' mean anything more recondite than the common fact that any star which happens to be close to the full moon appears to lose several magnitudes of brilliance?

IV. iii. 246. *O word divine*; Theobald's emendation, *wood*, has been universally accepted: it is, no doubt, tempting, but hardly essential.

IV. iii. 253. *the school of night*; see Preface.

IV. iii. 303. *poisons*; so Q (*poysons*). Theobald emended to *prisons*, perhaps rightly (see l. 326, *immured*). If so, this and l. 246 suggest the same unusual *o:r* confusion.

IV. iii. 314-15. Q reads:

*Then when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
with ourselves
Do we not likewise see our learning there.*

There was likely to be some dislocation at this point, since the next line begins what we must regard as the revised version of the passage beginning at 294. I feel that though the omission of the two stray words makes the passage quite tidy, they are, in fact, something to be inserted rather than omitted, and that we should read either *Do we not with ourselves see learning there*, or, perhaps better, *Do we not see our learning with ourselves*.

IV. iii. 334. *suspicious head of theft*; the New Cambridge editors record with approval a conjecture of Sir E. Maunde Thompson, *th' est*. But is there any reason to suppose that the newt has peculiarly sensitive hearing? Hart, I think rightly, would take it as it stands (*theft* = 'a thief'), quoting 3 *Henry VI*, V. vi. 11, *Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind: the thief doth fear each bush an officer*; or Farmer may possibly be right in taking the meaning to be 'the head suspicious of theft.'

V. i. 20. *dout fine*; Herzberg makes the ingenious conjecture *sine b* for *fine*.

V. i. 25. *ne intelligis*; Johnson wanted to make Holofernes correct by reading *nonne* for *ne*; but Holofernes is liable enough to blunder.

V. i. 28. *Bome boon . . .*; a famous crux. Q reads: *Curat. Laus deo, bene intelligo*. Peda. *Bome boon for boon prescian, a little scratcht*. Theobald conjectured that in the first line the correct (because incorrect) reading is *bone* for *bene*. Holofernes then (whatever is the true reading of this jumble of words) will be correcting Nathaniel, and whatever lurks beneath *boon for boon, bome* should be *bene*. This is accepted with acclamation by the New Cambridge editors, and it seems, indeed, thoroughly convincing, until we remark that nowhere else is it any part of Nathaniel's comicality (though it is of Holofernes') to misuse Latin. He interprets Dictynna rightly and gives her another correct alias, he uses *perge* correctly, and for that matter in this very passage he tacitly corrects Holofernes' blunder as to the position of *ne*. Nor is it clear why the compositor, if he misread Nathaniel's supposed *bone* as *bene*, should suddenly read the same word as *Bome* in the next line. The New Cambridge editors' full reading, adopting a conjecture of Clark and Wright, is: Sir Nathaniel. *Laus Deo, bone intelligo*. Holofernes. *Bone?—bon fort bon!*—*Priscian a little scratched*. The trouble

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

about this is that *bon fort bon* seems an unduly emphatic comment on a muddle of *bene* and *bone*, nor is it very clear what Holofernes regards as *bon*. *Boon* might perhaps be a transposition error for *bono*. Is it possible that Holofernes is suggesting *Laus Deo bono bene intelligo*, or that he is amusing himself by partly declining *bonus* (*bone, bono, bono*)?

V. i. 41. *bonorificabilitudinitatibus*; the stock example of the long word.

V. i. 51. *last*; Theobald emended to *third*. If the text is correct we must, I think, assume with Furness that Moth is setting a trap for Holofernes, making him think there is no danger till he gets to the end.

V. i. 119. Something has clearly gone wrong here; not, I think, a compositor's error. It looks as though Shakespeare had settled neither the Worthies nor the allocation of them, and did not come back later to tidy the passage up.

V. ii. 28. *past care is still past cure*; so Q. Usually emended by transposing *care* and *cure*; but reference to Sonnet CXLVII suggests that Shakespeare preferred the converse of the ordinary form of the proverb.

