

VIII.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

<p>FERDINAND, <i>King of Navarre.</i> BIRON, LONGAVILLE, } Lords, attending on the King. DUMAIN, } BOYET, } Lords, attending on the Princess of MERCADÉ, } France. DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, <i>a fantastical Spaniard.</i> SIR NATHANIEL, <i>a Curate.</i> HOLOFERNES, <i>a Schoolmaster.</i> DULL, <i>a Constable.</i></p>	<p>COSTARD, <i>a Clown.</i> MOTH, <i>Page to Armado.</i> A Forester. Princess of France. ROSALINE, } Ladies, attending on the Princess. MARIA, } KATHARINE, } JAQUENETTA, <i>a country Wench.</i> Officers and others, Attendants on the King and Princess.</p>
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SCENE — Navarre.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Navarre. *A Park, with a Palace in it.*

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.

King.

LET fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors! — for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires, —
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Birón, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes,
That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names;
That his own hand may strike his honour down,
That violates the smallest branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.
Long. I am resolv'd; 'tis but a three years' fast;
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bank'rout quite the wits.
Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified;
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these ¹⁾ living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over,
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, To live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances:
As, not to see a woman in that term;

Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:
And, one day in a week to touch no food;
And but one meal on every day beside;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there:
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day;
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day;)
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there;
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.
King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.
Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please;
I only swore, to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.
Long. You swore to that, Birón, and to the rest.
Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest. —
What is the end of study? let me know.
King. Why, that to know, which else we should
not know.
Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from com-
mon sense?
King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.
Biron. Come on then, I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus, — To study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid;
Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid:
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study, to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that, which yet it doth not know: }
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.
King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.
Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book,
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind ²⁾ the eyesight of his look:
Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,

VIII.

Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that was it blinded by. ³⁾
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reason against reading!
Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!
Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the
weeding.

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

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhyme.

Long. Birón is like an envious sneaping frost, ⁴⁾
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I am; why should proud summer
boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in an abortive birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows; ⁵⁾
But like of each thing, that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

King. Well, sit you out: ⁶⁾ go home, Biron; adieu!

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

And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.

Give me the paper, let me read the same;
And to the strictest decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from
shame!

Biron. [Reads.] Item, *That no woman shall come
within a mile of my court.* —

⁷⁾ And hath this been proclaim'd?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty.

[Reads.] — *On pain of losing her tongue.* —
Who devis'd this? ⁸⁾

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility. ⁹⁾

[Reads.] Item, *If any man be seen to talk with
a woman within the term of three years, he shall
endure such public shame as the rest of the court
can possibly devise.* —

This article, my liege, yourself must break;

For, well you know, here comes in embassy

The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak, —

A maid of grace, and complete majesty, —

About surrender-up of Aquitain

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

Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

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

Biron. So study evermore is over-shot;

While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

King. We must, of force, dispense with this decree;
She must lie here ¹⁰⁾ on mere necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space:
For every man with his affects is born;

Not by might master'd, but by special grace: ¹¹⁾
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me.

I am forsworn on mere necessity. —
So to the laws at large I write my name: [Subscribes.

And he, that breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal shame:

Suggestions ¹²⁾ are to others, as to me;
But, I believe, although I seem so loth;

I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation ¹³⁾ granted?

King. Ay, that there is: our court, you know, is
haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,

That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
One, whom the music of his own vain tongue

Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements, ¹⁴⁾ whom right and wrong

Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, ¹⁵⁾ that Armado hight, ¹⁶⁾

For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight

From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;

But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy. ¹⁷⁾

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, ¹⁸⁾ fashion's own knight.

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

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

Enter DULL, with a Letter, and COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?
Biron. This, fellow; What would'st?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am
his grace's tharborough: ¹⁹⁾ but I would see his
own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme — Arme — commends you.
There's villainy abroad; this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.
King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

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

Long. A high hope for a low having: ²⁰⁾ God
grant us patience!

Biron. To hear? or forbear hearing?
Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately;
or to forbear both.

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

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaque-
netta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the
manner. ²¹⁾

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

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction; And God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

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

King. [Reads.] *Great deputy, the welkin's vicerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron, —*

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. So it is, —

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

King. Peace.

Cost. — be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words.

Cost. — of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when: Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is clefted thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: But to the place, where, — It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious knotted-garden.²²⁾ There did I see that low spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,²³⁾

Cost. Me.

King. — that unletter'd small-knowing soul,

Cost. Me.

King. — that shallow vassal,

Cost. Still me.

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

Cost. O me!

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

Cost. With a wench.

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

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

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

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Biron. This is not so well as I look'd for, but the best that ever I heard.

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

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

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

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

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

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

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

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

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

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

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

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

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

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper. — My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er. —

And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn. —

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

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

Sirrah, come on.

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

SCENE II.

Another part of the same. Armado's House.

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

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

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

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

Moth. No, no; O lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?²⁴⁾

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

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why, tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

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

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

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

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

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little? Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

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

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

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

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. He speaks the mere contrary, crosses love not him.²⁵⁾ [*Aside.*]

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

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

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

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

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

Arm. I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

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

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call, three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study?

Now here is three studied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how easy is it to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.²⁶⁾

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cypher. [*Aside.*]

Arm. I will hereupon confess, I am in love: and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks, I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: What great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

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

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

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

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

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

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

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

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers:²⁷⁾ but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Sampson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

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

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

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

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

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

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pathetic!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known;

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale-white shown:

Then, if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know;

For still her cheeks possess the same,

Which native she doth owe.²⁸⁾

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

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

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 'tis not to

be found; or if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have the subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression²⁹⁾ by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard; she deserves well.

