

# **Loues Labour's lost.**

by

**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE**

Based on the Folio Text of 1623

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# Shakespeare: First Folio

## Table of Contents

Loues Labour's lost . . . . .	1
<i>Actus primus.</i> . . . .	1
<i>Finis Actus Primus.</i> . . . .	11
<i>Actus Secunda.</i> . . . .	12
<i>Actus Tertius.</i> . . . .	18
<i>Actus Quartus.</i> . . . .	22
<i>Actus Quintus.</i> . . . .	39



## Loues Labour's lost

L1v

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### *Actus primus.*

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2     *Enter Ferdinand King of Nauarre, Berowne, Longauill, and*  
3     *Dumane.*  
4         *Ferdinand.*  
5     Let *Fame*, that all hunt after in their liues,  
6     Liue registred vpon our brazen Tombes,  
7     And then grace vs in the disgrace of death:  
8     when spight of cormorant deuouring Time,  
9     Th' endeuour of this present breath may buy:  
10    That honour which shall bate his sythes keene edge,  
11    And make vs heyres of all eternitie.  
12    Therefore braue Conquerours, for so you are,  
13    That warre against your owne affections,  
14    And the huge Armie of the worlds desires.  
15    Our late edict shall strongly stand in force,  
16    *Nauar* shall be the wonder of the world.  
17    Our Court shall be a little Achademe,  
18    Still and contemplatiue in liuing Art.  
19    You three, *Berowne, Dumaine, and Longauill,*  
20    Haue sworne for three yeeres terme, to liue with me:  
21    My fellow Schollers, and to keepe those statutes  
22    That are recorded in this scedule heere.  
23    Your oathes are past, and now subscribe your names:  
24    That his owne hand may strike his honour downe,  
25    That violates the smallest branch heerein:  
26    If you are arm'd to doe, as sworne to do,  
27    Subscribe to your deepe oathes, and keepe it to.  
28         *Longauill.* I am resolu'd, 'tis but a three yeeres fast:  
29    The minde shall banquet, though the body pine,  
30    Fat paunches haue leane pates: and dainty bits,  
31    Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.  
32         *Dumane.* My louing Lord, *Dumane* is mortified,  
33    The grosser manner of these worlds delights,  
34    He throwes vpon the grosse worlds baser slaues:  
35    To loue, to wealth, to pompe, I pine and die,  
36    With all these liuing in Philosophie.  
37         *Berowne.* I can but say their protestation ouer,  
38    So much, deare Liege, I haue already sworne,  
39    That is, to liue and study heere three yeeres.

40 But there are other strict obseruances:  
 41 As not to see a woman in that terme,  
 42 Which I hope well is not enrolled there.  
 43 And one day in a weeke to touch no foode:  
 44 And but one meale on euery day beside:  
 45 The which I hope is not enrolled there.  
 46 And then to sleepe but three houres in the night,  
 47 And not be seene to winke of all the day.  
 48 When I was wont to thinke no harme all night,  
 49 And make a darke night too of halfe the day:  
 50 Which I hope well is not enrolled there.  
 51 O, these are barren taskes, too hard to keepe,  
 52 Not to see Ladies, study, fast, not sleepe.  
 53 *Ferd.* Your oath is past, to passe away from these.  
 54 *Berow.* Let me say no my Liedge, and if you please,  
 55 I onely swore to study with your grace,  
 56 And stay heere in your Court for three yeeres space.  
 57 *Longa.* You swore to that *Berowne*, and to the rest.  
 58 *Berow.* By yea and nay sir, than I swore in iest.  
 59 What is the end of study, let me know?  
 60 *Fer.* Why that to know which else wee should not  
 61 know.  
 62 *Ber.* Things hid & bard (you meane) fro[m] co[m]mon sense.  
 63 *Ferd.* I, that is studies god- like recompence.  
 64 *Bero.* Come on then, I will sweare to studie so,  
 65 To know the thing I am forbid to know:  
 66 As thus, to study where I well may dine,  
 67 When I to fast expressely am forbid.  
 68 Or studie where to meete some Mistresse fine,  
 69 When Mistresses from common sense are hid.  
 70 Or hauing sworne too hard a keeping oath,  
 71 Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth.  
 72 If studies gaine be thus, and this be so,  
 73 Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know,  
 74 Sweare me to this, and I will nere say no.  
 75 *Ferd.* These be the stops that hinder studie quite,  
 76 And traine our intellects to vaine delight.  
 77 *Ber.* Why? all delights are vaine, and that most vaine  
 78 Which with paine purchas'd, doth inherit paine,  
 79 As painefully to poare vpon a Booke,  
 80 To seeke the light of truth, while truth the while  
 81 Doth falsely blinde the eye- sight of his looke:  
 82 Light seeking light, doth light of light beguile:  
 83 So ere you finde where light in darknesse lies,  
 84 Your light growes darke by losing of your eyes.  
 85 Studie me how to please the eye indeede,

86 By fixing it vpon a fairer eye,  
 87 Who dazling so, that eye shall be his heed,  
 88 And giue him light that it was blinded by.  
 89 Studie is like the heauens glorious Sunne,  
 90 That will not be deepe search'd with sawcy lookes:  
 91 Small haue continuall plodders euer wonne,  
 92 Saue base authoritie from others Bookes.  
 93 These earthly Godfathers of heauens lights,  
 94 That giue a name to euery fixed Starre,  
 95 Haue no more profit of their shining nights,  
 96 Then those that walke and wot not what they are.  
 97 Too much to know, is to know nought but fame:  
 98 And euery Godfather can giue a name.  
 99 *Fer.* How well hee's read, to reason against reading. [L2  
 100 *Dum.* Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.  
 101 *Lon.* Hee weedes the corne, and still lets grow the  
 102 weeding.  
 103 *Ber.* The Spring is neare when greene geesse are a  
 104 breeding.  
 105 *Dum.* How followes that?  
 106 *Ber.* Fit in his place and time.  
 107 *Dum.* In reason nothing.  
 108 *Ber.* Something then in rime.  
 109 *Ferd.* *Berowne* is like an enuious sneaping Frost,  
 110 That bites the first borne infants of the Spring.  
 111 *Ber.* Wel, say I am, why should proud Summer boast,  
 112 Before the Birds haue any cause to sing?  
 113 Why should I ioy in any abortiue birth?  
 114 At Christmas I no more desire a Rose,  
 115 Then wish a Snow in Mayes new fangled showes:  
 116 But like of each thing that in season growes.  
 117 So you to studie now it is too late,  
 118 That were to clymbe ore the house to vnlocke the gate.  
 119 *Fer.* Well, sit you out: go home *Berowne*: adue.  
 120 *Ber.* No my good Lord, I haue sworn to stay with you.  
 121 And though I haue for barbarisme spoke more,  
 122 Then for that Angell knowledge you can say,  
 123 Yet confident Ile keepe what I haue sworne,  
 124 And bide the pennance of each three yeares day.  
 125 Giue me the paper, let me reade the same,  
 126 And to the strictest decrees Ile write my name.  
 127 *Fer.* How well this yeelding rescues thee from shame.  
 128 *Ber. Item.* That no woman shall come within a mile  
 129 of my Court.  
 130 Hath this bin proclaimed?  
 131 *Lon.* Foure dayes agoe.

132 *Ber.* Let's see the penaltie.  
 133 On paine of loosing her tongue.  
 134 Who deuis'd this penaltie?  
 135 *Lon.* Marry that did I.  
 136 *Ber.* Sweete Lord, and why?  
 137 *Lon.* To fright them hence with that dread penaltie,  
 138 A dangerous law against gentilitie.  
 139 *Item,* If any man be seene to talke with a woman with-in  
 140 the tearme of three yeares, hee shall indure such  
 141 publique shame as the rest of the Court shall possibly  
 142 deuise.  
 143 *Ber.* This Article my Liedge your selfe must breake,  
 144 For well you know here comes in Embassie  
 145 The *French* Kings daughter, with your selfe to speake:  
 146 A Maide of grace and compleate maiestie,  
 147 About surrender vp of *Aquitaine*:  
 148 To her decrepit, sicke, and bed- rid Father.  
 149 Therefore this Article is made in vaine,  
 150 Or vainly comes th' admired Princesse hither.  
 151 *Fer.* What say you Lords?  
 152 Why, this was quite forgot.  
 153 *Ber.* So Studie euermore is ouershot,  
 154 While it doth study to haue what it would,  
 155 It doth forget to doe the thing it should:  
 156 And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,  
 157 'Tis won as townes with fire, so won, so lost.  
 158 *Fer.* We must of force dispence with this Decree,  
 159 She must lye here on meere necessitie.  
 160 *Ber.* Necessity will make vs all forsworne  
 161 Three thousand times within this three yeeres space:  
 162 For euery man with his affects is borne,  
 163 Not by might mastred, but by speciall grace.  
 164 If I breake faith, this word shall breake for me,  
 165 I am forsworne on meere necessitie.  
 166 So to the Lawes at large I write my name,  
 167 And he that breakes them in the least degree,  
 168 Stands in attainder of eternall shame.  
 169 Suggestions are to others as to me:  
 170 But I beleue although I seeme so loth,  
 171 I am the last that will last keepe his oth.  
 172 But is there no quicke recreation granted?  
 173 *Fer.* I that there is, our Court you know is hanted  
 174 With a refined trauailer of *Spaine*,  
 175 A man in all the worlds new fashion planted,  
 176 That hath a mint of phrases in his braine:  
 177 One, who the musicke of his owne vaine tongue,

178 Doth rauish like inchanting harmonie:  
 179 A man of complements whom right and wrong  
 180 Haue chose as vmpire of their mutinie.  
 181 This childe of fancie that *Armado* hight,  
 182 For interim to our studies shall relate,  
 183 In high- borne words the worth of many a Knight:  
 184 From tawnie *Spaine* lost in the worlds debate.  
 185 How you delight my Lords, I know not I,  
 186 But I protest I loue to heare him lie,  
 187 And I will vse him for my Minstrelsie.  
 188 *Bero.* *Armado* is a most illustrious wight,  
 189 A man of fire, new words, fashions owne Knight.  
 190 *Lon.* *Costard* the swaine and he, shall be our sport,  
 191 And so to studie, three yeeres is but short.  
 192 *Enter a Constable with Costard with a Letter.*  
 193 *Const.* Which is the Dukes owne person.  
 194 *Ber.* This fellow, What would'st?  
 195 *Con.* I my selfe reprehend his owne person, for I am  
 196 his graces Tharborough: But I would see his own person  
 197 in flesh and blood.  
 198 *Ber.* This is he.  
 199 *Con.* Signeor *Arme*, *Arme* commends you:  
 200 Ther's villanie abroad, this letter will tell you more.  
 201 *Clow.* Sir the Contempts thereof are as touching  
 202 mee.  
 203 *Fer.* A letter from the magnificent *Armado*.  
 204 *Ber.* How low soeuer the matter, I hope in God for  
 205 high words.  
 206 *Lon.* A high hope for a low heauen, God grant vs pa-tience.  
 208 *Ber.* To heare, or forbear hearing.  
 209 *Lon.* To heare meekely sir, and to laugh moderately,  
 210 or to forbear both.  
 211 *Ber.* Well sir, be it as the stile shall giue vs cause to  
 212 clime in the merrinesse.  
 213 *Clo.* The matter is to me sir, as concerning *Iaquenetta*.  
 214 The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.  
 215 *Ber.* In what manner?  
 216 *Clo.* In manner and forme following sir all those three.  
 217 I was seene with her in the Mannor house, sitting with  
 218 her vpon the Forme, and taken following her into the  
 219 Parke: which put to gether, is in manner and forme  
 220 following. Now sir for the manner; It is the manner  
 221 of a man to speake to a woman, for the forme in some  
 222 forme.  
 223 *Ber.* For the following sir.  
 224 *Clo.* As it shall follow in my correction, and God de-fend

225 the right.  
 226 *Fer.* Will you heare this Letter with attention?  
 227 *Ber.* As we would heare an Oracle.  
 228 *Clo.* Such is the simplicitie of man to harken after the  
 229 flesh. [L2v  
 230 *Ferdinand.*  
 231 *Great Deputie, the Welkins Vicegerent, and sole domi-nator*  
 232 *of Nauar, my soules earths God, and bodies fo-string*  
 233 *patrone:*  
 234 *Cost.* Not a word of *Costard* yet.  
 235 *Ferd.* So it is.  
 236 *Cost.* It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is in telling  
 237 true: but so.  
 238 *Ferd.* Peace,  
 239 *Clow.* Be to me, and euery man that dares not fight.  
 240 *Ferd.* No words,  
 241 *Clow.* Of other mens secrets I beseech you.  
 242 *Ferd.* So it is besieged with sable coloured melancholie, I  
 243 did commend the blacke oppressing humour to the most whole-some  
 244 Physicke of thy health- giuing ayre: And as I am a Gen-tleman,  
 245 betooke my selfe to walke: the time When? about the  
 246 sixt houre, When beasts most grase, birds best pecke, and men  
 247 sit downe to that nourishment which is called supper: So much  
 248 for the time When. Now for the ground Which? which I  
 249 meane I walkt vpon, it is ycliped, Thy Parke. Then for the  
 250 place Where? where I meane I did encounter that obscene and  
 251 most preposterous euent that draweth from my snow- white pen  
 252 the ebon coloured Inke, which heere thou viewest, beholdest:  
 253 suruayest, or seest. But to the place Where? It standeth  
 254 North North- east and by East from the West corner of thy  
 255 curious knotted garden; There did I see that low spiri- ted  
 256 Swaine, that base Minow of thy myrth, ( *Clown.* Mee?)  
 257 that vnletered small knowing soule, ( *Clow* Me?) that shallow  
 258 vassall ( *Clow.* Still mee?) which as I remember, hight Co-stard,  
 259 ( *Clow.* O me) sorted and consorted contrary to thy e- stablished  
 260 proclaymed Edict and Continent, Cannon: Which  
 261 with, o with, but with this I passion to say wherewith:  
 262 *Clo.* With a Wench.  
 263 *Ferd.* With a childe of our Grandmother Eue, a female;  
 264 or for thy more sweet understanding a woman: him, I (as my  
 265 euer esteemed dutie prickes me on) haue sent to thee, to receiue  
 266 the meed of punishment by the sweet Graces Officer Anthony  
 267 Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, & estimation.  
 268 *Anth.* Me, an't shall please you? I am Anthony Dull.  
 269 *Ferd.* For Iaquenetta (so is the weaker vessell called)  
 270 which I apprehended with the aforesaid Swaine, I keepe her

271 *as a vessell of thy Lawes furie, and shall at the least of thy*  
 272 *sweet notice, bring her to triall. Thine in all complements of*  
 273 *deuoted and heart- burning heat of dutie.*  
 274 Don Adriana de Armado.  
 275 *Ber.* This is not so well as I looked for, but the best  
 276 that euer I heard.  
 277 *Fer.* I the best, for the worst. But sirra, What say you  
 278 to this?  
 279 *Clo.* Sir I confesse the Wench.  
 280 *Fer.* Did you heare the Proclamation?  
 281 *Clo.* I doe confesse much of the hearing it, but little  
 282 of the marking of it.  
 283 *Fer.* It was proclaimed a yeeres imprisonment to bee  
 284 taken with a Wench.  
 285 *Clow.* I was taken with none sir, I was taken with a  
 286 Damosell.  
 287 *Fer.* Well, it was proclaimed Damosell.  
 288 *Clo.* This was no Damosell neyther sir, shee was a  
 289 Virgin.  
 290 *Fer.* It is so varried to, for it was proclaimed Virgin.  
 291 *Clo.* If it were, I denie her Virginitie: I was taken  
 292 with a Maide.  
 293 *Fer.* This Maid will not serue your turne sir.  
 294 *Clo.* This Maide will serue my turne sir.  
 295 *Kin.* Sir I will pronounce your sentence: You shall  
 296 fast a Weeke with Branne and water.  
 297 *Clo.* I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton and  
 298 Porridge.  
 299 *Kin.* And *Don Armado* shall be your keeper.  
 300 My Lord *Berowne*, see him deliuer'd ore,  
 301 And goe we Lords to put in practice that,  
 302 Which each to other hath so strongly sworne.  
 303 *Bero.* Ile lay my head to any good mans hat,  
 304 These oathes and lawes will proue an idle scorne.  
 305 Sirra, come on.  
 306 *Clo.* I suffer for the truth sir: for true it is, I was ta-ken  
 307 with *Iaquenetta*, and *Iaquenetta* is a true girle, and  
 308 therefore welcome the sowre cup of prosperitie, affliction-  
 309 may one day smile againe, and vntill then sit downe  
 310 sorrow. *Exit.*  
 311 *Enter Armado and Moth his Page.*  
 312 *Arma.* Boy, What signe is it when a man of great  
 313 spirit growes melancholy?  
 314 *Boy.* A great signe sir, that he will looke sad.  
 315 *Brag.* Why? sadnesse is one and the selfe- same thing  
 316 deare impe.

317 *Boy.* No no, O Lord sir no.  
 318 *Brag.* How canst thou part sadnesse and melancholy  
 319 my tender *Iuuenall*?  
 320 *Boy.* By a familiar demonstration of the working, my  
 321 tough signeur.  
 322 *Brag.* Why tough signeur? Why tough signeur?  
 323 *Boy.* Why tender *Iuuenall*? Why tender *Iuuenall*?  
 324 *Brag.* I spoke it tender *Iuuenall*, as a congruent apa-thaton,  
 325 appertaining to thy young daies, which we may  
 326 nominate tender.  
 327 *Boy.* And I tough signeur, as an appertinent title to  
 328 your olde time, which we may name tough.  
 329 *Brag.* Pretty and apt.  
 330 *Boy.* How meane you sir, I pretty, and my saying apt?  
 331 or I apt, and my saying prettie?  
 332 *Brag.* Thou pretty because little.  
 333 *Boy.* Little pretty, because little: wherefore apt?  
 334 *Brag.* And therefore apt, because quicke.  
 335 *Boy.* Speake you this in my praise Master?  
 336 *Brag.* In thy condigne praise.  
 337 *Boy.* I will praise an Eele with the same praise.  
 338 *Brag.* What? that an Eele is ingenuous.  
 339 *Boy.* That an Eele is quicke.  
 340 *Brag.* I doe say thou art quicke in answeres. Thou  
 341 heat'st my bloud.  
 342 *Boy.* I am answer'd sir.  
 343 *Brag.* I loue not to be crost.  
 344 *Boy.* He speakes the meere contrary, crosses loue not |(him.  
 345 *Br.* I haue promis'd to study iij. yeres with the Duke.  
 346 *Boy.* You may doe it in an houre sir.  
 347 *Brag.* Impossible.  
 348 *Boy.* How many is one thrice told?  
 349 *Br.* I am ill at reckning, it fits the spirit of a Tapster.  
 350 *Boy.* You are a gentleman and a gamester sir.  
 351 *Brag.* I confesse both, they are both the varnish of a  
 352 compleat man.  
 353 *Boy.* Then I am sure you know how much the grosse  
 354 summe of deus- ace amounts to.  
 355 *Brag.* It doth amount to one more then two.  
 356 *Boy.* Which the base vulgar call three.  
 357 *Br.* True. *Boy.* Why sir is this such a peece of study?  
 358 Now here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink, & how  
 359 easie it is to put yeres to the word three, and study three  
 360 yeeres in two words, the dancing horse will tell you. [L3  
 361 *Brag.* A most fine Figure.  
 362 *Boy.* To proue you a Cypher.