V. ii. 46-48. The text is Q's, but the New Cambridge editors, very probably rightly, take *Katherine* to be a misplaced speech-heading, and read:—

Katherine. *A pox of that jest!*

Princess.

And I beshrew all shrews!

But what was sent to you from fair Dumaine?

V. ii. 67. *peritaunt*; a mysterious word. Many conjectures, *pendant, pageant, pedant, portent*, etc. The most interesting is Professor Moore Smith's, recorded and adopted by the New Cambridge

editors, *planet*, admirable in sense, and graphically a good deal easier than it looks.

V. ii. 123. *love-feat*; we should perhaps read *love-suit*, with Walker.

V. ii. 215. The rhyming line (presumably a rejoinder of Rosaline's) is missing.

V. ii. 245. *double tongue*; the point, as Mr W. J. Lawrence has pointed out, is that the vizard was kept in place by a projection or tongue which was held in the mouth.

V. ii. 261. We should probably, with Capell, omit either *bullets* or *arrows*.

V. ii. 373. The simplest cure for the halting metre is to read *My* before *gentle*.

V. ii. 415-16. *sance . . . sans*; so Q. But it is doubtful whether there is any point in the difference of spelling.

V. ii. 540. *Abate throw at novum*; *novum* (in full *novum quinque*) was a game at dice, in which the main throws were nine and five. There is clearly a reference to the nine worthies and the five players; but *Abate*, with no article following, is a suspicious word.

V. ii. 560-61. Plutarch records that Alexander's head was not set straight, and that his skin had a 'marvellous good savour.'

V. ii. 570. *lion, that holds his pole-axe . . .*; the New Cambridge editors give the evident original of this from Legh's *Accedens of Armourye* (1563); "The fourth (Worthy) was Alexander, the which did beare Geules, a Lion or, seiante in a chayer, holding a battle-axe argent."

V. ii. 656. *Berowne steps forth*; this is the stage direction of Q, and as such retained, since it must imply some stage business. Perhaps, as Capell thought, he retires to talk to Costard, who 'stood aside' at l. 580, and is now about to intervene again.

V. ii. 730. *parts*; many conjectures, *past*, *baste*, *dart*, *pulse*, to

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

which one might add *pause*; but the text is, though with difficulty, interpretable as it stands, *the extreme parts* meaning 'the eleventh hour.'

V. ii. 742. *double*; perhaps (Dyce) *dull*.

V. ii. 744. *badges*; the New Cambridge editors attractively suggest *bodges* (*i.e.* clumsy phrases).

V. ii. 806. *bermit*; Pollard's most satisfactory emendation for Q's *berrite*. (One wonders whether Keats had anticipated the emendation; "I thine eremite," "my heart is lost in thine," *The Eve of St Agnes*, xxxi, xxxvii.)

V. ii. 808. *You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd*; so Q (with *to* and *rackt*). Malone explains *rack'd* as "extended to the top of their bent," which is not better than tolerable sense, but is at least better than the facile *rank* of Rowe. The New Cambridge editors "suggest that the compositor printed *to* for *till* . . . The word *attaint* in the next line seems to make the connexion between *rack* and torture certain." The error is no doubt, as they say, an easy one: but the resulting line does not appear to make sense, saying, as it does, 'You must be purged till your sins are tortured,' whereas what (on these lines) it should say is, 'You must be tortured till your sins are purged.' The easiest emendation to get that sense (though not sound graphically) would be, *your sins be rack'd*.

V. ii. 908. *Tu-whit tu-who*; I think there can be little doubt that Capell's notion was right, and that either *Tu-whit* or *Tu-who* should stand in a line by itself, corresponding to *Cuckoo* of the other verses, and that the next line should run *Tu-whit, tu-who, a merry note*.