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

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

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

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a-week: For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman.³⁰⁾ Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing. — Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.³¹⁾

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?³²⁾

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[*Exeunt DULL and JAQUENETTA.*]

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

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

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

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

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away.

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

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

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

Moth. What shall some see?

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

[*Exeunt MOTH and COSTARD.*]

Arm. I do affect³³⁾ the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, (which is a great argument of falsehood,) if I love: And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet Sampson was so tempted; and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft³⁴⁾ is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is, to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extem-

poral god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer. Devise wit; write pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Another part of the same. A Pavilion and Tents at a distance.*

Enter the PRINCESS OF FRANCE, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, LORDS, and other Attendants.

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits; ¹⁾

Consider who the king your father sends; To whom he sends; and what's his embassy; Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem; To parley with the sole inheritor Of all perfections that a man may owe, Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight Than Aquitain; a dowry for a queen. Be now as prodigal of all dear grace, As nature was in making graces dear, When she did starve the general world beside, And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,

Needs not the painted flourish of your praise; Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye, Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues: I am less proud to hear you tell my worth Than you much willing to be counted wise In spending your wit in the praise of mine. But now to task the tasker, — good Boyet, You are not ignorant, all-telling fame Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow, Till painful study shall out-wear three years, No woman may approach his silent court: Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course, Before we enter his forbidden gates, To know his pleasure; and in that behalf, Bold of your worthiness, ²⁾ we single you As our best-moving fair solicitor:

Tell him, the daughter of the King of France, On serious business, craving quick despatch, Impörtunes personal conference with his grace. Haste, signify so much; while we attend, Like humbly-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go. [Exit.]

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and your's is so. — Who are the votaries, my loving lords, That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke? ¹ Lord. Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I know him, madam; at a marriage feast, Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir Of Jaques Falconbridge solémnized, In Normandy saw I this Longaville:

A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd; Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms: Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well. The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss, (If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,) Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will; Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills It should none spare that come within his power.

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

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

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow. Who are the rest?

Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth, Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd: Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;

For he hath wit to make an ill shape good, And shape to win grace though he had no wit. I saw him at the duke Alençon's once; And much too little ³⁾ of that good I saw, Is my report, to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time Was there with him: if I have heard a truth, Biron they call him; but a merrier man, Within the limit of becoming mirth, I never spent an hour's talk withal: His eye begets occasion for his wit; For every object that the one doth catch, The other turns to a mirth-moving jest; Which his fair tongue, (conceit's expositor,) Delivers in such apt and gracious words, That aged ears play truant at his tales, And younger hearings are quite ravish'd; So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in love; That every one her own hath garnish'd With such bedecking ornaments of praise? Mar. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord? Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach; And he, and his competitors in oath, ⁴⁾ Were all address'd ⁵⁾ to meet you, gentle lady, Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt, He rather means to lodge you in the field, (Like one that comes here to besiege his court,) Than seek a dispensation for his oath, To let you enter his unpeopled house. Here comes Navarre. [The Ladies mask]

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAINE, BIRON, and Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre. Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and, welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours: and welcome to the wild fields too base to be mine.

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

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

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

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

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

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

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

Where ⁶⁾ now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

I hear, your grace hath sworn-out house-keeping;

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

And sin to break it.

But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold;

To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vauchsafely to read the purpose of my coming,

And suddenly resolve me in my suit. [Gives a paper.]

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

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

For you'll prove perjurd, if you make me stay.

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

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

Biron. I know, you did.

Ros. How needless was it then

To ask the question!

Biron. You must not be so quick.

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

questions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast,

'twill tire.

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

Biron. What time o' day?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask!

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!

Biron. And send you many lovers!

Ros. Amen, so you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate

The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;

Being but the one half of an entire sum,

Disbursed by my father in his wars.

But say, that he, or we, (as neither have,)

Receiv'd that sum; yet there remains unpaid

A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,

One part of Aquitain is bound to us,

Although not valued to the money's worth.

If then the king your father will restore

But that one half which is unsatisfied,

We will give up our right in Aquitain,

And hold fair friendship with his majesty,

But that, it seems, he little purposeth,

For here he doth demand to have repaid

An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,

On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,

To have his title live in Aquitain;

Which we much rather had depart withal, ⁷⁾

And have the money by our father lent,

Than Aquitain so gelded as it is.

Dear princess, were not his requests so far

From reason's yielding, your fair self should make

A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,

And go well satisfied to France again.

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

And wrong the reputation of your name,

In so unseemly to confess receipt

Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest, I never heard of it;

And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,

Or yield up Aquitain.

Prin. We arrest your word: —

Boyet, you can produce acquittances,

For such a sum, from special officers

Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not come,

Where that and other specialties are bound;

To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me: at which interview,

All liberal reason I will yield unto.

Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,

As honour, without breach of honour, may

Make tender of to thy true worthiness:

You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;

But here without you shall be so receiv'd,

As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,

Though so denied fair harbour in my house.

Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:

To-worrows shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your

grace!

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

[Exeunt KING and his Train.]

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

Ros. 'Pray you, do my commendations; I would

be glad to see it.

Biron. I would, you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack, let it bleed.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Ros. My physic says, I.

Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?

Ros. No *poyn't*, ⁸⁾ with my knife.

Biron. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [Retiring.]

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

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

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

Long. I beseech you a word; What is she in the

white?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in

the light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light: I desire her

name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire that,

were a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended:

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir; that may be. [Exit LONG.]

Biron. What's her name, in the cap?

Boyet. Katharine, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded, or no?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, sir; adieu!

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

[Exit BIRON. — Ladies unmask.]

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord;

Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

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

word.

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

board.

Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry!

Boyet. And wherefore not ships?

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

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture; Shall that finish

the jest?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.

[Offering to kiss her.]

Mar. Not so, gentle beast;

My lips are no common, though several they be. ⁹⁾

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

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

The civil war of wits were much better used

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

Boyet. If my observation, (which very seldom lies,)

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

Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle, affected.

Prin. Your reason?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:

His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,

Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:

His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see, ¹⁰⁾

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

All senses to that sense did make their repair,

To feel only looking on fairest of fair:

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

As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;

Who, tend'ring their own worth, from where they

were glass'd,

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

His face's own margent did quote such amazes,

That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes:

I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.
Prin. Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd —
Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his eye
bath disclos'd:

I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.
Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st
skilfully.

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

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

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you see?
Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Another part of the same.*

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

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

Moth. Concolinel — — — — — [Singing.]

Arm. Sweet air! — Go, tenderness of years; take
this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him
festinately hither; ²⁾ I must employ him in a letter
to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a
French brawl? ³⁾

Arm. How mean'st thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig off a
tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your
feet, ⁴⁾ humour it with turning up your eye-lids;
sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through the
throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love;
sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up
love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like,
o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed
on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a spit;
or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the
old painting; and keep not too long in one tune,
but a snip and away: These are complements, these
are humours; these betray nice wenches — that would
be betrayed without these; and make them men of
note, (do you note, men?) that most are affected
to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation. ⁵⁾

Arm. But O, — but O, —

Moth. — the hobby-horse is forgot.

Arm. Callest thou my love, hobby-horse?

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

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

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

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and
without, upon the instant: By heart you love her,
because your heart cannot come by her: in heart
you love her, because your heart is in love with
her; and out of heart you love her, being out of
heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

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

Arm. Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me
a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathised; a horse to
be ambassador for an ass!

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

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

Arm. The way is but short; away.

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?

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

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

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so:

Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!

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

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

Arm. A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of
grace.

By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.

My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH and COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master: here's a Costard broken
in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come, — thy *l'en-
voy*; ⁷⁾ — begin.

Cost. No enigma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*; no salve in
the mail, sir: ⁸⁾ O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain;
no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, no salve, sir, but a plantain!

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly
thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs pro-
vokes me to ridiculous smiling: O, pardon me, my
stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*,
and the word, *l'envoy*, for a salve?

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

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

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been said.
I will example it:

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three.

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

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

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three:

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,

And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow
with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three:

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,

Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose;

Would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose,
that's flat: —

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat. —
To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose:

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

Arm. Come hither, come hither: How did this ar-
gument begin?

Moth. By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

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

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought;
And he ended the market.

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

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

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

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

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

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

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

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

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

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from du-
rance; and in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing
but this: Bear this significant to the country maid
Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; [giving him money]
for the best ward of mine honour, is, rewarding my
dependents. *Moth*, follow. [*Exit.*]

Moth. Like the sequel, I. ⁹⁾ — Signior *Costard*,
adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony
Jew! ¹⁰⁾ [*Exit MOTH.*]

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remunera-
tion! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings:
three farthings — remuneration. — *What's the price
of this inkle? a penny: — No, I'll give you a
remuneration: why, it carries it. — Remuneration! —*
why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will
never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter BIRON.

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

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

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O, why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be with you!

Biron. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee:

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,

Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

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

Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.

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

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

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

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave,
it is but this; —

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,

And in her train there is a gentle lady;

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her
name,

And *Rosaline* they call her: ask for her;

And to her white hand see thou do commend

This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy *guerdon*; ¹¹⁾ go.
[Gives him money.]

Cost. *Guerdon*, — O sweet *guerdon*! better than
remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: Most
sweet *guerdon*! — I will do it, sir, in print. ¹²⁾ —
Guerdon — remuneration. [*Exit.*]

Biron. O! — And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have
been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent! ¹³⁾
This wimpled, ¹⁴⁾ whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan *Cupid*:
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, ¹⁵⁾ king of codpieces,
Sole emperor, and great general
Of trotting paritors, ¹⁶⁾ O my little heart! —
And I to be a corporal of his field, ¹⁷⁾
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop! ¹⁸⁾
What? I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing; ever out of frame;
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right?
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though *Argus* were her eunuch and her guard:
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That *Cupid* will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love; write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan;
Some men must love my lady, and some *Joan*. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Another part of the same.*

Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE,
BOYET, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.

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

Against the steep uprising of the hill?

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

Prin. Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;

On Saturday we will return to France. —
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,

That we must stand and play the murderer in?

For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.

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

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

O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!
For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true;

[Gives him money.]
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.
But come, the bow: — Now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;

If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes;

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart:
As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.
Boyet. Do not curse wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?
Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter COSTARD.

Prin. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.
Cost. God dig-you-den! all! Pray you, which is
the head lady?

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

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.

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

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One of these maids' girdles for your waist should
be fit.