363 *Brag.* I will heereupon confesse I am in loue: and as  
 364 it is base for a Souldier to loue; so am I in loue with a  
 365 base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour  
 366 of affection, would deliuer mee from the reprobate  
 367 thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom  
 368 him to any French Courtier for a new deuis'd curtsie. I  
 369 thinke scorne to sigh, me thinks I should out- sweare  
 370 *Cupid.* Comfort me Boy, What great men haue beene  
 371 in loue?  
 372 *Boy.* *Hercules* Master.  
 373 *Brag.* Most sweete *Hercules*: more authority deare  
 374 Boy, name more; and sweet my childe let them be men  
 375 of good repute and carriage.  
 376 *Boy.* *Sampson* Master, he was a man of good carriage,  
 377 great carriage: for hee carried the Towne- gates on his  
 378 backe like a Porter: and he was in loue.  
 379 *Brag.* O well- knit *Sampson*, strong ioynted *Sampson*;  
 380 I doe excell thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst mee  
 381 in carrying gates. I am in loue too. Who was *Sampsons*  
 382 loue my deare *Moth*?  
 383 *Boy.* A Woman, Master.  
 384 *Brag.* Of what complexion?  
 385 *Boy.* Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one  
 386 of the foure.  
 387 *Brag.* Tell me precisely of what complexion?  
 388 *Boy.* Of the sea- water Greene sir.  
 389 *Brag.* Is that one of the foure complexions?  
 390 *Boy.* As I haue read sir, and the best of them too.  
 391 *Brag.* Greene indeed is the colour of Louers: but to  
 392 haue a Loue of that colour, methinkes *Sampson* had small  
 393 reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.  
 394 *Boy.* It was so sir, for she had a greene wit.  
 395 *Brag.* My Loue is most immaculate white and red.  
 396 *Boy.* Most immaculate thoughts Master, are mask'd  
 397 vnder such colours.  
 398 *Brag.* Define, define, well educated infant.  
 399 *Boy.* My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue assist  
 400 mee.  
 401 *Brag.* Sweet inuocation of a childe, most pretty and  
 402 patheticall.  
 403 *Boy.* If shee be made of white and red,  
 404 Her faults will nere be knowne:  
 405 For blush-in cheekes by faults are bred,  
 406 And feares by pale white showne:  
 407 Then if she feare, or be to blame,  
 408 By this you shall not know,

409 For still her cheekes possesse the same,  
 410 Which natiue she doth owe:  
 411 A dangerous rime master against the reason of white  
 412 and redde.  
 413 *Brag.* Is there not a ballet Boy, of the King and the  
 414 Begger?  
 415 *Boy.* The world was very guilty of such a Ballet some  
 416 three ages since, but I thinke now 'tis not to be found: or  
 417 if it were, it would neither serue for the writing, nor the  
 418 tune.  
 419 *Brag.* I will haue that subiect newly writ ore, that I  
 420 may example my digression by some mighty president.  
 421 Boy, I doe loue that Countrey girle that I tooke in  
 422 the Parke with the rationall hinde *Costard*: she deserues  
 423 well.  
 424 *Boy.* To bee whip'd: and yet a better loue then my  
 425 Master.  
 426 *Brag.* Sing Boy, my spirit grows heauy in loue.  
 427 *Boy.* And that's great maruell, louing a light wench.  
 428 *Brag.* I say sing.  
 429 *Boy.* Forbeare till this company be past.  
 430 *Enter Clowne, Constable, and Wench.*  
 431 *Const.* Sir, the Dukes pleasure, is that you keepe *Co-stard*  
 432 safe, and you must let him take no delight, nor no  
 433 penance, but hee must fast three daies a weeke: for this  
 434 Damsell, I must keepe her at the Parke, shee is alowd for  
 435 the Day- woman. Fare you well. *Exit.*  
 436 *Brag.* I do betray my selfe with blushing: Maide.  
 437 *Maid.* Man.  
 438 *Brag.* I wil visit thee at the Lodge.  
 439 *Maid.* That's here by.  
 440 *Brag.* I know where it is situate.  
 441 *Mai.* Lord how wise you are!  
 442 *Brag.* I will tell thee wonders.  
 443 *Ma.* With what face?  
 444 *Brag.* I loue thee.  
 445 *Mai.* So I heard you say.  
 446 *Brag.* And so farewell.  
 447 *Mai.* Faire weather after you.  
 448 *Clo.* Come *Iaquenetta*, away. *Exeunt.*  
 449 *Brag.* Villaine, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere  
 450 thou be pardoned.  
 451 *Clo.* Well sir, I hope when I doe it, I shall doe it on a  
 452 full stomacke.  
 453 *Brag.* Thou shalt be heauily punished.  
 454 *Clo.* I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for

455 they are but lightly rewarded.  
 456 *Clow.* Take away this villaine, shut him vp.  
 457 *Boy.* Come you transgressing slaue, away.  
 458 *Clow.* Let mee not bee pent vp sir, I will fast being  
 459 loose.  
 460 *Boy.* No sir, that were fast and loose: thou shalt to  
 461 prison.  
 462 *Clow.* Well, if euer I do see the merry dayes of deso-lation  
 463 that I haue seene, some shall see.  
 464 *Boy.* What shall some see?  
 465 *Clow.* Nay nothing, Master *Moth*, but what they  
 466 looke vpon. It is not for prisoners to be silent in their  
 467 words, and therefore I will say nothing: I thanke God, I  
 468 haue as little patience as another man, and therefore I  
 469 can be quiet. *Exit.*  
 470 *Brag.* I doe affect the very ground (which is base)  
 471 where her shooe (which is baser) guided by her foote  
 472 (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworn (which  
 473 is a great argument of falshood) if I loue. And how can  
 474 that be true loue, which is falsly attempted? Loue is a fa-miliar,  
 475 Loue is a Diuell. There is no euill Angell but  
 476 Loue, yet *Sampson* was so tempted, and he had an excel-lent  
 477 strength: Yet was *Salomon* so seduced, and hee had  
 478 a very good witte. *Cupids* Butshaft is too hard for *Her-cules*  
 479 *Clubbe*, and therefore too much ods for a Spa-niards  
 480 *Rapier*: The first and second cause will not serue  
 481 my turne: the *Passado* hee respects not, the *Duello* he  
 482 regards not; his disgrace is to be called Boy, but his  
 483 glorie is to subdue men. Aduer Valour, rust *Rapier*, bee  
 484 still Drum, for your manager is in loue; yea hee loueth.  
 485 Assist me some extemporall god of Rime, for I am sure I  
 486 shall turne Sonnet. Deuise Wit, write Pen, for I am for  
 487 whole volumes in folio. *Exit.*

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***Finis Actus Primus.***

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[L3v

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*Actus Secunda.*

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490 *Enter the Princesse of France, with three attending Ladies,*  
 491 *and three Lords.*  
 492 *Boyet.* Now Madam summon vp your dearest spirits,  
 493 Consider who the King your father sends:  
 494 To whom he sends, and what's his Embassie.  
 495 Your selfe, held precious in the worlds esteeme,  
 496 To parlee with the sole inheritour  
 497 Of all perfections that a man may owe,  
 498 Matchlesse *Nauarre*, the plea of no lesse weight  
 499 Then *Aquitaine*, a Dowrie for a Queene,  
 500 Be now as prodigall of all deare grace,  
 501 As Nature was in making Graces deare,  
 502 When she did starue the generall world beside,  
 503 And prodigally gaue them all to you.  
 504 *Queen.* Good L[ord]. *Boyet*, my beauty though but mean,  
 505 Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:  
 506 Beauty is bought by iudgement of the eye,  
 507 Not vttered by base sale of chapmens tongues:  
 508 I am lesse proud to heare you tell my worth,  
 509 Then you much willing to be counted wise,  
 510 In spending your wit in the praise of mine.  
 511 But now to taske the tasker, good *Boyet*.  
 512 *Prin.* You are not ignorant all- telling fame  
 513 Doth noyse abroad *Nauar* hath made a vow,  
 514 Till painefull studie shall out- weare three yeares,  
 515 No woman may approach his silent Court:  
 516 Therefore to's seemeth it a needfull course,  
 517 Before we enter his forbidden gates,  
 518 To know his pleasure, and in that behalfe  
 519 Bold of your worthinesse, we single you,  
 520 As our best mouing faire solíciter:  
 521 Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,  
 522 On serious businesse crauing quicke dispatch,  
 523 Importunes personall conference with his grace.  
 524 Haste, signifie so much while we attend,  
 525 Like humble visag'd suters his high will.  
 526 *Boy.* Proud of imployment, willingly I goe. *Exit.*  
 527 *Prin.* All pride is willing pride, and yours is so:  
 528 Who are the Votaries my Louing Lords, that are vow- fellowes  
 529 with this vertuous Duke?  
 530 *Lor. Longauill* is one.  
 531 *Princ.* Know you the man?  
 532 I *Lady.* I know him Madame at a marriage feast,  
 533 Betweene L[ord]. *Perigort* and the beautious heire

534 Of *Iaques Fauconbridge* solemnized.  
 535 In *Normandie* saw I this *Longauill*,  
 536 A man of soueraigne parts he is esteem'd:  
 537 Well fitted in Arts, glorious in Armes:  
 538 Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.  
 539 The onely soyle of his faire vertues glosse,  
 540 If vertues glosse will staine with any soile,  
 541 Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a Will:  
 542 Whose edge hath power to cut whose will still wills,  
 543 It should none spare that come within his power.  
 544 *Prin.* Some merry mocking Lord belike, ist so?  
 545 *Lad.1.* They say so most, that most his humors know.  
 546 *Prin.* such short liu'd wits do wither as they grow.  
 547 Who are the rest?  
 548 *2.Lad.* The yong *Dumaine*, a well accomlisht youth,  
 549 Of all that Vertue loue, for Vertue loued.  
 550 Most power to doe most harme, least knowing ill:  
 551 For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,  
 552 And shape to win grace though she had no wit.  
 553 I saw him at the Duke *Alansoes* once,  
 554 And much too little of that good I saw,  
 555 Is my report to his great worthinesse.  
 556 *Rossa.* Another of these Students at that time,  
 557 Was there with him, as I haue heard a truth.  
 558 *Berowne* they call him, but a merrier man,  
 559 Within the limit of becomming mirth,  
 560 I neuer spent an houres talke withall.  
 561 His eye begets occasion for his wit,  
 562 For euery obiect that the one doth catch,  
 563 The other turnes to a mirth- mouing iest.  
 564 Which his faire tongue (conceits expositor)  
 565 Deliuers in such apt and gracious words,  
 566 That aged eares play treuant at his tales,  
 567 And yonger hearings are quite rauished.  
 568 So sweet and voluble is his discourse.  
 569 *Prin.* God blesse my Ladies, are they all in loue?  
 570 That euery one her owne hath garnished,  
 571 With such bedecking ornaments of praise.  
 572 *Ma.* Heere comes *Boyet*.  
 573 *Enter Boyet.*  
 574 *Prin.* Now, what admittance Lord?  
 575 *Boyet.* *Nauar* had notice of your faire approach;  
 576 And he and his competitors in oath,  
 577 Were all addrest to meete you gentle Lady  
 578 Before I came: Marrie thus much I haue learnt,  
 579 He rather meanes to lodge you in the field,

580 Like one that comes heere to besiege his Court,  
 581 Then seeke a dispensation for his oath:  
 582 To let you enter his vnpeopled house.  
 583 *Enter Nauar, Longauill, Dumaine, and Berowne.*  
 584 Heere comes *Nauar*.  
 585 *Nau.* Faire Princesse, welcom to the Court of *Nauar*.  
 586 *Prin.* Faire I giue you backe againe, and welcome I  
 587 haue not yet: the rooffe of this Court is too high to bee  
 588 yours, and welcome to the wide fields, too base to be  
 589 mine.  
 590 *Nau.* You shall be welcome Madam to my Court.  
 591 *Prin.* I wil be welcome then, Conduct me thither.  
 592 *Nau.* Heare me deare Lady, I haue sworne an oath.  
 593 *Prin.* Our Lady helpe my Lord, he'll be forsworne.  
 594 *Nau.* Not for the world faire Madam, by my will.  
 595 *Prin.* Why, will shall breake it will, and nothing els.  
 596 *Nau.* Your Ladiship is ignorant what it is.  
 597 *Prin.* Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wise,  
 598 Where now his knowledge must proue ignorance.  
 599 I heare your grace hath sworne out House- keeping:  
 600 'Tis deadly sinne to keepe that oath my Lord,  
 601 And sinne to breake it:  
 602 But pardon me, I am too sodaine bold,  
 603 To teach a Teacher ill beseemeth me.  
 604 Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my comming,  
 605 And sodainly resolue me in my suite.  
 606 *Nau.* Madam, I will, if sodainly I may.  
 607 *Prin.* You will the sooner that I were away,  
 608 For you'll proue periur'd if you make me stay.  
 609 *Berow.* Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?  
 610 *Rosa.* Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once? [L4  
 611 *Ber.* I know you did.  
 612 *Rosa.* How needlesse was it then to ask the question?  
 613 *Ber.* You must not be so quicke.  
 614 *Rosa.* 'Tis long of you y spur me with such questions.  
 615 *Ber.* Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.  
 616 *Rosa.* Not till it leaue the Rider in the mire.  
 617 *Ber.* What time a day?  
 618 *Rosa.* The howre that fooles should aske.  
 619 *Ber.* Now faire befall your maske.  
 620 *Rosa.* Faire fall the face it couers.  
 621 *Ber.* And send you many louers.  
 622 *Rosa.* Amen, so you be none.  
 623 *Ber.* Nay then will I be gone.  
 624 *Kin.* Madame, your father heere doth intimate,  
 625 The paiment of a hundred thousand Crownes,

626 Being but th' one halfe, of an intire summe,  
 627 Disbursed by my father in his warres.  
 628 But say that he, or we, as neither haue  
 629 Receiu'd that summe; yet there remaines vnpaid  
 630 A hundred thousand more: in surety of the which,  
 631 One part of *Aquitaine* is bound to vs,  
 632 Although not valued to the moneys worth.  
 633 If then the King your father will restore  
 634 But that one halfe which is vnsatisfied,  
 635 We will giue vp our right in *Aquitaine*,  
 636 And hold faire friendship with his Maiestie:  
 637 But that it seemes he little purposeth,  
 638 For here he doth demand to haue repaie,  
 639 An hundred thousand Crownes, and not demands  
 640 One paiment of a hundred thousand Crownes,  
 641 To haue his title liue in *Aquitaine*.  
 642 Which we much rather had depart withall,  
 643 And haue the money by our father lent,  
 644 Then *Aquitane*, so guedled as it is.  
 645 Deare Princesse, were not his requests so farre  
 646 From reasons yeelding, your faire selfe should make  
 647 A yeelding 'gainst some reason in my brest,  
 648 And goe well satisfied to *France* againe.  
 649 *Prin.* You doe the King my Father too much wrong,  
 650 And wrong the reputation of your name,  
 651 In so vnseeming to confesse receyt  
 652 Of that which hath so faithfully beene paid.  
 653 *Kin.* I doe protest I neuer heard of it,  
 654 And if you proue it, Ile repay it backe,  
 655 Or yeeld vp *Aquitaine*.  
 656 *Prin.* We arrest your word:  
 657 *Boyet*, you can produce acquittances  
 658 For such a summe, from speciall Officers,  
 659 Of *Charles* his Father.  
 660 *Kin.* Satisfie me so.  
 661 *Boyet.* So please your Grace, the packet is not come  
 662 Where that and other specialties are bound,  
 663 To morrow you shall haue a sight of them.  
 664 *Kin.* It shall suffice me; at which interview,  
 665 All liberall reason would I yeeld vnto:  
 666 Meane time, receiue such welcome at my hand,  
 667 As honour, without breach of Honour may  
 668 Make tender of, to thy true worthinesse.  
 669 You may not come faire Princesse in my gates,  
 670 But heere without you shall be so receiu'd,  
 671 As you shall deeme your selfe lodg'd in my heart,

672 Though so deni'd farther harbour in my house:  
 673 Your owne good thoughts excuse me, and farewell,  
 674 To morrow we shall visit you againe.  
 675 *Prin.* Sweet health & faire desires consort your grace.  
 676 *Kin.* Thy own wish wish I thee, in euery place. *Exit.*  
 677 *Boy.* Lady, I will commend you to my owne heart.  
 678 *La.Ro.* Pray you doe my commendations,  
 679 I would be glad to see it.  
 680 *Boy.* I would you heard it grone.  
 681 *La.Ro.* Is the soule sicke?  
 682 *Boy.* Sicke at the heart.  
 683 *La.Ro.* Alacke, let it bloud.  
 684 *Boy.* Would that doe it good?  
 685 *La.Ro.* My Phisicke saies I.  
 686 *Boy.* Will you prick't with your eye.  
 687 *La.Ro.* No poynt, with my knife.  
 688 *Boy.* Now God saue thy life.  
 689 *La.Ro.* And yours from long liuing.  
 690 *Ber.* I cannot stay thanks- giuing. *Exit.*  
 691 *Enter Dumane.*  
 692 *Dum.* Sir, I pray you a word: What Lady is that same?  
 693 *Boy.* The heire of *Alanson*, *Rosalin* her name.  
 694 *Dum.* A gallant Lady, Mounsier fare you well.  
 695 *Long.* I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?  
 696 *Boy.* A woman sometimes, if you saw her in the light.  
 697 *Long.* Perchance light in the light: I desire her name.  
 698 *Boy.* Shee hath but one for her selfe,  
 699 To desire that were a shame.  
 700 *Long.* Pray you sir, whose daughter?  
 701 *Boy.* Her Mothers, I haue heard.  
 702 *Long.* Gods blessing a your beard.  
 703 *Boy.* Good sir be not offended,  
 704 Shee is an heyre of *Faulconbridge*.  
 705 *Long.* Nay, my choller is ended:  
 706 Shee is a most sweet Lady. *Exit. Long.*  
 707 *Boy.* Not vnlike sir, that may be.  
 708 *Enter Beroune.*  
 709 *Ber.* What's her name in the cap.  
 710 *Boy.* *Katherine* by good hap.  
 711 *Ber.* Is she wedded, or no.  
 712 *Boy.* To her will sir, or so,  
 713 *Ber.* You are welcome sir, adiew.  
 714 *Boy.* Fare well to me sir, and welcome to you. *Exit.*  
 715 *La.Ma.* That last is *Beroune*, the mery mad- cap Lord.  
 716 Not a word with him, but a iest.  
 717 *Boy.* And euery iest but a word.

