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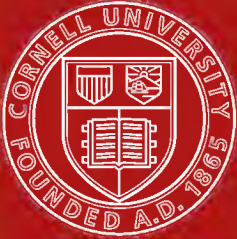
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THE COMEDIES, HISTORIES,  
AND TRAGEDIES OF MR. WILLIAM  
SHAKESPEARE

As presented at the Globe and Blackfriars  
Theatres, circa 1591-1623

*Being the text furnished the Players in parallel  
pages with the first revised folio text,  
with Critical Introductions*

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The Bankside Shakespeare

EDITED BY APPLETON MORGAN

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NEW YORK  
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK  
THE SHAKESPEARE PRESS  
1906



The Bankside Shakespeare

XXI.

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LOUES LABOUR'S LOST



*(The Players Text of 1598 with the Heminges  
and Condell Text of 1623)*

With an Introduction Touching the Question  
whether this Play was originally written, or  
only "newly corrected and augmented"  
by William Shakespeare.

BY

ISAAC HULL PLATT, M. D.

*A Trustee of The New York Shakespeare Society.*

NEW YORK

THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK

1906

13/07

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To  
**Johnston Forbes-Robertson**  
IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION  
OF  
HIS LUMINOUS INTERPRETATIONS  
OF  
THE PRINCE OF PLAYWRIGHTS  
THIS EDITION OF LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST  
IS DEDICATED  
BY THE EDITOR

I. H. P.



## INTRODUCTION

### I

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST first appeared in a Quarto with the imprint 1598, and its Title Page states that it was "imprinted at London by W. W. (that is, William White) for Cuthbert Burby," a combination appearing on no other Quarto, though William White was at other times the printer of the second Quarto of *The True Tragedie*, the third Quarto of the *Richard Second*, the fifth Quarto of the *First part of Henry the Fourth*, and Cuthbert Burby was concerned in issuing the Second Quarto of the *Romeo and Juliet* as well as of the unassigned *Taming of A Shrew*, which Mr. Frey thinks there is no doubt of Shakespeare's authorship of, and therefore parallels with *The Taming of The Shrew*, in the Second volume of this Edition. The Quarto text here given is fac-similed from what is undoubtedly the best copy of the first Quarto extant at present, viz: the one in the Library of the Duke of Devonshire. This copy, while lacking certain headlines and signature marks which some binder has trimmed off, fortunately holds the type of the text intact.

Naturally, *Love's Labour's Lost* has not been a favorite for popular Stage mounting. The "before Her Highness last Christmas" may mean either 1597 or 1598, depending upon whether the book was printed before or after Christmas, 1598; therefore the first date of a presentation of the play which we know with exactness is that of its performance before Anne of Denmark consort of King James the First, indicated by

Sir Walter Cope's well-known letter to Lord Cranborne in 1604. The Stage records show comparatively scant mountings from that date to this. It was included in the repertoire of Augustin Daly's splendid revival of Shakespearean Comedy in New York City 1886-1896. But Mr. Daly, while, losing nothing of the romantic and the comic ensemble, omitted all the academic and purposely strained word play to which modern audiences would have lent unwilling ears.

## II

One curious question in regard to this play arises from the peculiar legend on the title-page, "Newly corrected and augmented by William Shakespere." So far as known, the only similar legend on the title-page of any other quarto play of the period is that of *Lochrine*. The full title-page of this play—which was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company on July 20, 1594,—without the author's name, but which in 1595 was printed by Thomas Creede, the printer of seven Shakespeare Quartos, is as follows: "The Lamentable Tragedie of *Lochrine*, the eldest Sonne of King Brutus, discoursing the Warres of the Britaines and Hunnes, with their discomferture—the Britaine's Victorie, with their Accidents, and the death of Albanact. No less pleasant then profitable. Newly set foorth overseene and corrected by W. S. London. Printed by Thomas Creede. 1595." These seem to be the only two plays of the period which were put forth with a statement in regard to correction and oversight by someone who might have been another than the author, or with words which certainly admit of that construction.

Gerald Langbaine, in his "An Account of the English Dramatick Poets," 1691, lists *Lochrine* among the forty-two plays which he assigns to Shakespeare; of

only one of which, "The Arraignment of Paris," does he express any doubt of the Shakespearean authorship, saying of that play, "this . . . has been by Kirkman ascribed to this author, but not being in any edition of Shakespeare I much question whether it be any of his." There is another peculiarity about this title-page which distinguishes it from all others, and which may or may not have any significance. It is that the name there appears, not as in all other cases where it appears at all on title pages, as "SHAKESPEARE," with or without the hyphen, but as "SHAKESPERE." Now, as his name in his private affairs—at Stratford at least—was usually spelled Shaksper or Shakspere, this, taken with the words, "newly augmented and corrected," and with the unbroken tradition from that time to this, that—in the early period of his connection with the stage his occupation was overseeing and correcting plays written by others—might seem to suggest that this transition stage of the name was perhaps indicative of the development of the full-fledged dramatic author, though of course the name William Shakespeare "had long been well known in connection with the poems "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece." Irregularities of printing in those days make it difficult to come to conclusions or even to very definite opinions from evidence of this kind, still the absolute uniformity of the spelling, with this single exception, is noticeable. In any case, the inclusion of Love's Labour's Lost in Meres' list and in the Folio, taken together with the internal evidence, leaves little or no doubt of its genuineness as a Shakespearean Play. Moreover, this is actually the first title-page of a Play, upon which the name of William Shakespeare—however spelled—appeared either as author, corrector or augmenter.

But whoever wrote the play, we learn that William Shakespeare revised it, and, in at least two cases, owing

to the printer's blunders, we are enabled to tell exactly what constituted the augmentation, because, in these cases, while inserting the revised passage, he has neglected to remove the rejected one. Compare Quarto lines 1544-1549 with 1565-1600 and lines 2622-2627 with 2643-2675.

The Folio text is evidently reprinted from the Quarto, with some errors corrected and some new ones made, but on the whole more carefully printed, and divided into acts.

### III

But there is another statement upon this title-page which arrests attention, as unusual upon Shakespearean Quartos. We learn therefrom that this newly corrected and augmented version was performed at Court at Christmas time 1597 or 1598. This was probably the event referred to in the following entry in the accounts of the Treasurer of the Chamber: "To Richard Brakenburie, for altering and making readie of soundrie chambers at Whitehall against Christmas, and for the plaies, and making ready in the hall for her Majestie, and for altering and hanging of the same after Christmas daie, by the space of three daies, mense Decembris 1597, *viii.l. xiii.s. iiii.d.*;" though as the calendar year at that time began on the twenty-fifth of March, it is of course possible that the Christmas referred to in the title-page may be that of 1598.

No record of this original edition is to be found in the Stationers' Register, but in 1607 the copyright was transferred by Burby to Ling; and, later in the same year, by him to Smethwick, afterward one of the proprietors of the First Folio. Ling however appears to have retained some rights in it, as he brought out a separate edition in 1631, with the statement that it had

been "acted by his Majesty's Servants at the Blackfriars and the Globe."

As to the date of the earlier version we are left to speculation, guided however by several items of external and internal evidence. It is mentioned by Meres with other Shakespeare Plays in 1598 and the same year by Robert Tofte in "Alba, or the Month's Mind of a Melancholy Lover." It seems this Mr. Tofte had taken his sweetheart to see the play and she had taken that occasion to bear in upon his heart and mind the sad meaning of its title by jilting him—hence his grief.

"Love's Labour Lost, I once did see a play  
Ycleped so, so called to my pain, etc."

The word "once" would seem to indicate that the experience was not a very recent one in the year 1598.

It has been suggested that the following lines by Robert Southwell, 1594:

"O Sacred eyes! The springs of living light,  
The earthly heavens where angels joy to dwell,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Sweet volumes, stoar'd with learning fit for saints,  
Where blissful quires imparadize their minds;  
Wherein eternall studie never faints  
Still finding all, yet seeking all it finds;  
How endless is your labyrinth of blisse,  
Where to be lost the sweetest finding is."

were suggested by the speeches of Biron in the fourth and fifth acts in regard to women's eyes. This may be taken for what it is worth.

The more or less whimsical "verse-tests" of the late "New Shakespeare Society" of London, would show this to be the earliest written of all the plays, just as,

applied to Bryant's poems, they might show "Thanatopsis" to be his latest, or applied to Tennyson's might show "The Princess" to be later than "Crossing the Bar;" but we are not obliged to resort to verse-tests to form a very decided opinion that this comedy, if not the earliest, was among the earliest, of the Shakespeare plays.

In fact it reveals in itself that it was a youthful work with its rollicking abandon and jollity. Clever and brilliant of course but with the cleverness, brilliancy and frolicsomeness of youth. But apart from this, the allusions and reference to contemporary events are sufficient to fix the date as early as 1590 or more likely 1588. It was a little earlier than this that the "fantastic Monarcho" and the "Dancing Horse" were performing their respective antics, events not important enough to have the interest in them last very long. Moreover, the names of the characters, Biron, Dumaine and Longaville, were associated with the French court of that date.

It is nearly a hundred and forty years since Dr. Farmer, after pronouncing his celebrated dictum in regard to Shakespeare. "He remembered perhaps enough of his *school-boy* learning to put the *Hig, hog, hog*, into the mouth of his Sir *Hugh Evans*; and might pick up in the Writers of the time, or the course of his conversation a familiar phrase or two of *French* or *Italian*: but his *Studies* were most demonstratively confined to *Nature* and his own *Language*," modestly declaring that "The question is *now* forever decided." The vehemence with which the learned doctor laid down this proposition evidently had its effect for until recently few writers have dared maintain the contrary. Undoubtedly, too, Ben Jonson's line "small Latin and less Greek"—almost any of his contemporaries would have had "small Latin and less Greek" in Ben's estimation—and Milton's nonsense about "Fancy's child"



'woodnotes wild" sank so deeply into the popular that the belief in Shakespeare's ignorance became almost the character of a religious creed to which was heresy. Of late, however, the dogma has been rudely shaken. As long ago as 1880, Dr. Chesnut's celebrated paper, "What Shakespeare learned from the school," badly weakened its foundations and quite lately Mr. Churton Collins's fine *Studies in Shakespeare* have, it seems to many, toppled the edifice down completely.

That Shakespeare was not a scholar in the exclusive sense in which the word is used to designate those who make a specialty of classic learning—such a scholar as Ben Jonson, for instance—may readily be admitted. But a study of the play before us alone should be enough to carry conviction that he was, even at the beginning of his career as a dramatist, a man of the highest culture and most varied attainments. We see this attested, though not so conspicuously as in some of his later plays, the author's familiarity with legal terminology and much more in evidence is the knowledge of classic lore, manifested not only in allusions to the Greek myths but by the surprising facility with which he handles Latin and Greek in the construction of words and sentences. Mr. Churton Collins calls attention to the phrase, "No, to the death" (F. l. 2033) as the exact equivalent of the Greek imprecation *εἰς φθόρον*. "Nor," says Mr. Collins, "must we forget the many curiously paralleled examples between his plays on words; his studied use of paronomasia, of asyndeton, of onomatopoeia, of chiasm, of antithesis, of compound epithets, of subtle irony; and, above all, his metaphors,—with those especially characteristic of the Attic dramas. It is his facility in the extraordinary analogies,—analogies in their nature, in particularity of detail and point, and in the frequency of employment, presented by his allusions to the metaphors of the Attic tragedians,

that we find the most convincing testimony of his familiarity with their writings.”

Nor must we overlook the curious knowledge of contemporary and historic events in France shown in this play, the treaty for instance between the kings of France and Navarre concerning Nemours, Cherbourg and Evreux, but which in the play is made to apply to Aquitaine and the embassy of the French princess to Navarre. Even a more striking evidence of familiarity with esoteric French history is shown in the first part of *Henry VI.*, which was probably written even before *Love's Labour's Lost*. In Act III. scene 3, Joan of Arc, with the Dauphin and others, is on the plains near Rouen, when she observes the approach of the Duke of Burgundy with his forces who are in league with the English. Calling for a parley she has a conference with him in which she reproaches him for his conduct and persuades him to return to his alliance with France which he forthwith does. As no such parley is known to history and as Burgundy did not go over to the French until after Joan's death, Shakespeare has been accused of falsifying history in this case. Nevertheless, more than a century after his death there was found in the Archives of Lille, a letter, which was first published in 1760, from Joan of Arc to the Duke of Burgundy, imploring him to return to the French allegiance, and to which her speech in the play bears such a close resemblance as to be almost a paraphrase. Truly enough, "Where did this man Shakespeare learn all these things?" It seems as if two men in London at the same time had taken all knowledge to be their province.

Whether *Love's Labour's Lost* was or was not absolutely the first of Shakespeare's Comedies certain it is that it is one of a very small group of his, which formed the earliest of modern comedies—of all comedies as we understand the word, for the Greek and

comedies were of a distinctly different order—considered as typical of that group, it occupies a place in literature. The so-called forerunners of Shakespeare,—Greene, Nash and the rest may be regarded, for whether they were really forerunners or not—a very doubtful question, with our ignorant dates—they had nothing to teach Shakespeare. There is no one of the comedies of any of them that attempts definite delineation of character which is the essence of modern comedy. Therefore I think that it is not too much to claim for *Love's Labour's Lost* that it represents the inception of a radically new dramatic art, that of the modern character drama. This is a fact that we are apt to lose sight of, because, reading *Titus Andronicus*, as we do, in connection with *Much Ado about Nothing*, *Twelfth Night* and others of Shakespeare's comedies, we naturally feel this to be an inferior work. Brought to this test, of course it is, but this is not a fair test to bring it to, for they followed it and repented the full noonday of the genius of which this is the dawn. On the other hand, wipe out from our attention all Shakespeare's other work, and *Love's Labour's Lost* stands out as a star of the first magnitude in an inky sky. The ancient drama made no attempt at delineation of character—its purport was entirely different. The tragedies represented personifications of elemental forces, the comedies caricatured human foibles. The pre-Shakespearean drama consisted of heavy characterless tragedies like *Timon of Athens* and the Spanish Tragedy and characterless burlesques like *Gammer Gurton's Needle* and *Roister Doister*. In the group of plays to which *Love's Labour's Lost* belongs we have absolutely, for the first time in the history of the drama, a delineation of individual character. Biron, Rosaline, Armado, Holofernes, Nathaniel, Costard, Dull, Moth, Jacquenetta are real people, a fact that we must not lose sight

of, overshadowed as they are by their greater successors.

This then is the importance of *Love's Labour's Lost*. In it we hear for the first time the voice of the mighty genius in the act of creating a new art. A new Pallas Athene has sprung full armed from the head of Jove.

But, the question persists, does the unique statement on the title-page, "newly augmented and corrected by W. Shakespere," mean that this first Quarto was a re-writing of the play—which—still earlier than 1598, this youthful Shakespeare had himself composed? Is it disloyalty to Shakespeare, or insubordination to his army of critics, to wonder where all this lore, hidden in despatch-boxes, unwritten in books—unmassed in Libraries, came into the ken of this young man?— And there is still more—as we might say, occult—or, at the least, unusual, material.

No source of the plot has been discovered, but certain incidents in the history of France and Navarre have been woven into the play.

In the first place, that an embassy should be undertaken by a woman—a princess—is an unusual occurrence, and yet such an embassy did actually occur in contemporary French history. In 1586 Catherine de Medicis, the mother of the King of France, met Henry, King of Navarre at Saint Bris in order to attempt a settlement of some of the vexed questions between the two powers. It is true that Catherine was no longer young and beautiful at the time, and that she was the mother, not the daughter, of the reigning but impotent monarch, but the correspondence between this event and that upon which the play is based is too close to be the result of accident, especially as it is related that Catherine, evidently with the purpose of making a favorable impression upon the gallant and susceptible Henry, selected for her train "*des plus belles personnes de sa cour,*" and it is furthermore asserted as a matter of

fact that Henry was so impressed by one of the ladies that he seriously contemplated marrying her. The event which seems to have been used as a pretext for the embassy occurred prior to 1425, and is thus related in Monstrelet's *Chronicles*: "Charles, King of Navarre, came to Paris to wait on the King. He negotiated so successfully with the King and Privy Council, that he obtained a gift of the castle of Nemours, with some of its dependent castlewicks, which territory was made a duchy. He instantly did homage for it, and at the same time surrendered to the King the Castle of Cherburgh, the county of Evreux, and and all other lordships he possessed within the kingdom of France, renouncing all claims or profits in them to the King and to his successors, on condition that with the duchy of Nemours the King of France engaged to pay him two hundred thousand gold crowns of the coin of his King our lord." The names of the principal characters are those of contemporary French history. Biron was one of the marshals of Henry of Navarre, and under him served in the English contingent in the French Civil War. He was afterward Henry IV.'s ambassador to England and that he was reputed to be "a man replete with mocks," is shown by what was said of him by the King: "Il ne faut pas toujours prendre au pied de la lettre ses rhodomontades, jactantes et vanities." Longaville was another French general who defeated the forces of the league at Senlis in 1589. He was described by Maria as "well fitted in the Arts, glorious in Arms."

Dumaine seems to stand for the Duc de Maine, although, of course, in history he was an opponent of Navarre.

Attempts to identify the minor or more comic characters are not so clear. Fleay took Armado to be a burlesque of Lily, Holofernes, of Bishop Cooper, Nathaniel, of Greene, Costard, of William Kemp, Moth,

of Thomas Nash, and Dull, of Anthony Munday, the stage plotter but not the stage actor, the informer against the seminary priests. The evidence for these attempts at identification does not seem to be very convincing, and the attempt to show that Armado is a caricature of John Florio even less so. If Shakespeare really wrote in 1591 the Sonnet to Florio which is attributed to him by Professor Minto and Professor Baynes, and which Florio said was written by "a gentleman, a friend of mine that loved better to be a Poet than to be counted so," it is incredible that the author of *Love's Labour's Lost* should, at nearly the same time, have ridiculed him. This is the sonnet:

PHAETHON TO HIS FRIEND FLORIO.

Sweete friend whose name agrees with thy increase,  
 How fit a rivall art thou of the Spring?  
 For when each branche hath left his flourishing  
 And green-lockt Sommers shadie pleasures cease:  
 She makes the Winter's stormes repose in peace,  
 And spends her franchise on each living thing:  
 The dazies sprout, the little birds doo sing,  
 Hearbes, gummes, and plants doo vaunt of their re-  
     lease,  
 So when that all our English Witts lay dead,  
 (Except the Laurell that is evergreene)  
 Thou with thy Frutes our barrenness o'rspread,  
 And set thy flowrie pleasance to be seene.  
 Sutch frutes, sutch flowrets of moralite,  
 Were nere before brought out of Italie.

—PHAETHON.

The resemblance between the characters of Armado and Don Quixote has often been noted and is much more obvious, and is in fact very striking. How it came about, considering that Don Quixote did not ap-

il 1605, is a mystery. Did Cervantes read  
 labour's Lost and develop Armado and Jaque-  
 o Quixote and Dulcinea? It would seem im-  
 . Mr. George James identifies Armado with  
 Perez, a Spanish refugee who was in Eng-  
 out 1593 and who was a general subject of  
 in the courtly circles, into which he forced his  
 reason of his affectation, bombast and generally  
 able behavior. Mr. James finds the clue to the  
 tion in the fact that Perez wrote a book in 1594  
 e pseudonym of Raphael Peregrino and Holo-  
 ways of Armado that "he is too picked, too  
 oo affected, too odd as it were, too *peregrinate*,  
 y call it;" which Nathaniel pronounces "a  
 gular and choice epithet." This was the Perez  
 ; a hanger on of Essex and for a time estab-  
 sort of intimacy with the Bacons, Anthony and  
 installing himself at Bacon's house at Twick-  
 It would seem that he was very quick-witted  
 using and Bacon apparently "used him for his  
 sy." It was he of whom Lady Anne Bacon  
 Anthony: "I pity your brother; yet so long  
 lies not himself, but keepeth that bloody Perez,  
 profane, costly fellow, whose being about him,  
 fear, the Lord God doth mislike and doth less  
 r brotherin creditand otherwisein his health."\*  
 the term "bloody" only referred to his being a  
 t—that being a favorite designation for people  
 aith with the Puritans at the time—but he was  
 suspected of being actually an accomplice to a  
 He was notorious for his intrigues with the  
 of the court. It seems that Bacon, before very  
 came aware of his true character and thereafter  
 d with his society, and later he was discovered

\* seems however, to be some doubt whethet Perez is really  
 n Lady Bacon's letter. Spedding read it Percy and thought  
 to Henry Percy, a servant of Francis Bacon.

in a blackmailing scheme, after which time he was generally shunned and shortly after disappeared from the public gaze. Of course Perez could not have been introduced into the first version of the play if we are right in assigning it to as early a date as 1588, but the character of Armado might have been adapted to him in the revision.

The masque of the King and the Courtiers as Muscovites seems to refer to an embassy from the Czar, Ivan the Terrible, in 1582 to England for the purpose of obtaining in marriage the hand of Lady Mary Hastings. The behavior of the members of the Embassy was such as to subject them to the derision of the English Court, and, although Lady Mary declined the honor, she was thenceforth called by her friends, "the Empress of Muscovia." A ruse by which she attempted to evade the unwelcome attentions was to let it be announced that she had but recently recovered from small pox, and on this ground she declined for a while to meet the ambassador, or to permit her portrait to be painted. It may well be that this suggested the allusion to the small pox in the line, Folio, 1928, "O that your face were full of o'es."

A remarkable resemblance between a passage in this play and a sonnet in "The Device of the Indian Prince," suggests the inquiry whether Shakespeare may not have had more to do with the production of court "Devices" and Masques than is generally supposed, and whether some writings, passing as the work of other men, may not really be his. The Earl of Essex, as is well known, was in the habit of giving very sumptuous entertainments to the Queen, of which such performances were always a part. It is generally understood that the Earl did not compose these "Devices" himself but that they were written for him by others. This being the case, to whom would he be more likely to turn than to Shakespeare, the friend of



Southampton, and the man of all others best  
he work?

icular "Device" referred to is contained in a  
: in the State Paper Office docketted as fol-  
Device made by the Earl of Essex for the  
ent of her Majesty." It is supposed to have  
of the entertainment given at York House,  
95, or to have been intended for that enter-  
nd rejected, Mr. Hepworth Dixon surmised,  
of Essex's jealousy of Raleigh whom it  
ts. At all events, it must have been written  
hat time, that is shortly before the revision  
Labour's Lost. This Device is throughout  
c in style than was usual with compositions  
ture, but is in the form of prose, with the  
of the lines about to be quoted. It is the story  
an Prince, son of a rich and powerful mon-  
: dominions lay in the region, at that time so  
shadowy, then known as the Indies, now as  
erica. This monarch is prosperous and hap-  
atters but one—his only son has been blind  
irth. At last a soothsayer tells the king that  
will cross the seas and visit the great Queen  
eive his sight. Needless to say the prophecy

es are as follows:

etween the Old World and the New,  
d there is no other land may touch,  
eigns a Queen in peace and honour true;  
s or fables do describe no such.  
id Atlas such a burden bear,  
e, in holding up the world opprest;  
ig with her virtue everywhere  
ness of friends, errors of servants best.  
n breeds a warmer blood for war,  
et she calms them by her majesty;

No age hath ever wits refined so far,  
 And yet she calms them by her policy;  
 To her thy son must make his sacrifice  
 If he will have the morning of his eyes."

Compare Folio lines 1566 to 1573:

"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?"

In these two passages there certainly seems to be a correspondence both in thought and expression too exact to be the result of mere accident—the fact that the results of the vision are opposite in the two cases is immaterial, though the Indian soothsayer seems to have anticipated Hahnemann and to have applied the principle of *Similia similibus curenter*.

If the two passages are not from the pen of the same author, at least that one is a conscious or unconscious adaptation of the other seems obvious. As the device was undoubtedly written before the revision and publication of the play, it seems unlikely, though not impossible, that the passage in the former was an adaptation of that in the latter, while on the other hand it does not seem likely that Shakespeare would have gone to this source, not only for the thought but also for the very language in which to clothe it, but there seems no inherent improbability that the same hand wrote both passages. Essex could hardly have been ignorant of the greatest poet and dramatist of his time, especially, as all critics tell us, they were both intimate friends of Lord Southampton.

of course, mere surmise and conjecture, but and conjecture were to be eliminated from the history of William Shakespeare that his should be reduced to a very arid waste. In any question, who did write "The Indian Prince" is a fair field for conjecture. The date of the play, is in all probability, later than that of the version of the play, but Spedding believes that the passage in the play, with all that follows it to the end of the act, is among the augmentations mentioned on the title page of the Quarto; and it is in these lines that so much is said about the dark Rosaline, suggesting forcibly the Dark Lady of the Sonnets.

## IV

The same feeling that led Bacon to give the protest against the slavery to Aristotle and the Scholastics, and a demand for a return to Nature by the inductive method. The same feeling that led Bacon to give the protest against the slavery to Aristotle and the Scholastics, and a demand for a return to Nature by the inductive method. The same feeling that led Bacon to give the protest against the slavery to Aristotle and the Scholastics, and a demand for a return to Nature by the inductive method. The same feeling that led Bacon to give the protest against the slavery to Aristotle and the Scholastics, and a demand for a return to Nature by the inductive method.

As like the heaven's glorious sun,  
 will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks :  
 have continual plodders ever won,  
 base authority from others' books.  
 earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,  
 give a name to every fixed star,  
 to more profit of their shining nights  
 than those that walk, and wot not what they are.  
 to know is to know naught but fame ;  
 every godfather can give a name."

The sentiment was in the air in those days. A little later Bacon said, in the *Advancement of Learning*:

“Men have withdrawn themselves too much from the contemplation of nature and the observations of experience, and have tumbled up and down in their own reasons and conceits. As many substances in nature which are solid do putrefy and corrupt into worms, so it is the property of good and sound knowledge to putrefy and dissolve into a number of subtle, idle, unwholesome and (as I may term them) vermiculate questions, which have indeed a kind of quickness and life of spirit, but no soundness of matter or goodness of quality. This kind of degenerate learning did chiefly reign amongst the schoolmen; who having sharp and strong wits, and abundance of leisure, and small variety of reading; but their wits being shut up in the cells of a few authors (chiefly Aristotle, their dictator), as their persons were shut up in the cells of monasteries and colleges; and knowing little history, either of nature or time, did, out of no great quantity of matter and infinite agitation of wit, spin out unto us those laborious webs of learning which are extant in their books. For the wit and mind of man, if it work upon matter, which is the contemplation of the creatures of God, worketh according to the stuff, and is limited thereby; but if it work upon itself, as the spider worketh his web, then it is endless, and brings forth indeed cobwebs of learning, admirable for the fineness of thread and work, but of no substance or profit.”

“Moral philosophy determines the question, ‘Which is to be preferred, the contemplative or the active life,’ and decides it against Aristotle. For all the reasons which Aristotle adduces in favor of contemplative are for one’s private good and have respect to the pleasure and dignity of a man’s self; not much unlike the comparison that Pythagoras made, who, being asked what

answered, 'That if Hiero were ever at the n games, he knew the manner, that some came neir fortune for the prizes, and some came ants to utter their commodities, and some came good cheer and meet their friends, and some look on; and that he was one of them that look on.' But men must know that in this the- nan's life, it is reserved only for God and the o be lookers on."

primarily it is the ascetic or monastic idea of that is held up to ridicule. A second theme of the play is the fanciful and artificial love and sonneteering of the times and the artificial ed forms of expression. It is not necessary to . discussion of the distinctions between Euphu- gorism, Italian love sonnetting, Latinistic ped- d other forms of affected and flatulent diction, ick receive a proper, if somewhat sermonizing, rom the ladies at the end of the play, and Labour, if not lost, is at least postponed a onth.

nson comments on this comedy as follows :  
e are many passages mean, childish, and some ight not to have been exhibited, as we are told e, to a Maiden Queen."

Major as a teacher of good manners! No pro- 1 the "Maiden Queen" is on record and, as a f fact, although there are some few passages in of a kind which modern convention debar from ersion of drawing rooms, the play as a whole ave formed an excellent text book in manners "Maiden Queen" and her whole court. Un- y the "Maiden Queen" was a great states- t the manners of the Queen who was in the boxing her courtiers ears and of using profane ene language to them when they incurred her ire were not likely to be corrupted by Love's

Labour's Lost. As a matter of fact no other work in the literature of that period, if of any period, is more courtly or "gentle"—in the primary meaning of that word—than is this.

## V

While unquestionably this is one of the slightest and inherently least important of the comedies and not especially suitable for stage production, its quaint wit and humor—its scintillating exchange of repartee—has always made it a favorite closet play of many scholarly people—"snip, snap, quick and home! it rejoiceth their intellect; true wit!"

But an especially interesting feature of the play is that, being one of the author's earliest works, it introduces us to his earlier methods and in a sense gives us a glimpse of his workshop and of his genius in the formative period of its development. Titus Andronicus probably antedates this play, but it is not characteristically Shakespearean in its form, being merely a survival of dramatic forms prevalent before the master poet infused our literature with new life. Love's Labour's Lost, as Grant White has noted, bears evidence of being the work of a young man fresh from academic studies, and it may be worth while to dwell a little on this point for the benefit of those whose minds still harbor the delusion that the author was a man of very defective education.

This is shown first in the frequency and accuracy of classical allusions, quite in character for the young man who sent forth the first heir of his invention carrying aloft the proud motto:

"Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flavus Apollo  
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua."

It is not the mere use of Latin phrases that is so significant. They might be easily picked up and they are in many cases in this play used derisively; but the superabundance of allusions to classic literature, and the familiarity shown with it. To instance a few:

"By the Lord this Love is as mad as Ajax, it kills sheepe."—F. line 1336; referring to Sophocles' "Ajax" where Ajax made mad by the goddess Athena kills the sheep instead of the Greeks who had awarded the armor of Achilles to Ulysses instead of to him:

"Hercules whipping a Gigge,"—F. l. 1500; evidently an allusion to Hercules in the toils of Omphale.

"Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,"—F. l. 1502; in reference to the account in the Iliad of the Grecian games, in which Nestor the oldest and staidest of the Greeks took part.

"The critticke Tymon laugh at idle toys;"—F. l. 1503; the story of Timon is familiar to every one now because later Shakespeare made it so.

"My Love (her Mistres) is a gracious Moone Shee (an attending Starre) scarce scene a light."—F. ll. 1575-6;

Malone finds in this a reference to Horace, *Micat inter omnes*.

"For Valour, is not Love a Hercules.  
Still climbing trees in the Hesperodes."

The eleventh labor of Hercules, picking the golden apples in the garden of the Hesperides in spite of their guardian dragon.

"Subtill as Sphinx, as sweet and musicall,  
As bright Apollo's Lute strung with his haire."

This allusion is not very clear even yet but it appears to refer to Apollo's lute being strung with poets sinews.

"And when Love speaks, the voice of all the Gods  
Make heaven drowsie with the harmony."—F. ll. 1687-92;

of which Tyrwhitt says: "If one could possibly suspect

Shakespeare of reading Pindar one would say that the idea of music-hearers drowsy was borrowed from the first Pythian ode."

"More Atees more Atees stirre them,"—F. l. 2639; Ate is also mentioned in *Much Ado About Nothing*, in King John and in *Julius Caesar*. Craik, in "The English of Shakespeare," says: "Where did Shakespeare get acquainted with this divinity, whose name does not occur, I believe, even in any Latin author?" "But where did this man Shakespeare learn all these things?" ejaculates Grant White.

Another characteristic of Shakespeare is in strong evidence in this play, namely his inveterate habit of using words—many times new words—in their radical sense.

Digression, F. l. 419, in the sense of transgression.

Extemporall, F. l. 484, in the sense of antique, out of these times.

Festinely, F. ll. 772-3, quickly, from Latin *festinate*.

Continent, F. l. 1091, that which contains, used repeatedly by Shakespeare in this sense.

Consonant, F. l. 1785, sounding together. So Holofernes calls Moth who has been interrupting him.

Convince in the sense of conquer, F. l. 2699.

Intellect, F. l. 1294. This is one of the most remarkable words from the Shakespearean mint; of course the usual meaning of the word is inapplicable here. It has been sometimes supposed by commentators to be the superscript, sometimes the signature, but no one gave a satisfactory explanation of either interpretation until it was elucidated by Professor Baynes in 1879. He says:

"Its precise meaning and range of application in this connection will be made clear by an extract from Wilson's English *Arte of Rhetorique*, published before Shakespeare was born. Wilson, following a tendency common in his day, endeavored to Anglicise the



technical terms of his art; and, where this could not conveniently be done, he often selected the better known Latin equivalent instead of the original Greek word. Thus he translates synecdoche by *intellection*, of which he gives the following account:

“‘Intellection, called of the Grecians synecdoche, is a Trope, where we gather, or judge, the whole by the part, or the part by the whole. As thus: The king is come to London, meaning thereby that other also be come with him. The Frenche manne is good to kepe a fort, or to skirmishe on horsbacke, whereby we declare the Frenchmen generally. By the whole the part thus: All Cambridge sorrowed for the death of Bucer, meanyng for the moste parte. All England rejoiceth that pilgrimage is banished, and idolatrie for ever abolished: and yet al England is not gladde but the moste parte.’

“Intellection, Wilson also points out, is used in relation to signs and their significance for the mental act of realising by means of the sign the thing signified. He illustrates this meaning as follows:—

“‘By the signe we understande the thing signified, as by an Ivie garland we judge there is wine to sell. By the signe of a Bear, Bull, Lion, or any soche, we take any hous to be an Inne. By eating bread at the Communion, we remember Christes death, and by fath receive him spirituallie.’

“The precise signification of intellect in Holofernes’ speech will now be apparent. It really means the sign-manual or signature of the letter. The signature is the sign reflecting and revealing the thing signified, which is of course the writer of the letter. *Intellect*, in this sense, is the object, the sign, and its significance, of which *intellection* is the act, the perception of the related terms. As a name for the signature of a letter it is thus strictly analogous to *superscript*, as a name for its address. As superscription is properly the act of writing an address, and superscript the address written, so

intellection is the act of interpreting or understanding, and *intellect* the sign interpreted or understood. *Shakespeare Studies and Other Essays*, p. 191-3. It will be seen that the word, used in this unusual pedantic sense, is exactly suited to the character of Holofernes. It is so rare and unusual that even scholarly Baynes confessed that he had been many times puzzled by it before hitting upon the right explanation.

Pertaunt like, Q. 1. 1835, pertaunt like, F. 1. 1835. This has proved a crux for the commentators who suggested pedant-like, portent-like, pageant-like, tent-like, persaunt-like, the last being Grant's and perhaps is as plausible as any. While it would be an easy error to make, on the other hand, persaunt seems like a strange spelling for *perceat* which does not make very good sense in this connection. The passage is:

“That same *Berowne* will torture ere I goe.  
 O that I knew he were but in by th' weeke,  
 How I would make him fawne, and begge, and  
 And wait the season, and observe the times,  
 And spend his prodigall wits in bootles rimes  
 And shape his service wholly to my device,  
 And make him proud to make me proud that  
 So pertaunt like would I o'resway his state,  
 That he should be my foole, and I his fate.”

Rosaline's evident meaning is that she will rule in a masterful manner. Now considering Shakespeare's well known habit of coining words as he requires, we will suppose he wrote “pertainaunt” from *per* i. e. *per* (intensive) and *teneo*—I hold—hence pertainaunt, firm-holding which exactly expresses Rosaline's plans for managing Biron's person and affairs when she obtains control of him. The Quarto prints *per*

an attempt at correction was made in the Folio which was only half successful, the printer omitting the superfluous t but overlooking the n which should have taken its place, the simplest kind of a misprint, which, being corrected, gives exactly the kind of word Shakespeare was so apt at inventing, with precisely the shade of meaning required by the context and suggests the somewhat forceful image of driving with a tight rein.

F. 1. 959, the attempted restoration of the word "whitly," in the Quarto spelled "whitley," is a curious example of much misdirected energy on the part of the commentators. Assuming that the word intended was "whitely," they proceeded to reason that it must be wrong because Rosaline was dark. Some of the conjectural emendations have been "witty," "whiteless" (sic), "wily," "whitleather" (sic), "witless" and they have finally adopted the reading "wightly," as it stands in the Globe and Cambridge editions, thereby, after three hundred years, arriving at the point or place of beginning, whit and wight being merely orthographic variants of the Anglo-Saxon "wigt," meaning a quick, nimble fellow. "Whitly" or "whitely" (the i being short) is about equivalent to sprightly and is undoubtedly what Shakespeare wrote. It has no relation to white.

Legal terms do not seem to be as frequent as in some of the latter plays, indicating that such familiarity as the author shows with legal terminology was gradually acquired rather than gained by serving "for two or three years as a lawyer's clerk," unless such experience occurred after the writing of this play, which is improbable in the extreme. Still there is a moderate sprinkling of legal terms throughout the play. Judge Charles Allen in "Notes on the Bacon-Shakespeare Question," p. 128, following Devecmon, accuses

Shakespeare of using the word "statute" erroneously in line F. 20:

"You three, *Berowne, Dumaine, and Longaville*  
Have sworne for three yeeres terme, to live with  
My fellow Scholars, and to keepe those statutes  
That are recorded in this scedule heere."

"A statute," he says, "imports a legislative act used here for 'edict,' even an edict stands for force and does not require an oath to support it to make it binding." This hardly seems to be ingenuous. Even at the present date people are called upon to take the oath of allegiance to the king and besides it is only fair to suppose that the three friends are his councillors of state and that in that capacity that they are to sign the "statute" that it is imposed upon them only with their own consent. That it is really a "statute" or "edict" is supported by the fact that, later in the same scene, Longaville is arrested and arraigned, pleads guilty and is sentenced under this very "statute." But all this aside, the obvious means follows that if, in writing an extravaganza like this play is, the author does not treat the weight and authority of the law with the respect paid them in a court of justice, he is ignorant of them. In a recent burlesque called the Sultan of Sulu, the Sultan of Sulu comes under the dominion of the United States and is required by that government to divorce seven or eight wives. This he regards rather as a relief from oppression but when he finds that he will be required to pay alimony to the divorced seven, the scene begins to cloud. Now no one would think of blaming the author of this absurdly amusing situation for his ignorance of the fact that there are no laws in the United States to warrant such a proceeding. It may appear that a good deal of the law in Shakespeare's

be taken no more seriously than this. However it is not absolutely necessary to suppose that the word "statute" as used here is to be taken in a legal sense at all; it may be assumed to be one of the words used with reference to their radical meaning. The fact that statute is derived from statutum, fixed, settled, appointed, would seem to be a sufficient explanation of its use in this connection.

Manner: F. l. 213:

"*Clo.* The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

*Ber.* In what manner?

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

The pun on *manner* and *manor* is obvious; less obvious and not likely to occur to other than a legal mind that on the Norman French law term *mainour*, meaning, taken in the act, with the thing stolen in hand.

Q. ll, 1219-20; F. ll. 1310-11, "Sir, tell me not of the Father, I do fear colourable colours." This phrase is usually defined by the glossaries as "specious pretexts." In a way and as far as it goes this is correct, but no explanation is given of why it has that meaning. It is an allusion to an obsolete form of pleading, so intricate and so far removed from the modern forms of pleading that even distinguished counsel of the present day admit that they do not fully understand it. As nearly as we can ascertain now the word "colour" referred to a legal fiction by means of which one of the parties to a suit set forth a claim or "colour" of title in

his adversary and then proceeded to dispute it, the object being to raise an issue of law to be decided by the judges in place of an issue of fact for the jury, thus described by Blackstone :

“If the defendant, in an assise or action, pass, be desirous to refer the validity of his title to court rather than the jury, he may state his title specially, and at the same time *give colour* to the title, or suppose him to have an appearance or colour, though bad indeed in point of law, but of which the jury are not competent judges. As if his own true title be a title he claims by feoffment, with livery from A, and that of which he entered on the lands in question, he may plead this by itself, as it amounts to no more than a general issue, *nul tort, nul disseisin*, in assise, or *guilty* in an action of trespass. But he may also plead specially, provided he goes farther and says, that the plaintiff claiming by *colour* of a prior deed of feoffment without livery, entered; upon whom he entered, he may then refer himself to the judgment of the jury, which of these two titles is the best in point of law.”

Holofernes’ objection to hearing the doctrine of the Church Father, evidently being that it is profoundly abstruse and quibbling as is this form of legal procedure.

Sue: F. I. 2355 :

“*Ber.* Our states are forfeit, seeke not to undo

*Ros.* It is not so; for how can this be true,

That you stand forfeit, being those that

This seems to be a correct use of a law term. The suitors are the suitors or plaintiffs, the worst they have is the failure to win, not the forfeiture of their

Attainder. F. I. 167 :

Attaint. F. I. 2774 :

“And he that breaks them in the least degree  
Stands in attainder of eternal shame.”

"You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd.  
You are attain'd with faults and perjurie."

This word is often considered as being a legal term, but in its use here it seems rather to mean brought under disgrace, stain or dishonor. It certainly cannot carry the meaning that it has in the United States Constitution: "No attainder of treason shall work corruption of blood, or forfeiture except during the life of the person attain'd." In fact the word "attain't" seems to have two distinct meanings and etymologies. As a law term, it is from the French *ataindre*, touch upon, effect, accuse, attack. The word in its popular sense is derived from *tinctus* meaning stained; thus Spenser in the "Fairy Queen:" "Lest her honor should attain't."

Several and Common. F. l. 724:

"La. Not so, gentle beast.

My lips are no common, though several they be.

Bo. Belonging to whom?

La. To my fortunes and me."

These words seem to be used in their legal sense. Singer's note on this passage is: "So in the poet's Sonnet, 137:

'Why should my heart think that a *several* plot,  
Which my heart knows the wide world's common  
place?'

'*Severals* or *several* lands,' says Mr. Hunter, 'are portions of common assigned for a term to a particular proprietor, the other commoners waiving for the time their right of common over them.' Maria says, 'My lips are no *common*, though *several* they be,' i. e. several as *parted*, Boyet catches at the other meaning of '*several*' in its relation to '*common*.' The following passage from Lord Bacon illustrates the word: "There was a lord that was lean of visage, but immediately after his marriage he grew fat. One said to him, "Your Lordship doth contrary to other married men; for they

first wax lean, and you wax fat," Sir Walter stood by, and said, "Why there is no beast, thou take him from the *common* and put him upon *eral*, but he will wax fat."—(Bacon's Apotheg

Leaving out of account obvious misprints corrected, the divergences between the Quarto Folio are few and unimportant, the principal enumerated.

Q. l. 30, "Make rich the ribbes, but baner the wits."

F. l. 30, "Make rich the ribs, but banker wits."

The Quarto reading is an obvious misprint; in the word *banerout* is concerned, the *k* having gone out. As for the word *quite*, the need of it depends upon whether *bankerout*, the early form of *banker*, is to be pronounced in one or two syllables, and the printer of the Quarto preferred the short and the printer of the Folio the longer. It is of no material.

Q. l. 114, "Clymbe ore the house to unlock the gate."

F. l. 117, "That were to clymbe ore the house to locke the gate."

To correct the meter of the Folio line Gray wrote, "That were to climb the house o'er to unlock the gate," an emendation that seems unnecessary in view of the fact that the Quarto gives a perfectly scansionable line.

Q. l. 115, "sit;" F. l. 118, "fit." This divergence is mentioned merely as an example of misprints occurring in the Folio, of which there are many.

Q. l. 188, "Farborough;" F. l. 195, "Tharborough." Evidently an attempt to correct a supposed error. It is more than probable that Farborough was intended, it being, as Funivall says, "more of a piece



language of Constable Dull, who 'reprehends' the Duke's 'owne person.'

Q. l. 217, "Welkis Vizgerent."

F. l. 230, "Welkins Vicegerent."

An example of an error in the Quarto corrected in the Folio, of which corrections there are many more than there are new errors.

Q. l. 372, "Maculate;" F. l. 395, "Immaculate." A case where the Quarto is right and the Folio wrong.

Q. l. 498, "A man of soveraigne peerless he is esteem'd."

F. l. 534, "A man of soveraigne parts he is esteem'd."

There seems to be no need of amendment to the Folio reading, but many have been attempted. Perhaps Jackson's is the least objectionable if any can be said to be least objectionable where none is necessary: "A man of his sovereign peerless he is esteem'd."