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

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

Cost. I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one
lady Rosaline.

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

Stand aside, good bearer. — Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon. 2)

Boyet. I am bound to serve. —
This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

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

Boyet. [Reads.] *By heaven, that thou art fair, is
most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous;
truth itself, that thou art lovely: More fairer than
fair, beautiful than beauteous; truer than truth
itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal!
The magnanimous and most illustrious king Co-
phetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate
beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that might
rightly say, veni, vidi, vici; which to anatomize
in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!) vi-
delicet; he came, saw, and overcame: he came,
one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the
king; Why did he come? to see; Why did he see?
to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar;
What saw he? the beggar; Who overcame he?
the beggar: The conclusion is victory; On whose
side? the king's: the captive is enriched; On whose
side? the beggar's: The catastrophe is a nuptial;
On whose side? The king's? — no, on both in one,
or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the
comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth
thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may:
Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat
thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for
rags? robes; For tittles, titles; for thyself, me.
Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on
thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart
on thy every part.*

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey:
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:

But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that indited
this letter?

What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear
better?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the
style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it ere-
while. 3)

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps
here in court;

A phantasm, a Monarcho, 4) and one that makes sport
To the prince, and his book-mates.

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

Cost. I told you, my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord, to which lady?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine;
To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords,
away.

Here, sweet, put up this: 'twill be thine another day.
[Exit PRINCESS and TRAIN.]

Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on!

Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come near.

Finely put on, indeed! —

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

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: Have I hit
her now?

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

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old,
that was a woman when queen Guinever 5) of Brit-
tain was a little wench, as touching the hit it?

Ros. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it, [Singing.]
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,

An I cannot, another can.

[Exit ROS. and KATH.]

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

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

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark; A mark,
says my lady!

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

Mar. Wide o'the bow hand! 6) I'faith your hand
is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er
hit the clout. 7)

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

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

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily, 8) your lips
grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir; chal-
lenge her to bowl.

VIII.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing; Good night, my
good owl. [Exit BOYET and MARIA.]

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!
Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incouy vulgar wit!
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it
were, so fit.

Armatho o'the one side, — O, a most dainty man!
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly
a' will swear! —

And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathological nit!

Sola, sola! [Shouting within.]
[Exit COSTARD, running.]

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter HOLOFERNES, 9) SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Nath. Very reverent sport, truly; and done in the
testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, in *sanguis*, —
blood; ripe as a pomewater, 10) who now hangeth
like a jewel in the ear of *caelo*, — the sky, the
welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on
the face of *terra*, — the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are
sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: But, sir,
I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of in-
sinnuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication;
facere, as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*,
to show, as it were, his inclination, — after his
undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, un-
trained, or, rather unlettered, or, ratherest, uncon-
firmed fashion, — to insert again my *haud credo*
for a deer.

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

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*! — O thou
monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that
are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it
were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not
replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in
the duller parts;

And such barren plants are set before us, that we
thankful should be

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts
that do fructify in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet,
or a fool,

So, were there a patch 11) set on learning, to see
him in a school:

But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men: Can you tell by
your wit,

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

Hol. Dictynna, good man Dull; Dictynna, good
man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

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

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was
no more;

And raught not 12) to five weeks, when he came
to fivescore.

The allusion holds in the exchange. 13)

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

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allu-
sion holds in the exchange.

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

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal
epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour
the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princess
kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge*; so it
shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter; 14) for it
argues facility.

*The praiseful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty
pleasing pricket;*

*Some say, a sore; but not a sore, till now made
sore with shooting.*

*The dogs did yell; put I to sore, then sore jumps
from thicket;*

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

*If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores;
O sore L!*

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

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws
him with a talent. 15)

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a
foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures,
shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolu-
tions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory,
nourished in the womb of *pia mater*; and deliver'd
upon the mellowing of occasion: But the gift is
good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thank-
ful for it.

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

Hol. *Mehercle*, if their sons be ingenious, they
shall want no instruction: If their daughters be ca-
pable, I will put it to them: But, *vir sapit, qui
pauca loquitur*; a soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master person.

Hol. Master person, — *quasi* pers-on. And if one
should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest
to a hog'shead.

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

Jaq. Good master parson, be so good as read me
this letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent
me from Don Armatho: I beseech you, read it.

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

— *Vinegia, Vinegia,*

Chi non ti vede, ei non ti pregia.

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

VIII.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *Lege, domine.*

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

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed! Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.

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

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;

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

All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder;

(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;)

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,

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

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but for the elegance, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari*, is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse¹⁶) his rider. But damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one monsieur Biron,¹⁷) one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto:

Your Ladyship's in all desired employment,

BIRON.

Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. — Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much: Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu.

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

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.]

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

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours.¹⁸) But, to return to the verses; Did they please you, sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

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

Nath. And thank you too; for society, (saith the text,) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes¹⁹) the text most infallibly concludes it. — Sir, *[to Dull]* I do invite you too: you shall not say me, nay: *pauca verba.* Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.

Another part of the same.

Enter BIRON, with a Paper.

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitch'd a toil; I am toiling in a pitch;²⁰) pitch that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, Set thee down, sorrow! for so they say, the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: Well proved again on my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye, — by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love; and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan! *[Gets up into a tree.]*

Enter the KING, with a Paper.

King. Ah me!

Biron. *[Aside.]* Shot, by heaven! — Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap: — I'faith secrets.