718 *Pri.* It was well done of you to take him at his word.  
 719 *Boy.* I was as willing to grapple, as he was to boord.  
 720 *La.Ma.* Two hot Sheepes marie:  
 721 And wherefore not Ships?  
 722 *Boy.* No Sheepe (sweet Lamb) vnlesse we feed on your |(lips.  
 723 *La.* You Sheepe & I pasture: shall that finish the iest?  
 724 *Boy.* So you grant pasture for me.  
 725 *La.* Not so gentle beast.  
 726 My lips are no Common, though seuerall they be.  
 727 *Bo.* Belonging to whom?  
 728 *La.* To my fortunes and me.  
 729 *Prin.* Good wits wil be iangling, but gentles agree.  
 730 This ciuill warre of wits were much better vsed  
 731 On *Nauar* and his bookemen, for heere 'tis abus'd.  
 732 *Bo.* If my obseruation (which very seldome lies  
 733 By the hearts still rhetoricke, disclosed with eyes)  
 734 Deceiue me not now, *Nauar* is infected.  
 735 *Prin.* With what?  
 736 *Bo.* With that which we Louers intitule affected.  
 737 *Prin.* Your reason.  
 738 *Bo.* Why all his behauiours doe make their retire,  
 739 To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire.  
 740 His hart like an Agot with your print impressed, [L4v  
 741 Proud with his forme, in his eie pride expressed.  
 742 His tongue all impatient to speake and not see,  
 743 Did stumble with haste in his eie- sight to be,  
 744 All sences to that sence did make their repaire,  
 745 To feele onely looking on fairest of faire:  
 746 Me thought all his sences were lockt in his eye,  
 747 As Jewels in Christall for some Prince to Buy.  
 748 Who tendring their own worth from whence they were |(glast,  
 749 Did point out to buy them along as you past.  
 750 His faces owne margent did coate such amazes,  
 751 That all eyes saw his eies enchanted with gazes.  
 752 Ile giue you *Aquitaine*, and all that is his,  
 753 And you giue him for my sake, but one louing Kisse.  
 754 *Prin.* Come to our Pauillion, *Boyet* is disposde.  
 755 *Bro.* But to speak that in words, which his eie hath dis-|(clos'd.  
 756 I onelie haue made a mouth of his eie,  
 757 By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.  
 758 *Lad.Ro.* Thou art an old Loue- monger, and speakest  
 759 skilfully.  
 760 *Lad.Ma.* He is *Cupids* Grandfather, and learnes news  
 761 of him.  
 762 *Lad.2.* Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her fa-ther  
 763 is but grim.

764 *Boy.* Do you heare my mad wenches?  
 765 *La.1.* No.  
 766 *Boy.* What then, do you see?  
 767 *Lad.2.* I, our way to be gone.  
 768 *Boy.* You are too hard for me. *Exeunt omnes.*

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***Actus Tertius.***

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770 *Enter Braggart and Boy.*  
 771 *Song.*  
 772 *Bra.* Warble childe, make passionate my sense of hea-ring.  
 774 *Boy.* Concolinel.  
 775 *Brag.* Sweete Ayer, go tendernesse of yeares: take  
 776 this Key, giue enlargement to the swaine, bring him fe-stinatly  
 777 hither: I must imploy him in a letter to my  
 778 Loue.  
 779 *Boy.* Will you win your loue with a French braule?  
 780 *Bra.* How meanest thou, brauling in French?  
 781 *Boy.* No my compleat master, but to Iigge off a tune  
 782 at the tongues end, canarie to it with the feete, humour  
 783 it with turning vp your eie: sigh a note and sing a note,  
 784 sometime through the throate: if you swallowed loue  
 785 with singing, loue sometime through: nose as if you  
 786 snuft vp loue by smelling loue with your hat penthouse-like  
 787 ore the shop of your eies, with your armes crost on  
 788 your thinbellie doublet, like a Rabbet on a spit, or your  
 789 hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting,  
 790 and keepe not too long in one tune, but a snip and away:  
 791 these are complements, these are humours, these betraie  
 792 nice wenches that would be betraied without these, and  
 793 make them men of note: do you note men that most are  
 794 affected to these?  
 795 *Brag.* How hast thou purchased this experience?  
 796 *Boy.* By my penne of obseruation.  
 797 *Brag.* But O, but O.  
 798 *Boy.* The Hobbie- horse is forgot.  
 799 *Bra.* Cal'st thou my loue Hobbi- horse.  
 800 *Boy.* No Master, the Hobbie- horse is but a Colt, and  
 801 and your Loue perhaps, a Hacknie:  
 802 but haue you forgot your Loue?  
 803 *Brag.* Almost I had.  
 804 *Boy.* Negligent student, learne her by heart.  
 805 *Brag.* By heart, and in heart Boy.  
 806 *Boy.* And out of heart Master: all those three I will

807 proue.  
 808 *Brag.* What wilt thou proue?  
 809 *Boy.* A man, if I liue (and this) by, in, and without, vp-on  
 810 the instant: by heart you loue her, because your heart  
 811 cannot come by her: in heart you loue her, because your  
 812 heart is in loue with her: and out of heart you loue her,  
 813 being out of heart that you cannot enioy her.  
 814 *Brag.* I am all these three.  
 815 *Boy.* And three times as much more, and yet nothing  
 816 at all.  
 817 *Brag.* Fetch hither the Swaine, he must carrie mee a  
 818 letter.  
 819 *Boy.* A message well simpathis'd, a Horse to be em-bassadour  
 820 for an Asse.  
 821 *Brag.* Ha, ha, What saiest thou?  
 822 *Boy.* Marrie sir, you must send the Asse vpon the Horse  
 823 for he is verie slow gated: but I goe.  
 824 *Brag.* The way is but short, away.  
 825 *Boy.* As swift as Lead sir.  
 826 *Brag.* Thy meaning prettie ingenious, is not Lead a  
 827 mettall heauiie, dull, and slow?  
 828 *Boy.* *Minnime* honest Master, or rather Master no.  
 829 *Brag.* I say Lead is slow.  
 830 *Boy.* You are too swift sir to say so.  
 831 Is that Lead slow which is fir'd from a Gunne?  
 832 *Brag.* Sweete smoke of Rhetorike,  
 833 He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's he:  
 834 I shoote thee at the Swaine.  
 835 *Boy.* Thump then, and I flee.  
 836 *Bra.* A most acute Iuuenall, voluble and free of grace,  
 837 By thy fauour sweet Welkin, I must sigh in thy face.  
 838 Most rude melancholie, Valour giues thee place.  
 839 My Herald is return'd.  
 840 *Enter Page and Clowne.*  
 841 *Pag.* A wonder Master, here's a *Costard* broken in a  
 842 shin.  
 843 *Ar.* Some enigma, some riddle, come, thy *Lenuoy*  
 844 begin.  
 845 *Clo.* No egma, no riddle, no *lenuoy*, no salue, in thee  
 846 male sir. Or sir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan: no *lenuoy*, no  
 847 *lenuoy*, no Salue sir, but a Plantan.  
 848 *Ar.* By vertue, thou inforcest laughter, thy sillie  
 849 thought, my spleene, the heauing of my lunges prouokes  
 850 me to rediculous smyling: O pardon me my stars, doth  
 851 the inconsiderate take *salue* for *lenuoy*, and the word *len-uoy*  
 852 for a *salue*?

853 *Pag.* Doe the wise thinke them other, is not *lenuoy* a  
854 *salue?*  
855 *Ar.* No *Page*, it is an epilogue or discourse to make |(plaine,  
856 Some obscure precedence that hath tofore bin faine.  
857 Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with  
858 my *lenuoy*.  
859 The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble- Bee,  
860 Were still at oddes, being but three.  
861 *Arm.* Vntill the Goose came out of doore,  
862 Staying the oddes by adding foure.  
863 *Pag.* A good *Lenuoy*, ending in the Goose: would you  
864 desire more?  
865 *Clo.* The Boy hath sold him a bargaine, a Goose, that's |(flat. [L5  
866 Sir, your penny- worth is good, and your Goose be fat.  
867 To sell a bargaine well is as cunning as fast and loose:  
868 Let me see a fat *Lenuoy*, I that's a fat Goose.  
869 *Ar.* Come hither, come hither:  
870 How did this argument begin?  
871 *Boy.* By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.  
872 Then cal'd you for the *Lenuoy*.  
873 *Clow.* True, and I for a Plantan:  
874 Thus came your argument in:  
875 Then the Boyes fat *Lenuoy*, the Goose that you bought,  
876 And he ended the market.  
877 *Ar.* But tell me: How was there a *Costard* broken in  
878 a shin?  
879 *Pag.* I will tell you sencibly.  
880 *Clow.* Thou hast no feeling of it *Moth*,  
881 I will speake that *Lenuoy*.  
882 I *Costard* running out, that was safely within,  
883 Fell ouer the threshold, and broke my shin.  
884 *Arm.* We will talke no more of this matter.  
885 *Clow.* Till there be more matter in the shin.  
886 *Arm.* Sirra *Costard*, I will infranchise thee.  
887 *Clow.* O, marrie me to one *Francis*, I smell some *Len-uoy*,  
888 some Goose in this.  
889 *Arm.* By my sweete soule, I meane, setting thee at li-bertie.  
890 Enfreedoming thy person: thou wert emured,  
891 restrained, captiuated, bound.  
892 *Clow.* True, true, and now you will be my purgation,  
893 and let me loose.  
894 *Arm.* I giue thee thy libertie, set thee from durance,  
895 and in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this:  
896 Beare this significant to the countrey Maide *Iaquenetta*:  
897 there is remuneration, for the best ward of mine honours  
898 is rewarding my dependants. *Moth*, follow.

899 *Pag.* Like the sequell I.  
900 *Signeur Costard* adew. *Exit.*  
901 *Clow.* My sweete ounce of mans flesh, my in-conie  
902 *Iew:* Now will I looke to his remuneration.  
903 Remuneration, O, that's the Latine word for three- far-things:  
904 Three- farthings remuneration, What's the price  
905 of this yncle? i.d. no, Ile giue you a remuneration: Why?  
906 It carries it remuneration: Why? It is a fairer name then  
907 a French- Crowne. I will neuer buy and sell out of this  
908 word.  
909 *Enter Berowne.*  
910 *Ber.* O my good knaue *Costard*, exceedingly well met.  
911 *Clow.* Pray you sir, How much Carnation Ribbon  
912 may a man buy for a remuneration?  
913 *Ber.* What is a remuneration?  
914 *Cost.* Marrie sir, halfe pennie farthing.  
915 *Ber.* O, Why then threefarthings worth of Silke.  
916 *Cost.* I thanke your worship, God be wy you.  
917 *Ber.* O stay slaue, I must employ thee:  
918 As thou wilt win my fauour, good my knaue,  
919 Doe one thing for me that I shall intreate.  
920 *Clow.* When would you haue it done sir?  
921 *Ber.* O this after- noone.  
922 *Clo.* Well, I will doe it sir: Fare you well.  
923 *Ber.* O thou knowest not what it is.  
924 *Clo.* I shall know sir, when I haue done it.  
925 *Ber.* Why villaine thou must know first.  
926 *Clo.* I wil come to your worship to morrow morning.  
927 *Ber.* It must be done this after- noone,  
928 Harke slaue, it is but this:  
929 The Princesse comes to hunt here in the Parke,  
930 And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:  
931 When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,  
932 And *Rosaline* they call her, aske for her:  
933 And to her white hand see thou do commend  
934 This seal'd- vp counsaile. Ther's thy guerdon: goe.  
935 *Clo.* Gardon, O sweete gardon, better then remune-ration,  
936 a leuenpence- farthing better: most sweete gar-don.  
937 I will doe it sir in print: gardon, remuneration.  
938 *Exit.*  
939 *Ber.* O, and I forsooth in loue,  
940 I that haue beene loues whip?  
941 A verie Beadle to a humerous sigh: A Criticke,  
942 Nay, a night- watch Constable.  
943 A domineering pedant ore the Boy,  
944 Then whom no mortall so magnificent,

945 This wimpled, whyning, purblinde waiward Boy,  
 946 This signior *Iunios* gyant dwarfe, don *Cupid*,  
 947 Regent of Loue- rimes, Lord of folded armes,  
 948 Th' annointed soueraigne of sighes and groanes:  
 949 Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents:  
 950 Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeeces.  
 951 Sole Emperator and great generall  
 952 Of trotting Parrators (O my little heart.)  
 953 And I to be a Corporall of his field,  
 954 And weare his colours like a Tumblers hoope.  
 955 What? I loue, I sue, I seeke a wife,  
 956 A woman that is like a Germane Cloake,  
 957 Still a repairing: euer out of frame,  
 958 And neuer going a right, being a Watch:  
 959 But being watcht, that it may still goe right.  
 960 Nay, to be periurde, which is worst of all:  
 961 And among three, to loue the worst of all,  
 962 A whitly wanton, with a veluet brow.  
 963 With two pitch bals stucke in her face for eyes.  
 964 I, and by heauen, one that will doe the deede,  
 965 Though *Argus* were her Eunuch and her garde.  
 966 And I to sigh for her, to watch for her,  
 967 To pray for her, go to: it is a plague  
 968 That *Cupid* will impose for my neglect,  
 969 Of his almighty dreadfull little might.  
 970 Well, I will loue, write, sigh, pray, shue, grone,  
 971 Some men must loue my Lady, and some Ione.

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### *Actus Quartus.*

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973 *Enter the Princesse, a Forrester, her Ladies, and*  
 974 *her Lords.*  
 975 *Qu.* Was that the King that spurd his horse so hard,  
 976 Against the steepe vprising of the hill?  
 977 *Boy.* I know not, but I thinke it was not he.  
 978 *Qu.* Who ere a was, a shew'd a mounting minde:  
 979 Well Lords, to day we shall haue our dispatch,  
 980 On Saterdag we will returne to *France*.  
 981 Then *Forrester* my friend, Where is the Bush  
 982 That we must stand and play the murtherer in?  
 983 *For.* Hereby vpon the edge of yonder Coppice,  
 984 A stand where you may make the fairest shoote.  
 985 *Qu.* I thanke my beautie, I am faire that shoote,  
 986 And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoote.

987 *For.* Pardon me Madam, for I meant not so.  
 988 *Qu.* What, what? First praise me, & then again say no.  
 989 O short liu'd pride. Not faire? alacke for woe. [L5v  
 990 *For.* Yes Madam faire.  
 991 *Qu.* Nay, neuer paint me now,  
 992 Where faire is not, praise cannot mend the brow.  
 993 Here (good my glasse) take this for telling true:  
 994 Faire paiment for foule words, is more then due.  
 995 *For.* Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.  
 996 *Qu.* See, see, my beautie will be sau'd by merit.  
 997 O heresie in faire, fit for these dayes,  
 998 A giuing hand, though foule, shall haue faire praise.  
 999 But come, the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill,  
 1000 And shooting well, is then accounted ill:  
 1001 Thus will I saue my credit in the shoote,  
 1002 Not wounding, pittie would not let me do't:  
 1003 If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,  
 1004 That more for praise, then purpose meant to kill.  
 1005 And out of question, so it is sometimes:  
 1006 Glory growes guiltie of detested crimes,  
 1007 When for Fames sake, for praise an outward part,  
 1008 We bend to that, the working of the hart.  
 1009 As I for praise alone now seeke to spill  
 1010 The poore Deeres blood, that my heart meanes no ill.  
 1011 *Boy.* Do not curst wiues hold that selfe- soueraigntie  
 1012 Onely for praise sake, when they striue to be  
 1013 Lords ore their Lords?  
 1014 *Qu.* Onely for praise, and praise we may afford,  
 1015 To any Lady that subdewes a Lord.  
 1016 *Enter Clowne.*  
 1017 *Boy.* Here comes a member of the common- wealth.  
 1018 *Clo.* God dig- you- den all, pray you which is the head  
 1019 Lady?  
 1020 *Qu.* Thou shalt know her fellow, by the rest that haue  
 1021 no heads.  
 1022 *Clo.* Which is the greatest Lady, the highest?  
 1023 *Qu.* The thickest, and the tallest.  
 1024 *Clo.* The thickest, & the tallest: it is so, truth is truth.  
 1025 And your waste Mistris, were as slender as my wit,  
 1026 One a these Maides girdles for your waste should be fit.  
 1027 Are not you the chiefe woma[n]? You are the thickest here?  
 1028 *Qu.* What's your will sir? What's your will?  
 1029 *Clo.* I haue a Letter from Monsier *Berowne*,  
 1030 To one Lady *Rosaline*.  
 1031 *Qu.* O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of mine.  
 1032 Stand a side good bearer.

1033 *Boyet*, you can carue,  
 1034 Breake vp this Capon.  
 1035 *Boyet*. I am bound to serue.  
 1036 This Letter is mistooke: it importeth none here:  
 1037 It is writ to *Iaquenetta*.  
 1038 *Qu*. We will read it, I sweare.  
 1039 Breake the necke of the Waxe, and euery one giue eare.  
 1040 *Boyet reades*.  
 1041 By heauen, that thou art faire, is most infallible: true  
 1042 that thou art beauteous, truth it selfe that thou art  
 1043 louely: more fairer then faire, beautifull then beautious,  
 1044 truer then truth it selfe: haue comiseration on thy heroi-call  
 1045 Vassall. The magnanimous and most illustrate King  
 1046 *Cophetua* set eie vpon the pernicious and indubitate Beg-ger  
 1047 *Zenelophon*: and he it was that might rightly say, *Ve-ni*,  
 1048 *vidi, vici*: Which to annothanize in the vulgar, O  
 1049 base and obscure vulgar; *videliset*, He came, See, and o-uercame:  
 1050 hee came one; see, two; ouercame three:  
 1051 Who came? the King. Why did he come? to see. Why  
 1052 did he see? to ouercome. To whom came he? to the  
 1053 Begger. What saw he? the Begger. Who ouercame  
 1054 he? the Begger. The conclusion is victorie: On whose  
 1055 side? the King: the captiue is inricht: On whose side?  
 1056 the Beggers. The catastrophe is a Nuptiall: on whose  
 1057 side? the Kings: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am  
 1058 the King (for so stands the comparison) thou the Beg-ger,  
 1059 for so witnesseth thy lowlinesse. Shall I command  
 1060 thy loue? I may. Shall I enforce thy loue? I could.  
 1061 Shall I entreate thy loue? I will. What, shalt thou ex-change  
 1062 for ragges, roabes: for tittles titles, for thy selfe  
 1063 mee. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on  
 1064 thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy  
 1065 euerie part.  
 1066 *Thine in the dearest designe of industrie*,  
 1067 Don Adriana de Armatho.  
 1068 Thus dost thou heare the Nemean Lion roare,  
 1069 Gainst thee thou Lambe, that standest as his pray:  
 1070 Submissiue fall his princely feete before,  
 1071 And he from forrage will incline to play.  
 1072 But if thou striue (poore soule) what art thou then?  
 1073 Foode for his rage, repasture for his den.  
 1074 *Qu*. What plume of feathers is hee that indited this  
 1075 Letter? What veine? What Wethercocke? Did you  
 1076 euer heare better?  
 1077 *Boy*. I am much deceiued, but I remember the stile.  
 1078 *Qu*. Else your memorie is bad, going ore it erewhile.

1079 *Boy*. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here in court  
 1080 A Phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport  
 1081 To the Prince and his Booke- mates.  
 1082 *Qu*. Thou fellow, a word.  
 1083 Who gaue thee this Letter?  
 1084 *Clow*. I told you, my Lord.  
 1085 *Qu*. To whom should'st thou giue it?  
 1086 *Clo*. From my Lord to my Lady.  
 1087 *Qu*. From which Lord, to which Lady?  
 1088 *Clo*. From my Lord *Berowne*, a good master of mine,  
 1089 To a Lady of *France*, that he call'd *Rosaline*.  
 1090 *Qu*. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come Lords away.  
 1091 Here sweete, put vp this, 'twill be thine another day.  
 1092 *Exeunt*.  
 1093 *Boy*. Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter?  
 1094 *Rosa*. Shall I teach you to know.  
 1095 *Boy*. I my continent of beautie.  
 1096 *Rosa*. Why she that beares the Bow. Finely put off.  
 1097 *Boy*. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,  
 1098 Hang me by the necke, if hornes that yeare miscarrie.  
 1099 Finely put on.  
 1100 *Rosa*. Well then, I am the shooter.  
 1101 *Boy*. And who is your Deare?  
 1102 *Rosa*. If we choose by the hornes, your selfe come not  
 1103 neare. Finely put on indeede.  
 1104 *Maria*. You still wrangle with her *Boyet*, and shee  
 1105 strikes at the brow.  
 1106 *Boyet*. But she her selfe is hit lower:  
 1107 Haue I hit her now.  
 1108 *Rosa*. Shall I come vpon thee with an old saying, that  
 1109 was a man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a little boy, as  
 1110 touching the hit it.  
 1111 *Boyet*. So I may answeere thee with one as old that  
 1112 was a woman when Queene *Guinouer* of *Brittaine* was a  
 1113 little wench, as touching the hit it. [L6  
 1114 *Rosa*. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,  
 1115 Thou canst not hit it my good man.  
 1116 *Boy*. I cannot, cannot, cannot:  
 1117 And I cannot, another can. *Exit*.  
 1118 *Clo*. By my troth most pleasant, how both did fit it.  
 1119 *Mar*. A marke marueilous well shot, for they both  
 1120 did hit.  
 1121 *Boy*. A mark, O marke but that marke: a marke saies  
 1122 my Lady.  
 1123 Let the mark haue a pricke in't, to meat at, if it may be.  
 1124 *Mar*. Wide a'th bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.