Q. l. 543, "To let you enter his unpeeled house."

F. l. 580, "To let you enter his unpeopled house."

The Cambridge editors print the Quarto text, noting that the reading in the Folio "is evidently only a conjectural emendation." This seems to indicate an overweening veneration for the Quarto. "Unpeopled" certainly meets all the requirements of both sense and meter, and there seems no reason for rejecting it, especially as we are very far from knowing that the emendations in the Folio are conjectural. In the case of the play under consideration the Folio text follows that of the Quarto, but how about the plays of which there was no Quarto, and the plays where the Folio text departs widely from the Quarto text? Whether the Folio was really issued under the personal supervision of Heminges and Condell or, as some suppose, under that of Ben Jonson—whoever was responsible for the work must have had some foundation for his text other than that of conjecture, even if we reject

the statement about the "stolen and surreptitious" and laugh to scorn the highly improbable that the editors had received the manuscripts "what he thought he uttered with that ease we have scarce received from him a blot in his

What is the genesis of the Folio additions and omissions of the 1622 Quartos of Othello and III.? Surely not conjecture. The Cambridge would not really have us believe that it was so simple as the Author who struck "the second heat from the Muses' anvil!" In many cases whole passages, characteristic of Shakespeare as anything he ever wrote appear in the Folio though not in the Quartos. Will the Cambridge editors have us believe that they are "conjectural emendations?"

Q. ll. 801-809 and the words "loves thee not" in l. 1173 are omitted in the Folio, apparently by oversight.

Q. l. 1421, F. l. 1516, "love" is misprinted in the Folio.

Q. l. 1068, "*Armatho* ath toother side, a woman."

F. l. 1138, "*Amathor* ath to the side, a woman."

The emendations of this obscure line have been "Armado ath to the side," 2d, 3d, and 4th editions; "Armado to the one side," Rowe, which is the generally accepted version; "Armado ath to the soldier; "Armado and he to the one," Nicholson; White reads, "Armado o' th' to side," explaining the "to side" is an old expression equivalent to "hither side." None of these seems very satisfactory. White's makes good sense but involves a considerable departure from the text, in that it throws out the *then*. The reading here suggested is offered with much diffidence in a case where so many scholars failed to agree, but it is offered with the suggestion

it requires no change in the Quarto text save the shifting of one space and the modernizing of spelling. It must be remembered that Costard's diction is not that of the drawing room, but is decidedly rustic and that tooth is, especially in rustic speech, a synonym for taste, not only in the physiological but in the more general and figurative sense. Witness Decker and Webster's Northward Ho, IV., 4:

"*Chart.* He's an excellent musician himself, you must note that.

*May.* And having met one fit for his own tooth, you see he skips from us."

Now for the suggested emendation: starting from the Quarto text:

"Armatho ath toothen side."

"Armado 'ath tooth inside."

Which would be Costard's way of saying that Armado was inherently a man of taste, which opinion he immediately follows up by pronouncing him "a most dainty man." The objection most likely to be raised to this is that Shakespeare does not elsewhere use the word "inside" in this sense, which is no objection when it is considered how often he uses a word once and only once. "That fellow has something inside of him" is a colloquialism at the present day. The principal thing to be said for this reading however is that it follows the text and it is always better to follow the text when it can be made intelligible than to seek new readings. Armado has not appeared in the scene where these lines occur, nor has he been mentioned there, except in the early part of it where his letter is read, which letter has not seemed especially to interest Costard. It is probable that the passage from F. line 1135, "O my troth" —to line 1143, "Ah heavens it is most pathological nit," belong in the previous scene after the word, "Jew," in Folio line 899.

Q. 1. 1811, "O that your face were not so  
Oes."

F. 1. 1928, "O that your face were full of Oes."

This, of course, refers to the pitting of *s*. Most—if not all—modern editors adopt the reading of the Quarto; even Grant White, whose advocacy of Folio, as a rule, is so pronounced. Much more upon the true reading than a mere quibble at the text. The Quarto reading is absolutely in accordance with the character of Rosaline as it is throughout the play. She is, to be sure, pert, saucy, and free of speech, as was the custom of the time, but she is nowhere shown so ill-mannered, maliciously and cruelly insulting as to call attention to the physical blemishes of her friend. Katherine, in twitting her on the subject of her dark complexion on Biron's having compared her to a thousand Rosalines, in her bantering mood, professes to do so for revenge and rallies her on her florid complexion, jestingly wishing that it had been pitted by *s*. That her vengeance might be more complete, when she calls her a Princess, evidently thinking it an unkind wish, she beshrews all shrews. The Misses Porter and Clarke seem to have taken this view of the case in the "First Folio Edition" where in their note on this line they say, "This makes Rosaline wish her (Katherine's) face were pimply or full of Oes."

Q. 1. 1835, "perttaunt;" F. 1. 1952, "pertaunt"  
This has been considered above.

Q. 1. 1909, "mockerie merement;" F. 1. 2026  
ing merriment."

Q. 1. 2365, "When he breathed he was a  
omitted in F.

Q. 1. 2741-2, the last line of the play, "You tell  
we this way," is an addition of the Folio. It is  
suggested that it may have been a stage direction  
rather a remark of one actor to another, concern-

manner in which they should respectively leave the stage, which has crept in by accident. This seems quite plausible as the preceding lines, "The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo," seem a more fitting close.

Q. ll. 1173, F. ll, 1257, "Who understandeth thee not, *ut re fol la mi fa*; Vnder pardon sir.—" To this Dr. Furness has the following interesting note: "Douce thinks that Holofernes here hums the notes of the gamut as Edmund does in *King Lear*, I. ii., 130. The parallelism between Nathaniel and Edmund may be closer than Douce supposed. In the 'fa, sol, la mi' of Edmund excellent musicians have detected a phrase, based upon a poignant discord, appropriate to the tragic situation. So, also, here Nathaniel's notes do not seem to have been selected haphazard. The following note has been furnished to me by my son:—'It is curious to observe that these six notes form with the tonic the most harmonious intervals, and in the same order indicated by Bacon, in his *Sylva Sylvarum*:— "The *Concords* in Musick which are *Perfect*, or *Semiperfect*, between the *Unison* and the *Diapason*, are the *Fifth*, which is the most Perfect; the *Third* next; and the *Sixth* which is more harsh: And as the Ancients esteemed, and so doe my self and some Other yet, the *Fourth* which they call *Diatesseron*. . . . For discords, the *Second* and the *Seventh*, are of all others the most odious, in Harmony, to the *Sense*.'"—*Century*, II. sec. 107, ed. 1651. Of course, Bacon is not giving his individual opinion, but stating a general law in Harmony. It is merely a curious "coincidence" that the same law appears to have been hovering in Shakespeare's mind, and that apparently there is as much meaning in his present selection of notes as there is in the selection of Edmund in *Lear*.—(H. H. F., Jr.).'"

But there is still other inaccessible, or at least, generally unfamiliar matter—which crops out in this ear-

liest play of a very new beginner indeed at playing. Dr. Furness, in his *Variorum Love's* *Lost*, does not appear to be very much impressed by it, but it would seem that these constant explanations of every unexpected resemblance to unusual matters—a "coincidence"—might reasonably have its limit. The matter is in the shape of a curious old play, (of uncertain date, but of about the middle of the seventeenth century, given in Tieck's *Deutscher Theater*, 1817. Vol. ii., p. 177), by one Andreas Gryllus, *Horribilicribrifax*. This play contains a braggart, a conceited Pedant, a crafty Page, and even a surd love-letter, which in certain phrases recalls Armado's similar performance. But all the finer qualities of the English comedy are lacking, and what is inferior is wildly exaggerated. There are two garts instead of one and both are involved in the Pedant in a common lovesuit; the place of the more over, is supplied by a procuress. *Horribilicribrifax* speaks almost as much Italian as German, *diridatumtarides* uses a profusion of French, quotes Hebrew, and the Schoolmaster a superabundance both Latin and Greek. The last continually goes to the authority for his quotations; for instance, "*Totum amore dolores.*—Virgilius in *Eclog*;" "*Quas vultuna vices.*—Stattius, lib. x, *Thebaidos*,"—evidently the prototype of Dr. Pangloss in Colman's *Heir*, although it is hardly within the limits of probability that Colman should ever have heard of Gryllus's play,—("an item to be commended to those," says Furness, "who would detect in Shakespeare traces of his predecessors.") In the play a letter (recalling Armado's), is written by an old downy village-schoolmaster, named Sempronius, and a young girl, Celestina, one of the heroines of the piece. It is in Italian and is translated for Celestina's benefit by her miller, who explains that, in her youth, while

embroidery in a Convent, she had at odd minutes picked up the language from the nuns. It is as follows: "I *languire* in the Hospital of Love, into which your cruel beauty has *introduxit* me; as a patient longs for nothing more than for his healer, *ita ego vehementer opto* only one minute of your *clementia* which you are not wont to refuse to cats and dogs. Otherwise, let the tailor make a garment for my hope, which is nothing but skin and bone; because I am firmly resolved, in the first boat which Charon dispatches to the *Campis Elysæis*, to betake myself thither, *ubi veteri respondet amore Sichaëus*.

"Avert this, if possible, and accept greetings from him,

who kisses the ground,  
 where grew the grass,  
 devoured by the ox,  
 from whose hide was made  
 the soles of your shoes,  
 Titus Sempronius,  
 Caji Filius,  
 Cornelii Nepos,  
 Sexti Abnepos."

This is not so very remote, surely, from Armado's "I do affect the very ground (which is base) where her shoe (which is baser) guided by her foot (which is basest) doth tread."

W. A. B. Hertzberg, (*Liebes Leid und Lust*.—Berlin, 1869) however, believes that this play of Andreas Gryphius's is a version of the English (Shakespeare's) Play.

Such are some of the reasons why it seems to me that the author of *Love's Labour's Lost* was more familiar with matters of State and society, unfamiliar to Queen Elizabeth's courtiers—than William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon could have been—at the required date—and that the question stated at the

outset—viz: did William Shakespeare compose  
he merely “newly correct and augment” this p  
toward the solution of which it is that these  
less desultory notes are grouped—and this is  
not—in an age when we are riddling all othe  
propositions—unpardonable blasphemy.

ISAAC HULL !





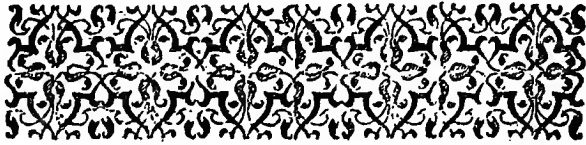




WE, the undersigned, a Committee appointed by *The Shakespeare Society of New York* to confer and report upon a Notation for *The Bankside Edition* of the plays of William Shakespeare, hereby certify that the *Notation* of the present volume: of which five hundred copies only are printed, of which this copy belongs to Set No. 57: is that resolved upon by us, and reported by us to, and adopted by, *The Shakespeare Society of New York*.

Committee { ALVEY A. ADEE, *Chairman*.  
ALBERT R. FREY.  
B. RUSH FIELD.  
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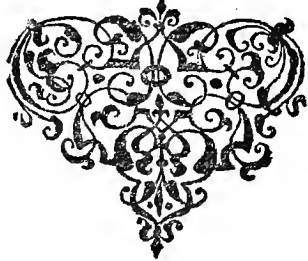




*A*  
**PLEASANT**  
Conceited Comedie  
CALLED,  
Loues labors lost.

As it vvas presented before her Highnes  
this last Christmas.

Newly corrected and augmented  
*By W. Shakespere.*



Imprinted at London by *W.W.*  
for *Cutbert Burby.*  
1598.



LOUES LABOR'S LOST.





## Loues labors loft.

1 *Enter Ferdinand K. of Nauar, Berovvne,*

2 *Longauill, and Dumaine.*

3 *Ferdinand.*

4 **L**ET Fame, that all hunt after in their lyues,  
5 Live regiftered vpon our brazen Tombes,  
6 And then grace vs, in the difgrace of death:  
7 When fpight of cormorant deuoring Time,  
8 Thendeour of this prefent breath may buy:  
9 That honour which fhall bare his fythes keene edge,  
10 And make us heires of all eternitie,  
11 Therefore braue Conquerours, for fo you are,  
12 That warre agaynft your owne affections,  
13 And the hudge armie of the worldes defires.  
14 Our late edict fhall ftrongly ftand in force,  
15 *Nauar* fhall be the wonder of the worlde.  
16 Our Court fhall be a lytle Achademe,  
17 Still and contemplatyue in luying art.  
18 You three, *Berone, Dumaine, and Longauill*  
19 Haue fworne for three yeeres tearme, to liue with me:  
20 My fellow Schollers, and to keep thofe ftatutes  
21 That are recorded in this fedule here.  
22 Your othes are pafte, and now fubfcribe your names:  
23 That his owne hand may ftrike his honour downe,  
24 That violates the fmalleft branch herein,  
25 If you are armed to do, as fworne to do,  
26 Subfcribe to your deepe othes, and keepe it to.  
27 *Longauill.* I am refolued, tis but a thee yeeres fast:  
28 The minde fhall banquet, though the body pine,  
29 Fat paunches have leane pates: and daynty bits  
30 Make rich the ribbes, but banerout quite the wits.



# Loues Labour's loft.

*Actus primus.*

*Enter Ferdinand King of Navarre, Berowne, Longauill, and Dumane.* 1  
2

*Ferdinand.* 3

**L**ET *Fame*, that all hunt after in their liues, 4  
Liue regiftred vpon our brazen Tombes, 5  
And then grace vs in the difgrace of death: 6  
when fpight of cormorant deuouring Time, 7  
Th'endouour of this prefent breath may buy: 8  
That honour which fhall bate his fythes keene edge, 9  
And make vs heyres of all eternitie. 10  
Therefore braue Conquerours, for fo you are, 11  
That warre againft your owne affections, 12  
And the huge Armie of the worlds defires. 13  
Our late edict fhall ftrongly ftand in force, 14  
*Navar* fhall be the wonder of the world. 15  
Our Court fhall be a little Achademe, 16  
Still and contemplatiue in liuing Art. 17  
You three, *Berowne*, *Dumaine*, and *Longauill*, 18  
Haue fworne for three yeeres terme, to liue with me: 19  
My fellow Schollers, and to keepe thofe ftatues 20  
That are recorded in this fcedule heere. 21  
Your oathes are paf, and now fubfcribe your names: 22  
That his owne hand may ftrike his honour downe, 23  
That violates the fmalleft branch heerein: 24  
If you are arm'd to doe, as fworne to do, 25  
Subfcribe to your deepe oathes, and keepe it to, 26  
*Longauill.* I am refoul'd, 'tis but a three yeeres faft: 27  
The minde fhall banquet, though the body pine, 28  
Fat paunches haue leane pates: and dainty bits, 29  
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits. 30

- 31 *Dumaine.* My louing Lord, Dumaine is mortified,  
 32 The groffer manner of thefe worldes delights:  
 33 He throwes vpon the groffe worlds safer flaues  
 34 To loue, to wealth, to pome, I pine and die,  
 35 With all thefe lyming in Philifophie.  
 36 *Berowne.* I can but fay their proteftation ouer  
 37 So much deare Liedge, I haue already forwne,  
 38 That is, to lyue and ftudy heere three yeeres,  
 39 But there are other ftrickt obeferuances:  
 40 As not to fee a woman in that terme,  
 41 Which I hope well is not enrolled there.  
 42 And one day in a weeke to touch no foode:  
 43 And but one meale on euery day befide:  
 44 The which I hope is not enrolled there.  
 45 And then to fleepe but three houres in the nyght,  
 46 And not be feene to wincke of all the day.  
 47 When I was wont to thinke no harme all nyght,  
 48 And make a darke nyght too of halfe the day:  
 49 Which I hope well is not enrolled there.  
 50 O thefe are barraine tasks, too hard to keepe,  
 51 Not to fee Ladyes, ftudy, faft, not fleepe.  
 52 *Ferd.* Your othe is pafte, to paffe away from thefe.  
 53 *Berow.* Let me fay no my liedge, and yf you pleafe.  
 54 I onely fwore to ftudy with your grace.  
 55 And ftay heere in your Court for three yeeres fpace.  
 56 *Longa.* You fwore to that *Berowne*, and to the refte.  
 57 *Bero.* By yea and nay fir, than I fwore in iefte.  
 58 What is the ende of ftudy, let me know?  
 59 *Ferd.* Why that to know which elfe we fhould not know.  
 60 *Ber.* Things hid & hard (you meane) from common  
 fenfe.  
 61 *Ferd.* I, that is ftudies god-like recompence.  
 62 *Bero.* Com'on then, I will fwear to ftudy fo,  
 63 To know the thing I am forbid to know:  
 64 As thus, to ftudy where I well may dine,  
 65 When I to faft expreffely am forbid.  
 66 Or ftudie where to meete fome Miftris fine.  
 67 When Miftreffes from common fenfe are hid.  
 68 Or hauing fworne too hard a keeping oth,  
 69 Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth.



<i>Dumane.</i> My louing Lord, <i>Dumane</i> is mortified,	31
The groffer manner of thefe worlds delights,	32
He throwes vpon the groffe worlds bafer flauces.	33
To loue, to wealth, to pompe, I pine and die,	34
With all thefe liuing in Philofophie.	35
<i>Berowne.</i> I can but fay their proteftation ouer,	36
So much, deare Liege, I haue already fworne,	37
That is, to liue and ftudy heere three yeeres.	38
But there are other ftrict obferuances :	39
As not to fee a woman in that terme,	40
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.	41
And one day in a weeke to touch no foode :	42
And but one meale on euery day befide :	43
The which I hope is not enrolled there.	44
And then to fleepe but three houres in the night,	45
And not be feene to winke of all the day	46
When I was wont to thinke no harme all night,	47
And make a darke night too of halfe the day :	48
Whilch I hope well is not enrolled there.	49
O, thefe are barren tasks, too hard to keepe,	50
Not to fee Ladies, ftudy, faft, not fleepe.	51
<i>Ferd.</i> Your oath is pafte, to paffe away from thefe.	52
<i>Berow.</i> Let me fay no my Liedge, and if you please,	53
I onely fwore to ftudy with your grace,	54
And ftay heere in your Court for three yeeres fpace.	55
<i>Langa.</i> You fwore to that <i>Berowne</i> , and to the reft.	56
<i>Berow.</i> By yea and nay fir, than I fwore in left.	57
What is the end of ftudy, let me know?	58
<i>Fer.</i> Why that to know which elfe wee fhould not	59
know.	60
<i>Ber.</i> Things rid & bard (you meane) fro comon fenfe.	61
<i>Ferd.</i> I, that is ftudies god-like recompence.	62
<i>Bero.</i> Come on then, I will fwear to ftudie fo,	63
To know the thing I am forbid to know :	64
As thus, to ftudy where I well may dine,	65
When I to faft expreffely am forbid.	66
Or ftudie where to meet fome Miftrefle fine,	67
When Miftreffes from common fenfe are hid.	68
Or hauing fworne too hard a keeping oath,	69
Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth.	70

- 31 *Dumaine.* My louing Lord, Dumaine is mortified,  
 32 The groffer manner of thefe worldes delights:  
 33 He throwes vpon the groffe worlds bafer flaues  
 34 To loue, to wealth, to pome, I pine and die,  
 35 With all thefe lyning in Philifophie.  
 36 *Berowne.* I can but fay their proteftation ouer  
 37 So much deare Liedge, I haue already forwne,  
 38 That is, to lyue and ftudy heere three yeeres,  
 39 But there are other ftrickt obeferuances:  
 40 As not to fee a woman in that terme,  
 41 Which I hope well is not enrolled there.  
 42 And one day in a weeke to touch no foode:  
 43 And but one meale on euery day befide:  
 44 The which I hope is not enrolled there.  
 45 And then to fleepe but three houres in the nyght,  
 46 And not be feene to wincke of all the day.  
 47 When I was wont to thinke no harme all nyght,  
 48 And make a darke nyght too of halfe the day:  
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 50 O thefe are barraine tasks, too hard to keepe,  
 51 Not to fee Ladyes, ftudy, faft, not fleepe.  
 52 *Ferd.* Your othe is pafte, to paffe away from thefe.  
 53 *Berow.* Let me fay no my liedge, and yf you pleafe.  
 54 I onely fwore to ftudy with your grace.  
 55 And ftay heere in your Court for three yeeres fpace.  
 56 *Longa.* You fwore to that *Berowne*, and to the reft.  
 57 *Bero.* By yea and nay fir, than I fwore in ieft.  
 58 What is the ende of ftudy, let me know?  
 59 *Ferd.* Why that to know which elfe we fhould not know.  
 60 *Ber.* Things hid & hard (you meane) from common  
 fenfe.  
 61 *Ferd.* I, that is ftudies god-like recompence.  
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 63 To know the thing I am forbid to know:  
 64 As thus, to ftudy where I well may dine,  
 65 When I to faft expreffely am forbid.  
 66 Or ftudie where to meete fome Miftris fine.  
 67 When Miftreffes from common fenfe are hid.  
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 69 Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth.

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The groffer manner of thefe worlds delights,	32
He throwes vpon the groffe worlds bafer flaues.	33
To loue, to wealth, to pompe, I pine and die,	34
With all thefe liuing in Philofophie.	35
<i>Berowne.</i> I can but fay their proteftation ouer,	36
So much, deare Liege, I haue already fworne,	37
That is, to liue and ftudy heere three yeeres.	38
But there are other ftrict obferuances :	39
As not to fee a woman in that terme,	40
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.	41
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When Miftreffes from common fenfe are hid.	68
Or hauing fworne too hard a keeping oath,	69
Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth.	70

- 71 70 If ftudies gaine be thus, and this be fo,  
 71 Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know,  
 72 Swear me to this, and I will nere fay no.  
 73 *Ferd.* Thefe be the ftoppes that hinder ftudie quit,  
 74 And traîne our intelects to vaine delight.  
 75 *Bero.* Why? all delightes are vaine, but that moft vaine  
 76 Which with payne purchaf'd, doth inherite payne.  
 77 As paynefully to poare vpon a Booke,  
 78 To feeke the lyght of trueth, while trueth the whyle  
 79 Doth falſely blinde the eye fight of his looke:  
 81 80 Light feeking light, doth light of light beguyle:  
 81 So ere you finde where light in darknes lyes,  
 82 Your light growes darke by loofing of your eyes.  
 83 Studie me how to pleaſe the eye in deede,  
 84 By fixing it vpon a fayrer eye,  
 85 Who dazling fo that eye ſhalbe his heed,  
 86 And giue him light that it was blinded by.  
 87 Studie is lyke the heauens glorious Sunne,  
 88 That will not be deepe fearcht with fawcie lookes:  
 89 Small haue continuall plodders euerwonne,  
 91 90 Saue base authorite from others Bookes.  
 91 Theſe earthly Godfathers of heauens lights,  
 92 That giue a name to euery fixed Starre,  
 93 Haue no more profite of their fhyning nights,  
 94 Then thoſe that walke and wot not what they are.  
 95 Too much to know, is to know nought but fame:  
 96 And euery Godfather can giue a name.  
 97 *Ferd.* How well hees read to reaſon againſt reading.  
 98 *Dum.* Proceeded well, to ftop all good proceeding.  
 99 *Lon.* He weedes the corne & ftill lets grow the weeding.  
 102 100 *Ber.* The Spring is neare when greene geeſe are a bree-  
 (ding.  
 101 *Duma.* How follows that?  
 102 *Ber.* Fit in his place and tyme.  
 103 *Duma.* In reaſon nothing.  
 104 *Bero.* Something then in rime.  
 105 *Ferd.* Berowne is like an enuiouſ ſneaping Froft  
 106 That bites the firſt borne infants of the Spring.  
 107 *Bero.* Well, fay I am, why ſhould proude Sommer boaſt,  
 108 Before the Birdes haue any cauſe to fing?

If ftudies gaine be thus, and this be fo,	71
Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know,	72
Swear me to this, and I will nere fay no.	73
<i>Ferd.</i> Thefe be the stops that hinder ftudie quite,	74
And traine our intellects to vaine delight.	75
<i>Ber.</i> Why? all delights are vaine, and that moft vaine	76
Which with paine purchas'd, doth inherit paine,	77
As painfully to poare vpon a Booke,	78
To feeke the light of truth, while truth the while	79
Doth falſely blinde the eye-fight of his looke:	80
Light feeking light, doth light of light beguile:	81
So ere you finde where light in darkeneffe lies,	82
Your light growes darke by loſing of your eyes.	83
Studie me how to pleaſe the eye indeede,	84
By fixing it vpon a fairer eye,	85
Who dazling fo, that eye fhall be his heed,	86
And giue him light that it was blinded by.	87
Studie is like the heauens glorious Sunne,	88
That will not be deepe ſearch'd with fawcy looks:	89
Shall haue continuall plodders euer wonne,	90
Sauē baſe authoritie from others Bookes.	91
Theſe earthly Godfathers of heauens lights,	92
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<i>Ferd.</i> <i>Beroune</i> is like an enuious ſneaping Froft,	108
That bites the firſt borne infants of the Spring.	109
<i>Ber.</i> Wel, fay I am, why ſhould proud Summer boaſt.	110
Before the Birds haue any cauſe to ſing?	111

- 109 Why should I ioy in any abhorthiue byrth?  
 113 110 At Chriftmas I no more defire a Rofe,  
 111 Then with a Snow in Mayes new fangled fhowes :  
 112 But like of each thing that in feafon growes.  
 113 So you to ftudie now it is too late,  
 114 Clymbe ore the houfe to vnlocke the little gate.  
 115 *Ferd.* Well, fit you out : go home *Berowne* : a due.  
 116 *Bero.* No my good Lord, I haue fworne to ftay with you.  
 117 And though I haue for barbarifme fpoke more  
 118 Then for that Angell knowledge you can fay,  
 119 Yet confident Ile keepe what I haue fworne,  
 123 120 And bide the pennance of each three yeeres day.  
 121 Giue me the paper, let me reade the fame,  
 122 And to the fricteft decrees Ile write my name.  
 123 *Fer.* How well this yeelding recewes thee from fhame.  
 124 *Ber.* *Item,* That no woman fhall come within a myle of  
 125 my Court. Hath this bin proclaymed?  
  
 126 *Long.* Foure dayes ago.  
 127 *Ber.* Lets fee the penaltie. On payne of loofing her tung.  
  
 128 Who deuif'd this penaltie?  
 129 *Long.* Marrie that did I.  
 135 130 *Bero.* Sweete Lord, and why?  
 131 *Long.* To fright them hence with that dread penaltie.  
 132 A dangerous law againft gentletie.  
 133 *Item,* Yf any man be feene to talke with a woman within  
 134 the tearme of three yeeres he fhall indure fuch publibue  
 135 fhame as the reft of the Court can possible deuife.  
 136 *Ber.* This Article my liedge your felfe muft breake.  
 137 For well you know here comes in Embaffaie.  
 138 The French kings daughter with your felfe to fpeake :  
 139 A Maide of grace and complet maietftie,  
 146 140 About furrender vp of *Aquitaine*,  
 141 To her decrepit, ficke, and bedred Father.  
 142 Therefore this Article is made in vaine,  
 143 Or vainely comesth' admired Princeffe hither.  
 144 *Ferd.* What fay you Lordes? why, this was quite forgot.  
  
 145 *Ber.* So Studie euermore is ouerfhot,

Why fhould I ioy in any abortiue birth?	112
At Christmas I no more defire a Rofe,	113
Then with a Snow in Mayes new fangled fhoves:	114
But like of each thing that in feafon growes.	115
So you to ftudie now it is too late,	116
That were to clymbe ore the houfe to vnlocke the gate.	117
<i>Fer.</i> Well, fit you out: go home <i>Berowne</i> : adue.	118
<i>Ber.</i> No my good Lord, I haue fworn to ftay with you.	119
And though I haue for barbarifme fpoke more,	120
Then for that Angell knowledge you can fay,	121
Yet confident Ile keepe what I haue fworne,	122
And bide the pennance of each three yeares day.	123
Giue me the paper, let me reade the fame,	124
And to the ftrictest decrees Ile write my name.	125
<i>Fer.</i> How well this yeelding refcues thee from fhame.	126
<i>Ber. Item.</i> That no woman fhall come within a mile of my Cōurt.	127 128
Hath this bin proclaimed?	129
<i>Lon.</i> Foure dayes agoe.	130
<i>Ber.</i> Let's fee the penaltie.	131
On paine of loofing her tongue.	132
Who deuif'd this penaltie?	133
<i>Lon.</i> Marry that did I.	134
<i>Ber.</i> Sweete Lord, and why?	135
<i>Lon.</i> To fright them hence with that dread penaltie, A dangerous law againft gentilitie.	136 137
<i>Item,</i> If any man be feene to talke with a woman with- in the tearme of three yeares, hee fhall indure fuch publique fhame as the reft of the Court fhall poffibly deuife.	138 139 140 141
<i>Ber.</i> This Article my Liedge your felfe muft breake, For well you know here comes in Embaffie The <i>French</i> Kings daughter, with your felfe to fpeake:	142 143 144
A Maide of grace and compleate maieftie, About furrender vp of <i>Aquitaine</i> :	145 146
To her decrepit, ficke, and bed-rid Father.	147
Therefore this Article is made in vaine,	148
Or vainly comes th'admired Princeffe hither.	149
<i>Fer.</i> What fay you Lords?	150
Why, this was quite forgot.	151
<i>Ber.</i> So Studie euermore is ouerfhot,	152

- 146 While it doth ftudie to haue what it would,  
 147 It doth forget to do the thing it fhould;  
 148 And when it hath the thing it hunteth moft,  
 149 Tis won as townes with fire, fo won fo loft.  
 157 150 *Fer.* We muft offorce difpence with this Decree,  
 151 Shee muft lie heere on meere neceffitie.  
 152 *Ber.* Neceffitie will make vs all forfworne  
 153 Three thoufand times within this three yeeres fpace:  
 154 For euery man with his affectes is borne,  
 155 Not by might maftred, but by fpECIAL grace.  
 156 If I breake fayth, this word fhall fpeake for me,  
 157 I am forfworne on meere neceffitie.  
 158 So to the Lawes at large I write my name,  
 159 And he that breakes them in the leaft degree,  
 167 160 Standes in attainder of eternal fham.  
 161 Suggeftions are to other as to me:  
 162 But I beleeeue although I feeme fo loth,  
 163 I am the laft that will laft keepe his oth.  
 164 But is there no quicke recreation graunted?  
 165 *Ferd.* Ithat there is, our Court you know is haunted  
 166 With a refined trauailer of Spaine,  
 167 A man in all the worldes new fafhion planted,  
 168 That hath a mint of phrafes in his braine:  
 169 On who the mufique of his owne vaine tongue  
 177 170 Doth rauifh like inchannting harmonie:  
 171 A man of complements whom right and wrong  
 172 Haue chofe as vmpier of their mutenie.  
 173 This childe of Fancie that *Armado* hight,  
 174 For interim to our ftudies fhall relate,  
 175 In high borne wordes the worth of many a Knight:  
 176 From tawnie Spaine loft in the worldes debate.  
 177 How you delight my Lordes I know not I,  
 178 But I proteft I loue to heare him lie,  
 179 And I will vfe him for my Minftrelfie.  
 187 180 *Bero.* *Armado* is a moft illuftrious wight,  
 181 A man of fier new wordes, Fafhions owne knight.  
 182 *Lon.* *Coftard* the fwaine and he, fhallbe our fport,  
 183 And fo to ftudie three yeeres is but fhort,



While it doth ftudy to haue what it would,	153
It doth forget to doe the thing it fhould :	154
And when it hath the thing it hunteth moft,	155
'Tis won as townes with fire, fo won, fo loft.	156
<i>Fer.</i> We muft of force difpence with this Decree,	157
She muft lye here on meere neceffitie.	158
<i>Ber.</i> Neceffity will make vs all forfworne	159
Three thoufand times within this three yeeres fpace :	160
For euery man with his affects is borne,	161
Not by might maftred, but by fppeciall grace.	162
If I breake faith, this word fhall breake for me,	163
I am forfworne on meere neceffitie.	164
So to the Lawes at large I write my name,	165
And he that breakes them in the leaft degree,	166
Stands in attainder of eternal flame.	167
Suggeftions are to others as to me :	168
But I beleeeue although I feeme fo loth,	169
I am the laft that will laft keepe his oth.	170
But is there no quicke recreation granted?	171
<i>Fer.</i> I that there is, our Court you know is hanted	172
With a refined trauailer of <i>Spaine</i> ,	173
A man in all the worlds new fafhion planted,	174
That hath a mint of phrafes in his braine :	175
One, who the muficke of his owne vaine tongue,	176
Doth rauifh like inchanting harmonie :	177
A man of complements whom right and wrong	178
Haue chofe as vmpire of their mutinie.	179
This childe of fancie that <i>Armado</i> hight,	180
For interim to our ftudies fhall relate,	181
In high-borne words the worth of many a Knight :	182
From tawnie <i>Spaine</i> loft in the worlds debate.	183
How you delight my Lords, I know not I,	184
But I proteft I loue to heare him lie,	185
And I will vfe him for my Minftrelfie.	186
<i>Bero.</i> <i>Armado</i> is a moft illuftrious wight,	187
A man of fire, new words, fafhions owne Knight.	188
<i>Lon.</i> <i>Coftard</i> the fwaine and he, fhall be our fport,	189
And fo to ftudie, three yeeres is but fhort.	190

184 *Enter a Conftable with Coftard with a letter.*

185 *Conftab.* Which is the Dukes owne perfon?

186 *Ber.* This fellow, What would'ft?

187 *Conft.* I my felfe reprehend his owne perfon, for I am his  
188 graces Farborough: But I would fee his owne perfon  
189 in flefh and blood.

197 190 *Ber.* This is he.

191 *Conft.* Signeour *Arme Arme* commendes you:

192 Ther's villanie abroad, this letter will tell you more.

193 *Clowne.* Sir the Contempls thereof are as touching me.

194 *Fer* A letter from the magnificent *Armado.*

195 *Bero.* How low fo euer the matter, I hope in God for high  
(words.

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

197 *Ber.* To heare, or forbear hearing.

198 *Lon.* To heare meekely fir, and to laugh moderately, or  
199 to forbear both.

210 200 *Bero.* Well fir, be it as the ftile fhall giue vs caufe to clime  
201 in the merrines.

202 *Clow.* The matter is to me fir, as concerning *Iaquenetta*:  
203 The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

204 *Bero.* In what manner?

205 *Clow.* In manner and forme folowing fir all thofe three.  
206 I was feene with her in the Manner houfe, fitting with her  
207 vppon the Forme, and taken following her into the Parke:  
208 which put together, is in manner and forme following.

220 209 Now fir for the manner, It is the manner of a man to fpeake  
210 to a woman, for the forme in fome forme.

211 *Ber.* For the following fir.

212 *Clow.* As it fhall follow in my correction, and God defend  
213 the right.

214 *Ferd.* Will you heare this Letter with attention?

215 *Bero.* As we would heare an Oracle.

216 *Clow.* Such is the fimplicite of man to harken after the  
flefh

*Enter a Conftable with Coftard a Letter.*

191

*Conft.* Which is the Dukes owne perfon.

192

*Ber.* This fellow, What would'ft?

193

*Con.* I my felfe reprehend his owne perfon, for I am his graces Tharborough: But I would see his own person in flefh and blood.

194

195

196

*Ber.* This is he.

197

*Con.* Signeor *Arme*, *Arme* commends you:

198

Ther's villanie abroad, this letter will tell you more.

199

*Clo.* Sir the Contempts thereof are as touching mee.

200

201

*Fer.* A letter from the magnificent *Armado*.

202

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

203

204

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

205

206

*Ber.* To heare, or forbear hearing.

207

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

208

209

*Ber.* Well fir, be it as the ftile fhall giue vs caufe to clime in the merrineffe.

210

211

*Clo.* The matter is to me fir, as concerning *Iaquenetta*. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

212

213

*Ber.* In what manner?

214

*Clo.* In manner and forme following fir all thofe three. I was feene with her in the Mannor houfe, fitting with her vpon the Forme, and taken following her into the Parke: which put to gether, is in manner and forme following. Now fir for the manner; It is the manner of a man to fpeake to a woman, for the forme in fome forme.

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*Ber.* For the following fir.

222

*Clo.* As it fhall follow in my correction, and God defend the right.

223

224

*Fer.* Will you heare this Letter with attention?

225

*Ber.* As we would heare an Oracle.

226

*Clo.* Such is the fimplicite of man to harken after the flefh.

227

228

- 217 *Ferd.* **G**reat Deputie the welkis Vizgerent, and sole  
 218 Nauar, my foules earthes God, and bodies fostring pa-  
 219 *Coft.* Not a worde of *Coftard* yer.  
 234 220 *Ferd.* So it is.  
 221 *Coft.* It may be fo: but if he fay it is fo, he is telling true:  
 222 but fo.  
 223 *Ferd.* Peace.  
 224 *Clow.* Be to me, and euerie man that dares not fight.  
 225 *Ferd.* No wordes.  
 226 *Clow.* Of other mens fecrets I befeech you.  
 227 *Ferd.* So it is befedged with fable coloured melancholie,  
 228 I did  
 228 commende the blacke oppreffing humour to the moft holfome  
 229 phificke  
 229 of thy health-geuing ayre: And as I am a Gentleman, betooke  
 245 230 *felfe to walke: the time When? about the first houre, When*  
 231 *Beaftes*  
 231 moft grafe, Birdes beft peck, and Men fit downe to that nour-  
 232 *ishment*  
 232 which is called Supper: So much for the time *When.* Now  
 233 *for the*  
 233 ground Which? I meane I walkt vupon, it is ycliped Thy  
 234 *Park.*  
 234 Then for the place *Where? where I meane, I did encounter*  
 235 *that ob-*  
 235 fcene & moft propoftrous euent that draweth fro my fnow-  
 236 *hite pen the*  
 236 ebon coloured Incke, which here thou vieweft, beholdeft,  
 237 *furuayeft, or*  
 237 feeft. But to the place *Where? It ftandeth North North-*  
 238 *east & by*  
 238 East from the Weft corner of thy curious knotted garden;  
 239 *There*  
 239 did I fee that low fpirited Swaine, that bafe Minow of thy  
 256 240 *myrth,*  
 240 (*Clowne. Mee? that vnlettered fmall knowing foule, (Clow.*  
*Mee?)*

	<i>Ferdinand.</i>	229
<b>G</b>	<i>Great Deputie, the Welkins Vicegerent, and sole dominator of Nauar, my foules earths God, and bodies fo- ftring patrone:</i>	230 231
	<i>Coft.</i> Not a vvord of <i>Coftard</i> yet.	233
	<i>Ferd.</i> So it is.	234
	<i>Coft.</i> It may be fo; but if he fay it is fo, he is in telling true: but fo.	235 236
	<i>Ferd.</i> Peace.	237
	<i>Clow.</i> Be to me, and euery man that dares not fight.	238
	<i>Ferd.</i> No words,	239
	<i>Clow.</i> Of other mens fecrets I befeech you.	240
	<i>Ferd.</i> So it is befieged with fable coloured melancholie, I	241
	<i>did commend the blacke oppressing humour to the moft whole- fome Phyficke of thy health-giuing ayres And as I am a Gentleman, betoke my felfe to walke: the time When? about the fixt houre, When beafts moft graze, birds best pecke, and men fit downe to that nourifhment which is called fupper: So much for the time When. Now for the ground Which? which I meane I walkt vpon, it is ycliped, Thy Parke. Then for the place Where? where I meane I did encounter that obscene and moft prepofterous euent that draweth from my fnow-white pen the ebon coloured Inke, which heere thou vieweft, beholdeft, furuayeft, or feeft. But to the place Where? It standeth North North-eaft and by Eaft from the Weft corner of thy curious knotted garden; There did I fee that low fpiri- ted Swaine, that bafe Minow of thy myrth, (Clown. Mee?) that vnletered fmall knowing foule, (Clow. Me?) that fhallow</i>	242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256

- 241 *that fhallow vaffall (Clown. Still mee.) which as I remem-*  
*ber,*  
 242 *hight Coftard, (Clow. O mee) fortend and confortend contrary*  
*to*  
 243 *thy eftablifhed proclaymed Edict and continent Cannon:*  
*Which*  
 244 *with o with, but with this I paffion to fay wherewith:*  
 245 *Clo. With a Wench.*  
 246 *Ferd. With a childe of our Grandmother Eue, a female;*  
*or for thy*  
 247 *more fweete vnderftanding a Woman: him, I (as my euer*  
*efteemed*  
 248 *duetie prickes me on) haue fent to thee, to receiue the meede*  
*of pu-*  
 249 *nifhment by thy fweete Graces Gfficer Anthonie Dull, a man*  
*of*  
 266 250 *good reput, carriage bearing, and eftimation.*  
 251 *Antho. Me ant fhall pleafe you? I am Anthony Dull.*  
 252 *Ferd. For laquenetta (fo is the weaker veffell called)*  
*which I*  
 253 *apprehended vwith the aforefaid Svvaime, I keepe hir as a*  
*veffell of*  
 254 *thy Lavves furie, and fhall at the leaft of thy fvveere notice,*  
*bring*  
 255 *hir to tryall. Thine in all complements of denoted and hart*  
*burning*  
 256 *heate of duetie.*  
 257 *Don Adriano de Armado.*  
 258 *Ber. This is not fo well as I looked for, but the beft that*  
 259 *euer I heard.*  
 276 260 *Fer. I the beft, for the woft. But firra, What fay you to*  
*this?*  
 261 *Clo. Sir I confeffe the Wench.*  
 262 *Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation?*  
 263 *Clo. I do confeffe much of the hearing it, but little of the*  
 264 *marking of it.*  
 265 *Fer. It was proclaymed a yeeres imprifonment to be ta-*  
 266 *ken with a Wench.*  
 267 *Clo. I was taken with none fir, I was taken with a Demfel.*  
 268 *Fer. Well, it was proclaimed Damfel.*

<b>1623</b>	<i>Loues Labour's Loft</i>	19
<i>vaffall. (Clow. Still mee?) which as I remember, hight Co-</i>		257
<i>ftard, (Clow. O me) fortied and confortied contrary to thy e-</i>		258
<i>ftablifhed proclaymed Edict and Continet, Cannon: Which</i>		259
<i>with, owith, but with this I passion to fay wherewith:</i>		260
<i>Clo. With a Wench.</i>		261
<i>Ferd. With a childe of our Grandmother Eue, a female;</i>		262
<i>or for thy more fweet vnderftanding a woman: him, I (as my</i>		263
<i>euer eftemed dutie prickes me on) haue fent to thee, to receive</i>		264
<i>the meed of punishment by thy fweet Graces Officer Anthony</i>		265
<i>Dull, a man of good repete, carriage, bearing, &amp; estimation.</i>		266
<i>Anth. Me, an't fhall pleafe you? I am Anthony Dull.</i>		267
<i>Ferd. For Iaquenetta (fo is the weaker veffel called)</i>		268
<i>which I apprehended with the aforefaid Swaine, I keeper her</i>		269
<i>as a veffel of thy Lawes furie, and fhall at the leaft of thy</i>		270
<i>fweet notice, bring her to triall.. Thine in all complements of</i>		271
<i>deuoted and heart-burning heat of dutie.</i>		272
	Don Adriana de Armado.	273
<i>Ber. This is not fo well as I looked for, but the beft</i>		274
<i>that euer I heard.</i>		275
<i>Fer. I the beft, for the worft. But firra, What fay you</i>		276
<i>to this?</i>		277
<i>Clo. Sir I confeffe the Wench.</i>		278
<i>Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation?</i>		279
<i>Clo. I doe confeffe much of the hearing it, but little</i>		280
<i>of the marking of it.</i>		281
<i>Fer. It was proclaimed a yeeres imprifoment to bee</i>		282
<i>taken with a Wench.</i>		283
<i>Clow. I was taken with none fir, I was taken vvith a</i>		284
<i>Damofell.</i>		285
<i>Fer. Well, it was proclaimed Damofell.</i>		286

- 269 *Clo.* This was no Damfel neither fir, fhe was a Virgin.
- 289 270 *Ber.* It is fo varried to, for it was proclaimed Virgin.  
 271 *Clo.* If it were, I denie her Virginitie: I was taken with a  
 272 Maide.  
 273 *Fer.* This Maide will not ferue your turne fir.  
 274 *Col.* This Maide will ferue my turne fir.  
 275 *Fer.* Sir I will pronounce your fentence: You fhall faft a  
 276 weeke with Branne and Water.  
 277 *Clo.* I had rather pray a month with Mutton & Porridge.
- 278 *Fer.* And *Don Armado* fhall be your keeper.  
 279 My Lord *Berovvne*, fee him deliuered ore,  
 300 280 And goe we Lordes to put in practife that,  
 281 Which each to other hath fo ftrongly fworne.  
 282 *Bero.* Ile lay my Head to any good mans Hat,  
 283 Thefe othes and lawes will proue an idle fcorne,  
 284 Surra, Come on.  
 285 *Clo.* I fuffer for the trueth fir: for true it is, I was taken  
 286 with *Iaquenetta*, and *Iaquenetta* is a trew girle, and therefore  
 287 welcome the fower Cup of profferie, affliccio may one day  
 288 fmile againe, and till then fit thee downe forrow. *Exeunt.*
- 289 *Enter Armado and Moth his page.*  
 311 290 *Armado.* Boy, What figne is it when a man of great fpi-  
 291 rite growes melancholy?  
 292 *Boy.* A great figne fir that he will looke fadd.  
 293 *Ar.* Why? fadnes is one & the felfe fame thing deare imp.  
 294 *Boy.* No, no, O Lord fir no.  
 295 *Arm.* How canft thou part fadnes and melancholy, my  
 296 tender Iuuenall?  
 297 *Boy.* By a familier demonftration of the working, my  
 298 tough figneor.  
 299 *Arma.* Why tough figneor? Why tough figneor?  
 322 300 *Boy.* Why tender iuuenall? Why tender iuuenall?  
 301 *Arm.* I fpoke it tender iuuenal, as a congruent apethaton  
 302 appertaining to thy young dayes, which we may nominate  
 303 tender.  
 304 *Boy.* And I tough figneor, as an appertinent title to your  
 305 olde time, which we may name tough.