King. *[Reads.]* *So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not*

To those fresh morning drops upon the rose, As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows: Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright

Through the transparent bosom of the deep, As doth thy face through tears of mine give light; Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep: No drop but as a coach doth carry thee, So ridest thou triumphing in my woe;

Do but behold the tears that swell in me, And they thy glory through my grief will show: But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep My tears for glasses, and still make me weep. O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel! No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper; Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here? *[Steps aside.]*

Enter LONGAVILLE, with a Paper.

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. Now in thy likeness, one more fool, appear! *[Aside.]*

Long. Ah me! I am forsworn.

Biron. Why he comes in like a perjurer,²¹) wearing papers. *[Aside.]*

King. In love, I hope; Sweet fellowship in shame! *[Aside.]*

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name. *[Aside.]*

Long. Am I the first that have been perjurd so?

Biron. *[Aside.]* I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I know:

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

Long. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to move:

O sweet Maria, empress of my love!

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. *[Aside.]* O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:

Disfigure not his slop.²²)

Long. This same shall go — *[He reads the sonnet.]*

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye (Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,) Persuade my heart to this false perjury?

Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment. A woman I forswore; but I will prove, Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love; Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me. Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:

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

If broken then, it is no fault of mine; If by me broke. What fool is not so wise, To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Biron. *[Aside.]* This is the liver vein,²³) which makes flesh a deity:

A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry. God amend us, God amend! we are much out o'the way.

Enter DUMAIN, with a Paper.

Long. By whom shall I send this? — Company! stay. *[Stepping aside.]*

Biron. *[Aside.]* All hid, all hid,²⁴) an old infant play: Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,

And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye. More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish; Dumain transform'd: four woodcocks in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Biron. O most profane coxcomb. *[Aside.]*

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

Biron. By earth she is but corporal: there you lie. *[Aside.]*

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.²⁵)

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. *[Aside.]*

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Her shoulder is with child. *[Aside.]*

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine. *[Aside.]*

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine! *[Aside.]*

King. And I mine too, good lord!

Biron. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word? *[Aside.]*

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

Biron. A fever in your blood, why, then incision Would let her out in saucers;²⁶) Sweet misprision! *[Aside.]*

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

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit. *[Aside.]*

Dum. *On a day, (alack the day!) Love whose month is ever fair,*

Spied a blossom, passing fair, Playing in the wanton air:

Through the velvet leaves the wind,

All unseen, 'gan passage find; That the lover, sick to death, Wish'd himself the heaven's breath. Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow; Air, would I might triumph so! But, alack, my hand is sworn, Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn: Vow, alack, for youth unmeet; Youth so apt to pluck a sweet. Do not call it sin in me, That I am forsworn for thee; Thou for whom even Jove would swear, Juno but an Ethiop were; And deny himself for Jove, Turning mortal for thy love. —

This will I send; and something else more plain, That shall express my true love's fasting pain.

O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville, Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,

Would from my forehead wipe a perjurd note; For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain, *[advancing]* thy love is far from charity,

That in love's grief desir'st society: You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,

To be o'erheard and taken napping so.

King. Come, sir, *[advancing]* you blush; as his your case is such;

You chide at him, offending twice as much: You do not love Maria; Longaville

Did never sonnet for her sake compile; Nor never lay his wretched arms athwart

His loving bosom, to keep down his heart. I have been closely shrouded in this bush,

And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush. I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion;

Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion: Ah me! says one: O Jove! the other cries;

One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes: You would for paradise break faith and troth;

And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath. *[To DUMAIN.]*

What will Biron say, when that he shall hear A faith infring'd, which such a zeal²⁷) did swear?

How will he scorn? how will he spend his wit? How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?

For all the wealth that ever I did see, I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy. — Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me: *[Descends from the tree.]*

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove These worms for loving, that art most in love?

Your eyes do make no coaches;²⁸) in your tears, There is no certain princess that appears:

You'll not be perjured, 'tis a hateful thing; Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.

But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not, All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?

You found his mote; the king your mote did see; But I a beam do find in each of three.

O, what a scene of foolery I have seen, Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!²⁹)

O me, with what strict patience have I sat, To see a king transformed to a gnat!³⁰)

To see great Hercules whipping a gigg, And profound Solomon to tune a jig,

And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys, And critic Timon³¹) laugh at idle toys!

Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain? And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?

And where my liege's? all about the breast:—
A caudle ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.

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

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you:
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With moon-like men, of strange inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me?³²⁾ When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state,³³⁾ a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?—

King. Soft; Whither away so fast?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

Biron. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God bless the king!

King. What present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

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

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

King. Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the letter.*]

Where hadst thou it?

Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

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

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs
not fear it.

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

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.
[*Picks up the pieces.*]

Biron. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, [to *COSTARD*]
you were born to do me shame.—

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

King. What?

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

He, he, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true; we are four:—
Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence, sirs; away.

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the trai-
tors stay. [*Exeunt COSTARD and JAQUENETTA.*]

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace!
As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;
Young blood will not³⁴⁾ obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;

Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

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

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly
Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head; and, stricken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?

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

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:

O, but for my love, day would turn to night!

Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;

Where several worthies make one dignity;

Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—

Fye, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;

She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn.

Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,

And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.

O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine!

King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath? where is a book?

That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,

If that she learn not of her eye to look:

No face is fair, that is not full so black.