1125 *Clo.* Indeede a' must shoote nearer, or heele ne're hit  
 1126 the clout.  
 1127 *Boy.* And if my hand be out, then belike your hand  
 1128 is in.  
 1129 *Clo.* Then will shee get the vpshoot by cleauing the  
 1130 is in.  
 1131 *Ma.* Come, come, you talke greasely, your lips grow  
 1132 foule.  
 1133 *Clo.* She's too hard for you at pricks, sir challenge her  
 1134 to boule.  
 1135 *Boy.* I feare too much rubbing: good night my good  
 1136 Oule.  
 1137 *Clo.* By my soule a Swaine, a most simple Clowne.  
 1138 Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I haue put him downe.  
 1139 O my troth most sweete iests, most inconie vulgar wit,  
 1140 When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were,  
 1141 so fit.  
 1142 *Armator* ath to the side, O a most dainty man.  
 1143 To see him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fan.  
 1144 To see him kisse his hand, and how most sweetly a will  
 1145 sweare:  
 1146 And his Page atother side, that handfull of wit,  
 1147 Ah heauens, it is most patheticall nit.  
 1148 Sowla, sowla. *Exeunt.*  
 1149 Shoote within.  
 1150 *Enter Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant and Nathaniel.*  
 1151 *Nat.* Very reuerent sport truely, and done in the testi-mony  
 1152 of a good conscience.  
 1153 *Ped.* The Deare was (as you know) sanguis in blood,  
 1154 ripe as a Pomwater who now hangeth like a Jewell in  
 1155 the eare of *Celo* the skie; the welken the heauen, and a-non  
 1156 falleth like a Crab on the face of *Terra*, the soyle, the  
 1157 land, the earth.  
 1158 *Curat.Nath.* Truely M[aster]. *Holofernes*, the epythithes are  
 1159 sweetly varied like a scholler at the least: but sir I assure  
 1160 ye, it was a Bucke of the first head.  
 1161 *Hol.* Sir *Nathaniel*, *haud credo*.  
 1162 *Dul.* 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.  
 1163 *Hol.* Most barbarous intimation: yet a kinde of insi-nuation,  
 1164 as it were *in via*, in way of explication *facere*: as  
 1165 it were replication, or rather *ostentare*, to show as it were  
 1166 his inclination after his vndressed, vnpolished, vneduca-ted,  
 1167 vnpruned, vntrained, or rather vnlettered, or rathe-rest  
 1168 vnconfirmed fashion, to insert againe my *haud credo*  
 1169 for a Deare.  
 1170 *Dul.* I said the Deare was not a *haud credo*, 'twas a

1171 Pricket.  
 1172 *Hol.* Twice sod simplicitie, *bis coctus*, O thou mon-ster  
 1173 Ignorance, how deformed doost thou looke.  
 1174 *Nath.* Sir hee hath neuer fed of the dainties that are  
 1175 bred in a booke.  
 1176 He hath not eate paper as it were:  
 1177 He hath not drunke inke.  
 1178 His intellect is not replenished, hee is onely an animall,  
 1179 onely sensible in the duller parts: and such barren plants  
 1180 are set before vs, that we thankfull should be: which we  
 1181 taste and feeling, are for those parts that doe fructifie in  
 1182 vs more then he.  
 1183 For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indiscreet, or  
 1184 a foole;  
 1185 So were there a patch set on Learning, to see him in a  
 1186 Schoole.  
 1187 But *omne bene* say I, being of an old Fathers minde,  
 1188 Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde.  
 1189 *Dul.* You two are book- men: Can you tell by your  
 1190 wit, What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not fiue  
 1191 weekes old as yet?  
 1192 *Hol.* *Dictisima* goodman *Dull*, *dictisima* goodman  
 1193 *Dull*.  
 1194 *Dul.* What is *dictima*?  
 1195 *Nath.* A title to *Phebe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moone*.  
 1196 *Hol.* The *Moone* was a month old when *Adam* was  
 1197 no more.  
 1198 And wrought not to fiue- weekes when he came to fiue-|(score.  
 1199 Th' allusion holds in the Exchange.  
 1200 *Dul.* 'Tis true indeede, the Collusion holds in the  
 1201 Exchange.  
 1202 *Hol.* God comfort thy capacity, I say th' allusion holds  
 1203 in the Exchange.  
 1204 *Dul.* And I say the polusion holds in the Exchange:  
 1205 for the *Moone* is neuer but a month old: and I say be-side  
 1206 that, 'twas a Pricket that the Princesse kill'd.  
 1207 *Hol.* Sir *Nathaniel*, will you heare an extemporall  
 1208 Epytaph on the death of the Deare, and to humour  
 1209 the ignorant call'd the Deare, the Princesse kill'd a  
 1210 Pricket.  
 1211 *Nath.* *Perge*, good M[aster]. *Holofernes*, *perge*, so it shall  
 1212 please you to abrogate scurilitie.  
 1213 *Hol.* I will something affect a letter, for it argues  
 1214 facilitie.  
 1215 *The prayfull Princesse pearst and prickt*  
 1216 *a prettie pleasing Pricket,*

1217 *Some say a Sore, but not a sore,*  
 1218 *till now made sore with shooting.*  
 1219 *The Dogges did yell, put ell to Sore,*  
 1220 *then Sorrell iumps from thicket:*  
 1221 *Or Pricket- sore, or else Sorell,*  
 1222 *the people fall a hooting.*  
 1223 *If Sore be sore, than ell to Sore,*  
 1224 *makes fiftie sores O sorell:*  
 1225 *Of one sore I an hundred make*  
 1226 *by adding but one more L.*  
 1227 *Nath.* A rare talent.  
 1228 *Dul.* If a talent be a claw, looke how he clawes him  
 1229 with a talent.  
 1230 *Nath.* This is a gift that I haue simple: simple, a foo-lish  
 1231 extrauagant spirit, full of formes, figures, shapes, ob-iects,  
 1232 Ideas, apprehensions, motions, reuolutions. These  
 1233 are begot in the ventricle of memorie, nourisht in the  
 1234 wombe of primater, and deliuered vpon the mellowing  
 1235 of occasion: but the gift is good in those in whom it is  
 1236 acute, and I am thankfull for it.  
 1237 *Hol.* Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my  
 1238 parishioners, for their Sonnes are well tutor'd by you,  
 1239 and their Daughters profit very greatly vnder you: you  
 1240 are a good member of the common- wealth.  
 1241 *Nath.* *Me hercle,* If their Sonnes be ingenuous, they [L6v  
 1242 shall want no instruction: If their Daughters be capable,  
 1243 I will put it to them. But *Vir sapis qui pauca loquitur,* a  
 1244 soule Feminine saluteth vs.  
 1245 *Enter Iaquenetta and the Clowne.*  
 1246 *Iaqu.* God giue you good morrow M[aster]. *Person.*  
 1247 *Nath.* Master Person, *quasi* Person? And if one should  
 1248 be perst, Which is the one?  
 1249 *Clo.* Marry M[aster]. Schoolemaster, hee that is likest to a  
 1250 hogshead.  
 1251 *Nath.* Of persing a Hogshead, a good luster of con-ceit  
 1252 in a turph of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle  
 1253 enough for a Swine: 'tis prettie, it is well.  
 1254 *Iaqu.* Good Master Parson be so good as reade mee  
 1255 this Letter, it was giuen mee by *Costard,* and sent mee  
 1256 from *Don Armatho:* I beseech you read it.  
 1257 *Nath.* *Facile precor gellida, quando pecas omnia sub vm-bra*  
 1258 *ruminat,* and so forth. Ah good old *Mantuan,* I  
 1259 may speake of thee as the traueiler doth of *Venice, vem-chie,*  
 1260 *vencha, que non te vn-de, que non te perreche.* Old *Man-tuan,*  
 1261 old *Mantuan.* Who vnderstandeth thee not, *vt re*  
 1262 *sol la mi fa:* Vnder pardon sir, What are the contents? or

1263 rather as *Horrace* sayes in his, What my soule verses.  
 1264 *Hol.* I sir, and very learned.  
 1265 *Nath.* Let me heare a staffe, a stanze, a verse, *Lege do-mine.*  
 1267 If Loue make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to loue?  
 1268 Ah neuer faith could hold, if not to beautie vowed.  
 1269 Though to my selfe forsworn, to thee Ile faithfull proue.  
 1270 Those thoughts to mee were Okes, to thee like Osiers  
 1271 bowed.  
 1272 Studie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes.  
 1273 Where all those pleasures liue, that Art would compre-hend.  
 1275 If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice.  
 1276 Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee co[m]mend.  
 1277 All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder.  
 1278 Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;  
 1279 Thy eye *Ioues* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull  
 1280 thunder.  
 1281 Which not to anger bent, is musique, and sweete fire.  
 1282 Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon loue this wrong,  
 1283 That sings heauens praise, with such an earthly tongue.  
 1284 *Ped.* You finde not the apostraphas, and so misse the  
 1285 accent. Let me superuise the cangenet.  
 1286 *Nath.* Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the  
 1287 elegancy, facility, & golden cadence of poesie *caret: O-uiddius*  
 1288 *Naso* was the man. And why in deed *Naso*, but  
 1289 for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the  
 1290 ierkes of inuention imitarie is nothing: So doth the  
 1291 Hound his master, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horse  
 1292 his rider: But *Damosella virgin*, Was this directed to  
 1293 you?  
 1294 *Iaq.* I sir from one mounsier *Berowne*, one of the  
 1295 strange Queenes Lords.  
 1296 *Nath.* I will ouerglance the superscript.  
 1297 *To the snow- white hand of the most beautious Lady Rosaline.*  
 1298 I will looke againe on the intellect of the Letter, for  
 1299 the nomination of the partie written to the person writ-ten  
 1300 vnto.  
 1301 *Your Ladships in all desired imployment, Berowne.*  
 1302 *Ped.* Sir *Holofernes*, this *Berowne* is one of the Votaries  
 1303 with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a se-quent  
 1304 of the stranger Queens: which accidentally, or  
 1305 by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and  
 1306 goe my sweete, deliuer this Paper into the hand of the  
 1307 King, it may concerne much: stay not thy complement, I  
 1308 forgiue thy duetie, adue.  
 1309 *Maid.* Good *Costard* go with me:  
 1310 Sir God saue your life.

1311 *Cost.* Haue with thee my girle. *Exit.*  
 1312 *Hol.* Sir you haue done this in the feare of God very  
 1313 religiously: and as a certaine Father saith  
 1314 *Ped.* Sir tell not me of the Father, I do feare coloura-ble  
 1315 colours. But to returne to the Verses, Did they please  
 1316 you sir *Nathaniel*?  
 1317 *Nath.* Marueilous well for the pen.  
 1318 *Peda.* I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pu-pill  
 1319 of mine, where if (being repast) it shall please you to  
 1320 gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priuiledge I  
 1321 haue with the parents of the foresaid Childe or Pupill,  
 1322 vndertake your *bien venuto*, where I will proue those  
 1323 Verses to be very vnlearned, neither sauouring of  
 1324 Poetrie, Wit, nor Inuention. I beseech your So-cietie.  
 1326 *Nat.* And thanke you to: for societie (saith the text)  
 1327 is the happinesse of life.  
 1328 *Peda.* And certes the text most infallibly concludes it.  
 1329 Sir I do inuite you too, you shall not say me nay: *pauca*  
 1330 *verba*.  
 1331 Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our  
 1332 recreation. *Exeunt.*  
 1333 *Enter Berowne with a Paper in his hand, alone.*  
 1334 *Bero.* The King he is hunting the Deare,  
 1335 I am coursing my selfe.  
 1336 They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toying in a pytch,  
 1337 pitch that defiles; defile, a foule word: Well, set thee  
 1338 downe sorrow; for so they say the foole said, and so say  
 1339 I, and I the foole: Well proued wit. By the Lord this  
 1340 Loue is as mad as *Ai*ax, it kils sheepe, it kils mee, I a  
 1341 sheepe: Well proued againe a my side. I will not loue;  
 1342 if I do hang me: yfaith I will not. O but her eye: by  
 1343 this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes, for  
 1344 her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye,  
 1345 and lye in my throate. By heauen I doe loue, and it hath  
 1346 taught mee to Rime, and to be mallicholie: and here is  
 1347 part of my Rime, and heere my mallicholie. Well, she  
 1348 hath one a'my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the  
 1349 Foole sent it, and the Lady hath it: sweet Clowne, swee-ter  
 1350 Foole, sweetest Lady. By the world, I would not care  
 1351 a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a  
 1352 paper, God giue him grace to grone.  
 1353 *He stands aside. The King entreth.*  
 1354 *Kin.* Ay mee!  
 1355 *Ber.* Shot by heauen: proceede sweet *Cupid*, thou hast  
 1356 thumpt him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left pap: in faith  
 1357 secrets.

1358 *King.* So sweete a kisse the golden Sunne giues not,  
 1359 To those fresh morning drops vpon the Rose,  
 1360 As thy eye beames, when their fresh rayse haue smot.  
 1361 The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes.  
 1362 Nor shines the siluer Moone one halfe so bright,  
 1363 Through the transparent bosome of the deepe,  
 1364 As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light:  
 1365 Thou shin'st in euery teare that I doe weepe,  
 1366 No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee:  
 1367 So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.  
 1368 Do but behold the teares that swell in me,  
 1369 And they thy glory through my griefe will show: [M1  
 1370 But doe not loue thy selfe, then thou wilt keepe  
 1371 My teares for glasses, and still make me weepe.  
 1372 O Queene of Queenes, how farre dost thou excell,  
 1373 No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell.  
 1374 How shall she know my griefes? Ile drop the paper.  
 1375 Sweete leaues shade folly. Who is he comes heere?  
 1376 *Enter Longauile. The King steps aside.*  
 1377 What *Longauill*, and reading: listen eare.  
 1378 *Ber.* Now in thy likenesse, one more foole appeare.  
 1379 *Long.* Ay me, I am forsworne.  
 1380 *Ber.* Why he comes in like a periure, wearing papers.  
 1381 *Long.* In loue I hope, sweet fellowship in shame.  
 1382 *Ber.* One drunkard loues another of the name.  
 1383 *Lon.* Am I the first y haue been periur'd so?  
 1384 *Ber.* I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I |(know,  
 1385 Thou makest the triumphery, the corner cap of societie,  
 1386 The shape of Loues Tiburne, that hangs vp simplicitie.  
 1387 *Lon.* I feare these stubborn lines lack power to moue.  
 1388 O sweet *Maria*, Empresse of my Loue,  
 1389 These numbers will I teare, and write in prose.  
 1390 *Ber.* O Rimes are gards on wanton *Cupids* hose,  
 1391 Disfigure not his Shop.  
 1392 *Lon.* This same shall goe. *He reades the Sonnet.*  
 1393 *Did not the heauenly Rhetoricke of thine eye,*  
 1394 *'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,*  
 1395 *Perswade my heart to this false periurie?*  
 1396 *Vowes for thee broke deserue not punishment.*  
 1397 *A Woman I forswore, but I will proue,*  
 1398 *Thou being a Goddess, I forswore not thee.*  
 1399 *My Vow was earthly, thou a heauenly Loue.*  
 1400 *Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.*  
 1401 *Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is.*  
 1402 *Then thou faire Sun, which on my earth doest shine,*  
 1403 *Exhalest this vapor- vow, in thee it is:*

1404 *If broken then, it is no fault of mine:*  
 1405 *If by me broke, What foole is not so wise,*  
 1406 *To loose an oath, to win a Paradise?*  
 1407 *Ber.* This is the liuer veine, which makes flesh a deity.  
 1408 A greene Goose, a Goddesse, pure pure Idolatry.  
 1409 God amend vs, God amend, we are much out o'th' way.  
 1410 *Enter Dumaine.*  
 1411 *Lon.* By whom shall I send this (company?) Stay.  
 1412 *Bero.* All hid, all hid, an old infant play,  
 1413 Like a demie God, here sit I in the skie,  
 1414 And wretched fooles secrets heedfully ore- eye.  
 1415 More Sacks to the myll. O heauens I haue my wish,  
 1416 *Dumaine* transform'd, foure Woodcocks in a dish.  
 1417 *Dum.* O most diuine *Kate.*  
 1418 *Bero.* O most prophane coxcombe.  
 1419 *Dum.* By heauen the wonder of a mortall eye.  
 1420 *Bero.* By earth she is not, corporall, there you lye.  
 1421 *Dum.* Her Amber haire for foule hath amber coted.  
 1422 *Ber.* An Amber coloured Rauens was well noted.  
 1423 *Dum.* As vpriht as the Cedar.  
 1424 *Ber.* Stoope I say, her shoulder is with- child.  
 1425 *Dum.* As faire as day.  
 1426 *Ber.* I as some daies, but then no sunne must shine.  
 1427 *Dum.* O that I had my wish?  
 1428 *Lon.* And I had mine.  
 1429 *Kin.* And mine too good Lord.  
 1430 *Ber.* Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?  
 1431 *Dum.* I would forget her, but a Feuer she  
 1432 Raignes in my bloud, and will remembered be.  
 1433 *Ber.* A Feuer in your bloud, why then incision  
 1434 Would let her out in Sawcers, sweet misprision.  
 1435 *Dum.* Once more Ile read the Ode that I haue writ.  
 1436 *Ber.* Once more Ile marke how Loue can varry Wit.  
 1437 *Dumaine* reads his Sonnet.  
 1438 *On a day, alack the day:*  
 1439 *Loue, whose Month is euery May,*  
 1440 *Spied a blossome passing faire,*  
 1441 *Playing in the wanton ayre:*  
 1442 *Through the Veluet, leaues the winde,*  
 1443 *All vnseene, can passage finde.*  
 1444 *That the Louer sicke to death,*  
 1445 *Wish himselfe the heauens breath.*  
 1446 *Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blowe,*  
 1447 *Ayre, would I might triumph so.*  
 1448 *But alacke my hand is sworne,*  
 1449 *Nere to plucke thee from thy throne:*

1450 *Vow alacke for youth vnmeete,*  
 1451 *youth so apt to plucke a sweet.*  
 1452 *Doe not call it sinne in me,*  
 1453 *That I am forsworne for thee.*  
 1454 *Thou for whom Ioue would sweare,*  
 1455 *Iuno but an Aethiop were,*  
 1456 *And denie himselfe for Ioue.*  
 1457 *Turning mortall for thy Loue.*  
 1458 This will I send, and something else more plaine.  
 1459 That shall expresse my true- loues fasting paine.  
 1460 O would the *King, Berowne* and *Longauill,*  
 1461 Were Louers too, ill to example ill,  
 1462 Would from my forehead wipe a periur'd note:  
 1463 For none offend, where all alike doe dote.  
 1464 *Lon. Dumaine,* thy Loue is farre from charitie,  
 1465 That in Loues grieve desir'st societie:  
 1466 You may looke pale, but I should blush I know,  
 1467 To be ore- heard, and taken napping so.  
 1468 *Kin.* Come sir, you blush: as his, your case is such,  
 1469 You chide at him, offending twice as much.  
 1470 You doe not loue *Maria? Longauile,*  
 1471 Did neuer Sonnet for her sake compile;  
 1472 Nor neuer lay his wreathed armes athwart  
 1473 His louing bosome, to keepe downe his heart.  
 1474 I haue beene closely shrowded in this bush,  
 1475 And markt you both, and for you both did blush.  
 1476 I heard your guilty Rimes, obseru'd your fashion:  
 1477 Saw sighes reeke from you, noted well your passion.  
 1478 Aye me, sayes one! O *Ioue,* the other cries!  
 1479 On her haire were Gold, Christall the others eyes.  
 1480 You would for Paradise breake Faith and troth,  
 1481 And *Ioue* for your Loue would infringe an oath.  
 1482 What will *Berowne* say when that he shall heare  
 1483 Faith infringed, which such zeale did sweare.  
 1484 How will he scorne? how will he spend his wit?  
 1485 How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?  
 1486 For all the wealth that euer I did see,  
 1487 I would not haue him know so much by me.  
 1488 *Bero.* Now step I forth to whip hypocrisie.  
 1489 Ah good my Liedge, I pray thee pardon me.  
 1490 Good heart, What grace hast thou thus to reproue  
 1491 These wormes for louing, that art most in loue?  
 1492 Your eyes doe make no couches in your teares.  
 1493 There is no certaine Princesse that appears.  
 1494 You'll not be periur'd, 'tis a hatefull thing:  
 1495 Tush, none but Minstrels like of Sonnetting.