V. ii. 920. *The words . . . Apollo*. Printed in large type in Q. F gives the sentence to Armado, and adds the exit words *You that way,—we this way*. No satisfactory explanation for the change of type has been given.

Glossary

MANY words and phrases in Shakespeare require glossing, not because they are in themselves unfamiliar, but for the opposite reason, that Shakespeare uses in their Elizabethan and unfamiliar sense a large number of words which seem so familiar that there is no incentive to look for them in the glossary. It is hoped that a glossary arranged as below will make it easy to see at a glance what words and phrases in any particular scene require elucidation. A number of phrases are glossed by what seems to be, in their context, the modern equivalent rather than by lexicographical glosses on the words which compose them.

Act First

SCENE I

<i>line</i>		<i>line</i>	
3	DISGRACE, despite	127	GENTILITY, good manners
6	BATE, blunt	150	AFFECTS, affections (<i>or, simply</i>) disposition
13	ACADEME, school of philosophy	160	QUICK, vitalizing
14	LIVING ART, 'ars vivendi'	163	PLANTED, well-grounded
31	TO, regarding (<i>cf. die unto sin</i>)	167	A MAN OF COMPLIMENTS, 'The complete gentleman'
43	WINK, close the eyes	168	MUTINY, dispute
57	COMMON SENSE, ordinary apprehension	198	CLIMB IN THE MERRINESS, increase our mirth
65	HARD A KEEPING, hard to keep	206	WELKIN, sky
70	STOPS, obstacles	253	CONTINENT, <i>either (a) of continence, or (b) restraining</i>
100	SNEAPING, biting		
107	LIKE OF, like		
112	FOR, in favour of		

SCENE II

33	CROSSES, coins	105	ALLOWED FOR DAY-WOMAN, allotted to, or (?) appointed as, dairy-woman
76	COMPLEXION, <i>pun on (a) colour, (b) temperament, (c) physical constitution (depending on one of the humours)</i>	168	BUTTSHAFT, unbarbed arrow
90	DEFINE, explain	171	PASSADO, a particular thrust in fencing

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Act IV Sc. ii—continued

<i>line</i>	<i>line</i>
117 CARET, it is lacking	144 COLOURABLE COLOURS, plausible pretexts
118 NASO, <i>i.e.</i> 'Nosey'	152 BEN VENUTO, welcome
126 SUPERSCRIPIT, address	157 CONCLUDES. <i>pun on (a)</i> asserts, (<i>b</i>) finishes
133 SEQUENT, follower	

SCENE III

6 MAD AS AJAX, <i>Ajax in his madness killed sheep thinking they were enemies</i>	162 TEEN, grief
51 CORNER-CAP, cap with corners worn by divines and judges ('the black cap')	165 GIG, top
68 EXHAL'ST, draws up, disperses	167 NESTOR, the 'wisest of the Greeks'
72 LIVER-VEIN, style of a man in love (<i>the liver being the seat of the passions</i>)	172 CAUDLE, a warm sweet drink for the sick
85 FOR FOUL HATH AMBER QUOTED, have made amber look foul	202 LOGGERHEAD, dolt
123 NOTE, brand	206 MESS, table of four
	210 TURTLES, turtle-doves
	286 QUILLETS, quibbles ('quidlibet')
	335 SENSIBLE, sensitive
	336 COCKLED, in their shells
	381 COCKLE, weeds

Act Fifth

SCENE I

1 SATIS QUID SUFFICIT, enough	13 PICKED, fastidious
4 AFFECTION, affectation	14 PEREGRINATE, exotic
5 IMPUDENCY, immodesty	17 STAPLE, the fine thread of wool from which the yarn is spun
OPINION, conceit	25 NE INTELLIGIS, DOMINE?, do you understand, master? (<i>with blunder in position of ne</i>)
9 NOVI HOMINUM TANQUAM TE, I know the man as well as you (<i>with blunder for hominem</i>)	27 LAUS DEO, BENE INTELLIGO, God be thanked, I understood well
9 HUMOUR, temper	
10 FILED, polished	
12 THRASONICAL, boastful	