King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,

The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night;

And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.³⁵⁾

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of
light.

O, if in black my lady's brows be deckt,

It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,³⁶⁾

Should ravish doters with a false aspect;

And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her favour turns the fashion of the days;

For native blood is counted painting now;

And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,

Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

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

Long. And, since her time, are colliers counted bright.

King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.

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

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,

For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

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

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

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day here.

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

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

Long. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face
see. [*Showing his shoe.*]

Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!

Dum. O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd over head.

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

Biron. O, nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.

King. Then leave this chat: and, good Biron, now
prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

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

Long. O, some authority how to proceed;

Some tricks, some quilllets,³⁷⁾ how to cheat the devil.

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Biron. O, 'tis more than need!—
Have at you then, affection's men at arms:³⁸⁾

Consider, what you first did swear unto;—

To fast,— to study,— and to see no woman;—

Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

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

VIII.

And abstinence engenders maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you have forsworn his book:

Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,

Have found the ground of study's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:

They are the ground, the books, the academes,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.

Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries;³⁹⁾

As motion, and long-during action, tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.

Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes:

And study too, the causer of your vow:
For where is any author in the world,

Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to oneself,

And where we are, our learning likewise is.

Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,⁴⁰⁾

Do we not likewise see our learning there?

O, we have made a vow to study, lords;

And in that vow we have forsworn our books;

For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out

Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?

Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;⁴¹⁾

And therefore finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:

But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;

But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power:

And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.

It adds a precious seeing to the eye;

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;

A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd;⁴²⁾

Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled⁴³⁾ snails;

Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour, is not love a Hercules,

Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?⁴⁴⁾

Subtle as sphinx; as sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;

And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.

Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs;

O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:

They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;

They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world;

Else, none at all in aught proves excellent:
Then fools you were these women to forswear;

Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;

Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;⁴⁵⁾

Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;

Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;

Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths:

It is religion to be thus forsworn:

For charity itself fulfils the law;

And who can sever love from charity?

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

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;

Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay these g ozes by
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

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

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them
thither;

Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon

We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;

For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. Allons! Allons! — Sow'd cockle reap'd no
corn

And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;

If so, our copper buys no better treasure.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Another part of the same.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Hol. Satis quod sufficit.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at
dinner have been¹⁾ sharp and sententious; pleasant

without scurrility, witty without affection,²⁾ auda-
cious without impudency, learned without opinion,

and strange without heresy. I did converse this
quondam day with a companion of the king's, who

is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de
Armado.

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te:* His humour is
lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his

eye ambitious, his gait majestic, and his general
behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thronical.³⁾ He

is too pick'd,⁴⁾ too spruce, too affected, too odd,
as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Takes out his table-book.*]

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity
finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such
fanatical fantasms, such insouciant and point-devise⁵⁾
companions; such rakers of orthography, as to speak,

dout, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when
he should pronounce debt; d, e, b, t; not, d, e, t:
he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, vo-
catur, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is ab-
ominable, (which he would call abominable,) to
make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. *Laus Deo, bone intelligo.*

Hol. *Bone?* — *bone*, for *benè*: *Priscian* a little
scratch'd; 'will serve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.

Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, et gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirra!

[*To MORN.*]

Hol. *Quare Chirra*, not sirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages,
and stolen the scraps.

[*To COSTARD aside.*]

Cost. O, they have liv'd long in the alms-basket
of words! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee

VIII.

for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.⁶⁾

Moth. Peace; the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, [to *Hol.*] are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the hornbook: — What is a, b, spelt backward with a horn on his head?

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

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn: — You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i. —

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it; o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit: ⁷⁾ snip, snap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

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

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

Moth. Horns.

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

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circà*; A gig of a cuckold's horn.

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

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

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house ⁸⁾ on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or *mons*, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, *sans question*.

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

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend: — For what is inward ⁹⁾ between us, let it pass: I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy; — I beseech thee, apparel thy head; ¹⁰⁾ — and among other importunate and most serious designs, — and of great import indeed, too; but let that pass: — for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, ¹¹⁾ with my mustachio: but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable; some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world: but let that pass. — The very all of all is, — but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy, — that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, ¹²⁾ with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the eruate and your sweet self, are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

VIII.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies. — Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance, — the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman, — before the princess; I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

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

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

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

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

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

Arm. For the rest of the worthies?

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, ¹³⁾ an antic. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Via*, ¹⁴⁾ Goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. *Allons!* we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Another part of the same. Before the Princess's Pavilion.

Enter the PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA.

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

A lady wall'd about with diamonds!

Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

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

As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,

Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all;

That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his god-head wax; ¹⁵⁾

For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ah, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

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

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;

And so she died: had she been light, like you,

Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,

She might have been a grandam ere she died:

And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, ¹⁶⁾ of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

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

Kath. You'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff; ¹⁷⁾ Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

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

Kath. So do not you: for you are a light wench.

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

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

Ros. Great reason; for, Past cure is still past care.

Prin. Well banded both; a set of wit ¹⁸⁾ well play'd.

But, Rosaline, you have a favour too:

Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would, you knew:

An if my face were but as fair as yours,

My favour were as great; be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Birón:

The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,

I were the fairest goddess on the ground:

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

Prin. Any thing like?

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

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

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

Ros. 'Ware pencils! How? let me not die your debtor,

My red dominical, my golden letter:

O, that your face were not so full of O's!