<i>Clo.</i> This was no Damofell neyther fir, fhee was a Virgin.	287
<i>Fer.</i> It is fo varried to, for it was proclaimed Virgin.	288
<i>Clo.</i> If it were, I denie her Virginitie: I was taken with a Maide.	289
<i>Fer.</i> This Maid will not ferue your turne fir.	290
<i>Clo.</i> This Maide will ferue my turne fir.	291
<i>Kin.</i> Sir I will pronounce your fentence: You fhall faft a Weeke with Branne and water.	292
<i>Clo.</i> I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton and Porridge.	293
<i>Kin.</i> And <i>Don Armado</i> fhall be your keeper.	294
My Lord <i>Berowne</i> , fee him deliuer'd ore,	295
And goe we Lords to put in practice that,	296
Which each to other hath fo ftrongly fworne.	297
<i>Bero.</i> Ile lay my head to any good mans hat,	298
Thefe oathes and lawes will proue an idle fcorne.	299
Sirra, come on.	300
<i>Clo.</i> I fuffer for the truth fir: for true it is, I was taken with <i>Iaquenetta</i> , and <i>Iaquenetta</i> is a true girle, and therefore welcome the fowre cup of prosperitie, affliction may one day fmile againe, and vntil then fit downe forrow.	301
<i>Exit.</i>	302
<i>Enter Armado and Moth his Page.</i>	303
<i>Arma.</i> Boy, What figne is it when a man of great fpirit growes melancholy?	304
<i>Boy.</i> A great figne fir, that he will looke fad.	305
<i>Brag.</i> Why fadneffe is one and the felfe-fame thing deare impe.	306
<i>Boy.</i> No no, O Lord fir no.	307
<i>Brag.</i> How canft thou part fadneffe and melancholy my tender <i>Iuuenall</i> ?	308
<i>Boy.</i> By a familiar demonftration of the working, my tough figure.	309
<i>Brag.</i> Why tough signeur? Why tough signeur?	310
<i>Boy.</i> Why tender <i>Iuuenall</i> ? Why tender <i>Iuuenall</i> ?	311
<i>Brag.</i> I fpoke it tender <i>Iuuenall</i> , as a congruent apathaton, appeartaining to thy young daies, which we may nominate tender.	312
<i>Boy.</i> And I tough figure, as an appertinent title to your olde time, which we may name tough.	313
	314
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- 306 *Arma.* Prettie and apt.  
 307 *Boy.* How meane you fir, I prettie, and my faying apt?  
 308 or I apt, and my faying prettie?  
 309 *Arma.* Thou prettie becaufe little.  
 332 310 *Boy.* Little prettie, becaufe little: wherefore apt.  
 311 *Arma.* And therefore apt, becaufe quicke.  
 312 *Boy.* Speake you this in my praife Maifter?  
 313 *Arma.* In thy condigne praife.  
 314 *Boy.* I will praife an Eele with the fame praife.  
 315 *Arma.* What ? that an Eele is ingenious.  
 316 *Boy.* That an Eele is quicke.  
 317 *Arma.* I do fay thou art quicke in anfweres. Thou heatst  
 318 my blood.  
 319 *Boy.* I am anwerd fir.  
 342 320 *Arma.* I loue not to be croft.  
 321 *Boy.* He fpeakes the meer contrarie, croffes loue not him.  
 322 *Ar.* I haue promifed to ftudie three yeeres with the duke.  
 323 *Boy.* You may do it in an houre fir  
 324 *Arma.* Impossible.  
 325 *Boy.* How many is one thrice tolde?  
 326 *Arm.* I am ill at reckning, it fitteth the fpirit of a Tapfter.  
 327 *Boy.* You are a Gentleman and a Gamfter fir.  
 328 *Arma.* I confeffe both, they are both the varnifh of a com-  
 329 pleat man.  
 352 330 *Boy.* Then I am fure you know how much the groffe  
 331 fumme of deuf-ace amountes to.  
 332 *Arm.* It doth amount to one more then two.  
 333 *Boy.* Which the bafe vulgar do call three.  
 334 *Arma.* True.  
 335 *Boy.* Why fir is this fuch a peece of ftudie? Now heere  
 is  
 336 three ftudied ere yele thrice wincke: and how eafie it is to  
 337 put yeeres to the worde three, and ftudie three yeeres in two  
 338 wordes, the dauncing Horfe will tell you.  
 339 *Arm.* A moft fine Figure.  
 361 340 *Boy.* To proue you a Cypher.  
 341 *Arm.* I will hereupon confeffe I am in loue: and as it is  
 342 bafe for a Souldier to loue; fo am I in loue with a bafe wench.  
 343 If drawing my Sword againft the humor of affection would  
 344 deliuer me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take

<i>Brag.</i> Pretty and apt.	328
<i>Boy.</i> How meane you fir, I pretty, and my faying apt? or I apt, and my faying prettie?	329 330
<i>Brag.</i> Thou prettie becaufe little.	331
<i>Boy.</i> Little pretty, becaufe little: wherefore apt?	332
<i>Brag.</i> And therefore apt, becaufe quicke.	333
<i>Boy.</i> Speake you this in my praife Mafter?	334
<i>Brag.</i> In thy condigne praife.	335
<i>Boy.</i> I will praife an Eele with the fame praife.	336
<i>Brag.</i> What? that an Eele is ingenuous.	337
<i>Boy.</i> That an Eele is quicke.	338
<i>Brag.</i> I doe fay thou art quick in anweres. Thou heat'ft my bloud.	339 340
<i>Boy.</i> I am anwer'd fir.	341
<i>Brag.</i> .I loue not to be croft.	342
<i>Boy.</i> He fpeakes the mere contrary, croffes loue not him.	343
<i>Br.</i> I haue promis'd to ftudy iij. yeres with the Duke.	344
<i>Boy.</i> You may doe it in an houre fir.	345
<i>Brag.</i> Impoffible.	346
<i>Boy.</i> How many is one thrice told?	347
<i>Br.</i> I am ill at reckning, it fits the fpirit of a Tapfter.	348
<i>Boy.</i> You are a gentleman and a gamefter fir.	349
<i>Brag.</i> I confeffe both, they are both the varnifh of a compleat man.	350 351
<i>Boy.</i> Then I am fure you know how much the groffe fumme of deuf-ace amounts to.	352 353
<i>Brag.</i> It doth amount to one more then two.	354
<i>Boy.</i> Which the bafe vulgar call three .	355
 <i>Br.</i> True. <i>Boy.</i> Why fir is this fuch a peece of ftudy?	 356
 Now here's three ftudied, ere you'll thrice wink, & how eafie it is to put yeres to the word three, and ftudy three yeeres in two words, the dancing horfe will tell you.	 357 358 359
<i>Brag.</i> A moft fine Figure.	360
<i>Boy.</i> To proue you a Cypher.	361
<i>Brag.</i> I will heereupon confeffe I am in loue: and as it is bafe for a Souldier to loue; fo am I in loue with a bafte wench. If drawing my fword againft the humour of affection, would deliuer mee from the reprobate	362 363 364 365

345 Defire prifoner, and ranfome him to anie French Courtier  
 346 for a new deuifde cuifie. I thinke fcorne to figh, mee thinks  
 347 I fhould outfweare *Cupid*. Comfort mee Boy, What great  
 348 men haue bin in loue?

349 *Boy.* *Hercules* Maifter.

372 350 *Arm.* Moft fweete *Hercules*: more authoritie deare Boy.  
 351 name more; and fweete my childe let them be men of good  
 352 repute and carriage.

353 *Boy.* *Sampfion* Maifter, he was a man of good carriage,  
 354 great carriage: for he carried the Towne-gates on his backe  
 355 like a Porter: and he was in loue.

356 *Arm.* Owel knit *Sampfion*, ftrong ioynted *Sampfion*; I do  
 excel

357 thee in my rapier, as much as thou didft me in carrying gates.  
 358 I am in loue too. Who was *Sampfions* loue my deare Moth?

359 *Boy.* A woman, Maifter.

383 360 *Arm.* Of what complexion?

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

363 *Arm.* Tell me precifely of what complexion?

364 *Boy.* Of the fea-water Greene fir.

365 *Arm.* Is that one of the foure complexions?

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

367 *Arm.* Greene in deede is the colour of Louers: but to  
 368 haue a loue of that colour, mee thinkes *Sampfion* had fmall  
 369 reafon for it. He purely affected her for her wit.

393 370 *Boy.* It was fo fir, for fhe had a greene wit.

371 *Arm.* My. loue is moft immaculate white and red.

372 *Boy.* Moft maculate thoughts Maifter, are maskt vnder  
 373 fuch colours.

374 *Ar.* Define, define, well educated infant.

375 *Boy.* My fathers wit, and my mothers tongue asift me.

376 *Ar.* Sweet inuocation of a child, moft pretty & pathetical.

377 *Boy.* Yf fhe be made of white and red,

378 Her faultes will nere be knowne:

379 For blufh-in cheekes by faultes are bred,

405 380 And feares by pale white fhowne:

thought of it, I would take Defire prifoner, and ranfome	366
him to any French Courtier for a new deuiss'd curtifie. I	367
thinke fcorne to figh, me thinke I fhould out-fweare	368
<i>Cupid</i> . Comfort me Boy, What great men haue beene	369
in loue?	370
Boy. <i>Hercules</i> Mafter.	371
<i>Brag</i> . Moft fweete <i>Hercules</i> more authority deare	372
Boy, name more; and fweet my childe let them be men	373
of good repute and carriage.	374
Boy. <i>Sampfon</i> Mafter, he was a man of good carriage,	375
great carriage: for hee carried the Towne-gates on his	376
backe like a Porter: and he was in loue.	377
<i>Brag</i> . O well-knit <i>Sampfon</i> , ftrong joynted <i>Sampfon</i> ;	378
I doe excell thee in my rapier, as much as thou didft mee	379
in carrying gates. I am in loue too. Who was <i>Sampfons</i>	380
loue my deare <i>Moth</i> ?	381
Boy. A Woman, Mafter.	382
<i>Brag</i> . Of what complexion?	383
Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one	384
of the four	385
<i>Brag</i> . Tell me precifely of what complexion?	386
Boy. Of the fea-water Greene fir.	387
<i>Brag</i> . Is that one of the foure complexions?	388
Boy. As I haue read fir, and the beft of them too.	389
<i>Brag</i> . Greene indeed is the colour of Louers: but to	390
haue a Loue of that colour, methinkes <i>Sampfon</i> had fmall	391
reafon for it. He furely affected her for her wit.	392
Boy. It was fo fir, for fhe had a greene wit.	393
<i>Brag</i> . My Loue is moft immaculate white and red.	394
Boy. Moft immaculate thoughts Mafter, are mask'd	395
vnder fuch colours.	396
<i>Brag</i> . Define, define, well educated infant.	397
Boy. My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue affift	398
mee.	399
<i>Brag</i> . Sweet inuocation of a childe, moft pretty and	400
pathetical	401
Boy. If fhee be made of white and red,	402
Her faults will nere be knowne:	403
For blufh in cheekes by faults are bred,	404
And feares by pale white fhowne:	405

381 Then of the feare, or be to blame.  
 382 By this you fhall not know,  
 383 Eor ftill her cheekes poffeffe the fame,  
 384 Which natiue the doth owe  
 385 A dangerous rime maifter againft the reafon of white & red.

386 *Ar.* Is there not a Ballet Boy, or the King & the Begger?

387 *Boy.* The worlde was very guiltie of fuch a Ballet fome  
 388 three ages fince, but I thinke now tis not to be found: or if it  
 389 were, it would neither ferue for the writing, nor the tune.

418 390 *Ar.* I will haue that fubiect newly writ ore, that I may  
 391 example my digrefion by fome mightie pedefent. Boy,  
 392 I do loue, that Countrey girle that I tooke in the Parke  
 393 with the rational hinde *Coftard*: the deferues well.

394 *Boy.* To be whipt: and yet a better loue then my maifter.

395 *Ar.* Sing Boy, My fpirit growes heauie in loue.

396 *Boy.* And thats great maruaile, louing a light Wench.

397 *Ar.* I fay fing.

398 *Boy.* Forbeare till this companie be paft.

429 399 Enter *Clowne*, *Conftable*, and *Wench*.

400 *Conftab.* Sir, the Dukes pleafure is that you keepe *Coftard*  
 401 fafe, and you muft fuffer him to take no delight, nor no pe-  
 402 nance, but a muft faft three dayes a weeke: for this Damfell  
 403 I muft keepe her at the Parke, the is alowde for the Day  
 404 womand. Fare you well.

405 *Ar.* I do betray my felfe with blufhing: Maide.

406 *Maide.* Man.

407 *Ar.* I will vifit thee at the Lodge.

408 *Maid.* Thats hereby.

409 *Ar.* I know where it is fituat.

440 410 *Ma.* Lord how wife you are.

411 *Ar.* I will tell thee wonders.

412 *Ma.* With that face.

413 *Ar.* I loue thee.

Then if she feare, or be to blame, 406  
 By this you shall not know, 407  
 For still her cheekes poffesse the fame, 408  
 Which nature she doth owe: 409

A dangerous rime mafter against the reason of white  
 and redde. 410

*Brag.* Is there not a ballet Boy, of the King and the  
 Begger? 411  
 412  
 413

*Boy.* The world was very guilty of such a Ballet some  
 three ages since, but I thinke now 'tis not to be found: or  
 if it were, it would neither serue for the writing, nor the  
 tune. 414  
 415  
 416  
 417

*Brag.* I will haue that subiect newly writ ore, that I  
 may example my digression by some mighty president. 418  
 419

*Boy.* I doe loue that Countrey girle that I tooke in  
 the Parke with the rationall hinde *Coftard*: she deserues  
 well. 420  
 421  
 422

*Boy.* To bee whip'd: and yet a better loue then my  
 Mafter. 423  
 424

*Brag.* Sing Boy, my spirit grows heauy in ioue. 425

*Boy.* And that's great maruell, louing a light wench. 426

*Brag.* I fay fing. 427

*Boy.* Forbeare till this company be past. 428

*Enter Clowne, Conftable, and Wench.* 429

*Conft.* Sir, the Dukes pleasure, is that you keepe *Co-*  
*ftard* safe, and you must let him take no delight, nor no  
 penance, but hee must fast three daies a weeke: for this  
 Damfell, I must keepe her at the Parke, shee is allowed for  
 the Day woman. Fare you well. *Exit* 430  
 431  
 432  
 433  
 434

*Brag.* I do betray my selfe with blushing: Maide. 435

*Maid.* Man. 436

*Brag.* I wil visit thee at the Lodge. 437

*Maid.* That's here by. 438

*Brag.* I know where it is situate. 439

*Mai.* Lord how wife you are! 440

*Brag.* I will tell thee wonders. 441

*Ma.* With what face? 442

*Brag.* I love thee 443

- 414 *Ma.* So I heard you fay.  
 415 *Ar.* And fo farewell.  
 416 *Ma.* Faire weather after you.  
 417 *Clo.* Come *Iaquenetta*, away. *Exeunt.*  
 418 *Ar.* Villaine, thou fhalt faft for thy offences ere thou be  
 419 pardoned.  
 450 420 *Clo.* Well fir I hope when I do it, I fhall do it on a full  
 421 ftomacke.  
 422 *Ar.* Thou fhalt be heauely punifhed.  
 423 *Clo.* I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they  
 424 are but lightly rewarded.  
 425 *Ar.* Take away this villaine, fhut him vp.  
 426 *Boy.* Come you tranfgrefing flaue, away.  
 427 *Clo.* Let me not be pent vp fir, I will faft being loofe.  
 428 *Boy.* No fir, that were faft and loofe: thou fhalt to prifon.
- 461 429 *Clo.* Well, if euer I do fee the merry dayes of defolation  
 430 that I haue feene, fome fhall fee.  
 431 *Boy.* What fhall fome fee?  
 432 *Clo.* Nay nothing M. *Moth*, but what they looke vppon.  
 433 It is not for prifoners to be too filent in their wordes, and  
 434 therefore I will fay nothing: I thanke God I haue as little pa-  
 435 tience as an other man, & therefore I can be quiet. *Exit.*
- 436 *Arm.* I do affect the verie ground (which is bafe) where  
 her  
 437 fhoo (which is bafet) guided by her foote (which is bafet)  
 438 doth tread. I fhall be forfworne (which is a great argument  
 439 of falfehood) if I loue. And how can that be true loue,  
 which  
 475 440 is falfe attempted? Loue is a familiar; Loue is a Diuell.  
 441 There is no euill angel but Loue, yet was *Sampfon* fo temp-  
 442 ted and he had an excellent ftrength: Yet was *Salomon* fo  
 443 feduced, and he had a very good wit. *Cupids* Butthaft is too  
 444 hard for *Hercules* Clubb, and therefore too much oddes for a  
 445 Spaniards Rapier: The firft and fecond caufe will not ferue  
 446 my turne: the *Pafsado* he refpects not, the *Duella* he regards  
 447 not; his difgrace is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to fub-  
 448 due men. A due Valoure, ruft Rapier, be ftill Drum, for your



<i>Mai.</i> So I heard you say	444
<i>Brag.</i> And fo farewell.	445
<i>Mai.</i> Faire weather after you.	446
<i>Clo.</i> Come <i>Iaquenetta</i> , away.	<i>Exeunt</i> 447
<i>Brag.</i> Villaine, thou fhalt faft for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.	448 449
<i>Clo.</i> Well fir, I hope when I doe it, I fhall doe it on a full ftomacke.	450 451
<i>Brag.</i> Thou fhalt be heuily punifhed.	452
<i>Clo.</i> I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are lightly rewarded.	453 454
<i>Clo.</i> Take away this villaine, fhut him vp.	455
<i>Boy.</i> Come you tranfgreffing flave, away.	456
<i>Clow.</i> Let mee not bee pent vp fir, I will faft being loofe.	457 458
<i>Boy.</i> No fir, that were faft and loofe: thou fhalt to prifon.	459 460
<i>Clow.</i> Well, if euer I do fee the merry dayes of defo- lation that I haue feene, fome fhall fee.	461 462
<i>Boy.</i> What fhall fome fee?	463
<i>Clow.</i> Nay nothing, Mafter <i>Moth</i> , but what they looke vpon. It is not for prifoners to be filent in their words, and therefore I will fay nothing: I thanke God, I haue as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet.	464 465 466 467 468
<i>Brag.</i> I doe affect the very ground (which is bafe)	<i>Exit.</i> 469
where her fhooe (which is bafe) guided by her foote (which is bafeft) doth tread. I fhall be forfworn (which ia a great argument of falshood) if I loue. And how can	470 471 472
that be true loue, which is falfly attempted? Loue is a fa- miliar, Loue is a Diuell. There is no euill Angell but Loue, yet <i>Sampfon</i> was fo tempted, and he had an excel- lent ftrength: Yet was <i>Solomon</i> fo deduced, and hee had a very good witte. <i>Cupids</i> Butshaft is too hard for Her- cules Clubbe, and therefore too much ods for a Spa- niards Rapier: The firft and fecond caufe will not ferue my turne: the <i>Paffado</i> hee repects not, the <i>Duello</i> he regards not; his difgrace is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to fubdue men. Adué Valour, ruft Rapier, bee	473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482

449 manager is in loue; yea he loueth, Asfift me fome extempo-  
 484 450 rall God of Rime, for I am fure I fhall turne Sonnet. Deuife  
 451 Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. *Exit.*

452 *Enter the Princeffe of Fraunce, with three*  
 453 *attending Ladies and three Lordes.*

454 *Boyet.* Now Maddame fummon vp your deareft fpirrits,  
 455 Cofider who the King your father fendes:  
 456 To whom he fendes, and whats his Embasfie.  
 457 Your felfe, helde precious in the worldes efteeme,  
 458 To parlee with the fole inheritoure  
 459 Of all perfektions that a man may owe,  
 496 460 Matchles *Nauar*, the plea of no leffe weight,  
 461 Then *Aquitaine* a Dowrie for a Queene.  
 462 Be now as prodigall of all Deare grace,  
 463 As Nature was in making Graces deare,  
 464 When fhe did ftarue the generall world befide,  
 465 And prodigally gaue them all to you.  
 466 *Queene.* Good L. *Boyet*, my beautie though but meane,  
 467 Needes not the painted florifh of your prayfe:  
 468 Beautie is bought by iudgement of the eye,  
 469 Not vttered by bafe fale of chapmens tongues:  
 506 470 I am leffe proude to heare you tell my worth,  
 471 Then you much willing to be counted wife,  
 472 In fpending your Wit in the prayfe of mine.  
 473 But now to tafke the tafker, good *Boyet*,  
 474 You are not ignorant all telling fame  
 475 Doth noyfe abroad *Nauar* hath made a Vow,  
 476 Till painefull ftudie fhall outweare three yeeres,  
 477 No Woman may approch his filent Court:  
 478 Therefore to's feemeth it a needful courfe,  
 479 Before we enter his forbidden gates,

ftill Drum, for your manager is in loue; yea hee loueth. 483  
 Affist me fome extemporall god of Rime, for I am sure 484  
 shall turn Sonnet. Devise Writ, write Pen, for I am for 485  
 whole volumes in folio. *Exit.* 486

*Finis Actus Primus.* 487

*Actus Secunda.*

*Enter the Princeffe of France, with three attending Ladies,* 488  
*and three Lords.* 489

*Boyet.* Now Madam fummon vp your deareft fpirits, 490  
 Confider who the King your father fends: 491  
 To whom he fends, and what's his Embaffie. 492  
 Your felfe, held precious in the words efteeme, 493  
 To parlee with the fole inheritour 494  
 Of all perfections that a man may owe, 495  
 Matchleffe *Nauarre*, the plea of no leffe weight 496  
 Then *Aquitaine*, a Dowrie for a Queene. 497  
 Be now as prodigagli of all deare grace, 498  
 As Nature was in making Graces deare, 499  
 When fhe did ftarue the generall world befide 500  
 And prodigally gaued them all to you, 501  
*Queen.* Good L. *Boyet*, my beauty though but mean, 502  
 Needs not the painted flourifh of your praife: 503  
 Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye, 504  
 Not vttered by bafe fale of chapmens tongues: 505  
 I am leffe proud to heare you tell my worth, 506  
 Then you much wiling to be counted wife, 507  
 In fpending your wit in the praife of mine. 508  
 But now to taske the tasker, good *Boyet*, 509  
*Prin.* You are not ignorant all-telling fame 510  
 Doth noyfe abroad *Nauar* hath made a vow, 511  
 Till painefull ftudie fhall out-weare three yeares, 512  
 No woman may approach his filent Court: 513  
 Therefore to's feemeth it a needful courfe, 514  
 Before we enter his forbidden gates, 515

- 516 480 To know his pleafure; and in that behalfe  
 481 Bold of your worthines, we fingle you,  
 482 As our beft mouing faire foliciter:  
 483 Tell him, the Daughter of the King of France  
 484 On ferious bufines crauing quicke difpatch,  
 485 Importuous perfonall conference with his grace.  
 486 Hafte, fignifie fo much while we attende,  
 487 Like humble vifage Suters his high will.  
 488 *Boy.* Proud of imployment, willingly I go. *Exit Boy.*  
 489 *Prince.* All pride is willing pride, and yours is fo:  
 526 490 Who are the Votaries my louing Lordes, that are vowfel-  
 491 lowes with this vertuous Duke?  
 492 *Lor.* *Longauill* is one.  
 493 *Princ.* Know you the man?  
 494 1. *Lady.* I know him Maddame at a marriagefeaft,  
 495 Betweene *L. Perigort* and the bewtious heire  
 496 Of *Iaques Fauconbridge* folemnized.  
 497 In *Normandie* faw I this *Longauill*,  
 498 A man of foueraigne peereffe he is efteemd:  
 499 Well fitted in artes, glorious in armes:  
 536 500 Nothing becoms him ill that he would well.  
 501 The onely foyle of his fayre vertues glofe,  
 502 If vertues glofe will ftaine with any foyle,  
 503 Is a fharpe Wit matcht with too blunt a Will:  
 504 Whofe edge hath power to cut whofe will ftill wils,  
 505 It fhould none fpare, that come within his power.  
 506 *Prin.* Some merrie mocking Lord belike, ift fo?  
 507 *Lad.* They fay fo moft, that moft his humors know.  
 508 *Prin.* Such fhort liued wits do wither as they grow.  
 509 Who are the reft?  
 546 510 2. *Lad.* The young *Dumaine*, a well accomplifht youth,  
 511 Of all that Vertue loue, for Vertue loued,  
 512 Moft power to do moft harme, leaft knowing ill:  
 513 For he hath wit to make an ill fhape good,  
 514 And fhape to win grace though he had no wit.  
 515 I faw him at the Duke *Alanfoes* once,  
 516 And much too little of that good I faw,  
 517 Is my report to his great worthines.  
 518 3. *Lad.* An other of thefe Studentes at that time,  
 519 Was there with him, if I haue heard a truth.

To know his pleafure, and in that behalfe	516
Bold of your worthineffe, we fingle you,	517
As our beft mouing faire foliciter :	518
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,	519
On ferious bufineffe crauing quicke difpatch,	520
Importunes perfonall conference with his grace.	521
Hafte, fignifie fo much while we attend,	522
Like humble vifag'd futers his high will.	523
<i>Boy.</i> Proud of imployment, willingly I goe,	<i>Exit.</i> 524
<i>Prin.</i> All pride is willing pride, and yours is fo :	525
Who are the Votaries my louing Lords, that are vow fellowes with this vertuous Duke?	526
	527
<i>Lor.</i> <i>Longauill</i> is one.	528
<i>Princ.</i> Know you the man?	529
<i>i Lady.</i> I know him Madame at a marriage feaft,	530
Between <i>L. Perigort</i> and the beautilous heire	531
Of <i>Iaques Fauconbridge</i> folmnized.	532
In <i>Normandie</i> faw I this <i>Longauill</i>	533
A man of foueraigne parts he is esteem'd :	534
Well fitted in Arts glorious in Armes :	535
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.	536
The onely foyle of his faire vertues gloffe,	537
If vertues gloffe will ftaine with any foile,	538
Is a fharp wit match'd with too blunt a Will :	539
Whofe edge hath power to cut whofe will ftill wills,	540
It fhould none fpare that come within his power.	541
<i>Prin.</i> Some merry mocking Lord belike, ift fo?	542
<i>Lad.</i> 1. They fay fo moft, that moft his humors know.	543
<i>Prin.</i> Such fhort liu'd wits do wither as they grow.	544
Who are the reft?	545
2. <i>Lad.</i> The yong <i>Dumaine</i> , a well accomplifht youth;	546
Of all that Vertue loue, for Vertue loued.	547
Moft power to doe moft harme, leaft knowing ill :	548
For he hath wit to make an ill fhape good,	549
And fhape to win grace though fhe had no wit.	550
I faw him at the Duke <i>Alanfoes</i> ones,	551
And much too little of that good I faw,	552
Is my report to his great worthineffe.	553
<i>Roffa.</i> Another of thefe Students at that time,	554
Was there with him, as I haue heard a truth.	555

- 556 520 *Berowne* they call him, but a merrier man,  
 521 Within the limit of becomming mirth,  
 522 I neuer spent an houres talke withall.  
 523 His eye begets occasion for his wit,  
 524 For euery obiect that the one doth catch,  
 525 The other turnes to a mirth-moouing left.  
 526 Which his fayre tongue (conceites expofiter)  
 527 Deliuers in fuch apt and gracious wordes,  
 528 That aged eares play treuant at his tales.  
 529 And younger hearings are quite rauifhed.
- 566 530 So fweete and voluble is his difcourfe.  
 531 *Prin.* God bleffe my Ladyes, are they all in loue?  
 532 That euery one her owne hath garnifhed,  
 533 With fuch bedecking ornaments of praife.  
 534 *Lord.* Heere comes *Boyet.* *Enter Boyet.*
- 535 *Prin.* Now, What admittance Lord?  
 536 *Boyet.* *Nauar* had notice of your faire approach,  
 537 And he and his competitours in oth,  
 538 Were all addrest to meete you gentle Lady  
 539 Before I came: Marrie thus much I haue learnt,  
 577 540 He rather meanes to lodge you in the feelde,  
 541 Like one that comes heere to befiedge his Court,  
 542 Then feeke a difpenfation for his oth:  
 543 To let you enter his vnpeeled houfe.
- 544 *Enter Nauar, Longauill, Dumaine, & Berowne.*  
 545 *Bo.* Heere comes *Nauar.*  
 546 *Nauar.* Faire Princeffe, Welcome to the court of *Nauar.*  
 547 *Prin.* Faire I giue you backe againe, and welcome I haue  
 548 not yet: the rooffe of this Court is too high to be yours, and  
 549 welcome to the wide fieldes too bafe to be mine.
- 588 550 *Nau.* You fhall be welcome Madame to my Court.  
 551 *Prin.* I wil be welcome then, Conduct me thither.  
 552 *Nau.* Heare me deare Lady, I haue fworne an oth,  
 553 *Prin.* Our Lady helpe my Lord, he'll be forfworne.

<i>Berowne</i> they call him, but a merrier man,	556
Within the limit of becomming mirth,	557
I neuer spent an houres talke withall.	558
His eye begets occasion for his wit,	559
For euery obiect that the one doth catch,	560
The other turnes to a mirth-mouing ieft.	561
Which his faire tongue (conceits expofitor)	562
Deliuers in fuch apt and gracious words,	563
That aged eares play treuant at his tales,	564
And yonger hearings are quite rauifhed.	565
So fweet and voluble is his difcourfe.	566
<i>Prin.</i> God bleffe my Ladies, are they all in loue?	567
That euery one here owne hath garnifhed,	568
With fuch bedecking ornaments of praife.	569
<i>Ma.</i> Heere comes Boyet.	570

*Enter Boyet.* 571

<i>Prin.</i> Now, what admittance Lord?	572
<i>Boyet.</i> <i>Nauar</i> had notice of your faire approach;	573
And he and his competitors in oath,	574
Were all addrest to meete you gentle Lady	575
Before I came: Marrie thus much I haue learnt,	576
He rather meanes to lodge you in the field,	577
Like one that comes heere to befiege his Court,	578
Then feeke a difpenfation for his oath:	579
To let you enter his vnpeopled houfe.	580

*Enter Nauar, Longauill, Dumaine, and Berowne.* 581

Heere comes <i>Nauar</i> .	582
<i>Nau.</i> Faire Princeffe, welcom to the Court of <i>Nauar</i> .	583
<i>Prin.</i> Faire I giue you backe againe, and welcome I	584
haue not yet: the rooffe of this Court is too high to bee	585
yours, and welcome to the wide fields, too bafe to be	586
mine.	587
<i>Nau.</i> You fhall be welcome Madam to my Court.	588
<i>Prin.</i> I wil be welcome then, Conduct me thither.	589
<i>Nau.</i> Heare me deare Lady, I haue fworne an oath.	590
<i>Prin.</i> Our Lady helpe my Lord, he'll be forfworne.	591

- 554 *Nau.* Not for the worlde faire Madame, by my will.  
 555 *Prin.* Why, will fhall breake it will, and nothing els.  
 556 *Nau.* Your Ladifhyp is ignoraunt what it is.  
 557 *Prin.* Were my Lord fo, his ignoraunce wefe wife,  
 558 Where now his knowledge muft proue ignorance.  
 559 I heare your grace hath fworne out Houfekeeping:  
 598 560 Tis deadlie finne to keepe that oath my Lord,  
 561 And fin to breake it: but pardon me, I am too fodaine bold,  
  
 562 To teach a teacher ill befeemeth mee.  
 563 Vouchfafe to read the purpofe of my comming,  
 564 And fodainelie refolue mee in my fuite.  
 565 *Nau.* Madame I will, if fodainelie I may.  
 566 *Prin.* You will the fooner that I were awaie,  
 567 For youle proue periurde if you make me ftaie.  
 568 *Berowne.* Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?  
 569 *Kather.* Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?  
 609 570 *Ber.* I know you did.  
 571 *Kath.* How needles was it then to afke the queftion?  
 572 *Ber.* You muft not be fo quicke.  
 573 *Kath.* Tis long of you that fpur me with fuch queftions.  
 574 *Ber.* Your wit's too hot, it fpeedes too faft, twill tire.  
 575 *Kath.* Not till it leaue the rider in the mire.  
 576 *Ber.* What time a day?  
 577 *Kath.* The houre that fooles fhould afke.  
 578 *Ber.* Now faire befall your mafke.  
 579 *Kath.* Faire fall the face it couers.  
 619 580 *Ber.* And fend you manie louers.  
 581 *Kath.* Amen, fo you be none.  
 582 *Ber.* Nay then will I be gon.  
 583 *Ferd.* Madame, your father heere doth intimate,  
 584 The payment of a hundred thoufand Crownes,  
 585 Being but the one halfe of, of an intire fumme,  
 586 Disburfed by my father in his warres.  
 587 But fay that he, or we, as neither haue  
 588 Receiud that fumme, yet there remaines vnpaide  
 589 A hundred thoufand more, in furetie of the which,  
 629 590 One part of *Aquitaine* is bound to vs,  
 591 Although not valued to the monies worth.  
 592 If then the King your father will reftore.



<i>Nau.</i> Not for the world faire Madam, by my will.	592
<i>Prin.</i> Why, will fhall breake it will, and nothing els	593
<i>Nau.</i> Your Ladifhip is ignorant what it is.	594
<i>Prin.</i> Were my Lord fo, his ignorance were wife,	595
Where now his knowledge muft proue ignorance.	596
I heare your grace hath fworne out Houfeekeeping:	597
'Tis deadily finne to keepe that oath my Lord,	598
And finne to break it:	599
But pardon me, I am too fodaine bold,	600
To teach a Teacher ill befeemeth me.	601
Vouchfafe to read the purpofe of my comming,	602
And fodainly refolue me in my fuite.	603
<i>Nau.</i> Madam, I will, if fodainly I may.	604
<i>Prin.</i> You will the fooner that I were away,	605
For you'll proue periur'd if you make me ftay.	606
<i>Berow.</i> Did not I dance with you in <i>Brabant</i> once?	607
<i>Rofa.</i> Did not I dance with you in <i>Brabant</i> once?	608
<i>Ber.</i> I know you did.	609
<i>Rofa.</i> How needleffe was it then to ask the queftion?	610
<i>Ber.</i> You muft not be fo quicke.	611
<i>Rofa.</i> 'Tis long of you y fpur me with fuch queftions.	612
<i>Ber.</i> You wit's too hot, it fpeeds too faft, 'twill tire.	613
<i>Rofa.</i> Not till it leaue the Rider in the mire.	614
<i>Ber.</i> What time a day?	615
<i>Rofa.</i> The howre that fooles fhould afke.	616
<i>Ber.</i> Now faire befall you maske.	617
<i>Rofa.</i> Faire fall the face it couers.	618
<i>Ber.</i> And fend you many louers.	619
<i>Rofa.</i> Amen, fo you be none.	620
<i>Ber.</i> Nay then will I be gone.	621
<i>Kin.</i> Madame, your father heere doth intimate,	622
The paiement of a hundred thoufand Crownes,	623
Being but th'one halfe, of an intire fumme,	624
Disburfed by my father in his warres.	625
But fay that he, or we, as neither haue	626
Receiud that fumme; yet there remaines vnpaid	627
A hundred thoufand more: in furety of the which,	628
One part of <i>Aquitaine</i> is bound to vs,	629
Although not valued to the moneys worth.	630
If then the King your father will reftore	631

593 But that one halfe which is vnſatisfied,  
 594 We will giue vp our right in *Aquitaine*,  
 595 And holde faire faiendſhip with his Maieſtie,  
 596 But that it fees he little purpofeth:  
 597 For here he doth pemaund to haue repaide,  
 598 A hundred thouſand Crownes, and not demaunds  
 599 One paiment of a hundred thouſand Crownes,  
 639 600 To hau his title liue in *Aquitaine*.  
 601 Which we much rather had depart with all,  
 602 And haue the money by our father lent,  
 603 Then *Aquitaine*, fo guelded as it is.  
 604 Deare Princeſſe were not his requeſtes fo farr  
 605 From reaſons yeelding, your faire ſelfe ſhould make  
 606 A yeelding gainſt ſome reaſon in my brest,  
 607 And go well ſatisfied to France againe.  
 608 *Prin.* You do the King my father too much wrong,  
 609 And wrong the reputation of your name,  
 649 610 In fo vnſeeming to confeſſe receipt,  
 611 Of that which hath fo faithfully been paide.  
 612 *Ferd.* I do proteſt I neuer heard of it:  
 613 And if you proue it, Ile repay it backe,  
 614 Or yeelde vp *Aquitaine*.  
 615 *Prine.* We arreſt your worde.  
 616 *Boyet* you can produce acquittances,  
 617 For ſuch a ſumme from ſpeciall officers,  
 618 Of *Charles* his father.  
 619 *Ferd.* Satisfie mee fo.  
 659 620 *Boyet.* So pleaſe your Grace, the packet is not come,  
 621 Where that and other ſpecialties are bound:  
 622 To morrow you ſhall haue a fight of them.  
 623 *Ferd.* It ſhall ſuffice me; at which enteruiew  
 624 All liberall reaſon I will yeelde vnto.  
 625 Meane time receiue ſuch welcome at my hand,  
 626 As honor (without breach of honor) may,  
 627 Make tender of to thy true worthines.  
 628 You may not come (faire Princeſſe) within my gates.  
 629 But here without you ſhalbe fo receiude,  
 669 630 As you ſhall deeme your ſelfe lodgd in my hart.  
 631 Though fo denide faire harbour in my houſe,  
 632 Your owne good thoughtes excuſe me, and farewell.

But that one halfe which is vnfatisfied, 632  
 We will giue vp our right in *Aquitaine*. 633  
 And hold faire friendfhip with his Maieftie: 634  
 But that it fees he little purpofeth, 635  
 For here he doth demand to haue repaie, 636  
 An hundred thoufand Crownes, and not demands 637  
 One paiement of a hundred thoufand Crownes, 638  
 To haue his title liue in *Aquitaine*. 639  
 Which we much rather had depart withall, 640  
 And haue the money by our father lent, 641  
 Then Aquitane, fo guelded as it is. 642  
 Deare Princeffe, were not his requests fo farre, 643  
 From reafons yeelding, your faire felfe fhould make 644  
 A yeelding 'gainft fome reafon in my breft, 645  
 And goe well fatisfied to *France* againe. 646  
*Prin.* You doe the King my Father too much wrong, 647  
 And wrong the reputation of your name, 648  
 In fo unfeeming to confeffe receyt 649  
 Of that which hath fo faithfully beene paid. 650  
*Kin.* I doe proteft I neuer heard of it, 651  
 And if you proue it, Ile repay it backe, 652  
 Or yeeld vp *Aquitaine*. 653  
*Prin.* We arreft your word: 654  
*Boyet*, you can produce acquittances 655  
 For fuch a fumme, from fpecial Officers, 656  
 Of *Charles* his Father. 657  
*Kin.* Satisfie me fo. 668  
*Boyet.* So pleafe your Grace, the packet is not come 659  
 Where that and other fpecialties are bound, 660  
 To morrow you fhall haue a fight of them. 661  
*Kin.* It fhall fuffice me; at which interview, 662  
 All liberall reafon would I yeeld vnto: 663  
 Meane time, receiue fuch welcome at my hand, 664  
 As Honour, without breach of Honour may 665  
 Make tender of, to thy true worthineffe. 666  
 You may not come faire Princeffe in my gates, 667  
 But heere without you fhall be fo receiu'd, 668  
 As you fhall deeme your felfe lodg'd in my heart, 669  
 Though fo deni'd farther harbour in my houfe: 670  
 Your owne good thoughts excufe me, and farewell, 671

- 633 To morow fhall we vifite you againe.  
 634 *Pri.* Sweete health and faire defires confort your grace.  
 635 *Na.* Thy owne with with I thee in euery place. *Exit*  
 636 *Ber.* Ladie I will commend you to my none hart.  
 637 *Rof.* Pray you, do my commendations, I would be glad  
 638 to fee it.  
 639 *Ber.* I would you heard it grone.  
 679 640 *Rof.* Is the foole ficke.  
 641 *Ber.* Sicke at the hart.  
 642 *Rof.* Alacke, let it blood.  
 643 *Bar.* Would that do it good?  
 644 *Rof.* My Phificke faies I.  
 645 *Ber.* Will you prickt with your eye.  
 646 *Rof.* *No poynt*, with my knife,  
 647 *Ber.* Now God faue thy life.  
 648 *Rof.* And yours from long liuing.  
 649 *Ber.* I cannot ftay thanks giuing. *Exit*
- 689 650 *Enter Dumaine.*  
 651 *Dum.* Sir, I pray you a word, What Ladie is that fame?  
 652 *Boyet.* The heire of *Alanfon*, *Rofalin* her name.  
 653 *Dum.* A gallant Lady *Mounfir*, fare you wel. *Exit.*  
 654 *Longauill.* I befecch you a word, What is fhe in the  
 white?  
 655 *Boyet.* A woman fometimes, and you faw her in the light.  
 656 *Lon.* Perchance light in the light. I defire her name?  
 657 *Bo.* She hath but one for her felfe, to defire that were a  
 fhame.  
 658 *Lon.* Pray you fir, Whofe daughter?  
 659 *Bo.* Her mothers, I haue heard.  
 700 660 *Lon.* Gods bleffing on your beard.  
 661 *Bo.* Good fir be not offended, She is an heire of *Falcon-*  
*bridge.*  
 662 *Lon.* Nay my coller is ended. She is a moft fweet Ladie.  
 663 *Bo.* Not vnlike fir, that may be. *Exit Longauit.*
- 664 *Enter Berowne.*  
 665 *Bero.* Whats her name in the capp?  
 666 *Boy.* *Katherin* by good happ.