1496 But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not [M1v  
 1497 All three of you, to be thus much ore'shot?  
 1498 You found his Moth, the King your Moth did see:  
 1499 But I a Beame doe finde in each of three.  
 1500 O what a Scene of fool'ry haue I seene.  
 1501 Of sighes, of grones, of sorrow, and of teene:  
 1502 O me, with what strict patience haue I sat,  
 1503 To see a King transformed to a Gnat?  
 1504 To see great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,  
 1505 And profound *Salomon* tuning a Iygge?  
 1506 And *Nestor* play at push- pin with the boyes,  
 1507 And *Criticke Tymon* laugh at idle toyes.  
 1508 Where lies thy grieffe? O tell me good *Dumaine*;  
 1509 And gentle *Longauill*, where lies thy paine?  
 1510 And where my Liedges? all about the brest:  
 1511 A Candle hoa!  
 1512 *Kin.* Too bitter is thy iest.  
 1513 Are wee betrayed thus to thy ouer- view?  
 1514 *Ber.* Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.  
 1515 I that am honest, I that hold it sinne  
 1516 To breake the vow I am ingaged in.  
 1517 I am betrayed by keeping company  
 1518 With men, like men of inconstancie.  
 1519 When shall you see me write a thing in rime?  
 1520 Or grone for *Ioane*? or spend a minutes time,  
 1521 In pruning mee, when shall you heare that I will praise a  
 1522 hand, a foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a state, a brow, a brest,  
 1523 a waste, a legge, a limme.  
 1524 *Kin.* Soft, Whither a-way so fast?  
 1525 A true man, or a theefe, that gallops so.  
 1526 *Ber.* I post from Loue, good Louer let me go.  
 1527 *Enter Iaquenetta and Clowne.*  
 1528 *Iaqu.* God blesse the King.  
 1529 *Kin.* What Present hast thou there?  
 1530 *Clo.* Some certaine treason.  
 1531 *Kin.* What makes treason heere?  
 1532 *Clo.* Nay it makes nothing sir.  
 1533 *Kin.* If it marre nothing neither,  
 1534 The treason and you goe in peace away together.  
 1535 *Iaqu.* I beseech your Grace let this Letter be read,  
 1536 Our person mis- doubts it: it was treason he said.  
 1537 *Kin.* *Berowne*, read it ouer. *He reades the Letter.*  
 1538 *Kin.* Where hadst thou it?  
 1539 *Iaqu.* Of *Costard*.  
 1540 *King.* Where hadst thou it?  
 1541 *Cost.* Of *Dun Adramadio*, *Dun Adramadio*.

1542 *Kin.* How now, what is in you? why dost thou tear it?  
 1543 *Ber.* A toy my Liedge, a toy: your grace needes not  
 1544 feare it.  
 1545 *Long.* It did moue him to passion, and therefore let's  
 1546 heare it.  
 1547 *Dum.* It is *Berowns* writing, and heere is his name.  
 1548 *Ber.* Ah you whoreson loggerhead, you were borne  
 1549 to doe me shame.  
 1550 Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confesse, I confesse.  
 1551 *Kin.* What?  
 1552 *Ber.* That you three fooles, lackt mee foole, to make  
 1553 vp the messe.  
 1554 He, he, and you: and you my Liedge, and I,  
 1555 Are picke- purses in Loue, and we deserue to die.  
 1556 O dismisse this audience, and I shall tell you more.  
 1557 *Dum.* Now the number is euen.  
 1558 *Berow.* True true, we are fowre: will these Turtles  
 1559 be gone?  
 1560 *Kin.* Hence sirs, away.  
 1561 *Clo.* Walk aside the true folke, & let the traytors stay.  
 1562 *Ber.* Sweet Lords, sweet Louers, O let vs imbrace,  
 1563 As true we are as flesh and bloud can be,  
 1564 The Sea will ebbe and flow, heauen will shew his face:  
 1565 Young bloud doth not obey an old decree.  
 1566 We cannot crosse the cause why we are borne:  
 1567 Therefore of all hands must we be forsworne.  
 1568 *King.* What, did these rent lines shew some loue of  
 1569 thine?  
 1570 *Ber.* Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heauenly |(Rosaline,  
 1571 That (like a rude and sauage man of *Inde*.)  
 1572 At the first opening of the gorgeous East,  
 1573 Bowes not his vassall head, and strooken blinde,  
 1574 Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?  
 1575 What peremptory Eagle- sighted eye  
 1576 Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,  
 1577 That is not blinded by her maiestie?  
 1578 *Kin.* What zeale, what furie, hath inspir'd thee now?  
 1579 My Loue (her Mistres) is a gracious Moone,  
 1580 Shee (an attending Starre) scarce seene a light.  
 1581 *Ber.* My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Berowne*.  
 1582 O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night,  
 1583 Of all complexions the cul'd soueraignty,  
 1584 Doe meet as at a faire in her faire cheeke,  
 1585 Where seuerall Worthies make one dignity,  
 1586 Where nothing wants, that want it selfe doth seeke.  
 1587 Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,

1588 Fie painted Rethoricke, O she needs it not,  
 1589 To things of sale, a sellers praise belongs:  
 1590 She passes prayse, then prayse too short doth blot.  
 1591 A withered Hermite, fuescore winters worne,  
 1592 Might shake off fiftie, looking in her eye:  
 1593 Beauty doth varnish Age, as if new borne,  
 1594 And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie.  
 1595 O 'tis the Sunne that maketh all things shine.  
 1596 *King.* By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.  
 1597 *Berow.* Is Ebonie like her? O word diuine?  
 1598 A wife of such wood were felicitie.  
 1599 O who can giue an oth? Where is a booke?  
 1600 That I may sweare Beauty doth beauty lacke,  
 1601 If that she learne not of her eye to looke:  
 1602 No face is faire that is not full so blacke.  
 1603 *Kin.* O paradoxe, Blacke is the badge of hell,  
 1604 The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night:  
 1605 And beauties crest becomes the heauens well.  
 1606 *Ber.* Diuels soonest tempt resembling spirits of light.  
 1607 O if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt,  
 1608 It mournes, that painting vsurping haire  
 1609 Should rauish doters with a false aspect:  
 1610 And therefore is she borne to make blacke, faire.  
 1611 Her fauour turnes the fashion of the dayes,  
 1612 For natie bloud is counted painting now:  
 1613 And therefore red that would auoyd dispraise,  
 1614 Paints it selfe blacke, to imitate her brow.  
 1615 *Dum.* To look like her are Chimny- sweepers blacke.  
 1616 *Lon.* And since her time, are Colliers counted bright.  
 1617 *King.* And *Aethiops* of their sweet complexion crake.  
 1618 *Dum.* Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light.  
 1619 *Ber.* Your mistresses dare neuer come in raine,  
 1620 For feare their colours should be washt away.  
 1621 *Kin.* 'Twere good yours did: for sir to tell you plaine,  
 1622 Ile finde a fairer face not washt to day.  
 1623 *Ber.* Ile proue her faire, or talke till dooms- day here.  
 1624 *Kin.* No Diuell will fright thee then so much as shee.  
 1625 *Duma.* I neuer knew man hold vile stuffe so deere.  
 1626 *Lon.* Looke, heer's thy loue, my foot and her face see.  
 1627 *Ber.* O if the streets were pauerd with thine eyes, [M2  
 1628 Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.  
 1629 *Duma.* O vile, then as she goes what vpward lyes?  
 1630 The street should see as she walk'd ouer head.  
 1631 *Kin.* But what of this, are we not all in loue?  
 1632 *Ber.* O nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworne.  
 1633 *Kin.* Then leaue this chat, & good *Berown* now proue

1634 Our louing lawfull, and our fayth not torne.  
 1635 *Dum.* I marie there, some flattery for this euill.  
 1636 *Long.* O some authority how to proceed,  
 1637 Some tricks, some quilletts, how to cheat the diuell.  
 1638 *Dum.* Some salue for periurie,  
 1639 *Ber.* O 'tis more then neede.  
 1640 Haue at you then affections men at armes,  
 1641 Consider what you first did sweare vnto:  
 1642 To fast, to study, and to see no woman:  
 1643 Flat treason against the Kingly state of youth.  
 1644 Say, Can you fast? your stomacks are too young:  
 1645 And abstinence ingenders maladies.  
 1646 And where that you haue vow'd to studie (Lords)  
 1647 In that each of you haue forsworne his Booke.  
 1648 Can you still dreame and pore, and thereon looke.  
 1649 For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,  
 1650 Haue found the ground of studies excellence,  
 1651 Without the beauty of a womans face;  
 1652 From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue,  
 1653 They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achadems,  
 1654 From whence doth spring the true *Promethean* fire.  
 1655 Why, vniuersall plodding poysons vp  
 1656 The nimble spirits in the arteries,  
 1657 As motion and long during action tyres  
 1658 The sinnowy vigour of the trauailer.  
 1659 Now for not looking on a womans face,  
 1660 You haue in that forsworne the vse of eyes:  
 1661 And studie too, the causer of your vow.  
 1662 For where is any Author in the world,  
 1663 Teaches such beauty as a womans eye:  
 1664 Learning is but an adiunct to our selfe,  
 1665 And where we are, our Learning likewise is.  
 1666 Then when our selues we see in Ladies eyes,  
 1667 With our selues.  
 1668 Doe we not likewise see our learning there?  
 1669 O we haue made a Vow to studie, Lords,  
 1670 And in that vow we haue forsworne our Bookes:  
 1671 For when would you (my Leege) or you, or you?  
 1672 In leaden contemplation haue found out  
 1673 Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes,  
 1674 Of beauties tutors haue inrich'd you with:  
 1675 Other slow Arts intirely keepe the braine:  
 1676 And therefore finding barraine practizers,  
 1677 Scarce shew a haruest of their heauy toyle.  
 1678 But Loue first learned in a Ladies eyes,  
 1679 Liues not alone emured in the braine:

1680 But with the motion of all elements,  
 1681 Courses as swift as thought in euery power,  
 1682 And giues to euery power a double power,  
 1683 About their functions and their offices.  
 1684 It addes a precious seeing to the eye:  
 1685 A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde.  
 1686 A Louers eare will heare the lowest sound.  
 1687 When the suspicious head of theft is stopt.  
 1688 Loues feeling is more soft and sensible,  
 1689 Then are the tender hornes of Cockle Snayles.  
 1690 Loues tongue proues dainty, *Bachus* grosse in taste,  
 1691 For Valour, is not Loue a *Hercules*?  
 1692 Still climing trees in the *Hesperides*.  
 1693 Subtill as *Sphinx*, as sweet and musicall,  
 1694 As bright *Apollo's* Lute, strung with his haire.  
 1695 And when Loue speakes, the voyce of all the Gods,  
 1696 Make heauen drowsie with the harmonie.  
 1697 Neuer durst Poet touch a pen to write,  
 1698 Vntill his Inke were tempred with Loues sighes:  
 1699 O then his lines would rauish sauage eares,  
 1700 And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.  
 1701 From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue.  
 1702 They sparcle still the right promethean fire,  
 1703 They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Achademes,  
 1704 That shew, containe, and nourish all the world.  
 1705 Else none at all in ought proues excellent.  
 1706 Then fooles you were these women to forswear:  
 1707 Or keeping what is sworne, you will proue fooles,  
 1708 For Wisedomes sake, a word that all men loue:  
 1709 Or for Loues sake, a word that loues all men.  
 1710 Or for Mens sake, the author of these Women:  
 1711 Or Womens sake, by whom we men are Men.  
 1712 Let's once loose our oathes to finde our selues,  
 1713 Or else we loose our selues, to keepe our oathes:  
 1714 It is religion to be thus forsworne.  
 1715 For Charity it selfe fulfills the Law:  
 1716 And who can seuer loue from Charity.  
 1717 *Kin.* Saint *Cupid* then, and Souldiers to the field.  
 1718 *Ber.* Aduance your standards, & vpon them Lords,  
 1719 Pell, mell, downe with them: but be first aduis'd,  
 1720 In conflict that you get the Sunne of them.  
 1721 *Long.* Now to plaine dealing, Lay these glozes by,  
 1722 Shall we resolute to woe these girles of France?  
 1723 *Kin.* And winne them too, therefore let vs deuise,  
 1724 Some entertainment for them in their Tents.  
 1725 *Ber.* First from the Park let vs conduct them thither,

1726 Then homeward euery man attach the hand  
 1727 Of his faire Mistresse, in the afternoone  
 1728 We will with some strange pastime solace them:  
 1729 Such as the shortnesse of the time can shape,  
 1730 For Reuels, Dances, Maskes, and merry houres,  
 1731 Fore- runne faire Loue, strewing her way with flowres.  
 1732 *Kin.* Away, away, no time shall be omitted,  
 1733 That will be time, and may by vs be fitted.  
 1734 *Ber.* Alone, alone sowed Cockell, reap'd no Corne,  
 1735 And Iustice alwaies whirles in equall measure:  
 1736 Light Wenches may proue plagues to men forsworne,  
 1737 If so, our Copper buyes no better treasure. *Exeunt.*

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### *Actus Quartus.*

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1739 *Enter the Pedant, Curate and Dull.*  
 1740 *Pedant.* *Satis quid sufficit.*  
 1741 *Curat.* I praise God for you sir, your reasons at dinner  
 1742 haue beene sharpe & sententious: pleasant without scur-rillity,  
 1743 witty without affection, audacious without im-pudency,  
 1744 learned without opinion, and strange without  
 1745 heresie: I did conuerse this *quondam* day with a compa-nion  
 1746 of the Kings, who is intituled, nominated, or called,  
 1747 *Don Adriano de Armatho.*  
 1748 *Ped.* *Noui hominum tanquam te,* His humour is lofty,  
 1749 his discourse peremptorie: his tongue filed, his eye  
 1750 ambitious, his gate maiesticall, and his generall behai-our  
 1751 vaine, ridiculous, and thrasonicall. He is too picked,  
 1752 too spruce, too affected, too odde, as it were, too pere-grinat,  
 1753 as I may call it. [M2v  
 1754 *Curat.* A most singular and choise Epithat,  
 1755 *Draw out his Table- booke.*  
 1756 *Peda.* He draweth out the thred of his verbotie, fi-ner  
 1757 then the staple of his argument. I abhor such pha-naticall  
 1758 phantasims, such insociable and poynt deuise  
 1759 companions, such rackers of ortagriphie, as to speake  
 1760 dout fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he shold  
 1761 pronounce debt; debt, not det: he clepeth a Calf, Caufe:  
 1762 halfe, haufe: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abreuiated  
 1763 ne: this is abhominable, which he would call abhomi-nable  
 1764 it insinuateth me of infamie: *ne inteligis domine,* to  
 1765 make franticke, lunaticke?  
 1766 *Cura.* *Laus deo, bene intelligo.*  
 1767 *Peda.* *Bome boon for boon prescian,* a little scratcht, 'twil

1768 serue.  
 1769 *Enter Bragart, Boy.*  
 1770 *Curat. Vides ne quis venit?*  
 1771 *Peda. Video, & gaudio.*  
 1772 *Brag. Chirra.*  
 1773 *Peda. Quari Chirra, not Sirra?*  
 1774 *Brag. Men of peace well incountred.*  
 1775 *Ped. Most millitarie sir salutation.*  
 1776 *Boy. They haue beene at a great feast of Languages,*  
 1777 *and stolne the scraps.*  
 1778 *Clow. O they haue liu'd long on the almes- basket of*  
 1779 *words. I maruell thy M[aster]. hath not eaten thee for a word,*  
 1780 *for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitu-%dinitatibus:*  
 1781 *Thou art easier swallowed then a flapdra-gon.*  
 1783 *Page. Peace, the peale begins.*  
 1784 *Brag. Mounsier, are you not lettred?*  
 1785 *Page. Yes, yes, he teaches boyes the Horne- booke:*  
 1786 *What is Ab speld backward with the horn on his head?*  
 1787 *Peda. Ba, puericia with a horne added.*  
 1788 *Pag. Ba most seely Sheepe, with a horne: you heare*  
 1789 *his learning.*  
 1790 *Peda. Quis quis, thou Consonant?*  
 1791 *Pag. The last of the fiue Vowels if You repeat them,*  
 1792 *or the fift if I.*  
 1793 *Peda. I will repeat them: a e I.*  
 1794 *Pag. The Sheepe, the other two concludes it o u.*  
 1795 *Brag. Now by the salt waue of the mediteranium, a*  
 1796 *sweet tutch, a quicke venewe of wit, snip snap, quick &*  
 1797 *home, it reioyceth my intellect, true wit.*  
 1798 *Page. Offered by a childe to an olde man: which is*  
 1799 *wit- old.*  
 1800 *Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure?*  
 1801 *Page. Hornes.*  
 1802 *Peda. Thou disputes like an Infant: goe whip thy*  
 1803 *Gigge.*  
 1804 *Pag. Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will*  
 1805 *whip about your Infamie *vnum cita* a gigge of a Cuck-olds*  
 1806 *horne.*  
 1807 *Clow. And I had but one penny in the world, thou*  
 1808 *shouldst haue it to buy Ginger bread: Hold, there is the*  
 1809 *very Remuneration I had of thy Maister, thou halfpenny*  
 1810 *purse of wit, thou Pidgeon- egge of discretion. O & the*  
 1811 *heauens were so pleased, that thou wert but my Bastard;*  
 1812 *What a ioyfull father wouldst thou make mee? Goe to,*  
 1813 *thou hast it *ad dungil*, at the fingers ends, as they say.*  
 1814 *Peda. Oh I smell false Latine, *dunghel* for *vnguem*.*