Kath. A pox of that jest! and beshrew all shrows! ¹⁹⁾

Prin. But what ²⁰⁾ was sent to you from fair Dumain?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Kath. Yes, madam; and moreover,

Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:

A huge translation of hypocrisy,

Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville;

The letter is too long by half a mile.

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

The chain were longer, and the letter short?

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

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

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.

That same Birón I'll torture ere I go.

O, that I knew he were but in by the week! ²¹⁾

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

And wait the season, and observe the times,

And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,

And shape his service wholly to my behests;

And make him proud to make me proud that jests! ²²⁾

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess,

As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,

As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;

Since all the power thereof it doth apply,

To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

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

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare! —

Arm, wench, arm! encounters mounted are

Against your peace: Love doth approach disguis'd,

Armed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd:

Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;

Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Dennis to saint Cupid! What are they,

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

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,

I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour:

When lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,

Toward that shade I might behold address

The king and his companions: warily

I stole into a neighbour thicket by,

And overheard what you shall overhear;

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

Their herald is a pretty knavish page,

That well by heart hath conn'd his embassy:

Action and accent, did they teach him there;

Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:

And ever and anon they made a doubt,

Presence majestic would put him out;

For, quoth the king, *an angel shalt thou see;*

Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.

The boy reply'd, *An angel is not evil:*

I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.

With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder:

Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.

One rubb'd his elbow, thus; and fleer'd and swore,

A better speech was never spoke before:

Another, with his finger and his thumb,

Cry'd *Via! we will do't, come what will come:*

The third he caper'd, and cried, *All goes well:*

The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.

With that, they all did tumble on the ground,

With such a zealous laughter, so profound,

That in this spleen ridiculous ²³⁾ appears,

To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus, —

Like Muscovites, or Russians: as I guess,

Their purpose is to parle, to court, and dance:

And every one his love-feat will advance

Unto his several mistress; which they'll know

By favours several, which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be

task'd: —

For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;

And not a man of them shall have the grace,

Despite of suit, to see a lady's face. —

Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear;

And then the king will court thee for his dear;

Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine;

So shall Birón take me for Rosaline. —

And change your ²⁴⁾ favours too; so shall your loves

Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

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

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

Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:

They do it but in mocking merriment;

And mock for mock is only my intent,

Their several counsels they unbosom shall

To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal,

Upon the next occasion that we meet,

With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

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

Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot:

Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace:

But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,

And quite divorce his memory from his part.

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

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

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

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

So shall we stay, mocking intended game;

VIII.

Ros. There, then, that visor; that superfluous case, That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

King. We are descried: they'll mock us now down-right.

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

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

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

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury. Can any face of brass hold longer out? Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me; Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout! Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance; Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit; And I will wish thee never more to dance, Nor never more in Russian habit wait. O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd, Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue; Nor never come in visor to my friend; ³⁷⁾ Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song: Taffata phrases, silken terms precise, Three-pill'd hyperboles, ³⁸⁾ spruce affectation, ³⁹⁾ Figures pedantical; these summer-flies Have blown me full of maggot ostentation: I do forswear them: and I here protest, By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows!) Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes: And, to begin wench, — so God help me, la! — My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans sans, I pray you.

Biron. Yet I have a trick Of the old rage; — bear with me, I am sick; I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see; — Write, *Lord have mercy on us*, ⁴⁰⁾ on those three; They are infected, in their hearts it lies: They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes: These lords are visited; you are not free, For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

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

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

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

Biron. Peace; for I will not have to do with you.

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

Biron. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.

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

Prin. The fairest is confession.

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

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd?

King. I was, fair madam.

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

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

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

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear; Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear. ⁴¹⁾

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain. — I see the trick on't; — Here was a consent, ⁴²⁾ (Knowing aforehand of our merriment,) To dash it like a Christmas comedy: Some carry-tale, some please-man, some light zany, ⁴³⁾ Some mumble-news, some trencher knight, some Dick, — That smiles his cheek in years; ⁴⁴⁾ and knows the trick To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd, — Told our intents before: which once disclos'd, The ladies did change favours: and then we, Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she. Now, to our perjury to add more terror, We are again forsworn; in will, and error. Much upon this it is: — And might not you, ^[To BOYET.] Forestal our sports, to make us thus untrue? Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire, ⁴⁵⁾ And laugh upon the apple of her eye? And stand between her back, sir, and the fire, Holding a trencher, jesting merrily? You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd; ⁴⁶⁾ Die when you will, a smock shall be your shrowd. You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye, Wounds like a leaden sword.

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

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

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

Cost. O lord, sir, they would know, Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

Biron. What, are there but three?

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

Biron. And three times thrice is nine.

Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope, it is not so: You cannot beg us, ⁴⁷⁾ sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know: I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir, —

Biron. Is not nine.

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

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

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

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show, whereuntil it doth amount: for my own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man, — e'en one poor man; Pompion the great, sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies?

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

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. ^[Exit COSTARD.]

King. Birón, they will shame us, let them not approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord, and 'tis some policy, To have oneshow worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say, they shall not come.

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

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

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expence of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words. ^[ARMADO converses with the KING, and delivers him a paper.]

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch: for, I protest, the school-master is exceeding fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain: But we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal complement!

^[Exit ARMADO.]

King. Here is like to be a good presence of worthies: He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Machabæus. And if these four worthies in their first show thrive, These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool and the boy: — Abate a throw at novum; ⁴⁸⁾ and the whole world again, Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain. ^[Seats brought for the KING, PRINCESS, &c.]