To morrow we fhall vifit you againe.	672
<i>Prim.</i> Sweet health & faire defires confort grace.	673
<i>Kin.</i> Thy own wifh wifh I thee, in euery place. <i>Exit.</i>	674
<i>Boy.</i> Lady, I will commend you to my owne heart.	675
<i>La. Ro.</i> Pray you doe my commendations	676
I would be glad to fee it.	677
<i>Boy.</i> I would you heard it grone.	678
<i>La. Ro.</i> Is the foule ficke?	679
<i>Boy.</i> Sicke at the heart.	680
<i>La. Ro.</i> Alacke, let it bloud.	681
<i>Boy.</i> Would that doe it good?	682
<i>La. Ro.</i> My Phificke faies I.	683
<i>Boy.</i> Will you prick't with your eye.	684
<i>La. Ro.</i> No <i>poynt</i> , with my knife.	685
<i>Boy.</i> Now God faue thy life.	686
<i>La. Ro.</i> And yours from long liuing.	687
<i>Ber.</i> I cannot ftay thankf-giuing.	<i>Exit.</i> 688

*Enter Dumane.* 689

<i>Dum.</i> Sir, I pray you a word: What Lady is that fame?	690
<i>Boy.</i> The heire of <i>Alanfon</i> , <i>Rofalm</i> her name.	691
<i>Dum.</i> A gallant Lady, Mounfier fare you well.	692
<i>Long.</i> I befpeeche you a word: what is fhe in the white?	693
<i>Boy.</i> A woman fometimes, if you faw her in the light.	694
<i>Long.</i> Perchance light in the light: I defire her name.	695
<i>Boy.</i> Shee hath but one for her life,	696
To defire that were a fhame.	697

<i>Long.</i> Pray you fir, whofe daughter?	698
<i>Boy.</i> Her Mothers, I haue heard.	699
<i>Long.</i> Gods bleffing a your beard.	700
<i>Boy.</i> Good fir be not offended.	701
Shee is an heyre of <i>Faulconbridge</i> .	702
<i>Long.</i> Nay, my choller is ended:	703
Shee is a moft fweet Lady.	<i>Exit. Long.</i> 704
<i>Boy.</i> Not vnlike fir, that may be.	705

*Enter Beroune.* 706

<i>Ber.</i> What's her name in the cap.	707
<i>Boy.</i> <i>Katherine</i> by good hap.	708

- 667 *Ber.* Is she wedded or no?  
 668 *Bo.* If my *obferuation* (which very feldom lyes  
 669 *Ber.* O you are welcome fir, adew.  
 712 670 *Boy.* Farewell to me fir, and welcome to you. *Exit Bero.*  
 671 *Lady Maria.* That laft is *Berowne*, the merrie madcap L.  
 672 Not a word with him but a ieft,  
 673 *Boy.* And euery ieft but a word.  
 674 *Prin.* It was well done of you to take him at his word.  
 675 *Boy.* I was as willing to grapple as he was to boord.  
 676 *Lady Ka.* Two hot Sheepes marie.  
 677 *Bo.* And wherefore not Shipps?  
 678 No Sheepe (fweete Lambe) vnleffe we feede on your lippes.  
 679 *La.* You Sheepe and I pafure: fhall that finish the ieft?  
 722 680 *Bo.* So you graunt pafure for me.  
 681 *Lad.* Not fo gentle Beaft.  
 682 My lippes are no Common, though feuerall they be.  
 683 *Bo.* Belonging to whom?  
 684 *La.* To my fortunes and mee.  
 685 *Prin.* Good witts will beiangling, but gentles agree,  
 686 This ciuill warre of wittes were much better vfed  
 687 On *Nauar* and his Bookmen, for heere tis abufed.  
 688 *Bo.* If my obferuation which very feldom lyes)  
 689 By the hartes ftil rethoricke, difclofed with eyes.  
 732 690 Deceau me not now, *Nauar* is infected.  
 691 *Prin.* With what?  
 692 *Bo.* With that which we Louers intitule Affected.  
 693 *Prin.* Your reafon.  
 694 *Bo.* Why all his behauiours did make their retire,  
 695 To the court of his eye, peeping thorough defier.  
 696 His hart like an Agot with your print impreffed,  
 697 Proud with his forme, in his eye pride expreffed.  
 698 His tongue all impacient to fpeake and not fee,  
 699 Did ftumble with hafte in his ey-fight to bee,  
 742 700 All fences to that fence did make their repaire,  
 701 To feele only looking on faireft of faire:  
 702 Mee thought all his fenfes were lokt in his eye,  
 703 As Iewels in Chrifftall for fome Prince to buy, glaft  
 704 Who tendring their owne worth from where they were  
 705 Did poynt you to buy them along as you paf.  
 706 His faces owne margent did coate fuch amazes,

<i>Ber.</i> Is she wedded, or no.	709
<i>Boy.</i> To her will fir, or fo.	710
<i>Ber.</i> You are welcome fir, adiew.	711
<i>Boy.</i> Fare well to me fir, and welcome to you.	<i>Exit.</i> 712
<i>La. Ma.</i> That laft is Beroune, the mery mad-cap Lord.	713
Not a word with him, but a ieft.	714
<i>Boy.</i> And euery ieft but a word.	715
<i>Pri.</i> It was well done of you to take him at his word.	716
<i>Boy.</i> I was as willing to grapple, as he was to boord.	717
<i>La. Ma.</i> Two hot Sheepes marie:	718
And wherefore not Ships?	719
<i>Boy.</i> No Sheepe (fwet Lamb) vnleffe we feed on your lips.	720
<i>La.</i> You Sheep and I pasture: fhall that finifh the ieft?	721
<i>Boy.</i> So you grant pasture for me.	722
<i>La.</i> Not fo gentle beaft.	723
My lips are no Common, though feuerall they be.	724
<i>Bo.</i> Belonging to whom?	725
<i>La.</i> To my fortunes and me.	726
<i>Prin.</i> Good wits will be iangling, but gentles agree.	727
This ciuill warre of wits were much better ufed.	728
On <i>Nauar</i> and his bookemen, for heere 'tis abus'd.	729
<i>Bo.</i> If my obferuation (which very feldome lies	730
By the hearts ftill rhetoricke, difclofed with eyes)	731
Deceiue me not now, <i>Nauar</i> is infected.	732
<i>Prin.</i> With what?	733
<i>Bo.</i> With that which we Louers intitle affected.	734
<i>Prin.</i> You reafon.	735
<i>Bo.</i> Why all his behauiours doe make their retire,	736
To the court of his eyes, peeping thorough defire.	737
His hart like an Agot with your print impreffed,	738
Proud with his forme, in his eie pride expreffed.	739
His tongue all impatient to fpeake and not fee,	740
Did ftumble with hafte in his eie-fight to be.	741
All fences to that fence did make their repaire,	742
To feele onely looking on faireft of faire.	743
Me thought all his fences were lockt in his eye,	744
As Jewels in Chrifftall for fome Prince to buy.	(glaft, 745
Who tending their own worth from whence they were	746
Did point out to buy them along as you paff.	747
His faces owne margent did coate fuch amazes,	748

- 707 That all eyes faw his eyes inchaunted with gazes.  
 708 Ile giue you *Aquitaine*, and all that is his,  
 709 And you giue him for my fake but one louing kiffe.  
 752 710 *Prin.* Come, to our Paultion, *Boyet* is difpofde  
 711 *Bo.* But to fpeake that in words, which his eie hath difclofd  
 712 I onelie haue made a mouth of his eie,  
 713 By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.  
 714 *Lad.* Thou art an old Loue monger, & fpeakeft fkilfully.
- 715 *Lad.2.* He is *Cupids* Graundfather, and learnes newes  
 716 of him.  
 717 *Lad. 3.* Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is  
 718 but grim.  
 719 *Boy.* Do you heare my mad Wenches?  
 763 720 *Lad.* No.  
 721 *Boy.* What then, do you fee?  
 722 *Lad.* I, our way to be gone.  
 723 *Boy.* You are too hard for mee *Exeunt omnes.*

724 Enter *Braggart* and his *Boy*

- 725 *Bra.* Warble child make pafionate my fenfe of hearing.  
 726 *Boy.* Concolinel.  
 727 *Brag.* Sweete Ayer, go tendernes of yeeres, take this Key,  
 728 giue enlargement to the Swaine, bring him feftinatly hither,  
 729 I muft employ him in a letter to my loue.
- 776 730 *Boy.* Maifter, will you win youd loue with a french  
 braule?  
 731 *Brag.* How meanft thou? brawling in French.  
 732 *Boy.* No my complet Maifter, but to liagge off a tune at  
 733 the tongues ende, canarie to it with your feete, humour it  
 734 with turning vp your eylids, figh a note and fing a note  
 fom-  
 735 time through the throate, if you fwallowed loue with fing-  
 736 ing loue fometime through: nofe as if you fnuffe vp loue by  
 737 fmelling loue with your hat penthoufe like ore the fhop of



That all eyes faw his eies enchanted with gazes.	749
Ile giue you <i>Aquitaine</i> , and all that is his,	750
And you giue him for my fake, but one louing <i>Kiffe</i> .	751
<i>Prin.</i> Come to our <i>Pauillion</i> , <i>Boy</i> et is difpofde.	(clos'd, 752)
<i>Bro.</i> But to fpeak that in words, which his eie hath dif-	753
I onelie haue made a mouth of his eie	754
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.	755
<i>Lad. Ro.</i> Thou art an old <i>Loue-monger</i> , and fpeakeft	756
skilfully.	757
<i>Lad. Ma.</i> He is <i>Cupids</i> Grandfather, and learnes news	758
of him.	759
<i>Lad. 2.</i> Then was <i>Venus</i> like her mother, for her fa-	760
ther is but grim.	761
<i>Boy.</i> Do you heare my mad wenches?	762
<i>La. 1.</i> No.	763
<i>Boy.</i> What then, do you fee?	764
<i>Lad. 2.</i> I, our way to be gone.	765
<i>Boy.</i> You are too hard for me.	<i>Exeunt. omnes.</i> 766

*Actus Tertius.**Enter Broggart and Boy.*

767

*Song.*

768

*Brag.* Warble childe, make paffionate my fenfe of hearing.

769

770

*Boy.* Concolinel.

771

*Brag.* Sweete Ayer, go tenderneffe of yeares: take this Key, giue enlargement to the fwaine, bring him feftinctly hither: I muft imploy him in a letter to my Loue.

772

773

774

775

*Boy.* Will you win your loue with a French braule?

776

*Bra.* How meaneft thou, brauling in French?

777

*Boy.* No my complete mafter, but to digge off a tune at the tongues end, canarie to it with the feete, humour it with turning vp your eie: fing a note and fing a note,

778

779

780

fometime through the throate: if you fwallowed loue with finging, loue fometime through: nofe as if you fnuft vp loue by fmelling loue with your hat penthoufe-

781

782

783

- 738 your eyes with your armes croft on your thinbellies dolet  
 739 like a Rabbet on a fpit, or your handes in your pocket like a  
 786 740 man after the olde painting, and keepe not too long in one  
 741 tune, but a fnip and away: thefe are complements, thefe  
 742 are humours, thefe betraie nice wenches that would be be-  
 743 traied without thefe, and make them men of note: do you  
 744 note men that moft are affected to thefe.
- 745 *Brag.* How haft thou purchafed this experience?  
 746 *Boy.* By my penne of obferuation.  
 747 *Brag.* But o but o.  
 748 *Boy.* The Hobbie-horfe is forgot.  
 749 *Brag.* Calft thou my loue Hobbi-horfe.  
 797 750 *Boy.* No Maifter, the Hobbi-horfe is but a colt, and your  
 751 loue perhaps, a hacknie: But haue you forgot your Loue?
- 752 *Brag.* Almoft I had.  
 753 *Boy.* Necligent ftudent, learne her by hart.  
 754 *Brag.* By hart, and in hart boy.  
 755 *Boy.* And out of hart Maifter: all thofe three I will  
 756 proue.  
 757 *Brag.* What wilt thou proue?  
 758 *Boy.* A man, if I liue (and this) by, in, and without, vpon  
 the
- 759 infant: by hart you loue her, becaufe your hart cannot come  
 808 760 by her: in hart you loue her, becaufe your hart is in loue  
 761 with her: and out of hart you loue her being out of hart  
 762 that you cannot enioy her.  
 763 *Brag.* I am all thefe three.  
 764 *Boy.* And three times as much more, and yet nothing  
 765 at all.  
 766 *Brag.* Fetch hither the Swaine, he muft carrie me a letter.
- 767 *Boy.* A meffage well fimpathifd, a Horfe to be embaffa-  
 768 doure for an Affe.  
 769 *Brag.* Ha ha, What faieft thou.  
 819 770 *Boy.* Marrie fir, you muft fend the Affe vpon the Horfe,  
 771 for he is verie flow gated: but I go.  
 772 *Brag.* The way is but fhort, away.  
 773 *Boy.* As fwift as Lead fir.

like ore the fhop of your eies, with your arms croft on	784
your thinbellie doublet, like a Rabbet on a fpit, or your	785
hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting,	786
and keepe not too long in one tune, but a fnip and away:	787
theſe are complements, theſe are humours, theſe betraie	788
nice wenches that would be betrayed without theſe, and	789
make them men of note: do you note men that moſt are	790
affected to theſe?	791
<i>Brag.</i> How haſt thou purchaſed this experience?	792
<i>Boy.</i> By my penne of obferuation.	793
<i>Brag.</i> But O, but O.	794
<i>Boy.</i> The Hobbie-horſe is forgot.	795
<i>Bra.</i> Cal'ft thou my loue Hobbie-horſe.	796
<i>Boy.</i> No Maſter, the Hobbie-horſe is but a Colt, and	797
and your Loue perhaps, a Hacknie:	798
But haue you forgot your Loue?	799
<i>Brag.</i> Almoſt I had.	800
<i>Boy.</i> Negligent ſtudent, learne her by heart.	801
<i>Brag.</i> By heart, and in heart Boy.	802
<i>Boy.</i> And out of heart Maſter: all thoſe three I will	803
proue.	804
<i>Brag.</i> What wilt thou proue?	805
<i>Boy.</i> A man, if I liue (and this) by, in, and without, vp-	806
on the infant: by heart you loue her, becauſe your heart	807
cannot come by her: in heart you loue her, becauſe your	808
heart is in loue with her: and out of heart you loue her,	809
being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.	810
<i>Brag.</i> I am all theſe three.	811
<i>Boy.</i> And three times as much more, and yet nothing	812
at all.	813
<i>Brag.</i> Fetch hither the Swaine, he muſt carrie mee a	814
letter.	815
<i>Boy.</i> A meſſage well ſimpathis'd, a Horſe to be em-	816
baffadour for an Affe.	817
<i>Brag.</i> Ha, ha, What ſaieſt thou?	818
<i>Boy.</i> Marrie fir, you muſt fend the Affe vpon the Horſe	819
for he is verie flow gated: but I goe.	820
<i>Brag.</i> The way is but fhort, away.	821
<i>Boy.</i> As ſwift as Lead fir.	822

- 774 *Brag.* The meaning prettie ingenius, is not Lead a mettall  
 775 heauie, dull, and flow?  
 776 *Boy.* Minnime honest Maifter, or rather Maifter no.  
 777 *Brag.* I fay Lead is flow.  
 778 *Boy.* You are too fwift fir to fay fo.  
 779 Is that Lead flow which is fierd from a Gunne?  
 829 780 *Brag.* Sweete fmoke of Rhetorike,  
 781 He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet thars hee:  
 782 Ifhoote thee at the Swaine.  
 783 *Boy.* Thump then, and I flee.  
 784 *Brag.* A most acute Iuueuall, volable and free of grace.  
 785 By thy fauour fweete Welkin, I must fight in thy face:  
 786 Most rude melancholie, Valour giues thee place.  
 787 My Herald is returned.
- 788 Enter *Page* and *Clowne*.  
 789 *Pag.* A wonder Maifter, Heers a *Costard* broken in a shiꝛ
- 840 790 *Ar.* Some enigma, fome riddle, come, thy *Lenuoy* begin  
 791 *Clo.* No egma, no riddle, no *lenuoy*, no *faue*, in thee  
 male fir.  
 792 O fir, Plantan, a pline Plantan: no *lenuoy*, no *lenuoy*, no *Salue*  
 793 fir, but a Plantan.  
 794 *A.* By vertue thou inforceft laughter, thy fillie thought.  
 795 my spleene, the heauing of my lungs prouokes me to redi-  
 796 culous fmyling: O pardone me my ftarres, doth the incon-  
 797 siderate take *faue* for *lenuoy*, and the word *lenuoy* for a  
*faue*?
- 798 *Pag.* Do the wife thinke them other, is not *lenuoy* a *faue*?  
 799 *A.* No Page, it is an epilogue or difcourfe to make plaine,  
 853 800 Some obfeure prefedence that hath tofore bin faine.  
 801 I will example it.  
 802 The Fox, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,  
 803 Were ftill at oddes being but three.  
 804 Ther's the morrall: Now the *lenuoy*.  
 805 *Pag.* I will adde the *lenuoy*, fay the morrall againe.  
 806 *Ar.* The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,  
 807 Were ftill at oddes, being but three.  
 808 *Pag.* Vntill the Goofe came out of doore.  
 809 And ftaied the oddes by adding foure.

<i>Brag.</i> Thy meaning prettie ingenuious, is not Lead a mettall heauie, dull, and flow?	823
	824
<i>Boy.</i> <i>Minnime</i> honeft Mafter or rather Mafter no.	825
<i>Brad.</i> I fay Lead is flow.	826
<i>Boy.</i> You are too fwift fir to fay fo.	827
Is that Lead flow which is fir'd from a Gunne?	828
<i>Brag.</i> Sweete fmoke of Rhetorike	829
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's he:	830
I fhoot thee at the Swaine.	831
<i>Boy.</i> Thump then, and I flee.	832
<i>Bra.</i> A moft acute Iuuenall, voluble and free of grace,	833
By thy fauour fweet Welkin, I muft figh in thy face.	834
Moft rude melancholie, Valour giues thee place.	835
My Herald is return'd.	836

*Enter Page and Clowne.*

	837
<i>Pag.</i> A wonder Mafter, here's a Coffard broken in a fhin.	838
	839
<i>Ar.</i> Some enigma, fome riddle, come, thy Lenuoy begin.	840
	841
<i>Clo.</i> No egma, no riddle, no lenuoy, no falue, in thee male fir. Or fir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan: no <i>lenuoy</i> , no <i>lenuoy</i> , no Salue fir, but a Plantan.	842
	843
	844
<i>Ar.</i> By vertue thou inforceft laughter, thy fillie thought, my fpleene, the heauing of my lunges prouokes me to ridiculous fmyling: O pardon me my ftars, doth the inconfiderate take <i>falue</i> for <i>lenuoy</i> , and the word <i>lenuoy</i> for a <i>falue</i> ?	845
	846
	847
	848
	849
<i>Pag.</i> Doe the wife thinke them other, is not <i>lenuoy</i> a <i>falue</i> ?	850
	(plaine, 851
<i>Ar.</i> No Page, it is an epilogue or difcourfe to make Some obfcure precedence that hath tofore bin faine.	852
	853

- 854 810 Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with  
 811 my *lenuoy*.  
 812 The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,  
 813 Were ftill at oddes being but three.  
 814 *Arm.* Vntill the Goofe came out of doore.  
 815 Staying the oddes by adding foure.  
 816 *Pag.* A good *Lenuoy*, ending in the Goofe: would you  
 817 defire more? flat.  
 818 *Clo.* The Boy hath fold him a bargaine, a Goofe, that's  
 819 Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goofe be fat.
- 864 820 To fell a bargaine well is as cunning as faft and loofe:  
 821 Let me fee a fat *Lenuoy*, I thats a fat Goofe. (begin  
 822 *Ar.* Come hither, come hither: How did this argument
- 823 *Boy.* By faying that a *Coftard* was broken in a fhin.  
 824 Then cald you for the *Lenuoy*. ment in  
 825 *Clow.* True, and I for a Plantan, thus came your argu-
- 826 Then the boyes fat *Lenuoy*, the Goofe that you brought,  
 827 and he ended the market. fhin?  
 828 *Ar.* But tel me. How was there a *Coftard* broken in a
- 829 *Pag.* I will tell you fencibly.
- 877 830 *Clow.* Thou haft no feeling of it *Moth*, I will fpeake that  
 831 I *Coftard* running out that was fafely within. (*Lenuoy*.
- 832 Fell ouer the threfhold, and broke my fhin.  
 833 *Arm.* We will talke no more of this matter.  
 834 *Clow.* Till there be more matter in the fhin.  
 835 *Arm.* Sirra *Coftard*, I will infranchife thee.  
 836 *Clow.* O marrie me to one Francis, I fmell fome *Lenuoy*,  
 837 fome Goofe in this.  
 838 *Arm.* By my fweete foule, I meane, fetting thee at libertie.  
 839 Enfreaming thy perfon: thou wert emured, refrained,  
 888 840 captiuated, bound.  
 841 *Clown.* True, true, and now you will be my purgation,  
 842 and let me loofe.  
 843 *Arm.* I giue thee thy libertie fet thee from durance, and in  
 844 lewe thereof, impofe on thee nothing but this. Beare this  
 845 fignificant to the countrey Maide *Iaquenetta*: there is remu-

Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with my <i>lenuoy</i> .	854 855
The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee, Were ftill at oddes, being but three.	856 857
<i>Arm.</i> Vntil the Goofe came out of doore, Staying the oddes by adding foure.	858 859
<i>Pag.</i> A good <i>Lenuoy</i> , ending in the Goofe: would you defire more?	860 861
<i>Clo.</i> The Boy hath fold him a bargaine, a Goofe that's fat. Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goofe be fat.	862 863
To fell a bargaine well is as cunning as faft and loofe:	864
Let me fee a fat <i>Lenuoy</i> , I that's a fat Goofe.	865
<i>Ar.</i> Come hither, come hither: How did this argument begin?	866 867
<i>Boy.</i> By faying that a <i>Coftard</i> was broken in a fhin.	868
Then cal'd you for the <i>Lenuoy</i> .	869
<i>Clow.</i> True, and I for a Plantan: Thus came your argument in:	870 871
Then the Boyes fat <i>Lenuoy</i> , the Goofe that you bought, And he ended the market.	872 873
<i>Ar.</i> But tell me: How was there a <i>Coftard</i> broken in a fhin?	874 875
<i>Pag.</i> I will tell you fencibly.	876
<i>Clow.</i> Thou haft no feeling of it <i>Moth</i> .	877
I will fpeake that <i>Lenuoy</i> .	878
I <i>Coftard</i> running out, that was fafely within, Fell ouer the threfhold, and broke my fhin.	879 880
<i>Arm.</i> We will talke no more of this matter.	881
<i>Clow.</i> Till there be more matter in this fhin.	882
<i>Arm.</i> Sirra <i>Coftard</i> , I will infranchife thee.	883
<i>Clow.</i> O, marrie me to one <i>Francis</i> , I fmell fome <i>Len- uoy</i> , fome Goofe in this.	884 885
<i>Arm.</i> By my fweete foule, I meane, fetting thee at li- bertie. Enfreedoming thy perfon: thou wert emured, reftained, captiuated, bound.	886 887 888
<i>Clow.</i> True, true, and now you will be my purgation, and let me loofe.	889 890
<i>Arm.</i> I giue thee thy libertie, fet thee from durance, and in lieu thereof, impofe on thee nothing but this: Beare this fignificant to the countrey Maide <i>Iaquenetta</i> :	891 892 893

846 neration, for the best ward of mine honour, is rewarding  
 847 my dependants. *Moth*, follow.  
 848 *Pag.* Like the fequell I. *Signeur Coftard* adew. *Exit.*

849 *Clow.* My fweet ouce of mans flefs, my in-conie Iew;  
 899 850 Now will I looke to his remuneration.  
 851 Remuneration, O that's the latine word for three-farthings:  
 852 Three-farthings remuneration, What's the price of this yncle?  
 853 i. d. no, Ile guie you a remuneration: Why? it carries it re-  
 854 muneration: Why? it is a fayrer name then French-Crowne,  
 855 I will neuer buy and fell out of this word.

856 *Enter Berowne.*

857 *Ber.* O my good knaue *Coftard*, exceedingly well met.  
 858 *Clow.* Pray you fir, How much Carnation Ribbon may  
 859 a man buy for a remuneration?  
 910 860 *Ber.* O what is a remuneration?  
 861 *Coft.* Marie fir, halfepeennie farthing.  
 862 *Ber.* O, why then three farthing worth of Silke.  
 863 *Coft.* I thanke you worfhip, God be wy you.  
 864 *Ber.* O ftay flaue, I muft employ thee.  
 865 As thou wilt win my fauour, good my knaue,  
 866 Do one thing for me that I fhall intreate.  
 867 *Clow.* When would you haue it done fir?  
 868 *Ber.* O this after-noone.  
 869 *Clow.* Well, I will do it fir: Fare you well.  
 920 870 *Ber.* O thou knoweft not what it is.  
 871 *Clow.* I fhall know fir when I haue done it.  
 872 *Ber.* Why villaine, thou muft know firft.  
 873 *Clow.* I will come to your worfhip to morrow morning.  
 874 *Ber.* It muft be done this after noone,  
 875 Harke flaue, it is but this:  
 876 The Princeffe comes to hunt here in the Parke,  
 877 And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:  
 878 When tongues fpeake fweetly, then they name her name,  
 879 And *Rofaline* they call her, afke for her:  
 930 880 And to her white hand fee thou do commend  
 881 This feald-vp counfaile. Ther's thy guerdon: goe. tion,  
 882 *Clow.* Gardon, O fweete gardon, better then remunera-



there is remuneration, for the best ward of mine honours is rewarding my dependants. <i>Moth</i> , follow.	894 895
<i>Pag.</i> Like the fequell I.	896
Signeur <i>Coftard</i> adew.	<i>Exit.</i> 897
<i>Clow.</i> My fweete ounce of mans flefh, my in-conie Iew: Now will I looke to his remuneration.	898 899
Remuneration, O, that's the Latine word for three-far- things: Three-farthings remuneration, What's the price of this yncle? i. d. no, Ile giue you a remuneration: Why?	900 901 902
It carries it remuneration: Why? It is a fairer name then a French-Crowne. I will neuer buy and fell out of this word.	903 904 905
<i>Enter Berowne.</i>	
<i>Ber.</i> O my good knaue <i>Coftard</i> , exceedingly well met.	907
<i>Clow.</i> Pray you fir, How much Carnation Ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?	908 909
<i>Ber.</i> What is a remuneration?	910
<i>Coft.</i> Marrie fir, halfe pennie farthing.	911
<i>Ber.</i> O, Why then threefarthings worth of Silke.	912
<i>Coft.</i> I thanke your worfhip, God be wy you.	913
<i>Ber.</i> O itay flaue, I muft employ thee:	914
As thou wilt win my fauor, good by knaue, Doe one thing for me that I fhall intreate.	915 916
<i>Clow.</i> When would you haue it done fir?	917
<i>Ber.</i> O this after-noone.	918
<i>Clow.</i> Well, I will doe it fir: Fare you well.	919
<i>Ber.</i> O thou knoweft not what it is.	920
<i>Clow.</i> I fhall know fir, when I haue done it.	921
<i>Ber.</i> Why villaine thou muft know firft.	922
<i>Clow.</i> I wil come to your worfhip to morrow morning.	923
<i>Ber.</i> It muft be done this after-noone,	924
Harke flaue, it is but this:	925
The Princeffe comes to hunt here in the Parke,	926
And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:	927
When tongues fpeak fweetly, then they name her name,	928
And <i>Rofaline</i> they call her, aske for her:	929
And to her white hand fee thou do commend	930
This feal'd-vp counfaile. Ther's thy guerdon: goe	931
<i>Clow.</i> Gardon, O fweete gardon, better then remune-	932

883 a leuenpence-farthing better: moft fweete gardon. I will  
884 do it fir in print: gardon remuneration.

885 *Exit.*

886 *Ber.* O and I forfoth in loue, I that haue been loues whip?

887 A verie Bedell to a humerous fight, a Crietick, nay a night-  
888 watch Conftable.

889 A domineeting pedant ore the Boy, then whom no mor-  
94I 890 tal fo magnificent.

891 This wimpled whyning purblind wayward Boy,

892 This fignior *Iunios* gyant dwarffe, dan *Cupid*,

893 Regent of Loue-rimes, Lord of folded armes,

894 Th'annoyned foueraigne of fighes and groones:

895 Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents:

896 Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeces.

897 Sole Emperator and great generall

898 Of trotting Parrators (O my litle hart.)

899 And I to be a Corporall of his field,

95I 900 And weare his coloures like a Tumblers hoope,

901 What? I loue, I fue, I feeke a wife,

902 A woman that is like a Iermane Cloake,

903 Still a repairing: euer out of frame,

904 And neuer going a right, being a Watch:

905 But being watchr, that it may ftill go right.

906 Nay to be periurde, which is worft of all:

907 And among three to loue the worft of all,

908 A whitly wanton, with a veluet brow,

909 With two pitch balles ftucke in her face for eyes,

96I 910 I and by heauen, one that will do the deede,

911 Though *Argus* were her eunuch and her garde.

912 And I to figh for her, to watch for her,

913 To pray for her, go to: it is a plague

914 That *Cupid* will impofe for my neglect,

915 Of his almightie dreadfull little might,

916 Well, I will loue, write, figh, pray, fhue, grone,

917 Some men muft loue my Ladie, and fome Ione.

918 *Enter the Princefse, a Forrefter, her Ladyes,*  
919 *and her Lordes.*

ration, a leuence-farthing better: moft fweete gar don. I will doe it fir in print: gardon, remuneration.	933 934
	<i>Exit.</i> 935
<i>Ber.</i> O, and I forfooth in loue, I that haue beene loues whip? A verie Beadle to a humerous figh: A Criticke, Nay, a night-watch Conftable. A domineering pedant ore the Boy, Then whom no mortall fo magnificent. This wimpled, whyning, purblinde waiward Boy, This fignior <i>Iunios</i> gyant drawfe, don <i>Cupid</i> , Regent of Loue-rimes, Lord of folded armes, Th'annointed foueraigne of fighes and groanes: Liedge of all loyterers and malcontents: Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeces. Sole Emperator and great generall Of trotting Parrators (O my little heart.) And I to be a Corporall of his field, And weare his colours like a Tumblers hoope. What? I loue, I fue, I feeke a wife, A woman that is like a Germane Cloake, Still a repairing: euer out of frame, And neuer going a right, being a Watch: But being watcht, that it may ffill goe right. Nay, to be periurde, which is worft of all: And among three, to loue the worft of all, A whitly wanton, with a veluet brow. With two pitch bals ftucke in her face for eyes. I, and by heauen, one that will doe the deede, Though <i>Argus</i> were her Eunuch and her garde. And I to figh for her, to watch for her, To pray for her, go to: it is a plague That <i>Cupid</i> will impofe for my neglect, Of his almighty dreadfull little might. Well, I will loue, write figh, pray, fhue, grone, Some men muft loue my Lady, and some Ione.	936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968

*Actus Quartus.*

<i>Enter the Princeffe, a Forrefter, her Ladies, and her Lords.</i>	969 970
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- 97I 920 *Quee.* Was that the king that spurd his horfe fo hard,  
 921 Against the fteepe vp rifing of the hill?  
 922 *Forr.* I know not, but I thinke it was not he.  
 923 *Quee.* Who ere a was, a fhowd a mounting minde.  
 924 Well Lords, to day we fhall haue our difpatch,  
 925 Ore Saturday we will returne to Fraunce.  
 926 Then Forrefter my friend, Where is the Bufh  
 927 That we muft ftand and play the murtherer in?  
 928 *Forr.* Heereby vpon the edge of yonder Coppice,  
 929 A Stand where you may make the faireft fhoote.  
 98I 930 *Quee.* I thanke my Beautie, I am faire that fhoote,  
 931 And thereupon thou fpeakft the faireft fhoote.  
 932 *Forr.* Pardon me Madam, for I meant not fo.  
 933 *Quee.* What what? Firft praife mee, and againe fay no.  
 934 O fhort liu'd pride. Not faire? alacke for woe  
 935 *For.* Yes Madam faire.  
 936 *Quee.* Nay, neuer paint me now,  
 937 Where faire is not, praife cannot mend the brow.  
 938 Heere (good my glaffe) take this for telling trew:  
 939 Faire payment for foule wordes, is more then dew.  
 99I 940 *For.* No thing but faire is that which you inherit.  
 941 *Quee.* See fee, my beautie wilbe fau'd by merrit.  
 942 O herefy in faire, fit for thefe dayes,  
 943 A giuing hand, though fowle, fhall haue faire praife.  
 944 But come, the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill,  
 945 And fhooting well, is then accounted ill:  
 946 Thus will I faue my Credite in the fhoote,  
 947 Not wounding, pittie would not let me doote.  
 948 If wounding then it was to fthew my skill,  
 949 That more for praife, then purpofe meant to kill.  
 100I 950 And out of question fo it is fometime:  
 951 Glorie growes guyltie of detefted crimes,  
 952 When for Fames fake, for praife an outward part,  
 953 We bend to that, the working of the hart.  
 954 As I for praife alone now feeke to fpill  
 955 The poore Deares blood, that my hart meanes no ill.  
 956 *Boy.* Do not curft wiues hold that felfe-foueraigntie  
 957 Onely for praife fake, when they ftriuie to be  
 958 Lords ore their Lordes?  
 959 *Quee.* Onely for praife, and praife we may afford,

<i>Qu.</i> Was that the King that fpurd his horfe fo hard, Againft rhe fteepe vprifing of the hill?	971 972
<i>Boy.</i> I know not, but I thinke it was not he.	973
<i>Qu.</i> Who ere a was, a fhew'd a mounting minde: Well Lords, to day we fhall haue our difpatch, On Saterdag we will returne to <i>France</i> . Then <i>Forrefter</i> my friend, Where is the Bufh That we muft ftand and play the murtherer in?	974 975 976 977 978
<i>For.</i> Hereby vpon the edge of yonder Coppice, A Stand where you may make the faireft fhoote.	979 980
<i>Qu.</i> I thanke my beautie, I am faire that fhoote, And thereupon thou fpeak'ft the faireft fhoote.	981 982
<i>For.</i> Pardon me Madam, for I meant not fo.	983
<i>Qu.</i> What, what? Firft praife me, & then again fay no. O fhort liu'd pride. Not faire? alacke for woe	984 985
<i>For.</i> Yes Madam faire.	986
<i>Qu.</i> Nay, neuer paint me now, Where faire is not, praife cannot mend the brow. Here (good my glaffe) take this for telling true: Faire paiement for foule words, is more then due.	987 988 989 990
<i>For.</i> Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.	991
<i>Qu.</i> See, fee, my beautie will be fau'd by merit. O heriefie in faire, fit for thefe dayes, A giuing hand, though foule, fhall haue faire praife. But come, the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill, And fhooting well, is then accounted ill: Thus will I faue my credit in the fhoote, Not wounding, pittie would not let me do't: If wounding, then it was to fhew my skill, That more for praife, then purpofe meant to kill. And out of queftion, fo it is fometimes: Glory growes guiltie of detefted crimes, When for Fames fake, for praife an outward part, We bend to that, the working of the hart. As I for praife alone now feeke to fpill The poore Deeres blood, that my heart meanes no ill.	992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000 1001 1002 1003 1004 1005 1006
<i>Boy.</i> Do not curft wiues hold that felfe-foueraigntie Onely for praife fake, when they ftriue to be Lords ore their Lords?	1007 1008 1009
<i>Qu.</i> Onely for praife, and praife we may afford,	1010

1011 960 To any Lady that fubdewes a Lord.

961 *Enter Clowne.*

962 *Boyet.* Here comes a member of the common wealthe.

963 *Clo.* God dig-you-den al, pray you which is the head lady?

964 *Que.* Thou fhalt know her fellow by the reft that haue no

965 *Clo.* Which is the greateft Ladie, the higheft? (heads.

966 *Quee.* The thickeft, and the talleft. trueth.

967 *Clo.* The thickeft, and the talleft: it is fo, trueth is

968 And your wafte Mifters were as flender as my wit,

969 One a thefe Maides girdles for your wafte fhould be fit.

1023 970 Are not you the chiefe woman? ou are the thickeft heere.

971 *Quee.* Whats your will fir? Whats your will?

972 *Clo.* I haue a Letter from Monfier *Berowne*,

973 to one Ladie *Rofaline*.

974 *Que.* O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of mine.

975 Stand a fide good bearer. *Boyet* you can carue,

976 Breake vp this Capon.

977 *Boyet* I am bound to ferue.

978 This letter is miftooke: it importeth none heere.

979 It is writ to *Iaquenetta*.

1034 980 *Quee.* We will reade it, I fweare.

981 Breake the necke of the Waxe, and euery one giue eare.

982 *Boyet* **BY** heauen that thou art faire, is moft infallible:

983 *reedes* true that thou art beautious, trueth it felfe that

984 thou art louelie: more fairer then faire, beautifull then beau-

985 tious, truer then trueth it felfe: haue comiferation on thy

986 heroicall Vaffall. The magnanimous and moft illuftrate

987 King *Cophetua* fet eie vpon the pernicious and indubitate

988 Begger *Zenelophon*: and he it was that might rightly fay,

989 *Veni, vidi, vici*: Which to annothanize in the vulgar, O bafe

1045 990 and obfcure vulgar; *videlifet*, He came, See, and ouer came:

991 He came, one; fee, two; couer came, three. Who came? the

992 King. Why did he come? to fee. Why did he fee? to ouer-

To any Lady that fubdewes a Lord. 1011

*Enter Clowne.* 1012

*Boy.* Here comes a member of the common-wealth. 1013

*Clo.* God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head 1014

Lady? 1015

*Qu.* Thou fhalt know her fellow, by the reft that haue 1016

no heads. 1017

*Clo.* Which is the greateft Lady, the higheft? 1018

*Qu.* The thickeft, and the talleft. 1019

*Clo.* The thickeft, & the talleft: it is fo, truth is truth. 1020

And your wafte Miftris, were as flender as my wit, 1021

One a thefe Maides girdles for your wafte fhould be fit. 1022

Are not you the chiefe woma? You are the thickeft here? 1023

*Qu.* What's your will fir? What's your will? 1024

*Clo.* I haue a letter from Monfier *Berowne*, 1025

To one Lady *Rofaline*. 1026

*Qu.* O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of mine. 1027

Stand a fide good bearer. 1028

*Boyet*, you can carue, 1029

Breake vp this Capon. 1030

*Boyet.* I am bound to ferue. 1031

This letter is miftooke: it importeth none here: 1032

It is writ to *Iaquenetta*. 1033

*Qu.* We will reade it, I fweare. 1034

Breake the necke of the Waxe, and euery one giue eare. 1035

*Boyet reades.* 1036

**B**Y heauen, that thou art faire, is moft infallible: true 1037

that thou art beauteous, truth it felfe that thou art 1038

louely: more fairer then faire, beautiful then beautious, 1039

truer then truth it felfe: haue comiferation on thy heroi- 1040

call Vaffall. The magnanimous and moft illuftrate King 1041

*Copbetua* fet eie vpon the pernicious and indubitate Beg- 1042

ger *Zenelophons* and he it was that might rightly fay, *Ve-* 1043

*ni, vidi, vici*: Which to annothanize in the vulgar, *O* 1044

bafe and abcure vulgar; *videlifet*, He came, See, and o- 1045

uercame: hee came one; fee, two; couercame three: 1046

Who came? the King. Why did he come? to fee. Why 1047





did he fee? to ouercome. To whom came he? to the Begger. What faw he? the Begger. Who ouercame he? the Begger. The conclufion is victorie: On whose fide? the King: the captiue is inricht: On whose fide? the Beggers. The cataftrophe is a Nuptiall: on whose fide? the Kings: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the King (for fo ftands the comparifon) thou the Begger, for fo witneffeth thy lowlineffe. Shall I command thy loue? I may. Shall I enforce thy loue? I could. Shall I entreate thy loue? I will. What, fhalt thou ex-

change for ragges, roabes: for tittles titles, for thy felfe mee. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy euerie part.

*Thine in the deareft defigne of induftrie,* 1062

Don Adriana de Armatho. 1063

Thus doft thou heare the Nemean Lion roare, 1064

Gainft thee thou Lambe, that ftandeft as his pray: 1065

Submittiue fall his princely feete before, 1066

And he from forrage will incline to play, 1067

But if thou ftriue (poore foule) what art thou then? 1068

Foode for his rage, repafture for his den. 1069

*Qu.* What plume of feathers is hee that indited this 1070

Letter? What veine? What Wethercocke? Did you 1071

euer heare better? 1072

*Boy.* I am much deceiued, but I remember the ftile. 1073

*Qu.* Elfe your memorie is bad, going ore it erewhile. 1074

*Boy.* This *Armando* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here in court 1075

A Phantafime, a Monarcho, and one that makes fport 1076

To the Prince and his Booke-mates. 1077

*Qu.* Thou fellow, a word. 1078

Who gaued thee this Letter? 1079

*Clow.* I told you, my Lord. 1080

*Qu.* To whom fhould'ft thou giue it? 1081

*Clo.* From my Lord to my Lady. 1082

*Qu.* From which Lord, to which Lady? 1083

- 1026 *Clo.* From my Lord *Berowne*, a good Maister of mine,  
 1027 To a Ladie of France, that he calde *Rafoline*. away.  
 1028 *Quee.* Thou haft miftaken his letter. Come Lords  
 1029 Here fweete, put vp this, twilbe thine annother day
- 1089 1030 *Boy.* Who is the fhooter? Who is the fhooter?  
 1031 *Rofa.* Shall I teach you to know.  
 1032 *Boy.* I my continent of beautie.  
 1033 *Rofa.* Why fhe that beares the Bow. Finely put off.  
 1034 *Boy.* My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,  
 1035 hang me by the necke, if horns that yeere mifcarrie.  
 1036 Finely put on.  
 1037 *Rofa.* Well then I am the fhooter.  
 1038 *Boy.* And who is your Deare?  
 1039 *Rofa.* If we choofe by the hornes, your felfe come not  
 1099 1040 neare. Finely put on in deede.  
 1041 *Maria.* You ftill wrangle with her *Boyet*, and fhe ftrikes  
 1042 at the brow. now?  
 1043 *Boyet.* But fhe her felfe is hit lower: Haue I hit her  
 1044 *Rofa.* Shall I come vpon thee whith an olde faying, that  
 1045 was a man when King *Pippen* of Franncce was a litle boy,  
 as  
 1046 touchiug the hit it.  
 1047 *Boy.* So I may anfwere thee with one as olde that was a  
 1048 woman when queene *Guinouer* of Brittainne was a litle wench  
 1049 as toching the hit it.  
 1110 1050 *Rofa.* Thou canft not hit it, hit it, hit it,  
 1051 Thou canft not hit it my good man. *Exit.*  
 1052 *Boy.* And I cannot, cannot, cannot: and I cannot, an other  
 (can  
 1053 *Clo.* By my troth moft plefant, how both did fit it.  
 1054 *Mar.* A marke marueilous wel fhot, for they both did hit.  
 1055 *Bo.* A mark, O mark but that mark: a mark faies my  
 Lady-  
 1056 Let the mark haue a prick in't, to meate at if it may be.  
 1057 *Mar.* Wide a'the bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.  
 1058 *Clo.* Indeed a'muft fhoot nearer, or hele neare hit the  
 clour.