1815 *Brag.* *Arts- man preambulat*, we will bee singled from  
1816 the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charg-house  
1817 on the top of the Mountaine?  
1818 *Peda.* Or *Mons* the hill.  
1819 *Brag.* At your sweet pleasure, for the Mountaine.  
1820 *Peda.* I doe *sans question*.  
1821 *Bra.* Sir, it is the Kings most sweet pleasure and af-fection,  
1822 to congratulate the Princesse at her Paulion, in  
1823 the *posteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call  
1824 the after- noone.  
1825 *Ped.* The *posterior* of the day, most generous sir, is lia-ble,  
1826 congruent, and measurable for the after- noone: the  
1827 word is well culd, chose, sweet, and apt I doe assure you  
1828 sir, I doe assure.  
1829 *Brag.* Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my fa-miliar,  
1830 I doe assure ye very good friend: for what is in-ward  
1831 betweene vs, let it passe. I doe beseech thee re-member  
1832 thy curtesie. I beseech thee apparell thy head:  
1833 and among other importunate & most serious designes,  
1834 and of great import indeed too: but let that passe, for I  
1835 must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the world)  
1836 sometime to leane vpon my poore shoulder, and with  
1837 his royall finger thus dallie with my excrement, with my  
1838 mustachio: but sweet heart let that passe. By the world  
1839 I recount no fable, some certaine speciall honours it  
1840 pleaseth his greatnesse to impart to *Armado* a Souldier,  
1841 a man of trauell, that hath seene the world: but let that  
1842 passe; the very all of all is: but sweet heart I do implore  
1843 secrecie, that the King would haue mee present the  
1844 Princesse (sweet chucked) with some delightfull ostenta-tion,  
1845 or show, or pageant, or anticke, or fire- worke:  
1846 Now, vnderstanding that the Curate and your sweet self  
1847 are good at such eruptions, and sodaine breaking out of  
1848 myrth (as it were) I haue acquainted you withall, to  
1849 the end to craue your assistance.  
1850 *Peda.* Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Wor-thies.  
1851 Sir *Holofernes*, as concerning some entertainment  
1852 of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to bee  
1853 rendred by our assistants the Kings command: and this  
1854 most gallant, illustrate and learned Gentleman, before  
1855 the Princesse: I say none so fit as to present the Nine  
1856 Worthies.  
1857 *Curat.* Where will you finde men worthy enough to  
1858 present them?  
1859 *Peda.* *Iosua*, your selfe: my selfe, and this gallant gen-tleman  
1860 *Iudas Machabeus*; this Swaine (because of his

1861 great limme or ioynt) shall passe *Pompey* the great, the  
 1862 Page *Hercules*.  
 1863 *Brag*. Pardon sir, error: He is not quantitie enough  
 1864 for that Worthies thumb, hee is not so big as the end of  
 1865 his Club.  
 1866 *Peda*. Shall I haue audience: he shall present *Hercu-les*  
 1867 in minoritie: his *enter* and *exit* shall bee strangling a  
 1868 Snake; and I will haue an Apologie for that purpose.  
 1869 *Pag*. An excellent deuce: so if any of the audience  
 1870 hisse, you may cry, Well done *Hercules*, now thou cru-shest  
 1871 the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gra-cious,  
 1872 though few haue the grace to doe it.  
 1873 *Brag*. For the rest of the Worthies?  
 1874 *Peda*. I will play three my selfe.  
 1875 *Pag*. Thrice worthy Gentleman.  
 1876 *Brag*. Shall I tell you a thing?  
 1877 *Peda*. We attend.  
 1878 *Brag*. We will haue, if this fadge not, an Antique. I  
 1879 beseech you follow.  
 1880 *Ped*. *Via* good- man *Dull*, thou hast spoken no word  
 1881 all this while.  
 1882 *Dull*. Nor vnderstood none neither sir.  
 1883 *Ped*. Alone, we will employ thee.  
 1884 *Dull*. Ile make one in a dance, or so: or I will play [M3  
 1885 on the taber to the Worthies, & let them dance the hey.  
 1886 *Ped*. Most *Dull*, honest *Dull*, to our sport away. *Exit*.  
 1887 *Enter Ladies*.  
 1888 *Qu*. Sweet hearts we shall be rich ere we depart,  
 1889 If fairings come thus plentifully in.  
 1890 A Lady wal'd about with Diamonds: Look you, what I  
 1891 haue from the louing King.  
 1892 *Rosa*. Madam, came nothing else along with that?  
 1893 *Qu*. Nothing but this: yes as much loue in Rime,  
 1894 As would be cram'd vp in a sheet of paper  
 1895 Writ on both sides the leafe, margent and all,  
 1896 That he was faine to seale on *Cupids* name.  
 1897 *Rosa*. That was the way to make his god- head wax:  
 1898 For he hath beene fiue thousand yeeres a Boy.  
 1899 *Kath*. I, and a shrewd vnhappy gallowes too.  
 1900 *Ros*. You'll nere be friends with him, a kild your sister.  
 1901 *Kath*. He made her melancholy, sad, and heauy, and  
 1902 so she died: had she beene Light like you, of such a mer-rie  
 1903 nimble stirring spirit, she might a bin a Grandam ere  
 1904 she died. And so may you: For a light heart liues long.  
 1905 *Ros*. What's your darke meaning mouse, of this light  
 1906 word?

1907 *Kat.* A light condition in a beauty darke.  
 1908 *Ros.* We need more light to finde your meaning out.  
 1909 *Kat.* You'll marre the light by taking it in snuffe:  
 1910 Therefore Ile darkely end the argument.  
 1911 *Ros.* Look what you doe, you doe it stil i'th darke.  
 1912 *Kat.* So do not you, for you are a light Wench.  
 1913 *Ros.* Indeed I waigh not you, and therefore light.  
 1914 *Ka.* You waigh me not, O that's you care not for me.  
 1915 *Ros.* Great reason: for past care, is still past cure.  
 1916 *Qu.* Well bandied both, a set of Wit well played.  
 1917 But *Rosaline*, you haue a Fauour too?  
 1918 Who sent it? and what is it?  
 1919 *Ros.* I would you knew.  
 1920 And if my face were but as faire as yours,  
 1921 My Fauour were as great, be witsse this.  
 1922 Nay, I haue Verses too, I thanke *Berowne*,  
 1923 The numbers true, and were the numbring too.  
 1924 I were the fairest goddesse on the ground.  
 1925 I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.  
 1926 O he hath drawne my picture in his letter.  
 1927 *Qu.* Any thing like?  
 1928 *Ros.* Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.  
 1929 *Qu.* Beauteous as Incke: a good conclusion.  
 1930 *Kat.* Faire as a text B. in a Coppie booke.  
 1931 *Ros.* Ware pensals. How? Let me not die your debtor,  
 1932 My red Dominicall, my golden letter.  
 1933 O that your face were full of Oes.  
 1934 *Qu.* A Pox of that iest, and I beshrew all Shrowes:  
 1935 But *Katherine*, what was sent to you  
 1936 From faire *Dumaine*?  
 1937 *Kat.* Madame, this Gloue.  
 1938 *Qu.* Did he not send you twaine?  
 1939 *Kat.* Yes Madame: and moreouer,  
 1940 Some thousand Verses of a faithfull Louer.  
 1941 A huge translation of hypocrisie,  
 1942 Vildly compiled, profound simplicitie.  
 1943 *Mar.* This, and these Pearls, to me sent *Longaule*.  
 1944 The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.  
 1945 *Qu.* I thinke no lesse: Dost thou wish in heart  
 1946 The Chaine were longer, and the Letter short.  
 1947 *Mar.* I, or I would these hands might neuer part.  
 1948 *Quee.* We are wise girles to mocke our Louers so.  
 1949 *Ros.* They are worse fooles to purchase mocking so.  
 1950 That same *Berowne* ile torture ere I goe.  
 1951 O that I knew he were but in by th' weeke,  
 1952 How I would make him fawne, and begge, and seeke,

1953 And wait the season, and obserue the times,  
 1954 And spend his prodigall wits in booteles rimes,  
 1955 And shape his seruice wholly to my deuce,  
 1956 And make him proud to make me proud that iests.  
 1957 So pertaunt like would I o'resway his state,  
 1958 That he shold be my foole, and I his fate.  
 1959 *Qu.* None are so surely caught, when they are catcht,  
 1960 As Wit turn'd foole, follie in Wisedome hatch'd:  
 1961 Hath wisdoms warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,  
 1962 And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole?  
 1963 *Ros.* The bloud of youth burns not with such excesse,  
 1964 As grauties reuolt to wantons be.  
 1965 *Mar.* Follie in Fooles beares not so strong a note,  
 1966 As fool'ry in the Wise, when Wit doth dote:  
 1967 Since all the power thereof it doth apply,  
 1968 To proue by Wit, worth in simplicitie.  
 1969 *Enter Boyet.*  
 1970 *Qu.* Heere comes *Boyet*, and mirth in his face.  
 1971 *Boy.* O I am stab'd with laughter, Wher's her Grace?  
 1972 *Qu.* Thy newes *Boyet*?  
 1973 *Boy.* Prepare Madame, prepare.  
 1974 Arme Wenches arme, incounters mounted are,  
 1975 Against your Peace, Loue doth approach, disguis'd:  
 1976 Armed in arguments, you'll be surpriz'd.  
 1977 Muster your Wits, stand in your owne defence,  
 1978 Or hide your heads like Cowards, and flie hence.  
 1979 *Qu.* Saint *Dennis* to S[aint]. *Cupid:* What are they,  
 1980 That charge their breath against vs? Say scout say.  
 1981 *Boy.* Vnder the coole shade of a Siccamore,  
 1982 I thought to close mine eyes some halfe an houre:  
 1983 When lo to interrupt my purpos'd rest,  
 1984 Toward that shade I might behold adrest,  
 1985 The King and his companions: warely  
 1986 I stole into a neighbour thicket by,  
 1987 And ouer- heard, what you shall ouer- heare:  
 1988 That by and by disguis'd they will be heere.  
 1989 Their Herald is a pretty knauish Page:  
 1990 That well by heart hath con'd his embassage,  
 1991 Action and accent did they teach him there.  
 1992 Thus must thou speake, and thus thy body beare.  
 1993 And euer and anon they made a doubt,  
 1994 Presence maiesticall would put him out:  
 1995 For quoth the King, an Angell shalt thou see:  
 1996 Yet feare not thou, but speake audaciously.  
 1997 The Boy reply'd, An Angell is not euill:  
 1998 I should haue fear'd her, had she beene a deuill.

1999 With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder,  
 2000 Making the bold wagg by their praises bolder.  
 2001 One rub'd his elboe thus, and fleer'd, and swore,  
 2002 A better speech was neuer spoke before.  
 2003 Another with his finger and his thumb,  
 2004 Cry'd *via*, we will doo't, come what will come.  
 2005 The third he caper'd and cried, All goes well.  
 2006 The fourth turn'd on the toe, and downe he fell:  
 2007 With that they all did tumble on the ground,  
 2008 With such a zelous laughter so profound,  
 2009 That in this spleene ridiculous appeares,  
 2010 To checke their folly passions solemne teares.  
 2011 *Que.* But what, but what, come they to visit vs?  
 2012 *Boy.* They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,  
 2013 Like *Muscouites*; or *Russians*, as I gesse.  
 2014 Their purpose is to parlee, to court, and dance, [M3v  
 2015 And euery one his Loue- feat will aduance,  
 2016 Vnto his seuerall mistresse: which they'll know  
 2017 By fauours seuerall, which they did bestow.  
 2018 *Queen.* And will they so? the Gallants shall be taskt:  
 2019 For Ladies; we will euery one be maskt,  
 2020 And not a man of them shall haue the grace  
 2021 Despight of sute, to see a Ladies face.  
 2022 Hold *Rosaline*, this Fauour thou shalt weare,  
 2023 And then the King will court thee for his Deare:  
 2024 Hold, take thou this my sweet, and giue me thine,  
 2025 So shall *Berowne* take me for *Rosaline*.  
 2026 And change your Fauours too, so shall your Loues  
 2027 Woo contrary, deceiu'd by these remoues.  
 2028 *Rosa.* Come on then, weare the fauours most in sight.  
 2029 *Kath.* But in this changing, What is your intent?  
 2030 *Queen.* The effect of my intent is to crosse theirs:  
 2031 They doe it but in mocking merriment,  
 2032 And mocke for mocke is onely my intent.  
 2033 Their seuerall counsels they vnbose shall,  
 2034 To Loues mistooke, and so be mockt withall.  
 2035 Vpon the next occasion that we meete,  
 2036 With Visages displayd to talke and greete.  
 2037 *Ros.* But shall we dance, if they desire vs too't?  
 2038 *Quee.* No, to the death we will not moue a foot,  
 2039 Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace:  
 2040 But while 'tis spoke, each turne away his face.  
 2041 *Boy.* Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,  
 2042 And quite diuorce his memory from his part.  
 2043 *Quee.* Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,  
 2044 The rest will ere come in, if he be out.

2045 Theres no such sport, as sport by sport orethrowne:  
 2046 To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.  
 2047 So shall we stay mocking entended game,  
 2048 And they well mockt, depart away with shame. *Sound.*  
 2049 *Boy.* The Trompet sounds, be maskt, the maskers  
 2050 come.  
 2051 *Enter Black moores with musicke, the Boy with a speech,*  
 2052 *and the rest of the Lords disguised.*  
 2053 *Page.* All haile, the richest Beauties on the earth.  
 2054 *Ber.* Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.  
 2055 *Pag.* A holy parcell of the fairest dames that euer turn'd  
 2056 their backes to mortall views.  
 2057 The Ladies turne their backes to him.  
 2058 *Ber.* Their eyes villaine, their eyes.  
 2059 *Pag.* That euer turn'd their eyes to mortall views.  
 2060 *Out*  
 2061 *Boy.* True, out indeed.  
 2062 *Pag.* Out of your fauours heauenly spirits vouchsafe  
 2063 Not to beholde.  
 2064 *Ber.* Once to behold, rogue.  
 2065 *Pag.* Once to behold with your Sunne beamed eyes,  
 2066 With your Sunne beamed eyes.  
 2067 *Boy.* They will not answer to that Epythite,  
 2068 you were best call it Daughter beamed eyes.  
 2069 *Pag.* They do not marke me, and that brings me out.  
 2070 *Bero.* Is this your perfectnesse? be gon you rogue.  
 2071 *Rosa.* What would these strangers?  
 2072 Know their mindes *Boyet.*  
 2073 If they doe speake our language, 'tis our will  
 2074 That some plaine man recount their purposes.  
 2075 Know what they would?  
 2076 *Boyet.* What would you with the Princes?  
 2077 *Ber.* Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.  
 2078 *Ros.* What would they, say they?  
 2079 *Boy.* Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.  
 2080 *Rosa.* Why that they haue, and bid them so be gon.  
 2081 *Boy.* She saies you haue it, and you may be gon.  
 2082 *Kin.* Say to her we haue measur'd many miles,  
 2083 To tread a Measure with you on the grasse.  
 2084 *Boy.* They say that they haue measur'd many a mile,  
 2085 To tread a Measure with you on this grasse.  
 2086 *Rosa.* It is not so. Aske them how many inches  
 2087 Is in one mile? If they haue measur'd manie,  
 2088 The measure then of one is easlie told.  
 2089 *Boy.* If to come hither, you haue measur'd miles,  
 2090 And many miles: the Princesse bids you tell,

2091 How many inches doth fill vp one mile?  
 2092 *Ber.* Tell her we measure them by weary steps.  
 2093 *Boy.* She heares her selfe.  
 2094 *Rosa.* How manie wearie steps,  
 2095 Of many wearie miles you haue ore- gone,  
 2096 Are numbred in the trauell of one mile?  
 2097 *Bero.* We number nothing that we spend for you,  
 2098 Our dutie is so rich, so infinite,  
 2099 That we may doe it still without accompt.  
 2100 Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,  
 2101 That we (like sauages) may worship it.  
 2102 *Rosa.* My face is but a Moone and clouded too.  
 2103 *Kin.* Blessed are clouds, to doe as such clouds do.  
 2104 Vouchsafe bright Moone, and these thy stars to shine,  
 2105 (Those clouds remooued) vpon our waterie eyne.  
 2106 *Rosa.* O vaine petitioner, beg a greater matter,  
 2107 Thou now requests but Mooneshine in the water.  
 2108 *Kin.* Then in our measure, vouchsafe but one change.  
 2109 Thou bidst me begge, this begging is not strange.  
 2110 *Rosa.* Play musicke then: nay you must doe it soone.  
 2111 Not yet no dance: thus change I like the Moone.  
 2112 *Kin.* Will you not dance? How come you thus e-stranged?  
 2114 *Rosa.* You tooke the Moone at full, but now shee's  
 2115 changed?  
 2116 *Kin.* Yet still she is the Moone, and I the Man.  
 2117 *Rosa.* The musick playes, vouchsafe some motion to  
 2118 it: Our eares vouchsafe it.  
 2119 *Kin.* But your legges should doe it.  
 2120 *Ros.* Since you are strangers, & come here by chance,  
 2121 Wee'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.  
 2122 *Kin.* Why take you hands then?  
 2123 *Rosa.* Onelie to part friends.  
 2124 Curtsie sweet hearts, and so the Measure ends.  
 2125 *Kin.* More measure of this measure, be not nice.  
 2126 *Rosa.* We can afford no more at such a price.  
 2127 *Kin.* Prise your selues: What buyes your companie?  
 2128 *Rosa.* Your absence onelie.  
 2129 *Kin.* That can neuer be.  
 2130 *Rosa.* Then cannot we be bought: and so adue,  
 2131 Twice to your Visore, and halfe once to you.  
 2132 *Kin.* If you denie to dance, let's hold more chat.  
 2133 *Ros.* In priuate then.  
 2134 *Kin.* I am best pleas'd with that.  
 2135 *Be.* White handed Mistris, one sweet word with thee.  
 2136 *Qu.* Hony, and Milke, and Suger: there is three.  
 2137 *Ber.* Nay then two treyes, an if you grow so nice

2138 Methegline, Wort, and Malmsey; well runne dice:  
 2139 There's halfe a dozen sweets.  
 2140 *Qu.* Seuenth sweet adue, since you can cogg,  
 2141 Ile play no more with you.  
 2142 *Ber.* One word in secret.  
 2143 *Qu.* Let it not be sweet.  
 2144 *Ber.* Thou greeu'st my gall. [M4  
 2145 *Qu.* Gall, bitter.  
 2146 *Ber.* Therefore meete.  
 2147 *Du.* Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?  
 2148 *Mar.* Name it.  
 2149 *Dum.* Faire Ladie:  
 2150 *Mar.* Say you so? Faire Lord:  
 2151 Take you that for your faire Lady.  
 2152 *Du.* Please it you,  
 2153 As much in priuate, and Ile bid adieu.  
 2154 *Mar.* What, was your vizard made without a tong?  
 2155 *Long.* I know the reason Ladie why you aske.  
 2156 *Mar.* O for your reason, quickly sir, I long.  
 2157 *Long.* You haue a double tongue within your mask,  
 2158 And would affoord my speechlesse vizard halfe.  
 2159 *Mar.* Veale quoth the Dutch- man: is not Veale a  
 2160 Calfe?  
 2161 *Long.* A Calfe faire Ladie?  
 2162 *Mar.* No, a faire Lord Calfe.  
 2163 *Long.* Let's part the word.  
 2164 *Mar.* No, Ile not be your halfe:  
 2165 Take all and weane it, it may proue an Oxe.  
 2166 *Long.* Looke how you but your selfe in these sharpe  
 2167 mockes.  
 2168 Will you giue hornes chast Ladie? Do not so.  
 2169 *Mar.* Then die a Calfe before your horns do grow.  
 2170 *Lon.* One word in priuate with you ere I die.  
 2171 *Mar.* Bleat softly then, the Butcher heares you cry.  
 2172 *Boyet.* The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen  
 2173 As is the Razors edge, inuisible:  
 2174 Cutting a smaller haire then may be seene,  
 2175 About the sense of sence so sensible:  
 2176 Seemeth their conference, their conceits haue wings,  
 2177 Fleeter then arrows, bullets wind, thoght, swifter things  
 2178 *Rosa.* Not one word more my maides, breake off,  
 2179 breake off.  
 2180 *Ber.* By heauen, all drie beaten with pure scoffe.  
 2181 *King.* Farewell madde Wenches, you haue simple  
 2182 wits. *Exeunt.*  
 2183 *Qu.* Twentie adieus my frozen Muscouits.