GLOSSARY

Act V Sc. i—continued

<i>line</i>	<i>line</i>
30 VIDESNE QUI VENIT ?, do you see who comes ?	58 WIT-OLD, <i>pun on wittold</i> = cuckold
31 VIDEO, ET GAUDEO, I see, and rejoice	61 GIG, top
33 QUARE, why	63 CIRCUM CIRCA, around and about
41 FLAP-DRAGON, (?) one of the raisins floating in bowl of burning liquor in game of snap-dragon	73 UNGUEM, nail
44 HORN-BOOK, ABC book	76 CHARGE-HOUSE, <i>a nonce-word, meaning uncertain</i>
46 PUERICIA, boyhood	84 LIABLE, apt
50 QUI, who	96 EXCREMENT, outgrowth
	139 FADGE NOT, succeed
	141 VIA, away !
	145 HEY, morris dance

SCENE II

2 FAIRINGS, complimentary gifts	235 COG, play trickily
10 WAX, <i>pun on (a) increase (verb), and (b) wax of the seal</i>	263 DRY-BEATEN, cudgelled
12 GALLOWS, rascal	281 STATUTE-CAPS, prentice-caps
22 IN SNUFF, amiss	289 DIGEST, 'stomach'
35 NUMBERS, metre	297 VAILING, letting fall
42 B, (?) <i>B for beauty</i>	328 A MEAN, tenor
44 DOMINICAL, red letter for Sunday in almanacs	361 MESS, party of four
61 IN BY THE WEEK, caught	407 THREE-PILED, with the richest 'pile' (<i>of velvet</i>)
109 FLEER'D, grinned	413 RUSSET, } (coarse cloths) home- KERSEY, / spun
117 SPLEEN, passion of laughter	416 YET, still
172 BRINGS ME OUT, puts me off	423 LORD'S TOKENS, spots which appeared in a late stage of the plague
206 EYNE, eyes (<i>old plural</i>)	434 WERE YOU WELL ADVIS'D ?, did you give it due consideration ?
222 NICE, coy	440 FORCE TO, struggle against (<i>cf. 'strain at'</i>)
232 TREY, the throw of three at dice	
233 METHEGLIN, mead	
WORT, sweet beer	
MALMSEY, sweet wine	

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Act V Sc. ii—continued

<i>line</i>	<i>line</i>
463 PLEASE-MAN, flatterer (<i>cf.</i> 'yes-man')	644 ILION, Troy
464 DICK, Tom, Dick, and Harry	645 BREATHED, in training
474 SQUIER, square, rule	677 ATE, goddess of mischief
478 ALLOW'D, a licensed jester	690 TAKE YOU A BUTTON-HOLE LOWER, (a) take you down a peg, (b) undo another button
482 MANAGE, a short gallop at full speed	700 WOOLWARD, with wool next the skin
529 COUPLEMENT, pair	732 AT HIS VERY LOOSE, at the moment of loosing (<i>in archery</i>), <i>i.e.</i> at the last moment
544 LIBBARD, leopard	771 BOMBAST, padding
578 O'ERPARTED, with a role too hard for him	776 QUOTE, understand
582 CANUS, (<i>for</i> 'canis') dog	781 DEAR, serious
584 MANUS, hand	787 SIGNS, <i>of the Zodiac</i>
585 QUONIAM, because	794 LAST, endure
586 ERGO, therefore	895 TURTLES, turtle-doves
591 YCLIPED, called	TREAD, copulate
603 CITTERN-HEAD, grotesque carved head on lute-like instrument	903 BLOWS HIS NAIL, waits in idleness
609 HALF-CHEEK, profile	910 KEEL, makes cool
628 TROYAN, roysterer . . .	915 CRABS, crab apples
633 SMALL, part of leg below the calf	

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