<i>Clo.</i> From my Lord <i>Berowne</i> , a good mafter of mine, To a Lady of <i>France</i> , that he call'd <i>Rofaline</i> .	1084 1085
<i>Qu.</i> Thou haft miftaken his letter. Come Lords away. Here fweete, put vp this, 'twill be thine another day,	1086 1087 1088
<i>Exeunt.</i>	
<i>Boy.</i> Who is the fhooter? Who is the fhooter?	1089
<i>Rofa.</i> Shall I teach you to know.	1090
<i>Boy.</i> I my continent of beautie.	1091
<i>Rofa.</i> Why fhe that beares the Bow. Finely put off.	1092
<i>Boy.</i> My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie, Hang me by the necke, if hornes that yeare mifcarrie. Finely put on.	1093 1094 1095
<i>Rofa.</i> Well then, I am the fhooter.	1096
<i>Boy.</i> And who is your Deare?	1097
<i>Rofa.</i> If we shoofe by the hornes, your felfe come not neare. Finely put on indeede.	1098 1099
<i>Maria.</i> You ftill wrangle with her <i>Boyet</i> , and fhee ftrikes at the brow.	1100 1101
<i>Boyet.</i> But fhe her felfe is hit lower : Haue I hit her now.	1102 1103
<i>Rofa.</i> Shall I come vpon with an old faying, that was a man when King <i>Pippin</i> of <i>France</i> was a little boy, as touching the hit it.	1104 1105 1106
<i>Boyet.</i> So I may anfwere thee with one as old that was a woman when Queene <i>Guinouer</i> of <i>Brittaine</i> was a little wench, as touching the hit it.	1107 1108 1109
<i>Rofa.</i> Thou canft not hit it, hit it, hit it, Thou canft not hit it my good man.	1110 1111
<i>Boy.</i> I cannot, cannot, cannot : And I cannot, another can.	1112
<i>Clo.</i> By my troth moft plafant, how both did fit it.	<i>Exit.</i> 1113
<i>Mar.</i> A marke marueilous well fhoot, for they both did hit.	1114 1115 1116
<i>Boy.</i> A mark, O marke but that marke: a marke faies my Lady.	1117 1118
Let the mark haue a pricke in't, to meat at, if it may be.	1119
<i>Mar.</i> Wide a'th bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.	1120
<i>Clo.</i> Indeede a'muft fhoote nearer, or heele ne're hit the clout.	1121 1122

- 1059 *Boy.* And if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.
- 1125 1060 *Clo.* Then will fhe get the vpfhoot by cleauing the is in.
- 1061 *Ma.* Come come, you talke greafely, your lips grow  
fowle.
- 1062 *Cl.* Shes to hard for you at pricks, fir challeng her to  
bowle
- 1063 *Bo.* I feare too much rubbing: good night my good  
owle.
- 1064 *Clo.* By my foule a Swaine, a moft fimple Clowne.
- 1065 Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I haue put him downe.
- 1066 O my troth moft fweete iëftes, moft inconie vulgar wit,
- 1067 When it comes fo fsmoothly off, fo obfcenly as it were, fo fit.
- 1068 *Armatho* ath toothen fide o a moft daintie man,  
1069 To fee him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fann.
- 1140 1070 To fee him kiffe his hand, & how moft fweetly a wil fweare:
- 1071 And his Page atother fide, that handful of wit,  
1072 Ah heauens, it is moft pathetical nit.
- 1073 Sowla, fowla. *Exeunt.* Shoot within.
- 1074 Enter *Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant* and *Nathaniel.*
- 1075 *Nat.* Very reuerent fport truly, and done in the tefti-  
monie
- 1076 of a good confcience. ripe.
- 1077 *Ped.* The Deare was (as you know) fanguis in blood,  
1078 as the Pomwater who now hangeth like a lewel in the care  
1079 of *Celo* the fkie, the welken the heauen, & anon falleth like  
1152 1080 a Crab on the face of *Terra* the foyle, the land, the earth.
- 1081 *Curat Nath.* Truly M. *Holofernes*, the epythithes are  
1082 fweetly varried like a fcholler at the leaft: but fir I affure ye  
1083 it was a Bucke of the firft head.
- 1084 *Holo.* Sir *Nathaniel*, *haud credo.*
- 1085 *Dul.* Twas not a *haud credo*, twas a Pricket.
- 1086 *Holo.* Moft barbarous intimation: yet a kind of infinua-

<i>Boy.</i> And if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.	1123 1124
<i>Clo.</i> Then will fhee get the vpfhoot by cleauing the is in.	1125 1126
<i>Ma.</i> Come, come, you talke freafely, your lips grow foule.	1127 1128
<i>Clo.</i> She's too hard for you at pricks, fir challenge her to boule.	1129 1130
<i>Boy.</i> I feare too much rubbing: good night my good Oule.	1131 1132
<i>Clo.</i> By my foule a Swaine, a moft fimple Clowne.	1133
Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I haue put him downe.	1134
O my troth moft fweete iefts, moft inconie vulgar wit,	1135
When it comes fo fmoothly off, fo obfcenely, as it were, fo fit.	1136 1137
<i>Armatbor</i> ath to the side, O a moft dainty man.	1138
To fee him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fan.	1139
To fee him kiffe his hand, and how moft fweetly a will fwear:	1140 1141
And his Page atother fide, that handful of wit,	1142
Ah heauens, it is moft patheticall nit.	1143
Sowla, fowla.	<i>Exeunt.</i> 1144
Shoote within.	
1145	
<i>Enter Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant and Nathaniel.</i>	
1146	
<i>Nat.</i> Very reuerent fport truely, and done in the tefti- mony of a good confcience.	1147 1148
<i>Ped.</i> The Deare was (as you know) fanguis in blood, ripe as a Pomwater, who now hangeth like a Jewell in the eare of <i>Celo</i> the flkie; the welken the heauen, and a- non falleth like a Crab on the face of <i>Terra</i> , the foyle, the land, the earth.	1149 1150 1151 1152 1153
<i>Curat. Nath.</i> Truely M. <i>Holofernes</i> , the epythithes are fweetly varied like a fcholler at the leaf: but fir I allure ye, it was a Bucke of the firft head.	1154 1155 1156
<i>Hol.</i> Sir <i>Nathaniel</i> , <i>haud credo</i> .	1157
<i>Dul.</i> 'Twas not a <i>haud credo</i> , 'twas a Pricket.	1158
<i>Hol.</i> Moft barbarous intimation: yet a kinde of infi-	1159

- 1087 tion, as it were *in via*, in way of explication *facere*: as it  
were
- 1088 replication, or rather *oftentare*, to flow as it were his inclina-  
1089 tion after his vndreffed, vnpolished, vneducated, vnpruned,  
1163 1090 vntrained, or rather vnlettered, or rathereft vnconfirmed fa-  
1091 fhion, to inferre again my *haud credo* for a Deare. Pricket.
- 1092 *Dul.* I faid the Deare was not a *haud credo*, twas a
- 1093 *Holo.* Twice fodd simplicitie, bis coctus, O thou monfter  
1094 ignorance, How deformed dooft thou looke.
- 1095 *Nath.* Sir he hath neuer fed of the dainties that are bred  
1096 in a booke.
- 1097 He hath not eate paper as it were: he hath not drunke inck.
- 1098 His intellect is not replenifhed, he is only an animall, only  
1099 fenfible in the duller partes: and fuch barren plantes are  
1176 1100 fet before vs, that we thankful fhould be: which we tafte,  
1101 and feeling, are for thofe partes that doe fructifie in vs  
1102 more then he. (foole  
1103 For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indiftreell, or a
- 1104 So were there a patch fet on Learning, to fee him in a fchole.
- 1105 But *omne bene* fay I, being of an olde Fathers minde,  
1106 Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde.
- 1107 *Dul.* You two are book-men, Can you tel me by your wit,  
1108 What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not five weeks  
1109 old as yet?
- 1188 1110 *Holo.* *Dictifima* goodman *Dull*, *dictifima* goodman *Dull*.
- 1111 *Dul.* What is *dictima*?
- 1112 *Nath.* A title to *Phebe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moone*. (more.  
1113 *Holo.* The *Moone* was a month old when *Adam* was no
- 1114 And rought not to five-weeks when he came to fivefcore.  
1115 Th'allufion holdes in the Exchange. (change  
1116 *Dul.* Tis true in deede, the Collufion holdes in the Ex-
- 1117 *Holo.* God comfort thy capacitie, I fay th'allufion holdes  
1118 in the Exchange.

nuation, as it were <i>in via</i> , in way of explication <i>facere</i> : as	1160
it were replication, or rather <i>oftentare</i> , to shew as it were	1161
his inclination after his vndreffed, vnpolished, vneduca-	1162
ted, vnpruned, vntrained, or rather vnlettered, or rathe-	1163
rest vnconfirmed fashon, to inferre againe my <i>haud credo</i>	1164
for a Deare.	1165
<i>Dul.</i> I said the Deare was not a <i>haud credo</i> , 'twas a	1166
Pricket.	1167
<i>Hol.</i> Twice fode simplicitie, <i>bis coctus</i> , O thou mon-	1168
ster Ignorance, how deformed dooft thou looke.	1169
<i>Nath.</i> Sir hee hath neuer fed of the dainties that are	1170
bred in a booke.	1171
He hath not eate paper as it were:	1172
He hath not drunke inke.	1173
His intellect is not replenished, hee is onely an animall,	1174
onely fenifible in the duller parts: and such barren plants	1175
are fet before vs, that we thankfull should be: which we	1176
taste and feeling, are for those parts that doe fructifie in	1177
vs more then he.	1178
For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indifcreet, or	1179
a foole;	1180
So were there a patch fet on Learning, to see him in a	1181
Schoole.	1182
But <i>omne bene</i> say I, being of an old Fathers minde,	1183
Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde.	1184
<i>Dul.</i> You two are book-men: Can you tell by your	1185
wit, What was a month old at <i>Cains</i> birth, that's not fife	1186
weekes old as yet?	1187
<i>Hol.</i> <i>Dictifima</i> goodman <i>Dull</i> , <i>dictifima</i> goodman	1188
<i>Dull.</i>	1189
<i>Dul.</i> What is <i>dictima</i> ?	1190
<i>Nath.</i> A title to <i>Phebe</i> , to <i>Luna</i> , to the <i>Moone</i> .	1191
<i>Hol.</i> The <i>Moone</i> was a month old when <i>Adam</i> was	1192
no more.	1193
And wrought not to fife-weekes when he came to	1194
Th'allusion holds in the Exchange.	1195
<i>Dul.</i> 'Tis true indeede, the Collusion holds in the	1196
Exchange.	1197
<i>Hol.</i> God comfort thy capacity, I say th'allusion holds	1198
in the Exchange.	1199

fife-fcore.

- 1119 *Dul.* And I fay the polufion holdes in the Exchange: for  
 1120 the Moone is neuer but a month olde: and I fay befide  
 1202 1121 that, twas a Pricket that the Princeffe kild.  
 1122 *Holo.* Sir *Nathaniel*, will you heare an extemporall Epy-  
 1123 taph on the death of the Deare, and to humour the igno-  
 1124 rault cald the Deare: the Princeffe kild a Pricket.
- 1125 *Nath. Perge*, good M. *Holofernes perge*, fo it fhall pleafe  
 1126 you to abrogate fquirilitie. facilitie.  
 1127 *Holo.* I will fomthing affect the letter, for it argues
- 1128 The prayfull Princeffe pearft and prickt  
 1129 a prettie pleafing Pricket,  
 1213 1130 Some fay a Sore, but not a fore,  
 1131 till now made fore with footing.  
 1132 The Dogges did yell, put ell to Sore,  
 1133 then Sorell iumps from thicket:  
 1134 Or Prickel-fore, or els Sorell,  
 1135 the people fall a hooting.  
 1136 If Sore be fore, then el to Sore,  
 1137 makes fiftie fores o forell:  
 1138 Of one fore I am hundred make  
 1139 by adding but one more l.
- 1223 1140 *Nath.* A rare talent.  
 1141 *Dull.* If a talent be a claw, looke how he clawes him  
 1142 with a talent.  
 1143 *Nath.* This is a gyft that I haue fimple: fimple, a foolifh  
 1144 extrauagant fpirit, full of formes, figures, fhapes, obiectes,  
 1145 Ideas, apprehentions, motions, reuolutions. Thefe are begot in  
 1146 the ventricle of Memorie, nourifht in the wombe of prima-  
 1147 ter, and deliuered vpon the mellowing of occafion: But the  
 1148 gyft is good in thofe whom it is acute, and I am thankfull  
 1149 for it. parifhi-
- 1233 1150 *Holo.* Sir, I prayfe the L. for you, and fo may my  
 1151 oners, for their Sonnes are well tuterd by you, and their  
 1152 Daughters profite very greatly vnder you: you are a good  
 1153 member of the common wealth.  
 1154 *Nath.* Me hercle, yf their Sonnes be ingenuous, they fhall  
 1155 want no infruction: If their Daughter be capable, I will



*Dul.* And I fay the polution holds in the Exchange:  
for the Moone is neuer but a month old: and I fay be-  
fide that, 'twas a Pricket that the Princeffe kill'd. 1200  
1201  
1202

*Hol.* Sir *Nathaniel*, will you heare an extemporall  
Epytaph on the death of the Deare, and to humour  
the ignorant call'd the Deare, the Princeffe kill'd a  
Pricket. 1203  
1204  
1205  
1206

*Nath.* *Perge*, good M. *Holofernes*, *perge*, fo it fhall  
pleafe you to abrogate fcurilitie. 1207  
1208

*Hol.* I will fomething affect the letter, for it argues  
facilitie. 1209  
1210

*The prayfull Princeffe pearft and prickt* 1211  
*a prettie pleafing Pricket,* 1212  
*Some fay a Sore, but not a fore,* 1213  
*till now made fore with fhooting.* 1214  
*The Dogges did yell, put ell to Sore,* 1215  
*then Sorell iumps from thicket:* 1216  
*Or Pricket-fore, or elfe Sorell,* 1217  
*the people fall a hooting,* 1218  
*If Sore be fore, then ell to Sore,* 1219  
*makes fiftie fores O forell:* 1220  
*Of one fore I an hundred make* 1221  
*by adding but one more L.* 1222

*Nath.* A rare talent. 1223

*Dul.* If a talent be a claw, looke how he clawes him  
with a talent. 1224  
1225

*Nath.* This is a gift that I haue fimple: fimple, a foo-  
lilh extrauagant fpirit, full of formes, figures, fhapes, ob-  
jects, Ideas, apprehenfions, motions, reuolutions. Thefe  
are begot in the ventricle of memorie, nourifht in the  
wombe of primater, and deliuered vpon the mellowing  
of occafion: but the gift is good in thofe in whom it is  
acute, and I am thankful for it. 1226  
1227  
1228  
1229  
1230  
1231  
1232

*Hol.* Sir, I praife the Lord for you, and fo may my  
parifhioners, for their Sonnes are well tutor'd by you,  
and their Daughters profit very greatly vnder you: you  
are a good member of the common-wealth. 1233  
1234  
1235  
1236

*Nath.* *Me bercle*, If their Sonnes be ingenuous, they  
fhall want no inftruction: If their Daughters be capable,  
1237  
1238

1156 put it to them. But *Vir fapis qui pauca loquitur*, a foule  
Femi-  
1157 nine faluteth vs.

1158 *Enter Iaquenetta and the Clowne.*

1159 *Iaquenetta.* God giue you good morrow M. Perfon.

1243 1160 *Nath.* Maifter Perfon, *quafi* Perfon? And if one fhoulde  
1161 be perft, Which is the one? hoggshead.

1162 *Clo.* Marrie M. Scholemafter, he that is likleft to a

1163 *Nath.* Of perfting a Hogshead, a good luster of conceit

1164 in a turph of Earth, Fier enough for a Flint, Pearle enough

1165 for a Swine: tis prettie, it is well.

1166 *Iaque.* Good M. Parfon be fo good as read me this letter,  
1167 it was geuen me by *Coftard*, and fent me from *Don Arma-  
tho:*

1168 I befeech you read it. *vmbraru-*

1169 *Nath.* *Facile precor gellida, quando pecas omnia sub*

1254 1170 *minat*, and fo fourth. Ah good olde *Mantuan*, I may  
fpeake

1171 of thee as the traueiler doth of *Venice*, *vemchie*, *vencha*,  
*que non*

1172 *te vnde, que non te perreche.* Olde *Mantuan*, olde *Mantuan*,

1173 Who vnderftandeth thee not, loues thee not, *vt re fol la mi  
fa:*

1174 Vnder pardon fir, What are the contentes? or rather as *Hor-  
race* fayes in his, What my foule verfes.

1175 *Holo.* I fir, and very learned. *domine:*

1176 *Nath.* Let me heare a ftaffe, a ftauze, a verfe, *Lege*

1178 If Loue make me forfworne, how fhall I fweare to loue?

1179 Ah neuer fayth could hold, yf not to beautie vowed.

1265 1180 Though to my felfe forfworne, to thee Ile faythfull proue.

1181 Thofe thoughts to me were Okes, to thee like Ofiers bowed

1182 Studie his by as leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes.

1183 Where all thofe pleafures liue, that Art would comprehend.

1184 If knowledge be the marke, to know thee fhall fuffife.

1185 Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.

I will put it to them. But <i>Vir sapiis qui pauca loquitur</i> , a	1239
foule Feminine faluteth vs.	1240
<i>Enter Iaquenetta and the Clowne.</i>	
<i>Iaqu.</i> God giue you good morrow M. <i>Perfon.</i>	1242
<i>Nath.</i> Mafter Perfon, <i>quasi</i> Perfon? And if one fhould be perft, Which is the one?	1243 1244
<i>Clo.</i> Marry M. Schoolemafter, hee that is likeft to a hoghead.	1245 1246
<i>Nath.</i> Of perfting a Hoghead, a good luftter of conceit in a turph of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: 'tis prettie, it is well.	1247 1248 1249
<i>Iaqu.</i> Good Mafter Parfon be fo good as reade mee this Letter, it was giuen mee by <i>Coftard</i> , and fent mee from <i>Don Armatbo</i> : I befeech you reade it.	1250 1251 1252
<i>Nath.</i> <i>Facile precor gellida, quando pecas omnia fub umbra ruminat</i> , and fo forth. Ah gool old <i>Mantuan</i> , I may fpeake of thee as the traueiler doth of <i>Venice</i> , <i>vem-</i>	1253 1254 1255
<i>che, vencha, que non te vnde, que non te perreche.</i> Old <i>Mantuan</i> , old <i>Mantuan</i> . Who vnderftandeth thee not, <i>vt re fol la mi fa</i> : Vnder pardon fir, What are the contents? or	1256 1257 1258
rather as <i>Horace</i> faves in his, What my foule verfes.	1259
<i>Hol.</i> I fir, and very learned.	1260
<i>Nath.</i> Let me heare a ftaffe, a ftanze, a verfe, <i>Lego domine.</i>	1261 1262
If Loue make me forfworne, how fhall I fweare to loue? Ah neuer faith could hold, if not to beautie vowed.	1263 1264
Though to my felfe forfworn, to thee Ile faithful proue.	1265
Thofe thoughts to mee were Okes, to thee like Ofiers bowed.	1266 1267
Studie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes.	1268
Where all thofe pleafures liue, that Art would comprehend.	1269 1270
If knowledge be the marke, to know thee fhall fuffice.	1271
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee comend.	1272

- 1186 All ignorant that foule, that fees thee without wonder.  
 1187 Which is to mee some prayfe, that I thy partes admire,  
 1188 Thy eie *Loues* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadful thuder
- 1189 Which not to anger bent, is mufique, and fweete fier.  
 1278 1190 Celestial as thou art, Oh pardon loue this woug,  
 1191 That finges heauens prayfe, with fuch an earthly tong.  
 1192 *Pedan.* You finde not the apoftraphas, and fo miffe the  
 1193 accent. Let me fuperuife the cangenet.  
 1194 *Nath.* Here are onely numbers ratrefied, but for the ele-  
 1195 gancie, facilitie, and golden cadence of poefie *caret: Ouid-  
 dius*
- 1196 *Naf*o was the man. And why in deed *Naf*o, but for fmel-  
 1197 ling out the odoriferous flowers of fancie? the ierkes of in-  
 1198 uention imitarie is nothing: So doth the Hound his maifter,  
 1199 the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horfe his rider: But *Damofella*  
 1288 1200 *virgin*, Was this directed to you?
- 1201 *Iaq.* I fir from one mounfier *Berowne*, one of the ftrange  
 1202 Queenes Lordes.  
 1203 *Nath.* I will ouerglaunce the fuperfcript. line.  
 1204 *To the fnow-white hand of the moft bewtious Lady Rofa-*  
 1205 I will looke againe on the intellect of the letter, for the no-  
 1206 mination of the partie written to the perfon written vnto.
- 1207 *Your Ladifhips in all defired imployment, Berowne.*  
 1208 *Ped.* Sir *Holofernes*, this *Berowne* is one of the Votaries  
 1209 with the King, and here he hath framed a letter to a fequent  
 1300 1210 of the ftranger Queenes: which accidentally, or by the way  
 1211 of progresfion, hath mifcarried. Trip and goe my fweete,  
 1212 deliuer this Paper into the royall hand of the King, it may  
 1213 concerne much: ftay not thy complement, I forgine thy  
 1214 dewtie, adue.  
 1215 *Mayd.* Good *Coftard* go with me: fir God faue your life.
- 1216 *Coft.* Haue with thee my girle. *Exit.*  
 1217 *Holo.* Sir you haue done this in the feare of God verie  
 reli-  
 1218 gioufly: and as a certain Father faith  
 1219 *Ped.* Sir tell not mee of the Father, I do feare colourable

All ignorant that foule, that fees thee without wonder.	1273
Which is to me some praife, that I thy parts admire;	1274
Thy eye <i>Loues</i> lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull thunder.	1275 1276
Which not to anger bent, is musique, and fweet fire.	1277
Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon loue this wrong,	1278
That sings heauens praife, with such an earthly tongue.	1279
<i>Ped.</i> You finde not the apoftraphas, and so misse the accent. Let me superuife the cangenet.	1280 1281
<i>Nath.</i> Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facility, & golden cadence of poefie <i>caret</i> : O-	1282 1283
<i>uddius Nafø</i> was the man. And why in deed <i>Nafø</i> , but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the ierkes of inuention imitarie is nothing: So doth the Hound his mafter, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horfe his rider: But <i>Damofella virgin</i> , Was this directed to you?	1284 1285 1286 1287 1288 1289
<i>Iaq.</i> I fir from one mounfier <i>Berowne</i> , one of the ftrange Queenes Lords.	1290 1291
<i>Nath.</i> I will ouerglance the superfcrypt.	1292
<i>To the fnow-white hand of the moft beautious Lady Rofaline.</i>	1293
I will looke againe on the intellect of the Letter, for the nomination of the partie written to the perfon writ- ten vnto.	1294 1295 1296
<i>Your Ladifhips in all defired imployment,</i> <i>Berowne.</i>	1297
<i>Per.</i> Sir <i>Holofernes</i> , this <i>Berowne</i> is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a fe- quent of the ftranger Queenes: which accidentally, or by the way of progrefion, hath mifcarried. Trip and goe my fweete, deliuer this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concerne much: ftay not thy complement, I forgiue thy duetie, adue.	1298 1299 1300 1301 1302 1303 1304
<i>Maid.</i> Good <i>Coftard</i> go with me:	1305
Sir God faue your life.	1306
<i>Coft.</i> Haue with thee my girle.	<i>Exit.</i> 1307
<i>Hol.</i> Sir you haue done this in the feare of God very	1308
religiously: and as a certaine Father faith	1309
<i>Ped.</i> Sir tell not me of the Father, I do feare coloura-	1310

- 1311 1220 coloures. But to returne to the Verfes, Did they please you  
 1221 fir *Nathaniel*?  
 1222 *Nath.* Marueilous well for the pen.  
 1223 *Peda.* I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine pupill of  
 1224 mine, where if (before repaft) it fhall please you to gratifie  
 1225 the table with a Grace, I will on my priuiledge I haue with  
 1226 the parentes of the forefaid childe or pupill, vndertake your  
 1227 *bien venuto*, where I will proue thofe Verfes to be very vn-  
 1228 learned, neither fauouring of Poetrie, wit, nor inuention.  
 1229 I befeech your focietie.
- 1322 1230 *Nath.* And thanke you to: for focietie (faith the text)  
 1231 is the happines of life.  
 1232 *Peda.* And certes the text moft infallibly concludes it.  
 1233 Sir I do inuite you too, you fhall not fay me nay: *paucā*  
*verba.*  
 1234 Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our re-  
 1235 creation. *Exeunt.*
- 1236 *Enter Berowne with a paper in his hand, alone.*
- 1237 *Berow.* The King he is hunting the Deare,  
 1238 I am courfing my felfe.  
 1239 They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toyling in a pytch, pytch  
 1333 1240 that defiles; defile, a foule worde: Well, fet thee downe  
 1241 forrow; for fo they fay the foole fayd, and fo fay I, and I the  
 1242 foole: Well proued wit. By the Lord this Loue is as madd  
 1243 as *Aiæx*, it kills Sheepe, it kills mee, I a Sheepe well proued  
 1244 againe a my fide. I will not loue; if I do hang mee: I'fayth  
 1245 I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I  
 1246 would not loue her; yes for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing  
 1247 in the world but lie, and lie in my throate. By heauen I doe  
 1248 loue, and it hath taught me to rime, and to be mallicholie:  
 1249 and here is part of my Rime, and heare my mallicholie.  
 1344 1250 Well, fhe hath one a'my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore  
 1251 it, the Foole fent it, and the Lady hath it: fweete Clowne,  
 1252 fweeter Foole, fweeteft Lady. By the worlde, I woulde not  
 1253 care a pin, if the other three were in. Heere comes one with  
 1254 a paper, God giue him grace to grone.

ble colours. But to returne to the Verfes, Did they please you fir <i>Nathaniel</i> ?	1311 1312
<i>Nath.</i> Marueilous well for the pen.	1313
<i>Peda.</i> I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pu- pill of mine, where if (being repaft) it fhall please you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priuiledge I haue with the parents of the forefaid Childe or Pupill, yndertake your <i>bien vonuto</i> , where I will proue thofe Verfes to be very vnlearned, neither fauouring of Poetrie, Wit, nor Inuention. I befeech your So- cietie.	1314 1315 1316 1317 1318 1319 1320 1321
<i>Nat.</i> And thanke you to: for focietie (faith the text) is the happineffe of life.	1322 1323
<i>Peda.</i> And certes the text moft infallibly concludes it. Sir I do inuite you too, you fhall not fay me nay: <i>pauca verba.</i>	1324 1325 1326
Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.	1327 1328
	<i>Exeunt.</i>
<i>Enter Berowne with a Paper in his hand, alone.</i>	1329
<i>Bero.</i> The King he is hunting the Deare, I am courting my felfe.	1330 1331
They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toying in a pytch, pitch that defiles; defile, a foule word: Well, fet thee downe forrow; for fo they fay the foole faid, and fo fay I, and I the foole: Well proued wit. By the Lord this Loue is as mad as <i>Aiax</i> , it kills fheepe, it kills mee, I a fheepe: Well proued againe a my fide. I will not loue; if I do hang me: yfaith I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye,	1332 1333 1334 1335 1336 1337 1338 1339 1340
and lye in my throate. By heauen I doe loue, and it hath taught mee to Rime, and to be mallicholie: and here is part of my Rime, and heer my mallicholie. Well, fhe hath one a'my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the Foole fent it, and the Lady hath it: fweet Clowne, fweet- ter Foole, fweeteft Lady. By the world I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God giue him grace to grone.	1341 1342 1343 1344 1345 1346 1347 1348

1255 *He ftandes a fide. The King entreth.*  
 1256 *King.* Ay mee! thumpt  
 1257 *Be.* Shot by heauen, proceed fweet *Cupid*, thou haft  
 1258 him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left papp: in fayth fecrets.

1259 *King.* So fweete a kiffe the golden Sunne giues not,  
 1355 1260 To thofe frefh morning dropps vpon the Rofe,  
 1261 As thy eye beames, when their frefh rayfe haue fmot.  
 1262 The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes.  
 1263 Nor fhines the filur Moone one halfe fo bright,  
 1264 Through the tranfparent bofome of the deepe,  
 1265 As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light:  
 1266 Thou fhinft in euerie teare that I do weepe,  
 1267 Not a drop but as a Coach doth carrie thee:  
 1268 So rideft thou triumphing in my wo.  
 1269 Do but beholde the teares that fwell in me,  
 1365 1270 And they thy glorie through my grieue will fhow:  
 1271 But do not loue thy felfe, then thou will keepe  
 1272 My teares for glaffes, and ftill make me weepe.  
 1273 O Queene of queenes, how farre dooft thou excell,  
 1274 No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell.  
 1275 How fhall fhe know my griefes? Ile drop the pader.  
 1276 Sweeteleaues fhade follie. Who is he comes heere?  
 1277 *Enter Longauill. The King ftetes fide.*  
 1278 What *Longauill*, and reading. liften eare.  
 1279 *Berow.* Now in thy likeneffe, one more foole appeare.  
 1375 1280 *Long.* Ay mee! I am forfworne.  
 1281 *Berow.* Why he comes in like a periure, wearing papers.  
 1282 *Long.* In loue I hope, fweete fellowfhip in fframe.  
 1283 *Ber.* One drunkard loues another of the name.  
 1284 *Long.* Am I the firft that haue been periurd fo?  
 1285 *Ber.* I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I know,  
 1286 Thou makeft the triumpherie, the corner cap of focietie,  
 1287 The fhape of Loues Tiburne, that hanges vp Simplicitie.  
 1288 *Long.* I feare thefe ftubborne lines lacke power to moue.  
 1289 Ofweete *Maria*, Empreffe of my Loue,  
 1385 1290 Thefe numbers will I teare, and write in profe.  
 1291 *Ber.* O Rimes are gardes on wanton *Cupids* hofe,  
 1292 Disfigure not his Shop.  
 1293 *Long.* This fame fhall go. . . *He reades the Sonnet.*



*He stands aside. The King entreth.*

*Kin.* Ay mee!

*Ber.* Shot by heauen: proceede fweet *Cupid*, thou haft thumpt him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left pap: in faith fecrets.

*King.* So fweete a kiffe the golden Sunne giues not,  
To thofe frefh morning drops vpon the Rofe,  
As thy eye beames, when their frefh rayfe haue fmot.  
The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes.  
Nor fhines the filuer Moone one halfe fo bright,  
Through the tranfparent bofome of the deepe,  
As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light.  
Thou fhin'ft in euery teare that I doe weepe,  
No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee:  
So rideft thou triumphing in my woe.  
Do but behold the teares that fwell in me,  
And they thy glory through my griefe will fhow:  
But doe not loue thy felfe, then thou wilt keepe  
My teares for glaffes, and ftill make me weepe.  
O Queene of Queenes, how farre doft thou excell,  
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell.  
How fhall fhe know my griefes? Ile drop the paper.  
Sweet leaues fhade folly. Who is he comes heere?

*Enter Longaule. The King fteps aside.*

What *Longaull*, and reading: liften eare.

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

*Long.* Ay me, I am forfworne.

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

*Long.* In loue I hope, fweet fellowfhip in fhame.

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

*Lon.* Am I the firft yt haue been periur'd fo?

*Ber.* I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I know,  
Thou makeft the triumphery, the corner cap of focietie,  
The fhape of Loues Tiburne, that hangs vp fimplicitie.

*Lon.* I feare thefe ftubborn lines lack power to moue.  
O fweet *Maria*, Empreffe of my loue,  
Thefe numbers will I teare, and write in profe.

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

*Lon.* This fame fhall goe.

*He reades the Sonnet.*

- 1294 Did not the heauenly Rethorique of thine eye,  
 1295 Gainft whom the world cannot holde argument,  
 1296 Perfwade my hart to this falfe periurie?  
 1297 Vowes for thee broke deferue not punifhment.  
 1298 A Woman I forfwore, but I will proue,  
 1299 Thou being a Goddeffe, I forfwore not thee.  
 1395 1300 My Vow was earthly, thou a heauenly Loue.  
 1301 Thy grace being gainde, cures all difgrace in mee.  
 1302 Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapoure is.  
 1303 Then thou faire Sunne, which on my earth doft fhine,  
 1304 Exhalft this vapour-vow in thee it is:  
 1305 If broken then, it is no fault of mine:  
 1306 If by mee broke, What foole is not fo wife,  
 1307 To loofe on oth, to winn a Parradife?  
 1308 *Bero.* This is the lyuer veine, which makes flefh a deitie.  
 1309 A greene Goofe, a Goddeffe, pure pure ydotarie.  
 1405 1310 God amende vs, God amende, we are much out a th'way.

1311 *Enter Dumaine.*

- 1312 *Long.* By whom fhall I fend this (companie?) Stay.  
 1313 *Berow.* All hid, all hid, an olde infant play,  
 1314 Like a demie God, here fit I in the fkie,  
 1315 And wretched fooles fecrets heedfully ore ey.  
 1316 More Sacks to the myll. O heauens I haue my wyfh,  
 1317 *Dumaine* transformed, foure Woodcocks in a dyfh.  
 1318 *Duma.* O moft deuine *Kate*.  
 1319 *Berow.* O moft prophane coxcombe.  
 1415 1320 *Duma.* By heauen the woonder in a mortall eye.  
 1321 *Ber.* By earth fhe is not, croporall, there you ly.  
 1322 *Duma.* Her Amber heires for foule hath amber coted.  
 1323 *Ber.* An amber colourd Rauen was well noted.  
 1324 *Duma.* As vpright as the Ceder.  
 1325 *Ber.* Stoope I fay, her fhoulder is with child.  
 1326 *Duma.* As faire as day.  
 1327 *Ber.* I as fome dayes, but then no Sunne muft fhine.  
 1328 *Duma.* O that I had my wifh?  
 1329 *Long.* And I had mine.  
 1425 1330 *King.* And mine too good Lord.  
 1331 *Ber.* Amen, fo I had mine: Is not that a good word?  
 1332 *Duma.* I would forget her, but a Feuer fhee

<i>Did not the heauenly Rhetoricke of thine eye,</i>	1389
<i>'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,</i>	1390
<i>Perfwade my heart to this false periurie?</i>	1391
<i>Vowes for thee broke deferue not punishment.</i>	1392
<i>A Woman I forfwore, but I will proue,</i>	1393
<i>Thou being a Goddeffe, I forfwore not thee.</i>	1394
<i>My Vow was earthly, thou a heauenly Loue.</i>	1395
<i>Thy grace being gain'd, cures all difgrace in me.</i>	1396
<i>Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is.</i>	1397
<i>Then thou faire Sun, which on my earth doft shine,</i>	1398
<i>Exhalest this vapor-vow, in thee it is:</i>	1399
<i>If broken then, it is no fault of mine:</i>	1400
<i>If by me broke, What foole is not fo wife,</i>	1401
<i>To loofe an oath, to win a Paradise?</i>	1402
<i>Ber.</i> This is the liuer veine, which makes flesh a deity.	1403
A greene Goofe, a Coddeffe, pure pure Idolatry.	1404
God amend vs, God amend, we are much out o'th'way.	1405

*Enter Dumaine.* 1406

<i>Lon.</i> By whom fhall I fend this (company?) Stay.	1407
<i>Bero.</i> All hid, all hid, an old infant play,	1408
Like a demie God, here fit I in the skie,	1409
And wretched fooles secrets heedfully ore-eye.	1410
More Sacks to the myll. O heauens I haue my wifh,	1411
<i>Dumaine</i> transform'd, foure Woodcocks in a difh.	1412
<i>Dum.</i> O moft diuine <i>Kate</i> .	1413
<i>Bero.</i> O moft prophane coxcombe.	1414
<i>Dum.</i> By heauen the wonder of a mortall eye.	1415
<i>Bero.</i> By earth fhe is not, corporall, there you lye.	1416
<i>Dum.</i> Her Amber haire for foule hath amber coted.	1417
<i>Ber.</i> An Amber coloured Rauens was well noted.	1418
<i>Dum.</i> As vpright as the Cedar.	1419
<i>Ber.</i> Stoope I fay, her fhoulder is with-child.	1420
<i>Dum.</i> As faire as day.	1421
<i>Ber.</i> I as fome daies, but then no funne muft fhine.	1422
<i>Dum.</i> O that I had my wifh?	1423
<i>Lon.</i> And I had mine.	1424
<i>Kin.</i> And mine too good Lord.	1425
<i>Ber.</i> Amen, fo I had mine: Is not that a good word?	1426
<i>Dum.</i> I would forget her, but a Feuer fhe	1427

1333 Raignes in my blood, and will remembred be.  
 1334 *Ber.* A Feuer in your blood why then incifion  
 1335 Would let her out in Sawcers, fweete mifprifon.  
 1336 *Dum.* Once more Ile reade the Odo thar I haue writ.  
 1337 *Ber.* Once more Ile marke how Loue can varrie Wit.

1338 *Dumaine reades his Sonnet.*

1339 On a day, alacke the day :  
 1435 1340 Loue, whofe Month is euer May :  
 1341 Spied a bloffome pafing faire,  
 1342 Playing in the wanton aire :  
 1343 Through the Veluet, leaues the wind,  
 1344 All vnfeene, can paffage finde :  
 1345 That the Louer ficke to death,  
 1346 With himfelfe the heauens breath.  
 1347 Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blow,  
 1348 Ayre would I might triumph fo.  
 1349 But alacke my hand is fworne,  
 1445 1350 Nere to plucke thee from thy throne :  
 1351 Vow alacke for youth vnmeete,  
 1352 Youth fo apt to pluck a fweete.  
 1353 Do not call it finne in me,  
 1354 That I am forfworne for thee :  
 1355 Thou for whom *Ioue* would fweare,  
 1356 *Iuno* but an *Aethiop* were,  
 1357 And denie himfelfe for *Ioue*,  
 1358 Turning mortall for thy loue.  
 1359 This will I fend, and fomething els more plaine.  
 1455 1360 That fhall exprefse my trueloues fafting paine.  
 1361 O would the *King*, *Berowne*, and *Longauill*,  
 1362 Were Louers too, ill to example ill,  
 1363 Would from my forehead wipe a periurde note :  
 1364 For none offende, where all alike do dote.  
 1365 *Long.* *Dumaine* thy Loue is farre from eharitie,  
 1366 That in loues griefe defirft focietie :  
 1367 You may looke pale, but I fhould blufh I know,  
 1368 To be ore-hard and taken napping fo.  
 1369 *King.* Come fir, you blufh : as his, your cafe is fuch.  
 1465 1370 You chide at him, offending twice as much.

Raignes in my blood, and will remembered be.	1428
<i>Ber.</i> A Feuer in your blood, why then incision	1429
Would let her out in Sawcers, sweet misfrifion.	1430
<i>Dum.</i> Once more Ile read the Ode that I haue writ.	1431
<i>Ber.</i> Once more Ile marke how Loue can varry Wit.	1432

*Dumane reades his Sonnet.* 1433

<i>On a day, alack the days</i>	1434
<i>Loue, whose Month is euery May,</i>	1435
<i>Spied a bloffome passing faire,</i>	1436
<i>Playing in the wanton ayres:</i>	1437
<i>Through the Veluet, leaues the winde,</i>	1438
<i>All vnfeene, can passage finde.</i>	1439
<i>That the Louer ficke to death,</i>	1440
<i>With himselfe the heauens breath.</i>	1441
<i>Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blowe,</i>	1442
<i>Ayre, would I might triumph fo.</i>	1443
<i>But alacke my hand is fworne,</i>	1444
<i>Nere to plucke thee from thy throne:</i>	1445
<i>Vow alacke for youth vnmeete,</i>	1446
<i>Youth fo apt to plucke a sweet.</i>	1447
<i>Doe not call it finne in me,</i>	1448
<i>That I am forfworne for thee.</i>	1449
<i>Thou for whom Ioue would fweare,</i>	1450
<i>Iuno but an Aethiop were,</i>	1451
<i>And denie himselfe for Ioue.</i>	1452
<i>Turning mortall for thy Loue.</i>	1453

This will I fend, and something else more plaine.	1454
That shall expresse my true-loues fasting paine.	1455
O would the King, Berowne and Longauill,	1456
Were Louers too, ill to example ill,	1457
Would from my forehead wipe a periu'r'd note:	1458
For none offend, where all alike doe dote.	1459

<i>Lon.</i> Dumaine, thy Loue is farre from charitie,	1460
That in Loues grieve desir'ft focietie:	1461
You may looke pale, but I should blufh I know,	1462
To be ore-heard, and taken napping fo.	1463

<i>Kim.</i> Come fir, you blufh: as his, your cafe is fuch,	1464
You chide at him, offending twice as much.	1465

- 1371 You do not loue *Maria? Longaule*,  
 1372 Did neuer Sonnet for her fake compile,  
 1373 Nor neuer lay his wreathed arms athwart  
 1374 His louing bofome, to keepe downe his hart.  
 1375 I haue been clofely fhrowded in this bufh,  
 1376 And markt you both, and for you both did bluff.  
 1377 I heard your guyltie Rimes, obferude your fafhion:  
 1378 Saw fighes reeke from you, noted well your pafhion.  
 1379 Ay mee fayes one! O *Ioue* the other cryes!  
 1475 1380 One her haire were Golde, Chrifital the others eyes.  
 1381 You would for Parradife breake Fayth and troth,  
 1382 And *Ioue* for your Loue would infringe an oth.  
 1383 What will *Berowne* fay when that he fhall heare  
 1384 Fayth infringed, which fuch zeale did fweare.  
 1385 How will he fcorne, how will he fpende his wit?  
 1386 How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?  
 1387 For all the wealth that euer I did fee,  
 1388 I would not haue him know fo much by mee.  
 1389 *Bero*. Now ftep I foorth to whip hipocrifie.  
 1485 1390 Ah good my Leidge, I pray thee pardon mee.  
 1391 Good hart, What grace haft thou thus to reproue  
 1392 Thefe Wormes for louing, that art moft in loue?  
 1393 Your eyes do make no couches in your teares.  
 1394 There is no certaine Princeffe that appears.  
 1395 Youle not be periurde, tis a hatefull thing:  
 1396 Tuff, none but Minftrels like of Sonnetting.  
 1397 But are you not a flamed? nay, are you not  
 1398 All three of you, to be thus much ore'fhot?  
 1399 You found his Moth, the King your Moth did fee:  
 1495 1400 But I a Beame do finde in each of three.  
 1401 O what a Scène of foolrie haue I feene,  
 1402 Of fighes, of grones, of forrow, and of teene:  
 1403 O mee, with what fricket patience haue I fat,  
 1404 To fee a King transformed to a Gnat.  
 1405 To fee great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,  
 1406 And profound *Sallomon* to tune a ligge.  
 1407 And *Neftor* play at puff-pin with the boyes,  
 1408 And *Crittick* Tymon laugh at idle toyes.  
 1409 Where lies thy grieffe, a tell me good *Dumaine?*  
 1505 1410 And gentle *Longaull*, where lies thy paine?

You doe not loue <i>Maria</i> ? <i>Longuaile</i> ,	1466
Did neuer Sonnet for her fake compile;	1467
Nor neuer lay his wreathed armes athwart	1468
His louing bofome, to keepe downe his heart.	1469
I haue beene clofely fhrowded in this bufh,	1470
And markt you both, and for you both did blufh.	1471
I heard your guilty Rimes, obferu'd your fafhion :	1472
Saw fighes reeke from you, noted well your paffion.	1473
Aye me, fayes one! O <i>Ioue</i> , the other cries!	1474
On her haire were Gold, Chrifftall the others eye.	1475
You would for Paradife breake Faith and troth,	1476
And <i>Ioue</i> for your Loue would infringe an oath.	1477
What will <i>Berowne</i> fay when that he fhall heare.	1478
Faith infringed, which fuch zeale did fweare.	1479
How will he fcorne? how will he fpend his wit?	1480
How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?	1481
For all the wealth that euer I did fee,	1482
I would not haue him know fo much by me.	1483
<i>Bero.</i> Now ftep I forth to whip hypocrifie.	1484
Ah good my Liedge, I pray thee pardon me.	1485
Good heart, What grace haft thou thus to reprove	1486
Thefe wormes for louing, that art moft in loue?	1487
Your eyes doe make no couches in your teares.	1488
There is no certaine Princeffe that appears.	1489
You'll not be periur'd, 'tis a hateful thing:	1490
Tuffh, none but Minftrels like of Sonnetting.	1491
But are you not afhamed? nay, are you not	1492
All three of you, to be thus much ore'fhot?	1493
You found his Moth, the King your Moth did fee:	1494
But I a Beame doe finde in each of three.	1495
O what a Scene of fool'ry haue I feene.	1496
Of fighes, of grones, of forrow, and of teene:	1497
O me, with what ftrict patience haue I fat,	1498
To fee a King transformed to a Gnat?	1499
To fee great <i>Hercules</i> whipping a Gigge,	1500
And profound <i>Salomon</i> tuning a Iygge?	1501
And <i>Neftor</i> play at puff-pin with the boyes,	1502
And <i>Criticke Tymon</i> laugh at idle toyes.	1503
Where lies thy grieffe? O tell me good <i>Dumaine</i> ;	1504
And gentle <i>Longauill</i> , where lies thy paine?	1505

- 1411 And where my Liedges? all about the breft.  
 1412 A Caudle hou!  
 1413 *King.* Too bitter is thy ieft  
 1414 Are we betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?  
 1415 *Ber.* Not you by mee, but I betrayed to you.  
 1416 I that am honeft, I that holde it finne  
 1417 To breake the vow I am ingaged in.  
 1418 I am betrayed by keeping companie  
 1419 With men like men of inconfancie.  
 1515 1420 When fhall you fee mee write a thing in rime?  
 1421 Or grone for Loue? or fpende a minutes time,  
 1422 In pruning mee when fhall you heare that I will prayfe a  
 1423 hand, a foote, a face, an eye: a gate, a ftate, a brow, a breft,  
 1424 a waft, a legge, a limme.  
 1425 *King.* Soft, Whither away fo faft?  
 1426 A true man, or a theefe, that gallops fo.  
 1427 *Ber.* I poft from Loue, good Louer let me go.
- Clowne.*
- 1428 *Iaqu.* God bleffe the King. *Enter Iaquetta and*  
 1429 *King.* What prefent haft thou there?  
 1526 1430 *Clow.* Some certaine treafon.  
 1431 *King.* What makes treafon heere?  
 1432 *Clow.* Nay it makes nothing fir.  
 1433 *King.* Yf it marr nothing neither,  
 1434 The treafon and you goe in peace away together.  
 1435 *Iaque.* I befeech your Grace let this Letter be read,  
 1436 Our perfon midoubts it: twas treafon he faid  
 1437 *King.* *Berowne* reade it ouer. *He reades the letter.*  
 1438 *King.* Where hadft thou it?  
 1439 *Iaqu.* Of *Coftard*.  
 1536 1440 *King.* Where hadft thou it?  
 1441 *Coft.* Of *Dun Adramadio*. *Dun* Adramadio.  
 1442 *King.* How now, What is in you? Why doft thou  
 1443 *Ber.* A toy my Leedge, a toy: your grace needs not feare  
 it.  
 1444 *Long.* It did moue him to pafion, & therefore lets heare  
 it.  
 1445 *Dum.* It is *Berownes* writing, an heere is his name.