2184 Are these the breed of wits so wondred at?  
 2185 *Boyet.* Tapers they are, with your sweete breathes  
 2186 puft out.  
 2187 *Rosa.* Wel- liking wits they haue, grosse, grosse, fat, fat.  
 2188 *Qu.* O pouertie in wit, Kingly poore flout.  
 2189 Will they not (thinke you) hang themselues to night?  
 2190 Or euer but in vizards shew their faces:  
 2191 This pert *Berowne* was out of count'nance quite.  
 2192 *Rosa.* They were all in lamentable cases.  
 2193 The King was weeping ripe for a good word.  
 2194 *Qu.* *Berowne* did sweare himselfe out of all suite.  
 2195 *Mar.* *Dumaine* was at my seruice, and his sword:  
 2196 No point (quoth I:) my seruant straight was mute.  
 2197 *Ka.* Lord *Longauill* said I came ore his hart:  
 2198 And trow you what he call'd me?  
 2199 *Qu.* Qualme perhaps.  
 2200 *Kat.* Yes in good faith.  
 2201 *Qu.* Go sicknesse as thou art.  
 2202 *Ros.* Well, better wits haue worne plain statute caps,  
 2203 But will you heare; the King is my loue sworne.  
 2204 *Qu.* And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted faith to me.  
 2205 *Kat.* And *Longauill* was for my seruice borne.  
 2206 *Mar.* *Dumaine* is mine as sure as barke on tree.  
 2207 *Boyet.* Madam, and prettie mistresses giue eare,  
 2208 Immediately they will againe be heere  
 2209 In their owne shapes: for it can neuer be,  
 2210 They will digest this harsh indignitie.  
 2211 *Qu.* Will they returne?  
 2212 *Boy.* They will they will, God knowes,  
 2213 And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes:  
 2214 Therefore change Fauours, and when they repaire,  
 2215 Blow like sweet Roses, in this summer aire.  
 2216 *Qu.* How blow? how blow? Speake to bee vnder-stood.  
 2218 *Boy.* Faire Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud:  
 2219 Dismaskt, their damaske sweet commixture showne,  
 2220 Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roses blowne.  
 2221 *Qu.* Auant perplexitie: What shall we do,  
 2222 If they returne in their owne shapes to wo?  
 2223 *Rosa.* Good Madam, if by me you'l be aduis'd.  
 2224 Let's mocke them still as well knowne as disguis'd:  
 2225 Let vs complaine to them what fooles were heare,  
 2226 Disguis'd like Muscouites in shapelesse geare:  
 2227 And wonder what they were, and to what end  
 2228 Their shallow showes, and Prologue vildely pen'd:  
 2229 And their rough carriage so ridiculous,  
 2230 Should be presented at our Tent to vs.

2231 *Boyet.* Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.  
 2232 *Quee.* Whip to our Tents, as Roes runnes ore Land.  
 2233 *Exeunt.*  
 2234 *Enter the King and the rest.*  
 2235 *King.* Faire sir, God saue you. Wher's the Princesse?  
 2236 *Boy.* Gone to her Tent.  
 2237 Please it your Maiestie command me any seruice to her?  
 2238 *King.* That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.  
 2239 *Boy.* I will, and so will she, I know my Lord. *Exit.*  
 2240 *Ber.* This fellow pickes vp wit as Pigeons pease,  
 2241 And vtters it againe, when *Ioue* doth please.  
 2242 He is Wits Pedler, and retailes his Wares,  
 2243 At Wakes, and Wassels, Meetings, Markets, Faires.  
 2244 And we that sell by grosse, the Lord doth know,  
 2245 Haue not the grace to grace it with such show.  
 2246 This Gallant pins the Wenches on his sleeue.  
 2247 Had he bin *Adam*, he had tempted *Eue*.  
 2248 He can carue too, and lispe: Why this is he,  
 2249 That kist away his hand in courtesie.  
 2250 This is the Ape of Forme, Monsieur the nice,  
 2251 That when he plaies at Tables, chides the Dice  
 2252 In honorable tearmes: Nay he can sing  
 2253 A meane most meanly, and in Vshering  
 2254 Mend him who can: the Ladies call him sweete.  
 2255 The staires as he treads on them kisse his feete.  
 2256 This is the flower that smiles on euerie one,  
 2257 To shew his teeth as white as Whales bone.  
 2258 And consciences that wil not die in debt,  
 2259 Pay him the dutie of honie- tongued *Boyet*.  
 2260 *King.* A blister on his sweet tongue with my hart,  
 2261 That put *Armathoes* Page out of his part.  
 2262 *Enter the Ladies.*  
 2263 *Ber.* See where it comes. Behaiour what wer't thou,  
 2264 Till this madman shew'd thee? And what art thou now?  
 2265 *King.* All haile sweet Madame, and faire time of day.  
 2266 *Qu.* Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceiue.  
 2267 *King.* Construe my speeches better, if you may.  
 2268 *Qu.* Then wish me better, I wil giue you leaue.  
 2269 *King.* We came to visit you, and purpose now  
 2270 To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.  
 2271 *Qu.* This field shal hold me, and so hold your vow:  
 2272 Nor God, nor I, delights in periur'd men.  
 2273 *King.* Rebuke me not for that which you prouoke: [M4v  
 2274 The vertue of your eie must breake my oth.  
 2275 *Q.* You nickname vertue: vice you should haue spoke:  
 2276 For vertues office neuer breakes men troth.

2277 Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure  
 2278 As the vnsallied Lilly, I protest,  
 2279 A world of torments though I should endure,  
 2280 I would not yeeld to be your houses guest:  
 2281 So much I hate a breaking cause to be  
 2282 Of heauenly oaths, vow'd with integritie.  
 2283 *Kin.* O you haue liu'd in desolation heere,  
 2284 Vnseene, vnuisited, much to our shame.  
 2285 *Qu.* Not so my Lord, it is not so I sweare,  
 2286 We haue had pastimes heere, and pleasant game,  
 2287 A messe of Russians left vs but of late.  
 2288 *Kin.* How Madam? Russians?  
 2289 *Qu.* I in truth, my Lord.  
 2290 Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state.  
 2291 *Rosa.* Madam speake true. It is not so my Lord:  
 2292 My Ladie (to the manner of the daies)  
 2293 In curtesie giues vnderferuing praise.  
 2294 We foure indeed confronted were with foure  
 2295 In Russia habit: Heere they stayed an houre,  
 2296 And talk'd apace: and in that houre (my Lord)  
 2297 They did not blesse vs with one happy word.  
 2298 I dare not call them fooles; but this I thinke,  
 2299 When they are thirstie, fooles would faine haue drinke.  
 2300 *Ber.* This iest is drie to me. Gentle sweete,  
 2301 Your wits makes wise things foolish when we greeete  
 2302 With eies best seeing, heauens fierie eie:  
 2303 By light we loose light; your capacitie  
 2304 Is of that nature, that to your huge stoore,  
 2305 Wise things seeme foolish, and rich things but poore.  
 2306 *Ros.* This proues you wise and rich: for in my eie  
 2307 *Ber.* I am a foole, and full of pouertie.  
 2308 *Ros.* But that you take what doth to you belong,  
 2309 It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.  
 2310 *Ber.* O, I am yours, and all that I possesse.  
 2311 *Ros.* All the foole mine.  
 2312 *Ber.* I cannot giue you lesse.  
 2313 *Ros.* Which of the Vizards what it that you wore?  
 2314 *Ber.* Where? when? What Vizard?  
 2315 Why demand you this?  
 2316 *Ros.* There, then, that vizard, that superfluous case,  
 2317 That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.  
 2318 *Kin.* We are discried,  
 2319 They'l mocke vs now downeright.  
 2320 *Du.* Let vs confesse, and turne it to a iest.  
 2321 *Que.* Amaz'd my Lord? Why lookes your Highnes  
 2322 sadde?

2323 *Rosa.* Helpe hold his browes, hee'l sound: why looke  
 2324 you pale?  
 2325 Sea- sicke I thinke comming from Muscouie.  
 2326 *Ber.* Thus poure the stars down plagues for periury.  
 2327 Can any face of brasse hold longer out?  
 2328 Heere stand I, Ladie dart thy skill at me,  
 2329 Bruise me with scorne, confound me with a flout.  
 2330 Thrust thy sharpe wit quite through my ignorance.  
 2331 Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit:  
 2332 And I will wish thee neuer more to dance,  
 2333 Nor neuer more in Russian habit waite.  
 2334 O! neuer will I trust to speeches pen'd,  
 2335 Nor to the motion of a Schoole- boies tongue.  
 2336 Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend,  
 2337 Nor woo in rime like a blind- harpers songue,  
 2338 Taffata phrases, silken tearmes precise,  
 2339 Three- pil'd Hyperboles, spruce affection;  
 2340 Figures pedanticall, these summer flies,  
 2341 Haue blowne me full of maggot ostentation.  
 2342 I do forswear them, and I heere protest,  
 2343 By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knows)  
 2344 Henceforth my woing minde shall be exprest  
 2345 In russet yeas, and honest kersie noes.  
 2346 And to begin Wench, so God helpe me law,  
 2347 My loue to thee is sound, *sans* cracke or flaw,  
 2348 *Rosa.* *Sans, sans,* I pray you.  
 2349 *Ber.* Yet I haue a tricke  
 2350 Of the old rage: beare with me, I am sicke.  
 2351 Ile leaue it by degrees: soft, let vs see,  
 2352 Write *Lord haue mercie on vs*, on those three,  
 2353 They are infected, in their hearts it lies:  
 2354 They haue the plague, and caught it of your eyes:  
 2355 These Lords are visited, you are not free:  
 2356 For the Lords tokens on you do I see.  
 2357 *Qu.* No, they are free that gaue these tokens to vs.  
 2358 *Ber.* Our states are forfeit, seeke not to vndo vs.  
 2359 *Ros.* It is not so; for how can this be true,  
 2360 That you stand forfeit, being those that sue.  
 2361 *Ber.* Peace, for I will not haue to do with you.  
 2362 *Ros.* Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.  
 2363 *Ber.* Speake for your selues, my wit is at an end.  
 2364 *King.* Teach vs sweete Madame, for our rude trans-gression,  
 2365 some faire excuse.  
 2366 *Qu.* The fairest is confession.  
 2367 Were you not heere but euen now, disguis'd?  
 2368 *Kin.* Madam, I was.

2369 *Qu.* And were you well aduis'd?  
 2370 *Kin.* I was faire Madam.  
 2371 *Qu.* When you then were heere,  
 2372 What did you whisper in your Ladies eare?  
 2373 *King.* That more then all the world I did respect her  
 2374 *Qu.* When shee shall challenge this, you will reiect  
 2375 her.  
 2376 *King.* Vpon mine Honor no.  
 2377 *Qu.* Peace, peace, forbear:  
 2378 Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.  
 2379 *King.* Despise me when I breake this oath of mine.  
 2380 *Qu.* I will, and therefore keepe it. *Rosaline,*  
 2381 What did the Russian whisper in your eare?  
 2382 *Ros.* Madam, he swore that he did hold me deare  
 2383 As precious eye- sight, and did value me  
 2384 About this World: adding thereto moreouer,  
 2385 That he would Wed me, or else die my Louer.  
 2386 *Qu.* God giue thee ioy of him: the Noble Lord  
 2387 Most honorably doth vphold his word.  
 2388 *King.* What meane you Madame?  
 2389 By my life, my troth  
 2390 I neuer swore this Ladie such an oth.  
 2391 *Ros.* By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine,  
 2392 You gaue me this: But take it sir againe.  
 2393 *King.* My faith and this, the Princesse I did giue,  
 2394 I knew her by this Iewell on her sleeue.  
 2395 *Qu.* Pardon me sir, this Iewell did she weare.  
 2396 And Lord *Berowne* (I thanke him) is my deare.  
 2397 What? Will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?  
 2398 *Ber.* Neither of either, I remit both twaine.  
 2399 I see the tricke on't: Heere was a consent,  
 2400 Knowing aforehand of our merriment,  
 2401 To dash it like a Christmas Comedie.  
 2402 Some carry- tale, some please- man, some slight Zanie,  
 2403 Some mumble- newes, some trencher- knight, som Dick  
 2404 That smiles his cheeke in yeares, and knowes the trick  
 2405 To make my Lady laugh, when she's dispos'd; [M5  
 2406 Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,  
 2407 The Ladies did change Fauours; and then we  
 2408 Following the signes, woo'd but the signe of she.  
 2409 Now to our periurie, to adde more terror,  
 2410 We are againe forsworne in will and error.  
 2411 Much vpon this tis: and might not you  
 2412 Forestall our sport, to make vs thus vntrue?  
 2413 Do not you know my Ladies foot by'th squier?  
 2414 And laugh vpon the apple of her eie?

2415 And stand betweene her backe sir, and the fire,  
 2416 Holding a trencher, iesting merrilie?  
 2417 You put our Page out: go, you are alowd.  
 2418 Die when you will, a smocke shall be your shrowd.  
 2419 You leere vpon me, do you? There's an eie  
 2420 Wounds like a Leaden sword.  
 2421 *Boy.* Full merrily hath this braue manager, this car-reere  
 2422 bene run.  
 2423 *Ber.* Loe, he is tilting straight. Peace, I haue don.  
 2424 *Enter Clowne.*  
 2425 Welcome pure wit, thou part'st a faire fray.  
 2426 *Clo.* O Lord sir, they would kno,  
 2427 Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.  
 2428 *Ber.* What, are there but three?  
 2429 *Clo.* No sir, but it is vara fine,  
 2430 For euerie one pursents three.  
 2431 *Ber.* And three times thrice is nine.  
 2432 *Clo.* Not so sir, vnder correction sir, I hope it is not so.  
 2433 You cannot beg vs sir, I can assure you sir, we know what  
 2434 we know: I hope sir three times thrice sir.  
 2435 *Ber.* Is not nine.  
 2436 *Clo.* Vnder correction sir, wee know where- vntill it  
 2437 doth amount.  
 2438 *Ber.* By Ioue, I alwaies tooke three threes for nine.  
 2439 *Clow.* O Lord sir, it were pittie you should get your  
 2440 liuing by reckning sir.  
 2441 *Ber.* How much is it?  
 2442 *Clo.* O Lord sir, the parties themselues, the actors sir  
 2443 will shew where- vntill it doth amount: for mine owne  
 2444 part, I am (as they say, but to perfect one man in one  
 2445 poore man) *Pompion* the great sir.  
 2446 *Ber.* Art thou one of the Worthies?  
 2447 *Clo.* It pleased them to thinke me worthie of *Pompey*  
 2448 the great: for mine owne part, I know not the degree of  
 2449 the Worthie, but I am to stand for him.  
 2450 *Ber.* Go, bid them prepare. *Exit.*  
 2451 *Clo.* We will turne it finely off sir, we wil take some  
 2452 care.  
 2453 *King. Berowne,* they will shame vs:  
 2454 Let them not approach.  
 2455 *Ber.* We are shame- prooffe my Lord: and 'tis some  
 2456 policie, to haue one shew worse then the Kings and his  
 2457 companie.  
 2458 *Kin.* I say they shall not come.  
 2459 *Qu.* Nay my good Lord, let me ore- rule you now;  
 2460 That sport best pleases, that doth least know how.

2461 Where Zeale striues to content, and the contents  
 2462 Dies in the Zeale of that which it presents:  
 2463 Their forme confounded, makes most forme in mirth,  
 2464 When great things labouring perish in their birth.  
 2465 *Ber.* A right description of our sport my Lord.  
 2466 *Enter Braggart.*  
 2467 *Brag.* Annoited, I implore so much expence of thy  
 2468 royall sweet breath, as will vtter a brace of words.  
 2469 *Qu.* Doth this man serue God?  
 2470 *Ber.* Why aske you?  
 2471 *Qu.* He speak's not like a man of God's making.  
 2472 *Brag.* That's all one my faire sweet honie Monarch:  
 2473 For I protest, the Schoolmaster is exceeding fantasticall:  
 2474 Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we wil put it (as they  
 2475 say) to *Fortuna delaguar*, I wish you the peace of minde  
 2476 most royall cupplement.  
 2477 *King.* Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies;  
 2478 He presents *Hector* of Troy, the Swaine *Pompey* y great,  
 2479 the Parish Curate *Alexander*, *Armadoes* Page *Hercules*,  
 2480 the Pedant *Judas Machabeus*: and if these foure Wor-thies  
 2481 in their first shew thriue, these foure will change  
 2482 habites, and present the other fiue.  
 2483 *Ber.* There is fiue in the first shew.  
 2484 *Kin.* You are deceiued, tis not so.  
 2485 *Ber.* The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge- Priest, the  
 2486 Foole, and the Boy,  
 2487 Abate throw at Novum, and the whole world againe,  
 2488 Cannot pricke out fiue such, take each one in's vaine.  
 2489 *Kin.* The ship is vnder saile, and here she coms amain.  
 2490 *Enter Pompey.*  
 2491 *Clo.* *I Pompey am.*  
 2492 *Ber.* You lie, you are not he.  
 2493 *Clo.* *I Pompey am.*  
 2494 *Boy.* With Libbards head on knee.  
 2495 *Ber.* Well said old mocker,  
 2496 I must needs be friends with thee.  
 2497 *Clo.* *I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big.*  
 2498 *Du.* The great.  
 2499 *Clo.* It is great sir: *Pompey surnam'd the great:*  
 2500 *That oft in field, with Targe and Shield,*  
 2501 *did make my foe to sweat:*  
 2502 *And traouiling along this coast, I heere am come by chance,*  
 2503 *And lay my Armes before the legs of this sweet Lasse of*  
 2504 *France.*  
 2505 If your Ladiship would say thankes *Pompey*, I had done.  
 2506 *La.* Great thankes great *Pompey*.