Pageant of the Nine Worthies.**Enter COSTARD arm'd, for Pompey.**

Cost. I Pompey am, — —

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am, — —

Boyet. With libbard's head ⁴⁹⁾ on knee.

Biron. Well said, old mocker; I must needs be friends with thee.

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

Dum. The great.

Cost. It is great, sir; — Pompey surnam'd the great; That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat: And, travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance; And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.

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

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

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

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best worthy.

Enter NATHANIEL arm'd, for Alexander.

Nath. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander; By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might: My 'scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alisander.*

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right. ⁵⁰⁾

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling night.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd: Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander.*

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

Biron. Pompey the great, —

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. O, sir, ^[To NATH.] you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-ax sitting on a close stool, will be given to A-jax: ⁵¹⁾ he will be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afraid to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. ^[NATH. retires.] There, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd! He is a marvellous good neighbour, insooth; and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander, alas, you see, how 'tis; — a little o'er-parted: ⁵²⁾ But there are worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter HOLOFERNES arm'd, for Judas, and MOTH arm'd, for Hercules.

Hol. *Great Hercules is presented by this imp, Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canus; And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp, Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus; Quoniam, he seemeth in minority; Ergo, I come with this apology. —* Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish. ^[Exit MOTH.]

Hol. Judas I am, —

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir. —

Judas I am, ycleped Machabæus.

Dum. Judas Machabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor: — How art thou prov'd Judas?

Hol. Judas I am, —

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

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

Boyet. The pummel of Caesar's faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask. ⁵³⁾

Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch. ⁵⁴⁾

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer: And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False: we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-faced them all.

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

Boyet. Therefore, as he is, an ass, let him go.

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

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

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

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

Boyet. A light for monsieur Judas: it grows dark, he may stumble.

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

Enter ARMADO arm'd, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms.

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

King. Hector was but a Trojan ⁵⁵) in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

Dum. I think, Hector was not so clean-timber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. The armipotent Mars, of lances ⁵⁶) the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift, —

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace!

The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilium;

A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight, yea

From morn till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower, —

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet

chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he

breath'd, he was a man — But I will forward with my

device: Sweet royalty, [to the PRINCESS] bestow on me

the sense of hearing. [BIRON whispers COSTARD.]

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

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal, —

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is

gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the

poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child

brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamize me among potentates?

thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipp'd, for Jaquenetta

that is quick by him; and hang'd, for Pompey that

is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey!

Pompey the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is mov'd: — More Ates, ⁵⁷) more

Ates; stir them on! stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's

belly than will sup a flea.

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

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern

man; ⁵⁸) I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword: — I

pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed worthies.

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower.

Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat?

What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will

not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it; Pompey hath made

the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt;

I go woolward ⁵⁹) for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was, enjoin'd him in Rome for

want of linen: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore

none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that 'a

wears next his heart, for a favour.

Enter MERCADE.

Mer. God save you, madam!

Prin. Welcome, Mercade;

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

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

Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father —

Prin. Dead, for my life.

Mer. Even so; my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath:

I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole

of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.

[Exeunt Worthies.]

King. How fares your majesty?

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

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

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

For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,

Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe

In your rich wisdom, to excuse or hide,

The liberal ⁶⁰) opposition of our spirits:

If over-boldly we have borne ourselves

In the converse of breath, ⁶¹) your gentleness

Was guilty of it. — Farewell, worthy lord!

A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue:

Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks

For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely form

All causes to the purpose of his speed;

And often, at his very loose, decides ⁶²)

That which long process could not arbitrate:

And though the mourning brow of progeny

Forbid the smiling courtesy of love,

The holy suit which fain it would convince; ⁶³)

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

Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it

From what is purpos'd; since to wail friends lost,

Is not by much so wholesome, profitable.

As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not; my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of

grief; —

And by these badges understand the king.

For your fair sakes have we neglected time,

Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies,

Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours

Even to the opposed end of our intents:

And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous, —

As love is full of unbefitting strains;

All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;

Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye

Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,

Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll

To every varied object in his glance:

Which party-coated presence of loose love

Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us ⁶⁴) to make: Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both, — fair ladies, you:
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

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

Your favours, the ambassadors of love;

And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast, and as lining to the time:

But more devout than this, in our respects,
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

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

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in:

No, no, my lord, your grace is perjurd much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and, therefore, this, —
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
Where stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning:
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds, ⁶⁵)
Nip not the gandy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love; ⁶⁶)
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house;
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!

Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

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

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rank;

You are attain'd with faults and perjury;

Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

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

Kath. A wife! — A beard, fair health, and honesty;

With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

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

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

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

Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

Long. What says Maria?

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

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

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

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

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons, and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain;
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won.)
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

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

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

Biron. A twelvemonth? well, befall what will befall,
I'll just a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.

[To the KING.]

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

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

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

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me, —

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

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

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.

*Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD,
and others.*

This side is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the spring;
the one maintain'd by the owl, the other by the
cuckoo. Ver, begin.

Song.

Spring. *When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds ⁶⁷) of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,*

*Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo, — O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!*

II.

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

III.

*Winter. When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,*

*And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;*

*Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel ⁽⁶⁾ the pot.*

IV.

*When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw, ⁽⁹⁾
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl, ⁽¹⁰⁾
Then nightly sings the staring owl,*

*To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the
songs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way.

[*Exeunt.*]