- 1446 *Berow.* Ah you whorefon loggerhead, you were borne to  
 1447 do me fhame.  
 1448 Guiltie my Lord, guiltie: I confeffe, I confeffe.  
 1449 *King.* What? (meffe.  
 1548 1450 *Ber.* That you three fooles, lackt me foole, to make vp the  
  
 1451 Hee, hee, and you: and you my Leege, and I,  
 1452 Are pick-purfes in Loue, and we deferue to die.  
 1453 O difmiffe this audience, and I fhall tell you more.  
 1454 *Duma.* Now the number is euen. gone?  
 1455. *Bero.* True true, we are fower: will thefe turtles be  
  
 1456 *King.* Hence firs away.  
 1457 *Clow.* Walke afide the true folke, and let the traytors  
 ftay.  
 1458 *Ber.* Sweere Lords, fweete Louers, O let vs imbrace,  
 1459 As true we are as flefh and blood can be,  
 1560 1460 The Sea will ebb and flow, heauen fhew his face:  
 1461 Young blood doth not obey an olde decree.  
 1462 We can not croffe the caufe why we were borne:  
 1463 Therefore of all handes muft we be forfworne. thine?  
 1464 *King.* What, did thefe rent lines fhew fome loue of  
 aline,  
 1465 *Ber.* Did they quoth you? Who fees the heauenly *Rof-*  
 1466 That (like a rude and fauadge man of *Inde.*)  
 1467 At the firft opning of the gorgious Eaft,  
 1468 Bowes not his vaffall head, and ftrooken blind.  
 1469 Kiffes the bafe ground with obedient breaft.  
 1571 1470 What peromptorie Eagle-fighted eye  
 1471 Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,  
 1472 That is not blinded by her maieftie?  
 1473 *King.* What zeale, what furie, hath infpirde thee now?  
 1474 My Loue (her Miftres) is a gracious Moone,  
 1475 Shee (an attending Starre) fcarce feene a light.  
 1476 *Ber.* My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Berowne.*  
 1477 O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night,  
 1478 Of all complexions the culd foueraigntie,  
 1479 Do meete as at a faire in her faire cheeke,  
 1581 1480 Wherefeuerall worthies make one dignitie,  
 1481 Where nothing wantes, that want it felfe doth feeke.

<i>Ber.</i> Ah you whorefon loggerhead, you were borne to doe me fhame.	1544 1545
Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confeffe, I confeffe.	1546
<i>Kin.</i> What?	1547
<i>Ber.</i> That you three fooles, lackt mee foole, to make vp the meffe.	1548 1549
He, he, and you: and you my Liedge, and I,	1550
Are picke-purfes in Loue, and we deferue to die.	1551
O difmiffe this audience, and I fhall tell you more.	1552
<i>Dum.</i> Now the number is euen.	1553
<i>Berow.</i> True true, we are fowre: will thefe Turtles be gone?	1554 1555
<i>Kin.</i> Hence firs away.	1556
<i>Clo.</i> Walk afide the true folke, & let the traytors ftay.	1557
<i>Ber.</i> Sweet Lords, fweet Louers, O let vs imbrace,	1558
As true we are as flefh and bloud can be,	1559
The Sea will ebbe and flow, heauen will fhew his face:	1560
Young bloud doth not obey an old decree.	1561
We cannot croffe the caufe why we are borne:	1562
Therefore of all hands muft we be forfworne.	1563
<i>King.</i> What, did thefe rent lines fhew fome loue of thine?	1564 1565
<i>Ber.</i> Did they, quoth you? Who fees the heauenly <i>Rofaline</i> ,	1566
That (like a rude and fauage man of <i>Inde</i> .)	1567
At the firft opening of the gorgeous Eaft,	1568
Bowes not his vaffall head, and ftrooken blinde,	1569
Kiffes the bafe ground with obedient breaft?	1570
What peremptory Eagle-fighted eye	1571
Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,	1572
That is not blinded by her maieftie?	1573
<i>Kin.</i> What zeale, what furie, hath infpir'd thee now?	1574
My Loue (her Miftres) is a gracious Moone,	1575
Shee (an attending Starre) fcarce feene a light.	1576
<i>Ber.</i> My eyes are then no eyes. nor I <i>Berowne</i> .	1577
O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night,	1578
Of all complexions the cul'd foueraignty,	1579
Doe meet as at a faire in her faire cheekes,	1580
Where feuerall Worthies make one dignity;	1581
Where nothing wants, that want it felte doth feeke.	1582

- 1482 Lend me the florish of all gentle tongues,  
 1483 Fie paynted Rethoricke, O fhee needes it not.  
 1484 To things of fale, a fellers prayfe belongs:  
 1485 She paffes prayfe, then prayfe too fhort doth blot.  
 1486 A witherd Hermight fiuefcore winters worne,  
 1487 Might fhake off fiftie, looking in her eye:  
 1488 Beautie doth varnifh Age, as if new borne,  
 1489 And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie.  
 159I 1490 O tis the Sunne that maketh all things fhine.  
 1491 *King.* By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.  
 1492 *Berow.* Is Ebonie like her? O word deuine!  
 1493 A wife of fuch wood were felicitie.  
 1494 O who can giue an oth? Where is a booke?  
 1495 That I may fweare Beautie doth beautie lacke,  
 1496 If that fhe learne not of her eye to looke:  
 1497 No face is fayre that is not full fo blacke.  
 1498 *King.* O paradox, Blacke is the badge of Hell,  
 1499 The hue of dungions, and the Schoole of night:  
 160I 1500 And beauties creft becomes the heauens well.  
 1501 *Ber.* Dinels fooneft tempt refembling fpirites of light.  
 1502 O if in blacke my Ladyes browes be dect,  
 1503 It mournes, that painting vturping haire  
 1504 Should rauifh dooters with a falfe aspect:  
 1505 And therefore is fhe borne to make blacke fayre.  
 1506 Her fauour turnes the fafhion of the dayes.  
 1507 For natiure blood is counted paynting now:  
 1508 And therefore redd that would auoyde difprayfe,  
 1509 Paintes it felfe blacke to imitate her brow.  
 161I 1510 *Duma.* To looke like her are Chimnie-fweepers blake.  
 1511 *Long.* And fince her time are Colliers counted bright.  
 1512 *King.* And *AEthiops* of their fweete complexion crake.  
 1513 *Duma.* Darke needes no Candles now, for darke is light.  
 1514 *Ber.* Your Miftreffes dare neuer come in raine,  
 1515 For feare their colours fhould be waft away.  
 1516 *King.* Twere good yours did: for fir to tell you plaine,  
 1517 Ile finde a fayrer face not wafht to day.  
 1518 *Ber.* Ile proue her faire, or talke till doomfe-day heere.  
 1519 *King.* No Diuel will fright thee then fo much as fhee...  
 162I 1520 *Duma.* I neuer knew man holde vile ftuffe fo deare.  
 1521 *Long.* Looke, heer's thy loue, my foote and her face fee.

Lend me the flourifh of all gentle tongues,	1583
Fie painted Rethoricke, O fhe needs it not,	1584
To things of fale, a fellers praife belongs:	1585
She paffes prayfe, then prayfe too fhort doth blot.	1586
A withered Hermite, fufefcore winters worne,	1587
Might fhake off fiftie, looking in her eye:	1588
Beauty doth varnifh Age, as if new borne,	1589
And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie.	1590
O 'tis the Sunne that maketh all things fhine.	1591
<i>King.</i> By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.	1592
<i>Berow.</i> Is Ebonie like her? O word diuine?	1593
A wife of fuch wood were felicitie.	1594
O who can giue an oth? Where is a booke?	1595
That I may fweare Beauty doth beauty lacke,	1596
If that fhe learne not of her eye to looke:	1597
No face is faire that is not full fo blacke.	1598
<i>Kin.</i> O paradoxe, Blacke is the badge of hell,	1599
The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night:	1600
And beauties creft becomes the heauens well.	1601
<i>Ber.</i> Diuels foonest tempt referbling fpirits of light.	1602
Or if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt,	1603
He mournes, that painting vfurping haire	1604
Should rauifh doters with a falfe affect:	1605
And therefore is fhe borne to make blacke, faire,	1606
Her fauour turnes the fafhion of the dayes,	1607
For natiue bloud is counted painting now:	1608
And therefore red that would auoyd difpraife,	1609
Paints it felfe blacke, to imitate her brow.	1610
<i>Dum.</i> To look like her are Chimny-fweepers blacke.	1611
<i>Lon.</i> And fince her time, are Colliers counted bright.	1612
<i>King.</i> And <i>Athiops</i> of their fweet complexion crake.	1613
<i>Dum.</i> Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light.	1614
<i>Ber.</i> Your miftreffes dare neuer come in raine,	1615
For feare their colours fhould be wafht away.	1616
<i>Kin.</i> 'Twere good yours did: for fir to tell you plaine,	1617
Ile finde a fairer face not wafht to day.	1618
<i>Ber.</i> Ile proue her faire, or talke till doomes-day here.	1619
<i>Kin.</i> No Diuell will fright thee then fo much as fhee.	1620
<i>Duma.</i> I neuer knew man hold vile ftuffe fo deere.	1621
<i>Lon.</i> Looke, heer's thy loue, my foot and her face fee.	1622



<i>Ber.</i> O if the ftreets were pauer with thine eyes,	1623
Her feet were much too dainty for fuch tread.	1624
<i>Dum.</i> O vile, then as fhe goes what vpward lyes?	1625
The ftreet fhould fee as fhe walk'd ouer head.	1626
<i>Kin.</i> But what of this, are we not all in loue?	1627
<i>Ber.</i> O nothing fo fure, and thereby all forfworne.	1628
<i>Kin.</i> Then leaue this chat, & good <i>Berown</i> now proue	1629
Our louing lawfull, and our fayth not torne.	1630
<i>Dum.</i> I marie thee, fome flattery for this euill.	1631
<i>Long.</i> O fome authority how to proceed,	1632
Some tricks, fome quilllets, how to cheat the diuell.	1633
<i>Dum.</i> Some falue for periurie.	1634
<i>Ber.</i> O 'tis more then neede.	1635
Haue at you then affections men at armes,	1636
Confider what you firft did fweare vnto:	1637
To faft, to ftudy, and to fee no woman:	1638
Flat treafon againft the Kingly ftate of youth.	1639
Say, Can you faft? your ftomacks are too young:	1640
And abftinence ingenders maladies.	1641
And where that you haue vow'd to ftudie (Lords)	1642
In that each of you haue forfworne his Booke.	1643
Can you ftill dreame and pore, and thereon looke.	1644
For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,	1645
Haue found the ground of ftudies excellence,	1646
Without the beauty of a womans face;	1647
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue,	1648
They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achadems,	1649
From whence doth fpring the true <i>Promethean</i> fire.	1650
Why, vniuerfall plodding poyfons vp	1651
The nimble fpirits in the arteries,	1652
As motion and long during action tyres	1653
The finnowy vigour of the trauailer.	1654
Now for not looking on a womans face,	1655
You haue in that forfworne the vfe of eyes:	1656
And ftudie too, the caufer of your vow.	1657
For where is any Author in the world,	1658
Teaches fuch beauty as a womans eye:	1659
Learning is but an adiunct to our felfe,	1660
And where we are, our Learning likewise is.	1661

- 1561 Then when our felues we fee in Ladies eyes,  
 1562 With out felues.  
 1563 Do we not likewife fee our learning there?  
 1564 O we haue made a Vow to ftudie, Lordes,  
 1565 And in that Vow we haue forfworne our Bookes:  
 1566 For when would you (my Leedge) or you, or you?  
 1567 In leaden contemplation haue found out  
 1568 Such fierie Numbers as the prompting eyes,  
 1569 Of beautis tutors haue inritchd you with:  
 1671 1570 Other flow Artes intirely keepe the braine:  
 1571 And therefore finding barraine practizers,  
 1572 Scarce fhew a harueft of their heauie toyle.  
 1573 But Loue firft learned in a Ladies eyes,  
 1574 Lines not alone emured in the braine:  
 1575 But with the motion of all elamentes,  
 1576 Courfes as fwift as thought in eucry power,  
 1577 And giues to euery power a double power,  
 1578 Aboue their functions and their offices.  
 1579 It addes a precious feeling to the eye:  
 1681 1580 A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde.  
 1581 A Louers ear will heare the loweft found.  
 1582 When the fupitious head of theft ftopt.  
 1583 Loues feeling is more foft and fenfible,  
 1584 Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snayles.  
 1585 Loues tongue proues daintie, *Bachus* groffe in tafte,  
 1586 For Valoure, is not Loue a *Hercules*?  
 1587 Still clymyng trees in the *Hefferides*.  
 1588 Subtil as *Sphinx*, as fweete and muficall,  
 1589 As bright *Appolos* Lute, ftrung with his haire.  
 1691 1590 And when Loue fpeakes, the voyce of all the Goddes,  
 1591 Make heauen drowfie with the harmonie.  
 1592 Neuer durft Poet touch a pen to write,  
 1593 Vntil his Incke were tempered with Loues fighes:  
 1594 O then his lines would rauifh fauage eares,  
 1595 And plantin Tyrants milde humbilitie.  
 1596 From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue.  
 1597 They fparcle ftill the right prometean fier,  
 1598 They are the Bookes, the Artes, the Achademes,  
 1599 That fhew, containe, and nourifh all the worlde.  
 1705 1600 Els none at all in ought proues excellent.



Then when our felues we fee in Ladies eyes,	1662
With our felues.	1663
Doe we not likewife fee our learning there?	1664
O we haue made a Vow to ftudie, Lords,	1665
And in that vow we haue forfworne our Bookes:	1666
For when would you (my Leege) or you, or you?	1667
In leaden contemplation haue found out	1668
Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes,	1669
Of beauties tutors haue enrich'd you with:	1670
Other flow Arts intirely keepe the braine:	1671
And therefore finding barraine practizers,	1672
Scarce fhew a harueft of their heauy toyle.	1673
But Loue firft learned in a Ladies eyes,	1674
Liues not alone emured in the braine:	1675
But with the motion of all elements,	1676
Courfes as fwift as thought in euery power,	1677
And giues to euery power a double power,	1678
Above their functions and their offices.	1679
It addes a precious feeling to the eye:	1680
A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blind.	1681
A Louers eare will heare the loweft found.	1682
When the fufpicious head of theft is ftopt.	1683
Loues feeling is more foft and fenfible,	1684
Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snayles.	1685
Loues tongue proues dainty, <i>Bacbus</i> groffe in tafte,	1686
For Valour, is not Loue a <i>Hercules</i> ?	1687
Still climing trees in the <i>Hefporides</i> .	1688
Subtill as <i>Sphinx</i> , as fwet and muficall,	1689
As bright <i>Apollo's</i> Lute, ftrung with his haire.	1690
And when Loue fpeakes, the voyce of all the Gods,	1691
Make heauen drowfie with the harmonie.	1692
Neuer durft Poet touch a pen to write,	1693
Vntill his Inke were tempered with Loues fighes:	1694
O then his lines would rauifh fauage eares,	1695
And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.	1696
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue.	1697
They fparcle ftill the right promethean fire,	1698
They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Achademes,	1699
That fhew, containe, and nourifh all the world.	1700
Elfe none at all in ought proues excellent.	1701

- 1601 Then fooles you were, these women to forfwear:  
 1602 Or keeping what is fworne, you will proue fooles,  
 1603 For Wifedomes fake, a worde that all men loue:  
 1604 Or for Loues fake, a worde that loues all men.  
 1605 Or for Men's fake, the author of thefe Women:  
 1606 Or Womens fake, by whom we Men are Men.  
 1607 Lets vs once loofe our othes to finde our felues,  
 1608 Or els we loofe our felues, to keepe our othes:  
 1609 It is Religion to be thus forfworne.  
 1711 1610 For Charitie it felfe fulfills the Law:  
 1611 And who can feuer Loue from Charitie.  
 1612 *King.* Saint *Cupid* then and Souldiers to the fieelde.  
 1613 *Berow.* Aduance your ftandars, and vpon them Lords.  
 1614 Pell, mell, downe with them: but be firft aduifd,  
 1615 In conflict that you get the Sunne of them.  
 1616 *Long.* Now to plaine dealing Lay thefe glozes by,  
 1617 Shall we refolue to woe thefe gyrls of Fraunce?  
 1618 *King.* And winn them too, therefore let vs deuife,  
 1619 Some entertainment for them in their Tentcs.  
 1721 1620 *Ber.* Firft from the Parke let vs conduct them thither,  
 1621 Then homeward euey man attach the hand  
 1622 Of this faire Miftres, in the after noone  
 1623 We will with fome fragne paftime folace them:  
 1624 Such as the fhortneffe of the time can fhape,  
 1625 For Reuels, Daunces, Mafkes, and merrie houres,  
 1626 Forerunne faire Loue, ftrewing her way with flowers.  
 1627 *King.* Away, away, no time fhallbe omitted,  
 1628 That will be time and may by vs befitted.  
 1629 *Ber.* Alone alone fowed Cockell, reapt no Corne,  
 1731 1630 And Iuftice always whirles in equall meafure:  
 1631 Light Wenches may proue plagues to men forfome,  
 1632 If fo our Copper byes no better treafure.

1633

*Enter the Pedant, the Curat, and Dull.*

1634

*Pedant.* *Satis quid fufficit.*

1635

*Curat.* I prayfe God for you fir, your reafons at Dinner

1636

haue been fharpe & fententious: pleafant without fcurilli-  
 . tie,

Then fooles you were these women to forfwear:	1702
Or keeping what is fworne, you will proue fooles,	1703
For Wifedomes fake, a word that all men loue:	1704
Or for Loues fake, a word that loues all men.	1705
Or for Mens fake, the author of these Women:	1706
Or Womens fake, by whom we men are Men.	1707
Let's once loofe our oathes to finde our felues,	1708
Or elfe we loofe our felues, to keepe our oathes:	1709
It is religion to be thus forfworne.	1710
For Charity it felfe fulfills the Law:	1711
And who can feuer loue from Charity.	1712
<i>Kin.</i> Saint Cupid then, and Souldiers to the field.	1713
<i>Ber.</i> Aduance your ftandards, & vpon them Lords.	1714
Pell, mell, downe with them: but be firft aduis'd,	1715
In conflict that you get the Sunne of them.	1716
<i>Long.</i> Now to plaine dealing, Lay these glozes by,	1717
Shall we refolue to woe these girles of France?	1718
<i>Kin.</i> And winne them too, therefore let vs deuife,	1719
Some entertainment for them in their Tents.	1720
<i>Ber.</i> Firft from the Park let vs conduct them thither,	1721
Then homeward euery man attach the hand	1722
Of his faire Miftrefse, in the afternoone	1723
We will with fome ftrange pafstime folace them:	1724
Such as the fhortneffe of the time can fhape,	1725
For Reuels, Dances, Maskes, and merry houres,	1726
Fore-runne faire Loue, ftrewing her way with flowers.	1727
<i>Kin.</i> Away, away, no time fhall be omitted,	1728
That will be time, and may by vs be fitted.	1729
<i>Ber.</i> Alone, alone fowed Cockell, reap'd to Corne,	1730
And Iuftice alwaies whirles in equall manure:	1731
Light Wenches may proue plagues to men forfworne,	1732
If fo, our Copper buyes no better treafure.	<i>Exeunt.</i> 1733

*Actus Quartus.*

*Enter the Pedant, Curate and Dull.* 1734

*Pedant.* *Satis quid sufficit.* 1735

*Curat.* I praife God for you fir, your reafons at dinner  
haue beene fharp & fententious: pleafant without fcur- 1736  
1737

- 1637 wittie without affection, audacious without imprudencie,  
 1638 learned without opinion, and ftrange without herefie: I did  
 1639 conuerfe this quondam day with a companion of the kings,  
 1741 1640 who is intituled, nommated, or called, *Don Adriano de Ar-*  
 1641 *matho.* his  
 1642 *Peda.* *Noui hominum tanquam te,* His humour is loftie,  
 1643 difcourfe peremptorie: his tongue fyled, his eye ambitious,  
 1644 his grate maiefticall, and his generall behauiour vaine, re-  
 dicu-  
 1645 lous, & thrafonicall. He is too picked, to fpruce, to affected,  
 1646 to od as it were, too peregrinat as I may call it.  
 1647 *Curat.* A moft fingular and choyce Epithat,  
 1648 *Draw-out his Table-booke.*  
 1649 *Peda.* He draweth out the thred of his verbofitie, finer  
 1752 1650 then the ftaple of his argument. I abhorre fuch phanatticall  
 1651 phantafims, fuch infociable and poynt deuife companions,  
 1652 fuch rackers of orragriphie, as to fpeake dout fine, when he  
 1653 fhould fay doubt; det, when he fhould pronounce debt;  
 debt,  
 1654 not det: he clpeth a Calfe, Caufe: halfe, haufe: neighbour  
 1655 *vocatur* nebour; neigh abreuiated ne: this is abhominable,  
 1656 which he would call abominable, it infinuateth me of in-  
 1657 famie: *ne intelligis domine,* to make frantique lunatique?
- 1658 *Curat.* *Laus deo, bene intelligo.* ferue.  
 1659 *Peda.* *Bome boon for boon prefcian,* a litle fcratcht, twil
- 1764 1660 *Enter Bragart, Boy.*
- 1661 *Curat.* *Vides ne quis venit?*  
 1662 *Peda.* *Video, et gaudio.*  
 1663 *Brag.* Chirra.  
 1664 *Peda.* *Quari* Chirra, not Sirra?  
 1665 *Brag.* Men of peace well incontred.  
 1666 *Ped.* Moftmillitarie fir falutation.  
 1667 *Boy.* They haue been at a great feaft of Languages, and  
 1668 ftolne the fcraps. wordes.  
 1669 *Clow.* O they haue lyud long on the almfbasket of  
 1774 1670 I maruaile thy M. hath not eaten thee for a worde, for thou  
 1671 art not fo long by the head as honorificabilitudininitatibus:

rillity, witty without affection, audacious without im-	1738
prudency, learned without opinion, and ftrange without	1739
herief: I did conuerfe this <i>quondam</i> day with a compa-	1740
nion of the Kings, who is intituled, nominated, or called,	1741
<i>Don Adriano de Armatho</i> .	1742
<i>Ped.</i> <i>Noui bominum tanquam te</i> , His humour is lofty,	1743
his difcourfe peremptorie: his tongue filed, his eye	1744
ambitious, his gate maiefticall, and his generall behau-	1745
our vaine, ridiculous, and thrafonticall. He is too picked,	1746
too fpruce, too affected, too odde, as it were, too pere-	1747
grinat, as I may call it.	1748
<i>Curat.</i> A moft fingular and choife Epithat,	1749
<i>Draw out his Table-booke.</i>	1750
<i>Peda.</i> He draweth out the thred of his verbofitie, fi-	1751
ner then the ftaple of his argument. I abhor fuch pha-	1752
naticall phanatafims, fuch infociable and poynt deuife	1753
companions, fuch rackers of ortagriphie, as to speake	1754
dout fine, when he fhould fay doubt; det, when he fhould	1755
pronounce debt; d e b t, not det: he clepeth a Calf, Caufe:	1756
halfe, haufe: neighbour <i>vocatur</i> nebour; neigh abreuiated	1757
ne: this is abhominable, which we would call abhomi-	1758
nable: it infinuateth me of infamie: <i>ne inteligis domine</i> , to	1759
make franticke, lunaticke?	1760
<i>Cura.</i> <i>Laus deo, bene intelligo.</i>	1761
<i>Peda.</i> <i>Bome boon for boon prefcian</i> , a little fcratcht, 'twill	1762
ferue.	1763
<i>Enter Bragart, Boy.</i>	1764
<i>Curat.</i> <i>Vides ne quis venit?</i>	1765
<i>Peda.</i> <i>Video, &amp; gaudio.</i>	1766
<i>Brag.</i> Chirra.	1767
<i>Peda.</i> <i>Quari</i> Chirra, not Sirra?	1768
<i>Brag.</i> Men of peace well incountred.	1769
<i>Ped.</i> Moft millitarie fir falutation.	1770
<i>Boy.</i> Thay haue beene at a great feaft of Languages,	1771
and ftolne the fcraps.	1772
<i>Clow.</i> O they haue liu'd long on the almes-basket of	1773
words. I maruell thy M. hath not eaten thee for a word,	1774
for thou art not fo long by the head as honorificabilitu-	1775

- 1672 Thou art eafier fwallowed then a flapdragon.
- 1673 *Page.* Peace, the peale begins.
- 1674 *Brag.* Mounfier, are you not lettred?
- 1675 *Page.* Yes yes, he teaches boyes the Home-booke: What
- 1676 is Ab fpeld backward with the horne on his head?
- 1677 *Poda.* Ba, *puericia* with a horne added, (learning.
- 1678 *Pag.* Ba moft feely Sheepe, with a horne: you heare his
- 1679 *Peda.* *Quis quis* thou Confonant?
- 1786 1680 *Pag.* The laft of the fue Vowels if You repeate them,
- 1681 or the fift if I.
- 1682 *Peda.* I will repeate them: a e I.
- 1683 *Pag.* The Sheepe, the other two concludes it o u.
- 1684 *Brag.* Now by the fault wane of the meditaranium, a
- 1685 fwete tutch, a quicke vene we of wit, fnip fnap, quicke and
- 1686 home, it reioyceth my intellect, true wit. old.
- 1687 *Page.* Offerd by a childe to an old man: which is wit-
- 1688 *Peda.* What is the figure? What is the figure?
- 1689 *Page.* Hornes.
- 1797 1690 *Peda.* Thou difputes like an Infant: goe whip thy Gigg.
- 1691 *Pag.* Lende me your Horne to make one, and I will whip
- 1692 about your Infamie *vnucita* a gigge of a Cuckolds horne.
- 1693 *Clow.* And I had but one peny in the world thou
- fhouldft
- 1694 haue it to buy Ginger bread: Holde, there is the verie
- 1695 Remuneration I had of thy Maifter, thou halfepennie
- 1696 purfe of wit, thou Pidgin-egge of difcretion. O and
- the
- 1697 heauens were fo pleafed, that thou wart but my Ba-
- 1698 ftard; What a ioyfull father wouldeft thou make me?
- 1699 Go to, thou haft it *ad dungil* at the fingers ends, as they
- fay.
- 1809 1700 *Peda.* Oh I fmell falfe Latin, *dunghel* for *vnguem.* the
- 1701 *Brag.* *Artf-man preambulat*, we will be fnguled from
- 1702 barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charg-houfe
- 1703 on the top of the Mountaine?
- 1704 *Peda.* Or *Mons* the hill.

dinitatibus: Thou art easier fwallowed than a flapdragon.	1776
<i>Page.</i> Peace, the peale begins.	1777
<i>Brag.</i> Mounfier, are you not lettred?	1778
<i>Page.</i> Yes, yes, he teaches boyes the Horne-booke:	1779
What is Ab fpeld backward with the horn on his head?	1780
<i>Peda.</i> Ba, <i>puericia</i> with a horne added.	1781
<i>Pag.</i> Ba most feely Sheepe, with a horne: you heare his learning.	1782
<i>Peda.</i> <i>Quis quis</i> , thou Confonant?	1783
<i>Pag.</i> The laft of the fiue Vowels if You repeat them, or the firft if I.	1784
<i>Peda.</i> I will repeat them: a e I.	1785
<i>Pag.</i> The Sheepe, the other two concludes it o u.	1786
<i>Brag.</i> Now by the falt waue of the mediteranium, a fwet tutch, a quicke vene we of wit, fnip fnap, quick & home, it reioyceth my intellect, true wit.	1787
<i>Page.</i> Offered by a childe to an old man: which is wit-old.	1788
<i>Peda.</i> What is the figure? What is the figure?	1789
<i>Page.</i> Hornes.	1790
<i>Peda.</i> Thou difputes like an Infant: goe whip thy Gigge.	1791
<i>Pag.</i> Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Infamie <i>vnum cita</i> a gigge of a Cuck-olds horne.	1792
<i>Clow.</i> And I had but one penny in the world, thou	1793
fhouldft haue it to buy Ginger bread: Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Maifter, thou halfpenny	1794
purfe of wit, thou Pidgeon-egge of difcretion. O & the	1795
heauens were fo pleafed, that thou wert but my Baftard;	1796
What a ioyfull father wouldft thou make mee? Goe to,	1797
thou haft it <i>ad dungil</i> , at the fingers ends, as they fay.	1798
<i>Peda.</i> Oh I fmell falfe Latine, <i>dungbel</i> for <i>vngeum</i> .	1799
<i>Brag.</i> <i>Artif-man preambulat</i> , we will bee fingled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charg-houfe on the top of the Mountaine?	1800
<i>Peda.</i> Or <i>Mons</i> the hill.	1801
	1802
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- 1705 *Brag.* At your fweete pleafure, for the Mountaine.  
 1706 *Peda.* I do fans quefton.  
 1707 *Bra.* Sir, it is the Kings moft fweete pleafur & affection,  
 1708 to congratulate the Princeffe at her Paultion, in the *pofteriors*  
 1709 of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noone.  
 1820 1710 *Peda.* The *pofterior* of the day, moft generous fir, is  
 liable,  
 1711 congruent, and meafurable for the after noone: the worde is  
 1712 well culd, chofe, fweete, & apt I do affure you fir, I do affure.
- 1713 *Brag.* Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my fami-  
 1714 lier, I do affure ye very good friende: for what is inwarde  
 1715 betweene vs, let it paffe: I do befeech thee remember thy  
 1716 curtefie. I befeech thee apparrell thy head: and among other  
 1717 important and moft ferious defignes, and of great import in  
 1718 deede too: but let that paffe, for I muft tell thee it will  
 1719 pleafe his Grace (by the worlde) fometime to leane vpon  
 1832 1720 my poore fhoulder and with his royoll finger thus dallie  
 1721 with my excrement, with my muftachie: but fweete hart  
 1722 let that paffe. By the world I recount no fable, fome cer-  
 taine  
 1723 fpecial honours it pleafeth his greatnes to impart to *Armado*  
 1724 a Souldier, a man of trauallye, that hath feene the worlde:  
 but  
 1725 let that paffe; the very all of all is: but fweet hart, I do im-  
 plore  
 1726 fecretie, that the King would haue me prefent the Princeffe  
 1727 (fweete chuck) with fome delightfull oftentation, or fhew,  
 1728 of pageant, or antique, or fierworke: Now vnderftanding  
 1729 that the Curate and your fweete felfe, are good at fuch erup-  
 1843 1730 tions, and fodaine breaking out of myrth (as it were) I haue  
 1731 acquainted you withall, to the ende, to craue your afiftance.
- 1732 *Peda.* Sir, you fhall prefent before her the Nine Worthies.  
 1733 Sir *Holofernes*, as concerning fome entertainment of time,  
 1734 fome fhew in the pofterior of this day, to be rended by our  
 1735 afiftants the Kinges commaund, and this moft gallant il-  
 1736 luftrate and learned Gentleman, before the Princeffe: I fay  
 1737 none fo fit as to prefent the nine Worthies.



<i>Brag.</i> At your fweet pleafure, for the Mountaine.	1814
<i>Peda.</i> I doe <i>fans queftion</i> .	1815
<i>Bra.</i> Sir, it is the Kings moft fweet pleafure and affection, to congratulate the Princeffe at her Paviour, in the <i>pofteriors</i> of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noone.	1816 1817 1818 1819
<i>Ped.</i> The <i>pofterior</i> of the day, moft generous fir, is liable, congruent, and meafurable for the after-noone: the word is well culd, chofe, fweet, and apt I doe affure you fir, I doe affure.	1820 1821 1822 1823
<i>Brag.</i> Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar, I doe affure ye very good friend: for what is inward betweene vs, let it paffe. I doe befeech thee remember thy curtefie. I befeech thee apparell thy head: and among other importunate & moft ferious defignes, and of great import indeed too: but let that paffe, for I muft tell thee it will pleafe his Grace (by the world) fometime to leane vpon my poore fhoulder, and with his royall finger thus dallie with my excrement, with my muftachio: but fweet heart let that paffe. By the world I recount no fable, fome certaine fpecial honours it	1824 1825 1826 1827 1828 1829 1830 1831 1832 1833 1834
pleafeth his greatneffe to impart to <i>Armado</i> a Souldier, a man of trauell, that hath feene the world: but let that	1835 1836
paffe; the very all of all is: but fweet heart, I do implore secrecie, that the King would haue more prefent the Princeffe (fweet chucked) with fome delightfull oftnetation, or fhew, or pageant, or anticke, or fire-worke: Now, vnderstanding that the Curate and your fweet felf are good at fuch eruptions, and fodaine breaking out of myrth (as it were) I haue acquainted you withall, to the end to craue your affittance.	1837 1838 1839 1840 1841 1842 1843 1844
<i>Peda.</i> Sir, you fhall prefent before her the Nine Worthies. Sir Holoffernes, as concerning fome entertainment of time, fome fhew in the pofterior of this day, to bee rendred by our affiftants the Kings command: and this moft gallant, illuftrate and learned Gentleman, before the Princeffe: I fay none fo fit as to prefent the Nine Worthies.	1845 1846 1847 1848 1849 1850 1851

- 1738 *Curat.* Where will you finde men worthie enough to pre-  
 1739 sent them?
- 1854 1740 *Peda.* *Iofua*, your felfe, my felfe, and this gallant Gentle-  
 1741 man *Iudas Machabeus*; this Swaine (becaufe of his great lim  
 1742 or ioynt) fhall paffe *Pompey* the great, the Page *Hercules*.
- 1743 *Brag.* Pardon fir, error: He is not quantitie enough for  
 1744 that worthies thumbe, he s not fo big as the end of his Club.
- 1745 *Peda.* Shall I haue audience? He fhall prefent *Hercu-  
 les*
- 1746 in minoritie: his enter and exit fhall be ftrangling a Snake;  
 1747 and I will haue an Apologie for that purpofe. hiffe,  
 1748 *Page.* An excellent deuice: fo if any of the audience  
 1749 you may cry, Well done *Hercules*, now thou crusheft the  
 1866 1750 Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, though  
 1751 few haue the grace to do it.
- 1752 *Brag.* For the reft of the Worthies?
- 1753 *Peda.* I will play three my felfe.
- 1754 *Page.* Thrice worthie Gentleman.
- 1755 *Brag.* Shall I tell you a thing?
- 1756 *Peda.* We attende.
- 1757 *Brag.* We will haue, if this fadge not, an Antique. I be-  
 1758 feech you follow.
- 1876 1759 *Peda.* *Via* good-man *Dull*, thou haft fpoken no worde  
 1760 this while.
- 1761 *Dull.* Nor vnderftoode none neither fir.
- 1762 *Ped.* Alone, we will employ thee.
- 1763 *Dull.* Ile make one in a daunce, or fo: or I will play on  
 1764 the Taber to the worthies, and let them dance the hey.
- 1765 *Peda.* Mofte *Dull*, honeft *Dull*, to our fport *away*.  
*Exeunt.*
- 1766 *Enter the Ladies.*
- 1767 *Quee.* Sweete hartes we fhall be rich ere we depart,  
 1768 Yf Fayrings come thus plentifully in.
- 1769 A Ladie walde about with Diamondes: Looke you, what I  
 1886 1770 haue from the louing King.
- 1771 *Rofa.* Madame, came nothing els along with that?
- 1772 *Quee.* Nothing but this: yes as much loue in Rime,

<i>Curat.</i> Where will you finde men worthy enough to present them?	1852
<i>Peda.</i> <i>Iofua</i> , your felfe: my felfe, and this gallant gentleman <i>Iudas Machabeus</i> ; this Swaine (becaufe of his great limme or ioynt) fhall paffe <i>Pompey</i> the great, the Page <i>Hercules</i> .	1853
<i>Brag.</i> Pardon fir, error: He is not quantitie enough for that Worthies thumb, hee is not fo big as the end of his Club.	1854
<i>Peda.</i> Shall I haue audience? he fhall present <i>Hercules</i> .	1855
	1856
	1857
	1858
	1859
	1860
	1861
<i>les</i> in minoritie: his <i>enter</i> and <i>exit</i> fhall bee frangling a Snake; and I will haue an Apologie for that purpofe.	1862
<i>Pag.</i> An excellent deuce: fo if any of the audience hiffe, you may cry, Well done <i>Hercules</i> , now thou crufted the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few haue the grace to doe it.	1863
<i>Brag.</i> For the reft of the Worthies?	1864
<i>Peda.</i> I will play three my felfe.	1865
<i>Pag.</i> Thrice worthy Gentleman.	1866
<i>Brag.</i> Shall I tell you a thing?	1867
<i>Peda.</i> We attend.	1868
<i>Brag.</i> We will haue, if this fadge, not, an Antique. I befeech you follow.	1869
<i>Peda.</i> <i>Via</i> good-man <i>Dull</i> , thou haft fpoken no word all this while.	1870
<i>Dull.</i> Nor vnderftood none neither fir.	1871
<i>Ped.</i> Alone, we will employ thee.	1872
<i>Dull.</i> Ile make one in a dance, or fo: or I will play on the taber to the Worthies, & let them dance the hey.	1873
<i>Ped.</i> Moft <i>Dull</i> , honeft <i>Dull</i> , to our fport away.	1874
	1875
	1876
	1877
	1878
	1879
	1880
	<i>Exit.</i> 1881

*Enter Ladies.* 1882

<i>Qu.</i> Sweet hearts we fhall be rich ere we depart, If fairings come thus plentifully in.	1883
A Lady wil'd about with Diamonds: Look you, what I haue from the louing King.	1884
<i>Rofa.</i> Madam, came nothing elfe along with that?	1885
<i>Qu.</i> Nothing this: yes as much loue in Rime,	1886
	1887
	1888

- 1773 As would be crambd vy in afheete of paper  
 1774 Writ about fides the leafe, margent and all,  
 1775 That he was faine to feale on *Cupid's name*.  
 1776 *Rofa*. That was the way to make his god-head Wax:  
 1777 For he hath been fwe thoufand yeere a Boy.  
 1778 *Kath*. I and a fthrowde vnhappie gallowes too.  
 1779 *Ros*. Youle neare be friends with him, a kild your fifter.  
 1896 1780 *Kath*. He made her melancholie, fad, and heaueie,  
 1781 And fo fhe died: had fhe bin Light like you, of fuch a mery  
 1782 nimble ftiring fpirit, fhe might a bin Grandam ere fhe died.  
 1783 And fo may you: For a light hart liues long. word?  
 1784 *Ros*. Whats your darke meaning mouce, of this light  
  
 1785 *Kath*. A light condition in a beautie darke.  
 1786 *Ros*. We neede more light to finde your meaning out.  
 1787 *Kath*. Yole marre the light by taking it in fnuffe:  
 1788 Therefore Ile darkly ende the argument.  
 1789 *Ros*. Looke what you do, you do it ftill i'th darke.  
 1907 1790 *Kath*. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.  
 1791 *Ros*. In deede I waigh not you, and therefore light.  
 1792 *Kath*. You waigh me not, O thats you care not for me.  
 1793 *Ros*. Great reafon: for pafte care, is ftill pafte cure.  
 1794 *Que*. Well bandied both, a fet of Wit well played.  
 1795 But *Rofaline*, you haue a Fauour too?  
 1796 Who fent it? and what is it?  
 1797 *Ros*. I would you knew.  
 1798 And if my face were but as faire as yours,  
 1799 My Fauor were as great, be witneffe this.  
 1917 1800 Nay I haue Vearfes too, I thanke *Berowne*,  
 1801 The numbers true, and were the numbring too,  
 1802 I were the fayrefte Goddeffe on the ground,  
 1803 I am comparde to twentie thoufand fairs.  
 1804 O he hath drawen my picture in his letter.  
 1805 *Quee*. Auy thing like?  
 1806 *Ros*. Much in the letters nothing in the praife.  
 1807 *Quee*. Beautious Incke: a good conclufion.  
 1808 *Kath*. Faire as a text B in *Coppie booke*.  
 1809 *Ros*. Ware penfalls, How? Let me not die your debtor,  
 1927 1810 My red Dominicall, my golden letter,  
 1811 O that your face were not fo full of Oes.

As would be cram'd vp in a fheet of paper	1889
Writ on both fides the leafe, margent and all,	1890
That he was faine to feale on <i>Cupids</i> name.	1891
<i>Rofa.</i> That was the way to make his god-head wax:	1892
For he hath beene fiue thoufand yeeres a Boy.	1893
<i>Kath.</i> I, and a fhrewd vnhappy gallowes too.	1894
<i>Rof.</i> You'll nere be friends with him, a kild your fifter.	1895
<i>Kath.</i> He made her melancholy, fad, and heauy, and	1896
fo fhe died: had fhe beene Light like you, of fuch a mer-	1897
rie nimble ftirring fpirit, fhe might a bin a Grandam ere	1898
fhe died. And fo may you: For a light heart liues long.	1899
<i>Rof.</i> What's your darke meaning moufe, of this light	1900
word?	1901
<i>Kat.</i> A light condition in a beauty darke.	1902
<i>Rof.</i> We ned more light to finde your meaning out.	1903
<i>Kat.</i> You'll marre the light by taking it in fnuffe:	1904
Therefore Ile darkely end the argument.	1905
<i>Rof.</i> Look what you doe, you doe it ftill i'th darke.	1906
<i>Kat.</i> So do not you, for you are a light Wench.	1907
<i>Rof.</i> Indeed I waigh not you, and therefore light.	1908
<i>Ka.</i> You waigh me not, O that's you care not for me.	1909
<i>Rof.</i> Great reafon: for pafst care, is ftill pafst cure.	1910
<i>Qu.</i> Well bandied both, a fet of Wit well played.	1911
But <i>Rofaline</i> , you haue a Fauour too?	1912
Who fent it? and what is it?	1913
<i>Ros.</i> I would you knew.	1914
And if my face were but as faire as yours,	1915
My Fauour were as great, be witneffe this.	1916
Nay, I haue Verfes too, I thanke <i>Berowme</i> ,	1917
The numbers true, and were the numbring too,	1918
I were the faireft goddeffe on the ground.	1919
I am compar'd to twenty thoufand fairs.	1920
O he hath drawne my picture in his letter.	1921
<i>Qu.</i> Any thing like?	1922
<i>Rof.</i> Much in the letters, nothing in the praife.	1923
<i>Qu.</i> Beauteous as Incke: a good conclufion.	1924
<i>Kat.</i> Faire as a text B. in a Coppie booke.	1925
<i>Rof.</i> Ware penfals. How? Let me not die your debtor,	1926
My red Dominicall, my golden letter.	1927
O that your face were full of Oes.	1928

- 1812 *Quee.* A Poxe of that ieft, and I beftow all Shrowes.  
 1813 But *Katherine* what was fent to you  
 1814 From faire *Dumaine*?  
 1815 *Kath.* Madame, this Gloue.  
 1716 *Quee.* Did he not fend you twaine?  
 1817 *Kath.* Yes Madame: and moreouer,  
 1818 Some thoufand Verfes of a faithfull Louer.  
 1819 A hudge tranflation of hipocrifie,  
 1937 1820 Vildly compyled, profound fimPLICITIE.  
 1821 *Marg.* This, and these Pearle, to me fent *Longawile*.  
 1822 The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.  
 1823 *Quee.* I thinke no leffe: Doft thou not wifh in hart  
 1824 The Chaine were longer, and the Letter Short,  
 1825 *Marg.* I, or I would thefe handes might neuer part.  
 1826 *Quee.* We are wife girles to mocke our Louers fo.  
 1827 *Ros.* They are worfe fooles to purchafe mocking fo.  
 1828 That fame *Berowne* ile torture ere I go.  
 1829 O that I knew he were but in by th'weeke,  
 1947 1830 How I would make him fawne, and begge, and feeke,  
 1831 And wayte the feafon, and obferue the times,  
 1832 And fend his prodigall wittes in booteles rimes.  
 1833 And fhape his feruice wholly to my deuice,  
 1834 And make him proude to make me proude that ieftes,  
 1835 So perttaunt like would I ore'fway his ftate,  
 1836 That he fhould be my foole, and I his fate.  
 1837 *Quee.* None are fo furely caught, when they are catcht,  
 1838 As Wit turnde Foole, follie in Wifdome hatcht:  
 1839 Hath Wifedomes warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,  
 1957 1840 And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole.  
 1841 *Rofe.* The blood of youth burnes not with fuch exceffe,  
 1842 As grauties reuolt to wantons be.  
 1843 *Mar.* Follie in Fooles beares not fo ftrong a note,  
 1844 As foolrie in the Wife, when Wit doth dote:  
 1845 Since all the power thereof it doth apply,  
 1846 To proue Wit, worth in fimPLICITIE.
- 1847 *Enter Boyet.*  
 1848 *Quee.* Heere comes Boyet, and myrth is in his face.  
 1849 *Boyet.* O I am ftubble with laughter, Wher's her Grace?  
 1967 1850 *Quee.* Thy newes *Boyet*?