2507 *Clo.* Tis not so much worth: but I hope I was per-fect.  
 2508 I made a little fault in great.  
 2509 *Ber.* My hat to a halfe- penie, Pompey prooues the  
 2510 best Worthie.  
 2511 *Enter Curate for Alexander.*  
 2512 *Curat.* When in the world I liu'd, I was the worldes Com-mander:  
 2514 By East, West, North, & South, I spred my conquering might  
 2515 My Scutcheon plaine declares that I am Alisander.  
 2516 *Boiet.* Your nose saies no, you are not:  
 2517 For it stands too right.  
 2518 *Ber.* Your nose smells no, in this most tender smel-ling  
 2519 Knight.  
 2520 *Qu.* The Conqueror is dismaid:  
 2521 Proceede good *Alexander.*  
 2522 *Cur.* When in the world I liued, I was the worldes Com-mander.  
 2524 *Boiet.* Most true, 'tis right; you were so *Alisander.*  
 2525 *Ber.* Pompey the great.  
 2526 *Clo.* your seruant and *Costard.*  
 2527 *Ber.* Take away the Conqueror, take away *Alisander*  
 2528 *Clo.* O sir, you haue ouerthrowne *Alisander* the con-queror:  
 2529 you will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for [M5v  
 2530 this: your Lion that holds his Pollax sitting on a close  
 2531 stoole, will be giuen to Aiax. He will be the ninth wor-thie.  
 2532 A Conqueror, and affraid to speake? Runne away  
 2533 for shame *Alisander.* There an't shall please you: a foo-lish  
 2534 milde man, an honest man, looke you, & soon dasht.  
 2535 He is a maruellous good neighbour insooth, and a verie  
 2536 good Bowler: but for *Alisander*, alas you see, how 'tis a  
 2537 little ore- parted. But there are Worthies a comming,  
 2538 will speake their minde in some other sort. *Exit Cu.*  
 2539 *Qu.* Stand aside good Pompey.  
 2540 *Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.*  
 2541 *Ped.* Great *Hercules* is presented by this Impe,  
 2542 Whose Club kil'd *Cerberus* that three- headed *Canus*,  
 2543 And when he was a babe, a childe, a shrimpe,  
 2544 Thus did he strangle Serpents in his *Manus*:  
 2545 *Quoniam*, he seemeth in minoritie,  
 2546 *Ergo*, I come with this Apologie.  
 2547 Keepe some state in thy *exit*, and vanish. *Exit Boy*  
 2548 *Ped.* Iudas I am.  
 2549 *Dum.* A Iudas?  
 2550 *Ped.* Not *Ischariot* sir.  
 2551 *Iudas* I am, ycliped *Machabeus.*  
 2552 *Dum.* *Iudas Machabeus* clipt, is plaine Iudas.  
 2553 *Ber.* A kissing traitor. How art thou prou'd *Iudas*?  
 2554 *Ped.* *Iudas* I am.

2555 *Dum.* The more shame for you *Iudas*.  
 2556 *Ped.* What meane you sir?  
 2557 *Boi.* To make *Iudas* hang himselfe.  
 2558 *Ped.* Begin sir, you are my elder.  
 2559 *Ber.* Well follow'd, *Iudas* was hang'd on an Elder.  
 2560 *Ped.* I will not be put out of countenance.  
 2561 *Ber.* Because thou hast no face.  
 2562 *Ped.* What is this?  
 2563 *Boi.* A Citterne head.  
 2564 *Dum.* The head of a bodkin.  
 2565 *Ber.* A deaths face in a ring.  
 2566 *Lon.* The face of an old Roman coine, scarce seene.  
 2567 *Boi.* The pummell of *Caesars* Faulchion.  
 2568 *Dum.* The caru'd- bone face on a Flaske.  
 2569 *Ber.* S[aint]. Georges halfe cheeke in a brooch.  
 2570 *Dum.* I, and in a brooch of Lead.  
 2571 *Ber.* I, and worne in the cap of a Tooth- drawer.  
 2572 And now forward, for we haue put thee in countenance  
 2573 *Ped.* You haue put me out of countenance.  
 2574 *Ber.* False, we haue giuen thee faces.  
 2575 *Ped.* But you haue out- fac'd them all.  
 2576 *Ber.* And thou wer't a Lion, we would do so.  
 2577 *Boy.* Therefore as he is, an Asse, let him go:  
 2578 And so adieu sweet *Iude*. Nay, why dost thou stay?  
 2579 *Dum.* For the latter end of his name.  
 2580 *Ber.* For the *Asse* to the *Iude*: giue it him. *Iud-as* a-way.  
 2582 *Ped.* This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.  
 2583 *Boy.* A light for monsieur *Iudas*, it growes darke, he  
 2584 may stumble.  
 2585 *Que.* Alas poore *Machabeus*, how hath hee beene  
 2586 baited.  
 2587 *Enter Braggart.*  
 2588 *Ber.* Hide thy head *Achilles*, heere comes *Hector* in  
 2589 *Armes*.  
 2590 *Dum.* Though my mockes come home by me, I will  
 2591 now be merrie.  
 2592 *King.* *Hector* was but a Troyan in respect of this.  
 2593 *Boi.* But is this *Hector*?  
 2594 *Kin.* I thinke *Hector* was not so cleane timber'd.  
 2595 *Lon.* His legge is too big for *Hector*.  
 2596 *Dum.* More Calfe certaine.  
 2597 *Boi.* No, he is best indued in the small.  
 2598 *Ber.* This cannot be *Hector*.  
 2599 *Dum.* He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.  
 2600 *Brag.* *The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the almighty,*  
 2601 *gaue Hector a gift.*

2602 *Dum.* A gilt Nutmegge.  
 2603 *Ber.* A Lemmon.  
 2604 *Lon.* Stucke with Cloues.  
 2605 *Dum.* No clouen.  
 2606 *Brag.* *The Armipotent Mars of Launces the almighty,*  
 2607 *Gaue Hector a gift, the heire of Illion;*  
 2608 *A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight: yea*  
 2609 *From morne till night, out of his Pauillion.*  
 2610 I am that Flower.  
 2611 *Dum.* That Mint.  
 2612 *Long.* That Cullambine.  
 2613 *Brag.* Sweet Lord *Longauill* reine thy tongue.  
 2614 *Lon.* I must rather giue it the reine: for it runnes a-gainst  
 2615 *Hector.*  
 2616 *Dum.* I, and *Hector's* a Grey- hound.  
 2617 *Brag.* The sweet War- man is dead and rotten,  
 2618 Sweet chukes, beat not the bones of the buried:  
 2619 But I will forward with my deuice;  
 2620 Sweete Royaltie bestow on me the sence of hearing.  
 2621 *Berowne steppes forth.*  
 2622 *Qu.* Speake braue *Hector*, we are much delighted.  
 2623 *Brag.* i do adore thy sweet Graces slipper.  
 2624 *Boy.* Loues her by the foot.  
 2625 *Dum.* He may not by the yard.  
 2626 *Brag.* *This Hector farre surmounted Hanniball.*  
 2627 *The partie is gone.*  
 2628 *Clo.* Fellow *Hector*, she is gone; she is two moneths  
 2629 on her way.  
 2630 *Brag.* What meanest thou?  
 2631 *Clo.* Faith vnlesse you play the honest Troyan, the  
 2632 poore Wench is cast away: she's quick, the child brags  
 2633 in her belly alreadie: tis yours.  
 2634 *Brag.* Dost thou infamonize me among Potentates?  
 2635 Thou shalt die.  
 2636 *Clo.* Then shall *Hector* be whipt for *Iaquenetta* that  
 2637 is quicke by him, and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by  
 2638 him.  
 2639 *Dum.* Most rare *Pompey.*  
 2640 *Boi.* Renowned *Pompey.*  
 2641 *Ber.* Greater then great, great, great, great *Pompey:*  
 2642 *Pompey* the huge.  
 2643 *Dum.* *Hector* trembles.  
 2644 *Ber.* *Pompey* is moued, more Atees more Atees stirre  
 2645 them, or stirre them on.  
 2646 *Dum.* *Hector* will challenge him.  
 2647 *Ber.* I, if a'haue no more mans blood in's belly, then

2648 will sup a Flea.  
 2649 *Brag.* By the North- pole I do challenge thee.  
 2650 *Clo.* I wil not fight with a pole like a Northern man;  
 2651 Ile slash, Ile do it by the sword: I pray you let mee bor-row  
 2652 my Armes againe.  
 2653 *Dum.* Roome for the incensed Worthies.  
 2654 *Clo.* Ile do it in my shirt.  
 2655 *Dum.* Most resolute *Pompey*.  
 2656 *Page.* Master, let me take you a button hole lower:  
 2657 Do you not see *Pompey* is vncasing for the combat: what [M6  
 2658 meane you? you will lose your reputation.  
 2659 *Brag.* Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I will  
 2660 not combat in my shirt.  
 2661 *Du.* You may not denie it, *Pompey* hath made the  
 2662 challenge.  
 2663 *Brag.* Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.  
 2664 *Ber.* What reason haue you for't?  
 2665 *Brag.* The naked truth of it is, I haue no shirt,  
 2666 I go woolward for penance.  
 2667 *Boy.* True, and it was inioyned him in *Rome* for want  
 2668 of Linnen: since when, Ile be sworne he wore none, but  
 2669 a dishclout of *Iaquenettas*, and that hee weares next his  
 2670 heart for a fauour.  
 2671 *Enter a Messenger, Monsieur Marcade.*  
 2672 *Mar.* God saue you Madame.  
 2673 *Qu.* Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interruptest  
 2674 our merriment.  
 2675 *Marc.* I am sorrie Madam, for the newes I bring is  
 2676 heauie in my tongue. The King your father  
 2677 *Qu.* Dead for my life.  
 2678 *Mar.* Euen so: My tale is told.  
 2679 *Ber.* Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.  
 2680 *Brag.* For mine owne part, I breath free breath: I  
 2681 haue seene the day of wrong, through the little hole of  
 2682 discretion, and I will right my selfe like a Souldier.  
 2683 *Exeunt Worthies*  
 2684 *Kin.* How fare's your Maiestie?  
 2685 *Qu.* *Boyet* prepare, I will away to night.  
 2686 *Kin.* Madame not so, I do beseech you stay.  
 2687 *Qu.* Prepare I say. I thanke you gracious Lords  
 2688 For all your faire endeouours and entreats:  
 2689 Out of a new sad- soule, that you vouchsafe,  
 2690 In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,  
 2691 The liberall opposition of our spirits,  
 2692 If ouer- boldly we haue borne our selues,  
 2693 In the conuerse of breath (your gentlenesse

2694 Was guiltie of it.) Farewell worthie Lord:  
 2695 A heauie heart beares not a humble tongue.  
 2696 Excuse me so, comming so short of thanks,  
 2697 For my great suite, so easily obtain'd.  
 2698 *Kin.* The extreme parts of time, extremelie formes  
 2699 All causes to the purpose of his speed:  
 2700 And often at his verie loose decides  
 2701 That, which long processe could not arbitrate.  
 2702 And though the mourning brow of progenie  
 2703 Forbid the smiling curtesie of Loue:  
 2704 The holy suite which faine it would conuince,  
 2705 Yet since loues argument was first on foote,  
 2706 Let not the cloud of sorrow iustle it  
 2707 From what it purpos'd: since to waile friends lost,  
 2708 Is not by much so wholesome profitable,  
 2709 As to reioyce at friends but newly found.  
 2710 *Qu.* I vnderstand you not, my greefes are double.  
 2711 *Ber.* Honest plain words, best pierce the ears of grieffe  
 2712 And by these badges vnderstand the King,  
 2713 For your faire sakes haue we neglected time,  
 2714 Plaid foule play with our oaths: your beautie Ladies  
 2715 Hath much deformed vs, fashioning our humors  
 2716 Euen to the opposed end of our intents.  
 2717 And what in vs hath seem'd ridiculous:  
 2718 As Loue is full of vnbecfitting straines,  
 2719 All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine.  
 2720 Form'd by the eie, and therefore like the eie.  
 2721 Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of formes  
 2722 Varying in subiects as the eie doth roule,  
 2723 To euerie varied obiect in his glance:  
 2724 Which partie- coated presence of loose loue  
 2725 Put on by vs, if in your heauenly eies,  
 2726 Haue misbecom'd our oathes and grauities.  
 2727 Those heauenlie eies that looke into these faults,  
 2728 Suggested vs to make: therefore Ladies  
 2729 Our loue being yours, the error that Loue makes  
 2730 Is likewise yours. We to our selues proue false,  
 2731 By being once false, for euer to be true  
 2732 To those that make vs both, faire Ladies you.  
 2733 And euen that falshood in it selfe a sinne,  
 2734 Thus purifies it selfe, and turnes to grace.  
 2735 *Qu.* We haue receiu'd your Letters, full of Loue:  
 2736 Your Fauours, the Ambassadors of Loue.  
 2737 And in our maiden counsaile rated them,  
 2738 At courtship, pleasant iest, and curtesie,  
 2739 As bumbast and as lining to the time:

2740 But more deuout then these are our respects  
 2741 Haue we not bene, and therefore met your loues  
 2742 In their owne fashion, like a merriment.  
 2743 *Du.* Our letters Madam, shew'd much more then iest.  
 2744 *Lon.* So did our lookes.  
 2745 *Rosa.* We did not coat them so.  
 2746 *Kin.* Now at the latest minute of the houre,  
 2747 Grant vs your loues.  
 2748 *Qu.* A time me thinkes too short,  
 2749 To make a world- without- end bargaine in:  
 2750 No, no my Lord, your Grace is periur'd much,  
 2751 Full of deare guiltinesse, and therefore this:  
 2752 If for my Loue (as there is no such cause)  
 2753 You will do ought, this shall you do for me.  
 2754 Your oth I will not trust: but go with speed  
 2755 To some forlorne and naked Hermitage,  
 2756 Remote from all the pleasures of the world:  
 2757 There stay, vntill the twelue Celestiall Signes  
 2758 Haue brought about their annuall reckoning.  
 2759 If this austere insociable life,  
 2760 Change not your offer made in heate of blood:  
 2761 If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds  
 2762 Nip not the gaudie blossomes of your Loue,  
 2763 But that it beare this triall, and last loue:  
 2764 Then at the expiration of the yeare,  
 2765 Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,  
 2766 And by this Virgin palme, now kissing thine,  
 2767 I will be thine: and till that instant shut  
 2768 My wofull selfe vp in a mourning house,  
 2769 Raining the teares of lamentation,  
 2770 For the remembrance of my Fathers death.  
 2771 If this thou do denie, let our hands part,  
 2772 Neither intituled in the others hart.  
 2773 *Kin.* If this, or more then this, I would denie,  
 2774 To flatter vp these powers of mine with rest,  
 2775 The sodaine hand of death close vp mine eie.  
 2776 Hence euer then, my heart is in thy brest.  
 2777 *Ber.* And what to me my Loue? and what to me?  
 2778 *Ros.* You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd.  
 2779 You are attaint with faults and periurie:  
 2780 Therefore if you my fauor meane to get,  
 2781 A tweluemonth shall you spend, and neuer rest,  
 2782 But seeke the wearie beds of people sicke.  
 2783 *Du.* But what to me my loue? but what to me?  
 2784 *Kat.* A wife? a beard, faire health, and honestie,  
 2785 With three- fold loue, I wish you all these three.

2786 *Du.* O shall I say, I thanke you gentle wife?  
 2787 *Kat.* Not so my Lord, a tweluemonth and a day, [M6v  
 2788 Ile marke no words that smoothfac'd wooers say.  
 2789 Come when the King doth to my Ladie come:  
 2790 Then if I haue much loue, Ile giue you some.  
 2791 *Dum.* Ile serue thee true and faithfully till then.  
 2792 *Kath.* Yet sweare not, least ye be forsworne agen.  
 2793 *Lon.* What saies *Maria*?  
 2794 *Mari.* At the tweluemonths end,  
 2795 Ile change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend.  
 2796 *Lon.* Ile stay with patience: but the time is long.  
 2797 *Mari.* The liker you, few taller are so yong.  
 2798 *Ber.* Studies my Ladie? Mistresse, looke on me,  
 2799 Behold the window of my heart, mine eie:  
 2800 What humble suite attends thy answer there,  
 2801 Impose some seruice on me for my loue.  
 2802 *Ros.* Oft haue I heard of you my Lord *Berowne*,  
 2803 Before I saw you: and the worlds large tongue  
 2804 Proclaimes you for a man replete with mockes,  
 2805 Full of comparisons, and wounding floutes:  
 2806 Which you on all estates will execute,  
 2807 That lie within the mercie of your wit.  
 2808 To weed this Wormewood from your fruitfull braine,  
 2809 And therewithall to win me, if you please,  
 2810 Without the which I am not to be won:  
 2811 You shall this tweluemonth terme from day to day,  
 2812 Visit the speechlesse sicke, and still conuerse  
 2813 With groaning wretches: and your taske shall be,  
 2814 With all the fierce endeuour of your wit,  
 2815 To enforce the pained impotent to smile.  
 2816 *Ber.* To moue wilde laughter in the throate of death?  
 2817 It cannot be, it is impossible.  
 2818 Mirth cannot moue a soule in agonie.  
 2819 *Ros.* Why that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,  
 2820 Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,  
 2821 Which shallow laughing hearers giue to fooles:  
 2822 A iests prosperitie, lies in the eare  
 2823 Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue  
 2824 Of him that makes it: then, if sickly eares,  
 2825 Deaft with the clamors of their owne deare grones,  
 2826 Will heare your idle scornes; continue then,  
 2827 And I will haue you, and that fault withall.  
 2828 But if they will not, throw away that spirit,  
 2829 And I shal finde you emptie of that fault,  
 2830 Right ioyfull of your reformation.  
 2831 *Ber.* A tweluemonth? Well: befall what will befall,

2832 Ile iest a tweluemonth in an Hospitall.  
 2833 *Qu.* I sweet my Lord, and so I take my leaue.  
 2834 *King.* No Madam, we will bring you on your way.  
 2835 *Ber.* Our woing doth not end like an old Play:  
 2836 Iacke hath not Gill: these Ladies courtesie  
 2837 Might wel haue made our sport a Comedie.  
 2838 *Kin.* Come sir, it wants a tweluemonth and a day,  
 2839 And then 'twil end.  
 2840 *Ber.* That's too long for a play.  
 2841 *Enter Braggart.*  
 2842 *Brag.* Sweet Maiesty vouchsafe me.  
 2843 *Qu.* Was not that Hector?  
 2844 *Dum.* The worthie Knight of Troy.  
 2845 *Brag.* I wil kisse thy royal finger, and take leaue.  
 2846 I am a Votarie, I haue vow'd to *Iaquenetta* to holde the  
 2847 Plough for her sweet loue three yeares. But most estee-med  
 2848 greatnesse, wil you heare the Dialogue that the two  
 2849 Learned men haue compiled, in praise of the Owle and  
 2850 the Cuckow? It should haue followed in the end of our  
 2851 shew.  
 2852 *Kin.* Call them forth quickely, we will do so.  
 2853 *Brag.* Holla, Approach.  
 2854 *Enter all.*  
 2855 This side is *Hiems*, Winter.  
 2856 This *Ver*, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owle,  
 2857 Th' other by the Cuckow.  
 2858 *Ver*, begin.  
 2859 *The Song.*  
 2860 When Dasies pied, and Violets blew,  
 2861 And Cuckow- buds of yellow hew:  
 2862 And Ladie- smockes all siluer white,  
 2863 Do paint the Medowes with delight.  
 2864 The Cuckow then on euerie tree,  
 2865 Mockes married men, for thus sings he,  
 2866 Cuckow.  
 2867 Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,  
 2868 Vnpleasing to a married eare.  
 2869 When Shepheards pipe on Oaten strawes,  
 2870 And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:  
 2871 When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,  
 2872 And Maidens bleach their summer smockes:  
 2873 The Cuckow then on euerie tree  
 2874 Mockes married men; for thus sings he,  
 2875 Cuckow.  
 2876 Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,  
 2877 Vnpleasing to a married eare.

2878     *Winter.*  
2879   When Isicles hang by the wall,  
2880   And Dicke the Shepheard blowes his naile;  
2881   And Tom beares Logges into the hall,  
2882   And Milke comes frozen home in paile:  
2883   When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle,  
2884   Then nightly sings the staring Owle  
2885   Tu-whit to-who.  
2886   A merrie note,  
2887   While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.  
2888   When all aloud the winde doth blow,  
2889   And coffing drownes the Parsons saw:  
2890   And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
2891   And Marrians nose lookes red and raw:  
2892   When roasted Crabs hisse in the bowle,  
2893   Then nightly sings the staring Owle,  
2894   Tu-whit to-who:  
2895   A merrie note,  
2896   While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.  
2897     *Brag.* The Words of Mercurie,  
2898   Are harsh after the songs of Apollo:  
2899   You that way; we this way.  
2900   *Exeunt omnes.*

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**FINIS.**

**Loues Labour's lost.**

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