Qu. A Pox of that ieft, and I befrew all Shrowes :	1929
But <i>Katherine</i> , what was fent to you	1930
From faire <i>Dumaine</i> ?	1931
<i>Kat.</i> Madame, this Gloue.	1932
<i>Qu.</i> Did he not fend you twaine?	1933
<i>Kat.</i> Yes Madame: and moreouer,	1934
Some thoufand Verfes of a faithfull Louer.	1935
A huge tranflation of hypocriefie.	1936
Vildly compiled, profound fimplicities.	1937
<i>Mar.</i> This, and thefe Pearls, to me fent <i>Longaule</i> .	1938
The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.	1939
<i>Qu.</i> I thinke no leffe: Doft thou wifh in heart	1940
The Chaine were longer, and the Letter fhort.	1941
<i>Mar.</i> I, or I would thefe hands might neuer part.	1942
<i>Quee.</i> We are wife girles to mocke our Louers fo.	1943
<i>Rof.</i> They are worfe fooles to purchafe mocking fo	1944
That fame <i>Berozme</i> ile torture ere I goe.	1945
O that I knew he were but in by th'weeke,	1946
How I would make him fawne, and begge, and feeke,	1947
And wait the feafon, and obferue the times,	1948
And fend his prodigall wits in booteles rimes.	1949
And fhape his feruice wholly to my deuice,	1950
And make him proud to make me proud that iests.	1951
So pertuant like would I o'refway his ftate,	1952
That he fhould be my foole, and I his fatc.	1953
<i>Qu.</i> None are fo furely caught, when they are catcht,	1954
As Wit turn'd foole, follie in Wifedome hatch'd:	1955
Hath wifedoms warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,	1956
And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole?	1957
<i>Rof.</i> The bloud of youth burns not with fuch exceffe,	1958
As grauties reault to wantons be.	1959
<i>Mar.</i> Follie in Fooles beares not fo ftrong a note,	1960
As fool'ry in the Wife, when Wit doth dote:	1961
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,	1962
To proue by Wit, worth in fimplicity.	1963
<i>Enter Boyet.</i>	
<i>Qu.</i> Heere comes <i>Boyet</i> , and mirth in his face.	1965
<i>Boy.</i> O I am ftab'd with laughter, Wher's her Grace?	1966
<i>Qu.</i> Thy newes <i>Boyet</i> ?	1967

- 1851 *Boy.* Prepare Maddame, prepare.  
 1852 Arme Wenches arme, incounters mounted are,  
 1853 Against your Peace Loue doth approch, difguyfed:  
 1854 Armed in argumentes, you'll be furprifed.  
 1855 Mufter your Wits, ftande in your owne defence,  
 1856 Or hide your heades like Cowardes, and flie hence.  
 1857 *Que.* Saint *Dennis* to *S. Cupid*: What are they,  
 1858 That charge their breath againft vs? Say fcout fay.  
 1859 *Boy.* Vnder the coole fhade of a Siccamone,  
 1977 1860 I thought to clofe mine eyes fome halfe an houre:  
 1861 When lo to interrupt my purpofed reft,  
 1862 Toward that fhade I might beholde adreff,  
 1863 The King and his companions warely,  
 1864 I ftole into a neighbour thicket by,  
 1865 And ouer hard, what you shall ouer heare:  
 1866 That by and by difguyfd thy will be heere.  
 1867 Their Heralde is a prettie knauifh Page:  
 1868 That well by harth cond his embaffage  
 1869 Action and accent did they teach him there.  
 1987 1870 Thus muft thou fpeake, and thus thy body beare.  
 1871 And euer and anon they made a daubt,  
 1872 Prefence maiefticall would put him out:  
 1873 For quoth the King, an Angell fhalt thou fee:  
 1874 Yet feare not thou but fpeake audacioufly.  
 1875 The Boy replyd, An Angell is not euill:  
 1876 I fhould haue feard her had fhe been a deuill.  
 1877 With that all laught, and clapt him on the fhoulder,  
 1878 Making the bolde wagg by their prayfes bolder.  
 1879 One rubbed his elbow thus, and fleerd, and fwore,  
 1997 1880 A better fpeach was neuer fpoke before.  
 1881 Another with his fynger and his thume,  
 1882 Cried *via* we will doo't come what wil come.  
 1883 The thirde he capered and cryed, All goes well.  
 1884 The fourth turnd on the tooe, and downe he fell:  
 1885 With that they all did tumble on the ground,  
 1886 With fuch a zealous laughter fo profound,  
 1887 That in this fpleene rediculous appeares,  
 1888 To checke their follie pafhions folembe teares.  
 1889 *Que.* But what but what, come they to vifire vs?  
 2007 1890 *Boy.* They do, they do; and are appariled thus,



<i>Boy.</i> Prepare Madame, prepare .	1968
Arme Wenches arme, incounters mounted are,	1969
Against your Peace, Loue doth approach, difguis'd :	1970
Armed in arguments, you'll be surpriz'd.	1971
Mutter your Wits, stand in your own defence,	1972
Or hide your heads like Cowards, and flie hence.	1973
<i>Qu.</i> <i>Saint Dennis</i> to <i>S. Cupid</i> : What are they,	1974
That charge their breath against vs? Say scout fay	1975
<i>Boy.</i> Under the coole shade of a Siccamore	1976
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour :	1977
When lo to interrupt my purpos'd rest,	1978
Toward that shade I might behold adrest,	1979
The King and his companions warely	1980
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,	1981
And over-heard, what you shall over-heare :	1982
That by and by disguised they will be heere.	1983
Their Herald is a pretty knauish Page :	1984
That well by heart hath con'd his embassage,	1985
Action and accent did they teach him there.	1986
Thus must thou speake, and thus thy body beare.	1987
And euer and anon they made a doubt,	1988
Preference maiestically would put him out :	1989
For quoth the King, an Angell shalt thou see :	1990
Yet feare not thou, but speake audacioufly.	1991
The Boy reply'd, An Angell is not euill :	1992
I should haue fear'd her, had shee beene a deuill.	1993
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder,	1994
Making the bold wagg by their praises bolder.	1995
One rub'd his elboe thus, and fleer'd, and swore,	1996
A better speech was neuer spoke before.	1997
Another with his finger and his thumb,	1998
Cry'd <i>via</i> , we will doo't, come what will come.	1999
The third he caper'd and cried, All goes well.	2000
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell :	2001
With that they all did tumble on the ground,	2002
With such a zelous laughter so profound,	2003
That in this spleene ridiculous appeares,	2004
To check their folly passions folemne teares.	2005
<i>Quee.</i> But what, but what, come they to visit vs?	2006
<i>Boy.</i> They do, they do and are apparel'd thus,	2007

- 1891 Like *Muscowites*, or *Rusfians*, as I geffe.  
 1892 Their purpose is to parlee, to court, and daunce,  
 1893 And euery one his Loue-feat will aduance,  
 1894 Vnto his fuerall Miftres: which they'le know  
 1895 By *Fauours* feuerall, which they did beftow.  
 1896 *Quee.* And will they fo? the Gallants fhall be tafkt:  
 1897 For Ladies; we will euery one be mafkt,  
 1898 And not a man of them fhall haue the grace  
 1899 Defpight of fute to fee a Ladies face.  
 2017 1900 Holde *Rofalne*, this Fauour thou fhalt weare,  
 1901 And then the King will court thee for his Deare:  
 1902 Holde take thou this my fweete, and giue mee thine,  
 1903 So fhall *Berowne* take me for *Rofaline*.  
 1904 And charge you Fauours two, fo fhall you Loues  
 1905 Woo contrarie, deceyued by thefe remoues.  
 1906 *Rofa.* Come on then, weare the Fauours moft in fight.  
 1907 *Kath.* But in this changing, What is your intent?  
 1908 *Quee.* The effect of my intent is to croffe theirs:  
 1909 They do it but in mockerie merement,  
 2027 1910 And mocke for mocke is onely my intent.  
 1911 Their feuerall counfailes they vnboofome fhall,  
 1912 To Loues mistooke, and fo be mockt withall.  
 1913 Vpon the next occafion that we meete,  
 1914 With Vifages difplayde to talke and greete.  
 1915 *Ros.* But fhall we dance, if they defire vs toot?  
 1916 *Quee.* No, to the death we will not moue a foot,  
 1917 Nor to their pend fpeach render we no grace:  
 1918 But while tis fpoke each turne away his face.  
 1919 *Boy.* Why that contempt will kill the fpeakers hart,  
 2037 1920 And quite diuorce his memorie from his part.  
 1921 *Quee.* Therefore I do it, and I make no doubt,  
 1922 The reft will ere come in, if he be out.  
 1923 Theres no fuch fport, as fport by fport orethrowne:  
 1924 To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.  
 1925 So shall we ftay mocking entended game,  
 1926 And they wel mockt depart away with fhame. *Sound Trom.*  
 1927 *Boy.* The Trompet foundes, be mafkr, the maskers come.

Like <i>Mufcouites</i> , or <i>Russans</i> , as I geffe.	2008
Their purpofe is to parlee, to court, and dance,	2009
And euery one his Loue-feat will aduance,	2010
Vnto his severall Mistresse: which they'll know	2011
By fauours feuerall, which they did beftow.	2012
<i>Queen.</i> And will they fo? the Gallants fhall be taskt:	2013
For Ladies; we will euery one be maskt,	2014
And not a man of them fhall haue the grace	2015
Defpight of fute, to fee a Ladies face.	2016
Hold <i>Rofaline</i> , this Fauour thou fhalt weare,	2017
And then the King will court thee for his Deare:	2018
Hold, take thou this my fweet, and giue me thine,	2019
So fhall <i>Berowne</i> take me for <i>Rofaline</i> .	2020
And change your Fauours too, fo fhall your Loues	2021
Woo contrary, decieu'd by thefe remoues.	2022
<i>Rosa.</i> Come on then, weare the fauours most in sight.	2023
<i>Kath.</i> But in this changing, What is your intent?	2024
<i>Queen.</i> The effect of my intent is to croffe theirs:	2025
They do it in but mocking merriment,	2026
And mocke for mocke is onely my intent.	2027
Their feuerall confels they vubofome fhall,	2028
To Loues miftooke, and fo be mockt withall.	2029
Vpon the next occafion that we meete,	2030
With Vifages difplayd to talke and greeete.	2031
<i>Rof.</i> But fhall we dance, if they defire vs too't?	2032
<i>Quee.</i> No, to the death we will not moue a foot,	2033
Nor to their pen'd fpeech render we no grace:	2034
But while 'tis fpoke, each turne away his face.	2035
<i>Boy.</i> Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,	2036
And quite diuorce his memory from his part.	2037
<i>Quee.</i> Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,	2038
The reft will ere come in, if he be out.	2039
Theres no fuch fport, as fport by fport overthrowne:	2040
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.	2041
So fhall we ftay mocking entended game,	2042
And they well mockt, depart away with fhame.	2043
<i>Boy.</i> The Trompet founds, be maskt, the maskers	2044
come.	2045

*Sound.*

- 1928 *Enter Black-moores with muficke, the Boy with a*  
 1929 *fpeach, and the reft of the Lordes difguyfed.*
- 2048 1930 *Page. All haile, the richeft Beauties on the earth.*  
 1931 *Berow. Beauties no richer then rich Taffata. their*  
 1932 *Page. A holy parcell of the fayreft dames that euer turnd*  
 1933 *backes to mortall wiewes.*  
 1934 *The Ladyes turne their backes to him.*  
 1935 *Berow. Their eyes villaine, their eyes.*  
 1936 *Pag. That euen turnde their eyes to mortall wiewes.*  
 1937 *Out.*  
 1938 *Boy. True, out in deede.*  
 1939 *Pag. Out of your fauours heauenly fpirates vouchsafe*
- 2058 1940 *Not to beholde.*  
 1941 *Berow. Once to beholde, rouge.*  
 1942 *Page. Once to beholde with your Sunne beamed eyes,*  
 1943 *With your Sunne beamed eyes.*  
 1944 *Boyet. They will not anfwere to that Epythat.*  
 1945 *You were best call it Daughter beamed eyes.*  
 1946 *Pag. They do not marke me, and that brings me out.*  
 1947 *Ber. Is this your perfectnes? begon you rogue.*  
 1948 *Rosal. What would thefe ftranges?*  
 1949 *Know their mindes Boyet.*
- 2068 1950 *If they do fpeake our language, tis our will*  
 1951 *That fome plaine man recount their purpofes.*  
 1952 *Know what they would?*  
 1953 *Boyet. What would you with the Princes?*  
 1954 *Berow. Nothing but peace, and gentle vifitation.*  
 1955 *Rofa. What would they, fay they?*  
 1956 *Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle vifitation.*  
 1957 *Roft. Why that they haue, and bid them fo be gon.*  
 1958 *Boy. She faies you haue it, and you may be gon.*  
 1959 *King. Say to her we haue meafured many miles.*  
 1960 *To tread a Meafure with her on this graffe.*
- 2079 1961 *Boy. They fay that they haue meafurd many a mile,*  
 1962 *To tread a Meafure with you on this graffe.*  
 1963 *Rofa. It is not fo. Afke them how manie inches*  
 1964 *Is in one mile? If they haue meafured manie,*  
 1965 *The meafure then of one is eafie tolde.*  
 1966 *Boy. If to come hither, you haue meafurde miles,*

<i>Enter Black moores with musicke, the Boy with a speech,</i> <i>and the rest of the Lords disguised.</i>	2046 2047
<i>Page.</i> All haile, the richest Beauties on the earth.	2048
<i>Ber.</i> Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.	2049
<i>Pag.</i> A holy parcell of the fairest dames that euer turn'd their backs to mortall views.	2050 2051
The Ladies turne their backs to him.	2052
<i>Ber.</i> Their eyes villaine, their eyes.	2053
<i>Pag.</i> .That euer turn'd their eyes to mortall views.	2054
<i>Out.</i>	2055
<i>Boy.</i> True, out indeed.	2056
<i>Pag.</i> Out of your fauours heauenly spirits vouchsafe Not to beholde.	2057 2058
<i>Ber.</i> Once to behold, rogue.	2059
<i>Pag.</i> .Once to behold with your Sunne beamed eyes, With your Sunne beamed eyes.	2060 2061
<i>Boy.</i> They will not answer to that Epythite, You were best call it Daughter beamed eyes.	2062 2063
<i>Pag.</i> They do not marke me, and that brings me out.	2064
<i>Bero.</i> .Is this your perfectneffe? be gon you rogue.	2065
<i>Rofa.</i> What would these strangers?	2066
Know their mindes <i>Boyet.</i>	2067
If they speake our language, 'tis our will	2068
That some plaine man recount their purposes.	2069
Know what they would?	2070
<i>Boyet.</i> What would you with the Princes?	2071
<i>Ber.</i> Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.	2072
<i>Ros.</i> What would they, say they?	2073
<i>Boy.</i> Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.	2074
<i>Rofa.</i> Why that they haue, and bid them fo be gon..	2075
<i>Boy.</i> She faies you haue it, and you may be gon.	2076
<i>Kin.</i> Say to her we haue meafur'd many a mile,	2077
To tread a Measure with you on this graffe.	2078
<i>Boy.</i> They say that they haue meafur'd many a mile.	2079
To tread a measure with you on this graffe	2080
<i>Rofa.</i> It is not fo. Aske them how many inches	2081
Is in one mile? If they haue meafur'd manie,	2082
The measure then of one is easlie told.	2083
<i>Boy.</i> If to come hither, you haue meafur'd miles,	2084



And many miles : the Princeffe bid you tell,	2085
How many inches doth fill vp one mile?	2086
<i>Ber.</i> Tell her we meafure them by weary fteps.	2087
<i>Boy.</i> She heares her felfe.	2088
<i>Rofa.</i> How manie wearie fteps,	2089
Of many wearie miles you haue ore-gone,	2090
Are numbered in the trauell of one mile?	2091
<i>Bero.</i> We number nothing that we fend for you,	2092
Our dutie is so rich, so infinite,	2093
That we may do it ftill without accompt.	2094
Vouchfafe to fhew the funfhine of your face,	2095
That we (like fauages) may worfhip it.	2096
<i>Rofa.</i> My face is but a Moone, and clouded too.	2097
<i>Kin.</i> Bleffed are clouds, to doe as fuch clouds do.	2098
Vouchfafe bright Moone, and thefe thy ftars to thine,	2099
(Thofe clouds remooued) ypon our waterie eyne.	2100
<i>Rofa.</i> O vaine petitioner, beg a greater matter,	2101
Thou now requetts but Moonefhine in the water.	2102
<i>Kin.</i> Then in our meafure, vouchfafe but one change.	2103
Thou bidft me begge, this begging is not ftrange.	2104
<i>Rofa.</i> Play muficke then : nay you muft doe it foone.	2105
Not yet no dance : thus change I like the Moone.	2106
<i>Kin.</i> Will you not dance? How come you thus	2107
eftranged?	2108
<i>Rofa.</i> You tooke the Moone at full, but how fhee's	2109
changed?	2110
<i>Kin.</i> Yet ftill fhe is the Moone, and I the Man.	2111
<i>Rofa.</i> The mufick playes, vouchfafe fome motion to	2112
it; Our eares vouchfafe it.	2113
<i>Kin.</i> But your legges fhould doe it.	2114
<i>Rof.</i> Since you are ftrangers, & come here by chance,	2115
Wee'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.	2116
<i>Kin.</i> Why take you hands then?	2117
<i>Rofa.</i> Onelie to part friends.	2118
Curttie fweet hearts, and fo the Meafure ends.	2119
<i>Kin.</i> More meafure of this meafure, be not nice.	2120
<i>Rofa.</i> We can afford no more at fuch a price.	2121
<i>Kin.</i> Prife your felues; What buyes your companie?	2122
<i>Rofa.</i> Your abfence onelie.	2123
<i>Kin.</i> That can neuer be.	2124

- 2005 *Rofa.* Then cannot we be brought. and fo adue,  
 2006 Twice to your Vifore, and halfe once to you.  
 2007 *King.* If you denie to daunce, lets holde more chat.  
 2008 *Rofa.* In priuat then.  
 2009 *King.* I am beft pleafd with that. thee.  
 2130 2010 *Berow.* White handed Miftress, one fweet word with  
 2011 *Quee.* Honie, and Milke, and Suger : there is three.  
 2012 *Ber.* Nay then two treyes, an if you grow fo nice,  
 2013 Methegline, Wort, and Malmfey ; well runne dice :  
 2014 There's halfe a dofen fweetes.  
 2015 *Quee.* Seuenth fweete adue, fince you can cogg,  
 2016 Ile play no more with you.  
 2017 *Ber.* One word in fecret.  
 2018 *Quee.* Let it not be fweete.  
 2019 *Bero.* Thou greeueft my gall.  
 2020 *Quee.* Gall, bitter,  
 2141 2021 *Bero.* Therefore meete.  
 2022 *Duman.* Will you vouchfafe with me no change a word?  
 2023 *Maria.* Name it.  
 2024 *Duma.* Faire Ladie. *Lady*  
 2025 *Mar.* Say you fo? Faire Lord, take that for your faire  
  
 2026 *Duma.* Pleafe it you, as much in priuat, & ile bid adieu.  
  
 2027 *Maria.* What, was your vizard made without a tongue?  
 2028 *Long.* I know the reafon (Lady) why you afke.  
 2029 *Maria.* O for your reafon, quickly fir, I long?  
 2030 *Long.* You haue a double tongue within your Mafke,  
 2153 2031 And would afforde my fpatchles vizard halfe.  
 2032 *Mar.* Veale quoth the Dutch-mant is not veale a Calfe?  
  
 2033 *Long.* A Calfe faire Ladie.  
 2034 *Mar.* No, a faire Lorde Calfe.  
 2035 *Long.* Let's part the word?  
 2036 *Mar.* No, Ile not be your halfe :  
 2037 Take all and weane it, may proue an Oxe. *mocks.*  
 2038 *Lon.* Looke how you butt your felfe in thefe fharpe  
  
 2039 Will you giue hornes chaft Lady? do not fo.  
 2040 *Mar.* Then die a Calfe, before your hornes do grow.



<i>Rofa.</i> Then cannot we be bought: and fo adue,	2125
Twice to your Vifore, and halfe once to you.	2126
<i>Kin.</i> If you denie to dance, let's hold more chat.	2127
<i>Rof.</i> In priuate then.	2128
<i>Kin.</i> I am beft pleas'd with that.	2129
<i>Be.</i> White handed Miftris, one fweet word with thee.	2130
<i>Qu.</i> Hony, and Milke, and Suger: there is three.	2131
<i>Ber.</i> Nay then two treyes, an if you grow fo nice	2132
Methegline, Wort, and Malmefy; well runne dice:	2133
There's halfe a dozen fweets.	2134
<i>Qu.</i> Seuenth fweet adue, fince you can cogg,	2135
Ile play no more with you.	2136
<i>Ber.</i> One word in fecret.	2137
<i>Qu.</i> Let it not be fweet.	2138
<i>Ber.</i> Thou green'ft my gall.	2139
<i>Qu.</i> Gall, bitter.	2140
<i>Ber.</i> Therefore meete.	2141
<i>Du.</i> Will you vouchfafe with me to change a word?	2142
<i>Mar.</i> Name it.	2143
<i>Dum.</i> Faire Ladie.	2144
<i>Mar.</i> Say you fo? Faire Lord:	2145
Take you that for your faire Lady.	2146
<i>Du.</i> .Pleafe it you,	2147
As much in priuate, and Ile bid adieu.	2148
<i>Mar.</i> What, was your vizard made without a tong?	2149
<i>Long.</i> I know the reafon Ladie why you aske.	2150
<i>Mar.</i> O for your reafon, quickly fir, I long.	2151
<i>Long.</i> You haue a double tongue within your mask.	2152
And would affoord my fpeechleffe vizard halfe.	2153
<i>Mar.</i> Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is not Veale a	2154
Calfe?	2155
<i>Long.</i> A Calfe faire Ladie?	2156
<i>Mar.</i> No, a faire Lord Calfe.	2157
<i>Long.</i> Let's part the word.	2158
<i>Mar.</i> No, Ile not be your halfe:	2159
Take all and weane it, it may proue an Oxe.	2160
<i>Long.</i> Looke how you but your felfe in thefe fharpe	2161
mockes.	2162
Will you giue hornes chaft Ladie? Do not fo.	2163
<i>Mar.</i> Then die a Calfe before your horns do grow.	2164

- 2165 2041 *Long.* One word in priuate with you ere I die.  
 2042 *Mar.* Bleat foffly then, the Butcher heares you crie.  
 2043 *Boyet.* The tongues of mocking Wenches are as keene  
 2044 As is the Rafors edge inuifible:  
 2045 Cutting a fmaller haire then may be feene,  
 2046 Aboue the fence of fence fo fenfible,  
 2047 Seemeth their conference, their conceites haue winges,  
 2048 Fleeter then Arrowes, bullets wind though fwifter thinges.  
 2049 *Rofa.* Not one word more my Maides, break off, break  
 off.  
 2050 *Bero.* By heauen, all drie beaten with pure fcoffe.  
 2176 2051 *King.* Farewel mad Wenches, you haue fimple wits.  
*Exe.*  
 2052 *Quee.* Twentie adieus my frozen Muskouits.  
 2053 Are thefe the breede of Wits fo wondered at?  
 2054 *Boye.* Tapers they are with your fweete breaths puft out.  
 2055 *Rofa.* Wel-liking Wits they haue groffe groffe, fat fat.  
 2056 *Quee.* O pouertie in wit, Kingly poore flout.  
 2057 Will they not (thinke you) hange them felues to nyght?  
 2058 Or euer but in vizards fhew their faces.  
 2059 This pert *Berowne* was out of countnance quite.  
 2060 *Rofa.* They were all in lamentable cafes,  
 2188 2061 The King was weeping ripe for a good word.  
 2062 *Quee.* *Berowne* did fweare him felfe out of all fulte.  
 2063 *Mar.* *Dumaine* was at my feruice, and his fword,  
 2064 No poynt (quoth I) my feruant, ftraight was mute.  
 2065 *Kath.* Lord *Longauill* faid I came ore his hart:  
 2066 And trow you what he calde me?  
 2067 *Que.* Qualme perhapt.  
 2068 *Kath.* Yes in good faith.  
 2069 *Quee.* Goe ficknes as thou art.  
 2070 *Ros.* Well, better wits haue worne plaine ftatute Caps.  
 2198 2071 But will you heare; the King is my Loue fworne.  
 2072 *Quee.* And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted Fayth to me.  
 2073 *Kath.* And *Longauill* was for my feruice borne.  
 2074 *Mar.* *Dumaine* is mine as fure as barke on tree.  
 2075 *Boyet.* Madame, and prettie miftreffes giue eare.  
 2076 Immediately they will againe be heere,  
 2077 In their owne fhapes: for it can neuer be,

<i>Lon.</i> One word in priuate with you ere I die.	2165
<i>Mar.</i> Bleat softly then, the Butcher heares you cry.	2166
<i>Boyet.</i> The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen	2167
As is the Razors edge, inuifible:	2168
Cutting a fmaller haire then may be feene,	2169
About the fenfe of fence fo fenfible:	2070
Seemeth their conference, their conceits haue wings,	2171
Fleeter then arrows, bullets wind, thoght, fwifter things	2172
<i>Rofa.</i> Not one word more my maides, break off,	2173
breake off.	2174
<i>Ber.</i> By heauen, all drie beaten with pure fcoffe.	2175
<i>King.</i> Farewell madde Wenches, you haue fimple	2176
wits.	<i>Exeunt.</i> 2177
<i>Qu.</i> Twentie adieus my frozen Mufcouits.	2178
Are thefe the breed of wits fo wondred at?	2179
<i>Boyet.</i> Tapers they are, with your fweete breathes	2180
puft out.	2181
<i>Rofa.</i> Wel-liking wits they haue, groffe, groffe, fat fat.	2182
<i>Qu.</i> O pouertie in wit, Kingly poore flout.	2183
Will they not (thinke you) hang themfelues to night?	2184
Or euer but in vizards flew their faces:	2185
This pert <i>Berowne</i> was out of count'nance quite.	2186
<i>Rofa.</i> They were all in lamentable cafes	2187
The King was vweeping ripe for a good work.	2188
<i>Qu.</i> <i>Berowne</i> did fweare himfelfe out of all fuite.	2189
<i>Mar.</i> <i>Dumaine</i> was at my fernice, and his fword:	2190
No point (quoth I :) my feruant ftraight vvas mute.	2191
<i>Ka.</i> Lord <i>Longauill</i> faid I came ore his hart:	2192
And trow you vvhat he call'd me?	2193
<i>Qu.</i> Qualme perhaps.	2194
<i>Kat.</i> Yes in good faith.	2195
<i>Qu.</i> Go fickneffe as thou art.	2196
<i>Rof.</i> Well, better wits haue worne plain ftatute caps,	2197
But vvil you heare the King is my loue fworne.	2198
<i>Qu.</i> And quicke <i>Berowne</i> hath plighted faith to me.	2199
<i>Kat.</i> And <i>Longauill</i> was for my feruice borne.	2200
<i>Mar.</i> <i>Dumaine</i> is mine as sure as barke on tree.	2201
<i>Boyet.</i> Madam, and prettie miftreffes giue eare,	2202
Immediately they will againe be heere	2203
In their owne fhapes: for it can neuer be,	2204

- 2078 They will digest this harfh indignitie.  
 2079 *Quee.* Will they returne?  
 2080 *Boy* They will they will, God knowes,  
 2208 2081 And leape for joy, though they are lame with blowes:  
 2082 Therefore change Fauors, and when they repaire,  
 2083 Blow like fweete Rofes, in this fommer aire.  
 2084 *Quee.* How blow? how blow? Speake to be vnderftood.  
  
 2085 *Boy.* Faire Ladies maskt, are Rofes in their bud:  
 2086 Difmaskt, their dammaske fweete commixture fhowne,  
 2087 Are Angels varling cloudes, or Rofes blowne.  
 2088 *Quee.* Auaunt perplexitie, What fhall we do,  
 2089 If they returne in their owne fhapes to woe?  
 2090 *Rofa.* Good Madame, if by me youle be aduifde,  
 2219 2091 Lets mocke them ffill as well knowne as difguyfde:  
 2092 Let vs complaine to them what fooles were heare,  
 2093 Difguyfd like *Mufcouites* in fhapes gear:  
 2094 And wonder what they were, and to what ende  
 2095 Their fhallow fhowes, and Prologue wildly pende.  
 2096 And their rough carriage fo ridiculous,  
 2097 Should be prefented at our Tent to vs.  
 2098 *Boyet.* Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand,  
 2099 *Quee.* Whip to our Tents as Roes runs ore land *Exeunt*  
  
 2100 *Enter the King and the reft.*  
  
 2230 2101 *King.* Faire fir, God faue you: Wher's the Princeffe?  
 2102 *Boyet.* Gone to her Tent. Pleafe it your Maieftie com-  
 2103 maunde me any feruice to her thither,  
 2104 *King.* That fhe vouchfafe me audience for one word,  
 2105 *Boy.* I will, and fo will fhe, I know my Lord. *Exit.*  
 2106 *Berow.* This fellow peckes vp Wit as Pidgions Peafe,  
 2107 And utters it againe when Goddooth pleafe.  
 2108 He is Witts Pedler, and retales his wares:  
 2109 At Wakes and Wafsels, meetings, markets, Faires.  
 2110 And we that fell by groffe, the Lord doth know,  
 2240 2111 Haue not the grace to grace it with fuch fhow.  
 2112 This Gallant pins the Wenches on his fleewe,  
 2113 Had he bin *Adam* he had tempered *Eue*.  
 2114 A can carue to, and lifpe: Why this is hee

They will digest this harfh indignitie	2205
<i>Qu.</i> Will they returne?	2206
<i>Boy.</i> They will they will, God knowes,	2207
And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes :	2208
Therefore change Fauours, and when they repaire,	2209
Blow like fweet Rofes, in this fummer aire.	2210
<i>Qu.</i> How blovv? how blovv? Speak to be vnder-	2211
ftood.	2212
<i>Boy.</i> Faire Ladies maskt, are Rofes in their bud :	2213
Difmaskt, their damask fweet commixture fhowne,	2214
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Rofes blowne.	2215
<i>Qu.</i> Auant perplexitie: What fhall vve do,	2216
If they return in their owne fhapes to wo?	2217
<i>Rofa.</i> Good Madam, if by me you'l be aduis'd,	2218
Let's mocke them ftill as well knowne as difguis'd:	2219
Let vs complaine to them vvhat fooles were heare,	2220
Difguis'd like Mufcouites in fhapeleffe geare:	2221
And wonder what they were, and to what end	2222
Their fhallow fhoves, and Prologue vildely pen'd :	2223
And their rough carriage fo ridiculous,	2224
Should be prefented at our Tent to vs.	2225
<i>Boyet.</i> Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand	2226
<i>Quee.</i> Whip to our Tents, as Roes runnes ore Land.	2227
	<i>Exeunt.</i> 2228
	<i>Enter the King and the reft.</i> 2229
<i>King.</i> Faire fir, God faue you. Wher's the Princeffe?	2230
<i>Boy.</i> Gone to her Tent.	2231
Pleafe it your Maieftie command me any feruice to her?	2232
<i>King.</i> That fhe vouchfafe me audience for one word.	2233
<i>Boy.</i> I will, and fo will fhe, I know my Lord.	<i>Exit.</i> 2234
<i>Ber.</i> This fellow pickes vp wit as Pigeons pleafe.	2235
And vtters it againe, when <i>Ioue</i> doth pleafe.	2236
He is Wits Pedler, and retailes his Wares,	2237
At Wakes, and Waffels, Meetings, Markets, Faires.	2238
And we that fell by groffe, the Lord doth know,	2239
Haue not the grace to grace it with fuch fhow.	2240
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his fleue.	2241
Had he bin <i>Adam</i> , he had tempted <i>Eue</i> .	2242
He can carue too, and lifpe: Why this is he,	2243

2115 That kift his hand, a way in courtesie.  
 2116 This is the Ape of Forme, Mounfier the nice,  
 2117 That when he playes at Tables chides the Dice  
 2118 In honorable tearmes; nay he can fing  
 2119 A meane most meanely, and in hufhering.  
 2120 Mende him who can, the Ladies call him fweete.  
 2250 2121 The ftaires as he treads on them kiffe his feete.  
 2122 This is the floure that fryles on euery one.  
 2123 To fhew his teeth as white as Whales bone.  
 2124 And confeiences that will not die in debt,  
 2125 Pay him the due of honie-tonged *Boyet*.  
 2126 *King*. A blifter on his fweete tongue with my hart.  
 2127 That put *Armathoes* Page out of his part.

2128

*Enter the Ladies.*

2129 *Bero*. See where it comes. Behaiour what wert thou?  
 2130 Til this mad man fhewed thee, and what art thou now?  
 2260 2131 *King*. All haile fweete Madame, and faire time of day.  
 2132 *Quee*. Faire in all Haile is foule, as conceaue.  
 2133 *King*. Confture my fpaches better, if you may.  
 2134 *Quee*. Then wifh me better, I will giue you leaue.  
 2135 *King*. We came to vifite you, and purpofe now,  
 2136 To leade you to our Court, vouchfafe it then.  
 2137 *Quee*. This Feelde fhall holde me, and fo hold your vow:  
 2138 Nor God nor I delights in periurd men.  
 2139 *King*. Rebuke me not for that which you prouoke:  
 2140 The vertue of your eie muft breake my oth.  
 2270 2141 *Quee*. You nickname vertue, vice you fhould haue fpoke:  
 2142 For vertues office neuer breakes mens troth.  
 2143 Now by my maiden honour yet as pure,  
 2144 As the vnfallied Lilly I proteft,  
 2145 A worlde of tormentes though I fhould endure,  
 2146 I would not yeelde to be your houfes guett:  
 2147 So much I hate a breaking caufe to be  
 2148 Of heauenly Othes vowed with integritie.  
 2149 *King*. O you haue liu'd in defolation heere,  
 2150 Vnfeene, vnuifited, much to our fhame.  
 2280 2151 *Quee*. Not fo my Lord, it is not fo I fweare,  
 2152 We haue had pafetimes here and pleafant game,

That kift away his hand in courtesie.	2244
This is the Ape of Forme, Monfieur the nice,	2245
That when he plaies at Tables, chides the Dice	2246
In honorable tearmes: Nay he can fing	2247
A meane moft meanly, and in Vfhering	2248
Mend him who can: the Ladies call him fweete.	2249
The ftaires as he treads on them kiffe his feete.	2250
This is the flower that fmiles on euerie one,	2251
To fhew his teeth as white as Whales bone.	2252
And confciences that wil not die in debt,	2253
Pay him the dutie of honie-tongued <i>Boyet</i> .	2254
<i>King</i> . A blifter on his fweet tongue with my heart,	2255
That put <i>Armatboes</i> Page oue of his part.	2256

*Enter the Ladies.*

2257

<i>Ber</i> . See where it comes. Behaiour what wer't thou,	2258
Till this madman fhew'd thee? And what are thou now?	2259
<i>King</i> . All haile fweet Madame, and faire time of day.	2260
<i>Qu</i> . Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceiue.	2261
<i>King</i> . Conftrue my fpeeches better, if you may.	2262
<i>Qu</i> . Then with me better, I wil'giue you leaue.	2263
<i>King</i> . We came to vifit you, and purpofe now	2264
To leade you to our Court, vouchfafe it then.	2265
<i>Qu</i> . This field fhall hold me, and fo hold your vow:	2266
Nor God, nor I, delights in periur'd men.	2267
<i>King</i> . Rebuke me not for that which you prouoke:	2268
The vertue of your eie muft breake my oth.	2269
<i>Q</i> . You nickname vertue: vice you fhould haue fpoke:	2270
For vertues office neuer breakes men troth.	2271
Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure	2272
As the vnfallied Lilly, I proteft,	2273
A world of torments though I fhould endure,	2274
I would not yield to be your houfes gueft:	2275
So much I hate a breaking caufe to be	2276
Of heauenly oaths, vow'd with integritie.	2277
<i>Kin</i> . O you haue liu'd in defolation heere,	2278
Vnfeene, vnunifited, much to our flame.	2279
<i>Qu</i> . Not so my Lord, it is not so I sweare,	2280
We have had pastimes heere, and pleasant game	2281

- 2153 A meffe of *Rufsians* left vs but of late.  
 2154 *King.* How Madame? *Rufsians*?  
 2155 *Quee.* I in trueth My Lord.  
 2156 Trim gallants, full of Courtfhip and of ftate.  
 2157 *Rofa.* Madame fpeake true: It is not fo my Lord:  
 2158 My Ladie (to the manner of the dayes)  
 2159 In curtefie giues vnderuing praife.  
 2160 We foure in deede confronted were with foure,  
 2290 2161 In *Rufsian* habite: heere they ftayed an houre,  
 2162 And talkt apace: and in that houre my Lord)  
 2163 They did not bleffe vs with one happie word.  
 2164 I dare not call them fooles; but this I thinke,  
 2165 When they are thirftie, fooles would faine haue drinke.  
 2166 *Bero.* This ieft is drie to me, gentle fweete,  
 2167 Your wits makes wife things foolifh when we greete  
 2168 Wih eies beft feeling, heauens fierie eie:  
 2169 By light we loofe light, your capacitie  
 2170 Is of that nature, that to your hudge ftore,  
 2300 2171 Wife things feeme foolifh, and rich things but poore.  
 2172 *Rofa.* This proues your wife and rich: for in my eie.  
 2173 *Bero.* I am a foole, and full of pouertie.  
 2174 *Rofa.* But that you take what doth to you belong,  
 2175 It were a fault to fnatch wordes from my tongue.  
 2176 *Ber.* O, I am yours and all that I poffeffe.  
 2177 *Rofa.* All the foole mine.  
 2178 *Ber.* I cannot giue you leffe.  
 2179 *Ros.* Which of the Vizards was it that you wore?  
 2180 *Ber.* Where, when what Vizard? why demaund you this?  
  
 2311 2181 *Rofa.* There then, that Vizard, that fuperfluous cafe,  
 2182 That hid the worfe, and fhewed the better face.  
 2183 *King.* We were defcried, theyle mock vs now downright.  
  
 2184 *Duman.* Let vs confeffe and turne it to a ieft.  
 2185 *Quee.* Amazde my Lord? Why lookes your highnes fad?  
  
 2186 *Rofa.* Helpe holde his browes, heele found: why looke  
 2187 you pale?  
 2188 Sea ficke I thinke comming from *Mufcouie.* iurie  
 2189 *Bero.* Thus pououre the Starres downe plagues for per-



A meffe of Ruffians left vs but of late.	2282
<i>Kin.</i> How Madam? Rufsians?	2283
<i>Qu.</i> I in truth, my Lord.	2284
Trim gallants, full of Courtfhip and of state.	2285
<i>Rofa.</i> Madam fpeake true. It is not fo my Lord:	2286
My Ladie (to the manner of the daies)	2287
In curetfie giues vnderferuing praife.	2288
We foure indeed confronted were with foure	2289
In Rufsia habit: Heere they ftayed an houre,	2290
And talk'd apace: and in that houre (my Lord)	2291
They did not bleffe vs with one happy word.	2292
I dare not call them fooles but this I thinke,	2293
When they are thirftie, fooles would faine haue drinke.	2294
<i>Ber.</i> This ieft is drie to me. Gentle fweete.	2295
Your wits makes wife things foolifh when we greeet	2296
With eies beft feeing, heauens fierie eie:	2297
By light we loofe light your capacitie	2298
Is that of nature, that to your huge ftorre	2299
Wife things feeme foolifh, and rich things but poore.	2300
<i>Rof.</i> This proues you wife and rich: for in my eie	2301
<i>Ber.</i> I am a foole, and full of pouertie.	2302
<i>Rof.</i> But that you take what doth to you belong,	2303
It were a fault to fnatch words from my tongue.	2304
<i>Ber.</i> O, I am yours, and all that I poffeffe.	2305
<i>Rof.</i> All the foole mine.	2306
<i>Ber.</i> I cannot giue you leffe.	2307
<i>Rof.</i> Which of the Vizards what it that you wore:	2308
<i>Ber.</i> Where? When? What Vizard?	2309
Why demand you this?	2310
<i>Rof.</i> There, then, that vizard, that fuperfluous cafe,	2311
That hid the worfe, and fhew'd the better face.	2312
<i>Kin.</i> We are difcrid,	2313
They'l mocke vs now downeright.	2314
<i>Du.</i> Let vs confeffe, and turn it to a ieft.	2315
<i>Que.</i> Amaz'd my Lord? Why looks your Hignes	2316
fadde?	2317
<i>Rofa.</i> Helpe hold his browes, hee'l found: why looke	2318
you pale?	2319
Sea-ficke I thinke comming from Mufcouie.	2320
<i>Ber.</i> Thus poure the ftars down plagues for periury.	2321

- 2190 Can anie face of braffe hold longer out?  
 2323 2191 Heere ftand I, Ladie dart thy skill at me,  
 2192 Brufe me with fcorne, confound me with aflout.  
 2193 Thrutt thy fharpe wit quite through my ignorance  
 2194 Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit.  
 2195 And I will wifh thee neuer more to daunce,  
 2196 Nor neuer more in Rufsian habite waite.  
 2197 O neuer will I truft to fpeaches pend,  
 2198 Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boyes tongue:  
 2199 Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend,  
 2200 Nor woo in rime like a blind harpers fongue.  
 2333 2201 Taffata phrafes, filken tearmes precife,  
 2202 Three pilde Hiberboles, fpruce affection:  
 2203 Figures pedanticall, thefe fommer flies,  
 2204 Haue blowne me full of maggot oftentation.  
 2205 I do forfwere them, and I here proteft,  
 2206 By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knowes)  
 2207 Hencefoorth my wooing minde fhall be expreff  
 2208 In ruffet yeas, and honeft kerfie noes,  
 2209 And to begin Wench, fo God helpe me law,  
 2210 My loue to thee is found, *fance* cracke or flaw.  
 2343 2211 *Rofa, fans, fans*, I pray you.  
 2212 *Bero.* Yet I haue a tricke,  
 2213 Of the olde rage beare with me, I am ficke.  
 2214 Ile leave it by degrees; foft, let vs fee,  
 2215 Write *Lord haue mercie on vs* on thofe three,  
 2216 They are infected, in their hartes it lyes:  
 2217 They haue the Plague, and caught it of your eyes,  
 2218 Thefe Lordes are vifited, you are not free,  
 2219 For the Lords tokens on you do I fee.  
 2220 *Quee.* No they are free that gaue thefe tokens to vs.  
 2353 2221 *Berow.* Our ftates are forfait, feeke not to vndoo vs.  
 2222 *Rofa.* It is not fo, for how can this be true.  
 2223 That you ftand forfait, being thofe that fue.  
 2224 *Bero.* Peace, for I will not haue to doe with you.  
 2225 *Rofa.* Nor fhall not, if I do as I intende.  
 2226 *Bero.* Speake for your felues, my wit is at an ende.  
 2227 *King.* Teach vs fweet Madame, for our rude tranfgreffion  
 2228 Some faire excufe.  
 2229 *Quee.* The faireft is confeffion.  
 2230 Were not you here but euen now, difguyfde?

Can any face of braffe hold longer out?	2322
Heere ftand I, Ladie dart thy skill at me,	2323
Bruife me with fcorne, confound me with a flout.	2324
Thruft thy fharpe wit quite through my ignorance.	2325
Cut me to peeeces with thy keene conceit :	2326
And I will with thee neuer more to dance,	2327
Nor neuer more in Rufsian habit waite.	2328
O! neuer will I truft to fpeeches pen'd,	2329
Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boies tongue.	2330
Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend,	2331
Nor woo in rime like a blind-harpers fongue,	2332
Taffata phrafes, filken tearmes precife,	2333
Three?pil'd Hyperboles, fpruce affection;	2334
Figures pedanticall, thefe fummer flies,	2335
Haue blowne me full of maggot oftentation	2336
I do forfwear them, and I heere proteft,	2337
By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knows)	2338
Henceforth my woing minde fhall be expreff	2339
In ruffet yeas, and honeft kerfie noes.	2340
And to begin Wench, fo God help me law,	2341
My lou to thee is found, <i>fans</i> cracke or flaw.	2342
<i>Rofa, Sans, fans</i> , I pray you.	2343
<i>Ber.</i> Yet I haue a tricke	2344
Of the old rage: beare with me, I am ficke.	2345
Ile leaue it by degrees: foft, let vs fee,	2346
Write <i>Lord haue mercie on vs</i> , on thofe three,	2347
They are infected, in their hearts it lies :	2348
They haue the plague, and caught it of your eyes :	2349
Thefe Lords are vifited, you are not free :	2350
For the Lords tokens on you do I fee.	2351
<i>Qu.</i> No, they are free that gaue thefe tokens to vs.	2352
<i>Ber.</i> .Our ftates are forfeit, feeke not to vndo vs.	2353
<i>Rof.</i> It is not fo; for how can this be true,	2354
That you ftand forfeit, being thofe that fue.	2355
<i>Ber.</i> Peace, for I will not haue to do with you.	2356
<i>Rof.</i> Nor fhall not, if I do as I intend.	2357
<i>Ber.</i> Speake for your felues, my wit is at an end.	2358
<i>King.</i> Teach vs fweete Madame, for our rude tranf-	2359
greffion, fome faire excufe.	2360
<i>Qu.</i> The faireft is confeffion.	2361
Were you not heere but euen now, difguis'd?	2362

- 2363 2231 *King.* Madame, I was.  
 2232 *Quee.* And were you well aduisde?  
 2233 *King.* I was faire Madame.  
 2234 *Quee.* When you then were heere,  
 2235 What did you whifper in your Ladies eare?  
 2236 *King.* That more then all the world, I did respect her.  
 2237 *Quee.* When she fhall challenge this, you wil reiect her.  
  
 2238 *King.* Vpon mine honour no.  
 2239 *Quee.* Peace peace, forbear: your Oth once broke you  
 2240 force not to forfwear.  
 2374 2241 *King.* Defpife me when I breake this oth of mine.  
 2242 *Quee.* I will and therefore keepe it. *Rofaline,*  
 2243 What did the *Rusfian* whifper in your eare?  
 2244 *Rofa.* Madame, he fwore that he did hold me deare,  
 2245 As precious ey-fight, and did value me  
 2246 Aboue this Worlde; adding thereto more ouer.  
 2247 That he would wed me, or els die my Louer.  
 2248 *Quee.* God giue thee ioy of him: the Noble Lord  
 2249 Moft honourable doth vphold his word.  
 2250 *King.* What meane you Madame: by my life my troth,  
  
 2385 2251 I neuer fwore this Lady fuch an oth.  
 2252 *Rosal.* By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine,  
 2253 You gaue me this: but take it fir againe.  
 2254 *King.* My faith and this, the Princeffe I did giue.  
 2255 I knew her by this Iewell on her fleue.  
 2256 *Quee.* Pardon me fir, this Iewell did she weare,  
 2257 And Lord *Berowne* (I thanke him) is my deare.  
 2258 What? will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?  
 2259 *Berow.* Neither of either: I remit both twaine.  
 2260 I fee the tricke ant: here was a confent,  
 2395 2261 Knowing aforehand of our meriment,  
 2262 To dafh it lik a Chriftnas Comedie:  
 2263 Some carry tale, fome pleafe-man, fome fleight faine:  
 2264 Some mumble newes, fome trencher Knight, fome Dick  
 2265 That fmyles, his cheeke in yeeres, and knows the trick  
 2266 To make my Lady laugh when fhees difpofd:  
 2267 Tolde our intentes before: which once difclofd,  
 2268 The Ladies did change Fauours; and then wee  
 2269 Folowing the fignes, wood but the figne of fhee,

<i>Kin.</i> Madam, I was.	2363
<i>Qu.</i> And were you well aduis'd?	2364
<i>Kin.</i> I was faire Madam.	2365
<i>Qu.</i> When you then were heere,	2366
What did you whifper in your Ladies eare?	2367
<i>King.</i> Thet more than all the world I did respect her	2368
<i>Qu.</i> When she shall challenge this, you will regret her	2369 2370
<i>King.</i> Vpon mine Honor no.	2371
<i>Qu.</i> Peace, peace, forbear:	2372
your oath once broke, you force not to forfwear.	2373
<i>King.</i> Despife me when I breake this oath of mine.	2374
<i>Qu.</i> I will, and therefore keepe it.. <i>Rofaline,</i>	2375
What did the Rufsian whifper in your eare?	2376
<i>Rof.</i> Madam, he fwore that he did hold me deare	2377
As precious eye-fight, and did value me	2378
About this World: adding thereto moreouer,	2379
That he vvould Wed me, or elfe die my Louer.	2380
<i>Qu.</i> God giue thee ioy of him: the Noble Lord	2381
Moft honorably doth vphold his word.	2382
<i>King.</i> What meane you Madame?	2383
By my life, my troth,	2384
I neuer fwore this Ladie fuch an oth.	2385
<i>Rof.</i> By heauen you did ond to confirme it plaine	2386
you gaue me this: But take it fir againe.	2387
<i>King.</i> My faith and this, the Princeffe I did giue,	2388
I knew her by this Iewell on her fleeue.	2389
<i>Qu.</i> Pardon me fir, this Iewell did fhe weare,	2390
And Lord <i>Berowne</i> (I thanke him) is my deare.	2391
What? Will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?	2392
<i>Ber.</i> Neither of either, I remit both twaine.	2393
I fee the tricke on't: Heere was a confent,	2394
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,	2395
To dafh it like a Christmas Comedie.	2396
Some carry-tale, fome pleafe-man, fome flight Zanie,	2397
Some mumble-newes, fome trencher-knight, fom Dick	2398
That fmiles his cheeke in yeares, and knowes the trick	2399
To make my Lady laugh, when fhe's difpos'd;	2400
Told our intents before: which once difclos'd,	2401
The Ladies did change Fauours and then we	2402
Following the fignes, woo'd but the figne of fhe.	2403

- 2270 Now to our periurie, to add more terror,  
 2405 2271 We are againe forfworne in will and error.  
 2272 Much vpon this tis; and might not you  
 2273 Forefall our sport, to make vs thus vntrue?  
 2274 Do not you know my Ladies foote by'thiquier?  
 2275 And laugh vpon the apple of her eie?  
 2276 And stand betweene her backe fir and the fier,  
 2277 Holding a trencher, iesting merrilie?  
 2278 You put our Page out: goe, you are aloude.  
 2279 Die when you will, a Smocke fhalbe your fhroude.  
 2280 You leere vpon me, do you. ther's an eie  
 2415 2281 Woundes like a leaden fword.  
 2282 *Boyer.* Full merely hath this braue nuage, this carriere  
 2283 bin run.  
 2284 *Bero.* Loe, he is tilting ftraight. Peace, I haue don.

2285

*Enter Clowne.*

- 2286 *Ber.* Welcome pure wit, thu partst a faire fray.  
 2287 *Clow.* O Lord fir, they would know,  
 2288 Whether the three Worthis fhall come in or no?  
 2289 *Ber.* What, are there but three?  
 2290 *Clow.* No fir, but it is vara fine.  
 2425 2291 For euerie one purferts three.  
 2292 *Bero.* And three times thrice is nine.  
 2293 *Clow.* Not fo fir, vnder correction fir, I hope it is not fo.  
 2294 You cannot beg vs fir, I can affure you fir, we know what  
 2295 we know: I hope fir three times thrice fir.  
 2296 *Bero.* Is not nine.  
 2297 *Clow.* Vnder correction fir we know where-vntill it doth  
 2298 amount.  
 2299 *Bero.* By Ioue, I all wayes tooke three threes for nine.  
 2300 *Clow.* O Lord fir, it were pittie you fhould get your liuing  
 2435 2301 by reckning fir.  
 2302 *Bero.* How much is it?  
 2303 *Clow.* O Lord fir, the parties themfelues, the actors fir  
 2304 will fheue wher-vntill it doth amount: for mine owne part, I  
 2305 am (as thy fay, but to perfect one man in one poore man)  
 2306 *Pompion* the great fir.  
 2307 *Bero.* Art thou one of the Worthies?  
 2308 *Clow.* It pleased them to think me worthie of *Pompiey*

Now to our periurie, to adde more terror,	2404
We are againe forfworne in will and error.	2405
Much vpon this tis: and might not you	2406
Forefall our sport, to make vs thus vntrue?	2407
Do not you know my Ladies foot by'th fquier?	2408
And laugh vpon the apple of her eie?	2409
And stand betweene her backe fir, and the fire,	2410
Holding a trencher, iefting merrilie?	2411
You put our Page out: go, you are alowd.	2412
Die when you will, a fmocke fhall be your fhrowd.	2413
You leere vpon me, do you? There's an eie	2414
Wounds like a Leaden fword.	2415
<i>Boy.</i> Full merrily hath this braue manager, this car- reere bene run.	2416
<i>Ber.</i> Loe, he is tilting ftraight. Peace, I haue don.	2417
	2418

*Enter Clowne.*

2419

Welcome pure wit, thou part'ft a faire fray.	2420
<i>Clo.</i> O Lord fir, they would kno,	2421
Whether the three worthies fhall come in, or no.	2422
<i>Ber.</i> What, are there but three?	2423
<i>Clo.</i> No fir, but it is vara fine,	2424
For euerie one purfents three.	2425
<i>Ber.</i> And three times thrice is nine.	2426
<i>Clo.</i> Not fo fir, vnder correction fir, I hope it is not fo.	2427
You cannot beg vs fir, I can affure you fir, we know what we know: I hope fir three times thrice fir.	2428
<i>Ber.</i> Is not nine.	2429
<i>Clo.</i> Vnder correction fir, wee know where-vntill it doth amount.	2430
<i>Ber.</i> By loue, I alwaies tooke three threes for nine.	2431
<i>Clo.</i> O Lord fir, it were pittie you fhould get your liuing by reckning fir.	2432
<i>Ber.</i> How much is it?	2433
<i>Clo.</i> O Lord fir, the parties themfelues, the actors fir will fhew where-vntill it doth amount: for mine owne part, I am (as they fay, but to perfect one man in one poore man) <i>Pompion</i> the great fir.	2434
<i>Ber.</i> Art thou one of the Worthies?	2435
<i>Clo.</i> It pleaed them to thinke me worthie of <i>Pompiey</i>	2436
	2437
	2438
	2439
	2440
	2441
	2442

- 2309 the great: for mine owne part I know not the degree of the  
 2310 Worthy, but I am to stand for him.
- 2445 2311 *Bero.* Goe bid them prepare. (*Exit.*)  
 2312 *Clow.* We will turne it finely off fir, wil take some care.
- 2313 *King.* *Berowne*, they will shame vs: let them not approach.
- 2314 *Bero.* We are shame prooue my Lord: & tis some policie  
 2315 To haue one flow worfe then the Kings and his company.
- 2316 *King.* I fay they they shall not come.  
 2317 *Quee.* Nay my good Lord let me ore'rule you now.  
 2318 That sport best pleases, that doth best know how:  
 2319 Where zeale tries to content, and the contentes  
 2320 Dies in the zeale of that which it presents.
- 2458 2321 Their forme confounded, makes most forme in myrth,  
 2322 When great things labouring perishe in their byrth.  
 2323 *Bero.* A right description of our sport my Lord.
- 2324 *Enter Braggart.*
- 2325 *Brag.* Annoynted, I implore so much expence of thy royal  
 2326 sweet breath, as will utter a brace of wordes.  
 2327 *Quee.* Doth this man serue God?  
 2328 *Bero.* Why aske you?  
 2329 *Quee.* A speaks not like a man of God his making.  
 2330 *Bragg.* That is al one my faire sweete honie monarch;
- 2468 2331 For I potest, the Schoolemaister is exceeding fanatically,  
 2332 Too too vaine, too too vaine: but we will put it (as they say)  
 2333 to *Fortuna delaguar*, I wish you the peace of mind most  
 royall
- 2334 supplement. *Exit.*
- 2335 *King.* Heere is like to be a good presence of Worthies:  
 2336 He presents *Hector of Troy*, the Swaine *Pompey* the great,  
 the
- 2337 parish Curate *Alexander*, *Armadoes* Page *Herclules*, the Pe-  
 2338 dant *Iudas Machabeus*: And if these foure Worthies in their  
 2339 first shew thriue, these foure will change habites, and present  
 2240 the other five.
- 2478 2241 *Bero.* There is five in the first shew.  
 2342 *King.* You are deceiued, tis not so.



the great: for mine owne part, I know not the degree of the Worthie, but I am to stand for him.	2443 2444
<i>Ber.</i> Go, bid them prepare.	<i>Exit.</i> 2445
<i>Clo.</i> We will turne it finely off fir, we wil take some care.	2446 2447
<i>King.</i> <i>Berowne</i> , they will shame vs: Let them not approach.	2448 2449
<i>Ber.</i> We are shame-prooffe my Lord: and 'tis some policie, to haue one shew worfe then the Kings and his companye.	2450 2451 2452
<i>Kin.</i> I say they shall not come.	2453
<i>Qu.</i> Nay my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now; That sport best pleases, that doth least know how. Where Zeale strives to content, and the contents Dies in the Zeale of that which it presents: Their forme confounded, makes most forme in mirth, When great things labouring perish in their birth.	2454 2455 2456 2457 2458 2459
<i>Ber.</i> A right description of our sport my Lord.	2460
<i>Enter Braggart.</i>	
<i>Brag.</i> Anointed, I implore so much expence of thy royall sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.	2461 2462 2463
<i>Qu.</i> Doth this man serve God?	2464
<i>Ber.</i> Why aske you?	2465
<i>Qu.</i> He speak's not like a man of God's making.	2466
<i>Brag.</i> That's all one my faire sweet honie Monarch: For I protest, the Schoolmaster is exceeding fantastically: Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we will put it (as they say) to <i>Fortuna delaguar</i> , I wish you the peace of minde	2467 2468 2469 2470
most royall supplement.	2471
<i>King.</i> Here is like to be a good preference of Worthies; He presents <i>Hector</i> of Troy, the Swaine <i>Pompey</i> yet great,	2472 2473
the Parish Curate <i>Alexander</i> , <i>Armadoes</i> Page <i>Hercules</i> , the Pedant <i>Iudas Machabeus</i> : And if these foure Wor- thies in their first shew thrive, these foure will change habites, and present the other five.	2474 2475 2476 2477
<i>Ber.</i> There is five in the first shew.	2478
<i>Kin.</i> You are deceived, tis not so.	2479

2343 *Bero.* The Pendant, the Bragart, the Hedge-Priest, the  
 2344 Foole, and the Boy.  
 2345 Abate throw at Nouum, and the whole world againe,  
 2346 Cannot picke out fme fuch, take each one in his vaine.  
 2347 *Kin.* The Ship is vnder fayle, and here fhe coms amaine.

2348 *Enter Pompey.*

2349 *Clowne.* *I Pompey am.*

2350 *Bero.* You lie, you are not he.

2486 2351 *Clow.* *I Pompey am.*

2352 *Boyer.* With Libbards head on knee (thee

2353 *Ber.* Well faid old mocker, I muft needes be friendes with

2354 *Clow.* *I Pompey am, Pompey furnamde the bigge*

2355 *Duma.* The great.

2356. *Clow.* *It is great fir, Pompey furnamd the great. fweat*

2357 *That oft in fiede with Targ and Shield did make my foe to*

2358 *And traucailing along this coaft I heere am come by chance,*  
*France.*

2359 *And lay my Armes before the Leggs of this fweete Laffie of*

2360 *If your Ladifhyps would fay thankes Pompey, I had done.*

2501 2361 *Lady.* Great thankes great *Pompey.*

2362 *Clo.* Tis not fo much worth; but I hope I was perfect. I  
 2363 made a litle fault in great.

2364 *Bero.* My hat to a halfe-pennie, *Pompey* prooues the beft  
 2365 *Worthie.*

2366 *Enter Curate for Alexander.*

*commander:*

2367 *Curat.* *When in the world I lind, I was the Worldes*  
*might:*

2368 *By Eaft, Weft, North and South, I fpred my conquering*

2369 *My Scutchion plaine declares that I am Alifander,* (right

2370 *Boyet.* Your Nofe faies no, you are not: for it ftands too

2513 2371 *Be.* Your nofe fmels no in his moft tender fmelling knight.

2372 *Qu.* The conqueror is difmaid: proceed good *Alexander,*

*Ber.* The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge-Priest, the  
Foole, and the Boy, 2480  
Abate throw at Novum, and the whole world againe, 2481  
Cannot pricke out fiue fuch, take each one in's vaine. 2482  
*Kin.* The ship is vnder faile, and here she comes amain. 2483  
2484

*Enter Pompey.* 2485

*Clo.* *I Pompey am.* 2486  
*Ber.* You lie, you are not he. 2487  
*Clo.* *I Pompey am.* 2488  
*Boy.* With Libbards head on knee. 2489  
*Ber.* Well said old mocker, 2490  
I must needs be friends with thee. 2491  
*Clo.* *I Pompey am, Pompey furnam'd the big.* 2492  
*Du.* The great. 2443  
*Clo.* It is great fir: *Pompey furnam'd the great:* 2494  
*That oft in field, with Targe and Shield,* 2495  
*did make my foe to fweat:* 2496  
*And traouiling along this coast, I heere am come by chance,* 2497  
*And lay my Armes before the legs of this fweet Laffe of* 2498  
*France.* 2499  
If your Ladifhip would fay thankes *Pompey*, I had done. 2500  
*La.* Great thankes great *Pompey.* 2501  
*Clo.* Tis not fo much worth: but I hope I was per- 2502  
fect. I made a little fault in great. 2503  
*Ber.* My hat to a halfe-penie, *Pompey* prooues the 2504  
best Worthie. 2505

*Enter Curate for Alexander.* 2506

*Curat.* *When in the world I liu'd, I was the worldes Com-* 2507  
*mander:* 2508  
*By East, West, North, and South, I fpeed my conquering might* 2509  
*My Scutcheon plaine declares that I am Alifander.* 2510  
*Boiet.* Your nose faies no, you are not: 2511  
For it ftands too right. 2512  
*Ber.* Your nose fmels no, in this moft tender fmel- 2513  
ling Knight. 2514  
*Qu.* The Conqueror is difmaid: 2515  
Proceede good *Alexander.* 2516

- 2373 *Cura.* When in the worlde I liued, I was the worldes  
commander
- 2374 *Boy.* Most true, tis right: you were so *Alifander.*
- 2375 *Bero.* *Pompey* the great.
- 2376 *Clow.* Your seruant and Coftard.
- 2377 *Bero.* Take away the Conqueror, take away *Alifander.*
- 2378 *Clow.* O fir, you have ouerthrowne *Alifander* the Conque-  
rour: you will be fcrapt out of the painted cloth for this.
- 2379 Your Lion that holdes his Polax fitting on a clofe ftoole
- 2380 will be geuen to *Ajax.* He wilbe the ninth Worthie: a Con-  
2526 2381 queror, and a feard to fpeake? Run away for fhame *Ali-*  
2382 *fander.* There ant fhall please you a foolifh mylde man, an  
2383 lous
- 2384 honeft man; looke you, and foone dafht. He is a maruey-  
2385 good neighbor fayth, and a very good Bowler: but for  
2386 *Alifander,* alas you fee how tis a little oreparted, but there  
2387 are Worthies a comming will fpeake their minde in fome  
2388 other fort. *Exit Curat.*
- 2389 *Quee.* Stand afide good *Pompey.*
- 2390 *Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.*
- 2536 2391 *Peda.* Great *Hercules* is prefented by this *Impe,*  
2392 *Whose Clubb kilde Cerberus that three headed Canus,*  
2393 *And when he was a babe, a childe, a shrimpe,*  
2394 *Thus did he ftrangle Serpents in his Manus,*  
2395 *Quoniam, he feemeth in mimoritie,*  
2396 *Ergo, I come with this Appologie.*
- 2397 *Keepe fome ftate in thy exit, and vanifh.* *Exit Boy.*
- 2398 *Peda.* *Iudas I am.*
- 2399 *Dum.* A *Iudas*
- 2400 *Pedan.* Not *Ifcariot fir.*
- 2546 2401 *Iudas I am, ecliped Machabeus.*
- 2402 *Dum.* *Iudas Machabeus clipt, is plaine Iudas.*
- 2403 *Bero.* A kifing traytour. How art thou proud *Iudas?*
- 2404 *Peda.* *Iudas I am.*
- 2405 *Duma.* The more fhame for you *Iudas.*
- 2406 *Peda.* What meane you fir?
- 2407 *Boyet.* To make *Iudas* hang him felfe.
- 2408 *Pedan.* Begin fir, you are my elder.
- 2409 *Bero.* Well folowed, *Iudas* was hanged on an *Flder,*
- 2410 *Pedan.* I will not be put out of countenance.
- 2556 2411 *Bero.* Because thou haft no face.

<i>Cur.</i> When in the world I liued, I was the worldes Com- mander.	2517 2518
<i>Boiet.</i> Most true, 'tis right: you were so <i>Alifander</i> .	2519
<i>Ber.</i> Pompey the great.	2520
<i>Clo.</i> Your feruant and <i>Coftard</i> .	2521
<i>Ber.</i> Take away the Conqueror, take away <i>Alifander</i>	2522
<i>Clo.</i> O sir, you haue ouerthrowne <i>Alifander</i> the con- queror: you will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for this: your Lion that holds his Pollax fitting on a clofe ftoole, will be giuen to Ajax. He will be the ninth wor- thie. A Conqueror, and affraid to speake? Runne away for fhame <i>Alifander</i> . There an't fhall please you: a foo- lish milde man, an honest man, looke you, & foon dasht. He is a maruellous good neighbour infooth, and a verie good Bowler: but for <i>Alifander</i> , alas you see, how 'tis a little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a comming, will speake their minds in some other fort. <i>Exit Cu.</i>	2523 2524 2525 2526 2527 2528
<i>Qu.</i> Stand aside good Pompey.	2529
<i>Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules</i>	2530
<i>Ped.</i> Great <i>Hercules</i> is presented by this Impe, Whose Club kil'd <i>Cerberus</i> that three-headed <i>Canus</i> , And when he was a babe, a childe, a fhrimpe, Thus did he fstrangle Serpents in his <i>Manus</i> : <i>Quoniam</i> , he feemeth in minoritie, <i>Ergo</i> , I come with this Apologie. Keepe some ftate in thy <i>exit</i> , and vanifh. <i>Exit Boy.</i>	2531 2532 2533 2534
<i>Ped.</i> <i>Iudas I am.</i>	2535
<i>Dum.</i> A <i>Iudas</i> ?	2536
<i>Ped.</i> Not <i>Ifcariot fir</i> .	2537
<i>Iudas I am, ycliped Machabeus.</i>	2538
<i>Dum.</i> <i>Iudas Machabeus</i> clipt, is plaine <i>Iudas</i> .	2539
<i>Ber.</i> A kifsing traitor. How art thou prou'd <i>Iudas</i> ?	2540
<i>Ped.</i> <i>Iudas I am.</i>	2541
<i>Dum.</i> The more fhame for you <i>Iudas</i> .	2542
<i>Ped.</i> What meane you fir?	2543
<i>Boi.</i> To make <i>Iudas</i> hang himfelfe.	2544
<i>Ped.</i> Begin fir, you are my elder.	2545
<i>Ber.</i> Well follow'd, <i>Iudas</i> was hang'd on an Elder.	2546
<i>Ped.</i> I will not be put out of countenance.	2547
<i>Ber.</i> Because thou haft no face.	2548 2549 2550 2551 2552 2553 2554 2555 2556

- 2412 *Pedan.* What is this?  
 2413 *Boyet.* A Cytterne head.  
 2414 *Duma.* The head of a Bodkin.  
 2415 *Bero.* A deaths face in a Ring.  
 2416 *Long.* The face of an olde Roman coyne, fcarce feene,  
 2417 *Boyet.* The pummel of *Cafars* Fauchion.  
 2418 *Duma.* The carud-bone face on a Flaske.  
 2419 *Bero.* Saint *Georges* halfe cheeke in a Brooch.  
 2420 *Duma.* I and in a Brooch of Lead.  
 2566 2421 *Bero.* I and worne in the cappe of a Tooth-drawer :  
 2422 And now forward, for we haue put thee in countenance.  
 2423 *Peda.* You haue put me out of countenance.  
 2424 *Bero.* Falfe, we haue giuen thee faces.  
 2425 *Peda.* But you haue outfafte them all.  
 2426 *Bero.* And thou weart a Lyon, we would do fo.  
 2427 *Boyer.* Therefore as he is, an *Affe*, let him go :  
 2428 And for adue fweere *Iude*. Nay, Why doft thou ftay?  
 2429 *Duma.* For the latter ende of his name.  
 2430 *Bero.* For the *Affe* to the *Iude* : giue it him, *Judas* away.  
  
 2577 2431 *Pedan.* This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.  
 2432 *Boyer.* A light for Mounfier *Judas*, it growes darke, he  
 2433 may ftumble.  
 2434 *Quee.* Alas poore *Machabeus*, how hath he bin bayted.  
  
 2435 *Eeter Braggart.*  
 2436 *Ber.* Hide thy head *Achilles*, here comes *Hector* in Armes.  
  
 2437 *Duma.* Though my mockes come home by me, I will  
 2438 now be merrie.  
 2439 *King.* *Hector* was but a *Troyan* in refpect of this.  
 2440 *Boyer.* But is this *Hector*?  
 2589 2441 *King.* I thinke *Hector* was not fo cleane timberd.  
 2442 *Long.* His Legge is too bigge for *Hectors*.  
 2443 *Duman.* More Calfe certaine.  
 2444 *Boye.* No, he is beft indued in the fmall.  
 2445 *Bero.* This cannot be *Hector*.  
 2446 *Duma.* Hee's a God or a Painter : for he makes faces.  
 2447 *Braggart.* The *Armipotent* Mars, of *Launces* the al-  
 2448 *gaue* *Hector* a gift. (mightie,

<i>Ped.</i> What is this?	2557
<i>Boi.</i> A Citterne head.	2558
<i>Dum.</i> The head of a bodkin.	2559
<i>Ber.</i> A deaths face in a ring.	2560
<i>Lon.</i> The face of an old Roman coine, fcarce feene.	2561
<i>Boi.</i> The pummell of <i>Caefars</i> Faulchion.	2562
<i>Dum.</i> The caru'd-bone face on a Flaske.	2563
<i>Ber.</i> S. Georges halfe cheeke in a brooch.	2564
<i>Dum.</i> I, and in a brooch of Lead.	2565
<i>Ber.</i> I, and worne in the cap of a Tooth-drawer.	2566
And now forward, for we haue put thee in countenance.	2567
<i>Ped.</i> You haue put me out of countenance.	2568
<i>Ber.</i> Falfe, we haue giuen thee faces.	2569
<i>Ped.</i> But you haue out-fac'd them all.	2570
<i>Ber.</i> And thou wer't a Lion, we would do fo.	2571
<i>Boy.</i> Therefore as he is, an Affe let him go:	2572
And fo adieu fweet <i>Iude</i> . Nay, why doft thou ftay?	2573
<i>Dum.</i> For the latter end of his name.	2574
<i>Ber.</i> For the <i>Affe</i> to the <i>Iude</i> : giue it him. <i>Iud-as</i> a-way.	2575
<i>Ped.</i> This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.	2577
<i>Boy.</i> Alight for monfieur <i>Iudas</i> , it growes darke, he may ftumble.	2578
<i>Que.</i> Alas poore <i>Machabeus</i> , how hath hee beene baited.	2579
	2580
	2581
<i>Enter Braggart.</i>	2582
<i>Ber.</i> Hide thy head <i>Achilles</i> , heere comes <i>Hector</i> in Armes.	2583
<i>Dum.</i> Though my mockes come home by me, I will now be merrie.	2584
<i>King.</i> <i>Hector</i> was but a Troyan in refpect of this.	2585
<i>Boi.</i> But is this <i>Hector</i> ?	2586
<i>Kin.</i> I thinke <i>Hector</i> was not fo cleane timber'd.	2587
<i>Lon.</i> His legge is too big for <i>Hector</i> .	2588
<i>Dum.</i> More Calfe certaine.	2589
<i>Boi.</i> No, he is beft indued in the fmall.	2590
<i>Ber.</i> This cannot be <i>Hector</i> .	2591
<i>Dum.</i> He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.	2592
<i>Brag.</i> The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the almighty, gaue <i>Hector</i> a gift.	2593
	2594
	2595
	2596

- 2449 *Duma.* A gift Nutmegg.  
 2450 *Bero.* A Lemmon.  
 2599 2451 *Long.* Stucke with Cloues.  
 2452 *Dum.* No clouen. *mighty*  
 2453 *Brag.* *Peace.* *The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the al-*  
 2454 *Gaue Hector a gift, the heir of Illion,*  
 2455 *A man fo breathed, that certaine he would fight; yea,*  
 2456 *From morne till night out of his Pavilion.*  
 2457 I am that Flower.  
 2458 *Dum.* That Mint.  
 2459 *Long.* That Cullambine.  
 2460 *Brag.* Sweete Lord Longauill raine thy tongue.  
 2609 2461 *Long.* I muft rather giue it the raine: for it runnes againft  
 2462 *Hector.*  
 2463 *Dum.* I and *Hector's* a Greyhound.  
 2464 *Brag.* The fweete War-man is dead and rotten,  
 2465 Sweete chucks beat not the bones of the buried:  
 2466 When he breathed he was a man:  
 2467 But I will forward with my deuice; fweete royaltie beftow  
 2468 on me the fence of hearing  
  
 2469 *Berowne fteps forth,*  
 2470 *Quee.* Speake braue *Hector,* we are much delighted.  
 2618 2471 *Brag.* I do adore thy fweete *Graces Slipper.*  
 2472 *Boyet.* Loues her by the foote.  
 2473 *Dum.* He may not by the yarde.  
 2474 *Brag.* *This Hector far furmounted Hanniball.*  
 2475 *The partie is gone.*  
 2476 *Clow.* Fellow *Hector,* fhe is gone; fhe is two months on  
 2477 her way.  
 2478 *Brag.* What meaneft thou?  
 2479 *Clow.* Faith vnleffe you play the honeft *Troyan,* the poore  
 2480 wench is caft away: fhee's quicke, the childe bragges in her  
 2628 2481 bellie already: tis yours.  
 2482 *Brag.* Dof thou infamonize me among potentates:  
 2483 Thou fhalt die.  
 2484 *Clow.* Then fhall *Hector* be whipt for *Iaquenetta* that is  
 2485 quicke by him, and hanged for *Pompey* that is dead by him.  
  
 2486 *Duma.* Mof rare *Pompey.*  
 2487 *Boyer.* Renowned *Pompey.*



<i>Dum.</i> A gilt Nutmegge.	2597
<i>Ber.</i> A Lemmon.	2598
<i>Lon.</i> Stucke with Cloues.	2599
<i>Dum.</i> No clouen.	2600
<i>Brag.</i> <i>The Armipotent Mars of Launces the almighty,</i>	2601
<i>Game Hector a gift, the heire of Illion;</i>	2602
<i>A man fo breathed, that certaine he would fight: yea</i>	2603
<i>From morne till night, out of his Pauillion.</i>	2604
I am that Flower.	2605
<i>Dum.</i> That Mint.	2606
<i>Long.</i> That Cullambine.	2607
<i>Brag.</i> Sweet Lord <i>Longauill</i> reine thy tongue.	2608
<i>Lon.</i> I muft rathe giue it the reine: for it runnes a- gainft <i>Hector</i> .	2609
<i>Dum.</i> I, and <i>Hector's</i> a Grey-hound.	2610
<i>Brag.</i> The fweet War-man is dead and rotten,	2611
Sweet chukes, beat not the bones of the buried:	2612
	2613
But I will forward with my deuce;	2614
Sweet Royaltie beftow on me the fence of hearing.	2615
<i>Berowne fteppes forth.</i>	2616
<i>Qu.</i> Speake braue <i>Hector</i> , we are much delighted.	2617
<i>Brag.</i> I do adore thy fweet Graces flipper.	2618
<i>Boy.</i> Loues her by the foot.	2619
<i>Dum.</i> He may not by the yard.	2620
<i>Brag.</i> <i>This Hector farre furm ounted Hanniball.</i>	2621
<i>The partie is gone.</i>	2622
<i>Clo.</i> Fellow <i>Hector</i> , fhe is gone; fhe is two moneths on her way.	2623
<i>Brag.</i> What meaneft thou?	2624
<i>Clo.</i> Faith vnleffe you play the honeft <i>Troyan</i> , the poore Wench is caft away: fhe's quick, the child brags in her belly alreadie: tis yours.	2625
<i>Brag.</i> Dofth thou infamonize me among Potentates? Thou fhalt die.	2626
<i>Clo.</i> Then fhall <i>Hector</i> be whipt for <i>Iaquenetta</i> that is quicke by him, and hang'd for <i>Pompey</i> , that is dead by him.	2627
<i>Dum.</i> Mofth rare <i>Pompey</i> .	2628
<i>Boi.</i> Renowned <i>Pompey</i> .	2629
	2630
	2631
	2632
	2633
	2634
	2635

2488. *Bero.* Greater then great, great, great, great, *Pompey*:  
 2489 *Pompey* the hudge.  
 2490 *Dum.* *Hector* trembles.
- 2639 2491 *Bero.* *Pompey* is mooued more Ates more Atees ftir them  
 2492 or ftir them on.  
 2493 *Duma.* *Hector* will challenge him.  
 2494 *Bero.* I, if a 'haue no more mans blood in his belly then w  
 2495 fuppe a Flea.  
 2496 *Brag.* By the North Pole I do challenge thee.  
 2497 *Clow.* I will not fight with a Pole like a Northren man;  
 2498 Ile flafh, Ile do it by the Sword: I bepray you let me bor-  
 2499 row my Arme againe.  
 2500 *Duma.* Roome for the incenfed Worthies.
- 2649 2501 *Clow.* Ile do it in my fhyrt.  
 2502 *Duma.* Moft refolute Pompey.  
 2503 *Page.* Maifter, let me take you a button hole lower. Do  
 2504 you not fee, *Pompey* is vncafing for the Combat: What  
 2505 meane you? you will loofe your reputation.  
 2506 *Brag.* Gentlemen and Souldiers, pardon me, I will not  
 2507 combat in my fhyrt. (leng.  
 2508 *Duma.* You may not deny it, *Pompey* hath made the chal-
- 2509 *Brag.* Sweete bloodes, I both may and will.  
 2510 *Bero.* What reafon haue you fort.
- 2660 2511 *Brag.* The naked trueth of it is, I hane no Shirt,  
 2512 I goe Woolward for pennance.  
 2513 *Boy.* True, and it was inioyned him in *Rome* for want of  
 2514 Linnen: fince when, Ile be sworne he wore none, but a difh-  
 2515 cloure of *Jaquenettaes*, and that a weares next his hart for a  
 2516 Fauour.
- 2517 *Enter a Mefenger Mounfier Marcade.*
- 2518 *Marcad.* God faue you Madame  
 2519 *Quee.* Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interrnppteft our  
 2520 merriment.
- 2670 2521 *Marcad.* I am forrie Madame for the newes I bring  
 2522 is heaue in my tongue. The King your father  
 2523 *Quee.* Dead for my life.  
 2524 *Marcad.* Euen fo: my tale is tolde.  
 2525 *Ber.* Worthies away, the Scæne begins to cloude.

- Ber.* Greater then great, great, great, great *Pompey*: 2636  
*Pompey* the huge. 2637  
*Dum.* Hector trembles. 2638  
*Ber.* *Pompey* is moued, more Atees more Atees ftirre 2639  
them, or ftirre them on. 2640  
*Dum.* Hector will challenge him. 2641  
*Ber.* I, if a'haue no more mans blood in's belly, then 2642  
will fup a Flea. 2643  
*Brag.* By the North-pole I do challenge thee. 2644  
*Clo.* I wil not fight with a pole like a Northern man; 2645  
Ile flafh, Ile do it by the fword: I pray you let mee bor- 2646  
row my Armes againe. 2647  
*Dum.* Roome for the incenfed Worthies. 2648  
*Clo.* Ile do it in my fhirt. 2649  
*Dum.* Moft refolute *Pompey*. 2650  
*Page.* Mafter, let me take you a button hole lower: 2651  
Do you not fee *Pompey* is vncafing for the combat: what 2652  
meane you? you will lofe your reputation. 2653  
*Brag.* Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I will 2654  
not combat in my fhirt. 2655  
*Du.* You may not denie it, *Pompey* hath made the 2656  
challenge. 2657  
*Brag.* Sweet bloods, I both may, and will. 2658  
*Ber.* What reafon haue you for't? 2659  
*Brag.* The naked truth of it is, I haue no fhirt, 2660  
I go woolward for penance. 2661  
*Boy.* True, and it was inioyned him in *Rome* for want 2662  
of Linnen: fince when, Ile be fworne he wore none, but 2663  
a difhclout of *Iaquenettas*, and that hee weares next his 2664  
heart for a fauour. 2665
- Enter a Meffenger, Monfieur Marcade.* 2666
- Mar.* God faue you Madame. 2667  
*Qu.* Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interrupteft 2668  
our merriment. 2669  
*Marc.* I am forrie Madam, for the newes I bring is 2670  
heaue in my tongue. The King your father 2671  
*Qu.* Dead for my life. 2672  
*Mar.* Euen fo: My tale is told. 2673  
*Ber.* Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud. 2674

- 2526 *Brag.* For mine owne part I breath free breath: I haue  
 2527 feene the day of wrong through the litle hole of difcretion,  
 2528 and I will right my felfe like a Souldier. *Excunt Worthys*
- 2529 *King.* How fares your Maieftie?  
 2530 *Quee.* *Boyet* prepare I will away to nyght.
- 328I 2531 *King.* Madame Not fo, I do befeech you ftay.  
 2532 *Quee.* Prepare I fay: I thanke you gracious Lords  
 2533 For all your faire endeouours and intreat:  
 2534 Out of a new fad-foule, that you vouchsafe,  
 2535 In your rich wifedome to excufe, or hide,  
 2536 The liberall oppofition of our fpirites,  
 2537 If ouerboldly we haue borne our felues,  
 2538 In the conuerfe of breath (your gentlenes  
 2539 Was guyltie of it.) Farewell worthy Lord:  
 2540 A heaue hart beares not a humble tongue.
- 269I 2541 Excufe me fo comming too fhort of thanks,  
 2542 For my great fute, fo eafely obtainde.  
 2543 *King.* The extreame partes of time extreemly formes,  
 2544 All caufes to the purpofe of his fpeede:  
 2545 And often at his very loofe decides.  
 2546 That, which long proceffe could not arbitrate.  
 2547 And though the mourning brow of progenie  
 2548 Forbid the fmyling courtecie of Loue,  
 2549 The holy fuite which faine it would conuince,  
 2550 Yet fince Loues argument was firft on foote,
- 270I 2551 Let not the cloude of Sorrow iuftle it  
 2552 From what it purpofed, fince to wayle friends loft,  
 2553 Is not by much fo holdfome profitable,  
 2554 As to rejoyce at friends but newly found.  
 2555 *Quee.* I vnderftand you not, my griefes are double.  
 2556 *Bero.* Honeft plaine words, beft pearce the care of griefs  
 2557 And by thefe badges vnderftand the King,  
 2558 For your faire fakes, haue we neglected time.  
 2559 Plaide fouleplay with our othes: your beautie Ladies  
 2560 Hath much deformed vs, fafhioning out humours
- 271I 2561 Euen to the oppofed ende of our ententes.  
 2562 And what in vs hath feemed ridiculous:  
 2563 As Loue is full of vnbeftitting ftraines,  
 2564 All wanton as a childe, fkiping and vaine.  
 2565 Formd by the eye, and therefore like the eye,

*Brag.* For mine owne part, I breath free breath: I  
 haue feene the day of wrong, through the little hole of  
 difcretion, and I will right my felfe like a Souldier.

*Exeunt Worthies*

*Kin.* How fare's your Maieftie? 2675

*Qu.* *Boyet* prepare, I will away to night. 2676

*Kin.* Madame not fo, I do befeech you ftay. 2677

*Qu.* Prepare I fay. I thanke you gracious Lords 2678

For all your faire endeouours and entreats: 2679

Out of a new fad-foule, that you vouchfafe, 2680

In your rich wifedome to excufe, or hide, 2681

The liberall oppofition of our fpirits, 2682

If ouer-boldly we haue borne our felues, 2683

In the conurfe of breath (your gentleneffe 2684

Was guiltie of it.) Farewell worthie Lord: 2685

A heaueie heart beares not a humble tongue. 2686

Excufe me fo, comming fo fhort of thanks, 2687

For my great fuite, fo eafily obtain'd. 2688

*Kin.* The extreme parts of time, extremelie formes 2689

All caufes to the purpofe of his fpeed: 2690

And often at his verie loofe decides 2691

That, which long proceffe could not arbitrate. 2692

And though the mourning brow of progenie 2693

Forbid the fmiling curtefie of Loue: 2694

The holy fuite which faine it would conuince, 2695

Yet fince loues argument was firft on foote, 2696

Let not the cloud of forrow iuftle it. 2697

From what it purpos'd: fince to waile friends loft, 2698

Is not by much fo wholfome profitable, 2699

As to reioyce at friends but newly found. 2700

*Qu.* I vnderftand you not, my greefes are double. 2701

*Ber.* Honeft plain words, beft pierce the ears of grieffe 2702

And by thefe badges vnderftand the King, 2703

For your faire fakes haue we neglected time, 2704

Plaid foule play with our oaths: your beautie Ladies 2705

Hath much deformed vs, fafhioning our humors 2706

Euen to the oppofed end of our intents. 2707

And what in vs hath feem'd ridiculous: 2708

As Loue is full of vnbeftitting ftraines, 2709

All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine. 2710

Form'd by the eie, and therefore like the eie. 2711

- 2566 Full of ftraying fhapes, of habites and of formes :  
 2567 Varying in fubiectes as the eye doth roule,  
 2568 To euery varied obiect in his glaunce :  
 2569 Which parte coted prefence of loofe loue  
 2570 Put on by vs, if in your heauenly eyes,  
 272I 2571 Haue mifbecombd our othes and grauties.  
 2572 Thofe heauenly eyes that looke into thefe faultes,  
  
 2573 Suggested vs to make, therefore Ladies  
 2574 Our loue being yours, the errour that Loue makes  
 2575 Is likewife yours : we to our felues proue falfe,  
 2576 By being once falce, for euer to be true  
 2577 To thofe that make vs both faire Ladies you  
 2578 And euen that falhood in it felfe a finne,  
 2579 Thus purifies it felfe and turns to grace.  
 2580 *Quee.* We haue receiud your Letters, full of Loue :  
 273I 2581 Your Fauours, embaffadours of Loue.  
 2582 And in our mayden counfaile rated them,  
 2583 At courtfhyp pleafantieft and courtecie.  
 2584 As bombaft and as lyming to the time :  
 2585 But more deuout then this our refpectes,  
 2586 Haue we not been, and therefore met your Loues,  
 2587 In their owne fafhion like a merriment.  
 2588 *Dum.* Our letters madame, fhewed much more then ieft.  
 2589 *Long.* So did our lookes.  
 2590 *Rofa.* We did not cote them fo.  
 274I 2591 *King.* Now at the lateft minute of the houre,  
 2592 Graunt vs your loues,  
 2593 *Quee.* A time me thinkes too fhort,  
 2594 To make a world-without-end bargaine in :  
 2595 No no my Lord, your Grace is periurde much,  
 2596 Full of deere guiltines, and therefore this,  
 2597 If for my Loue (as there is no fuch caufe)  
 2598 You will do ought, this fhall you do for me :  
 2599 Your oth I will not truft, but goe with fpeede  
 2600 To fome forlorne and naked Hermytage,  
 275I 2601 Remote from all the pleafures of the world :  
 2602 There ftay vntil the twelue Celeftiall Signes  
 2603 Haue brought about the annuall reckoning.  
 2604 If this Auftere infociable life,  
 2605 Change not your offer made in heate of blood.  
 2606 If froftes and faftes, hard lodging, and thin weedes,

Full of ftraying fhapes, of habits, and of formes	2716
Varying in fubiects as the eie doth roule,	2717
To euerie varied obiect in his glance:	2718
Which partie-coated prefence of loofe loue	2719
Put on by vs, if in your heauenly eies,	2720
Haue misbecom'd our oathes and grauities.	2721
Thofe heauenlie eies that looke into thefe faults,	2722
Suggefted vs to make: therefore Ladies	2723
Our loue being yours, the error that Loue makes	2724
Is likewife yonrs. We to our felues proue falfe,	2725
By being once falfe, for euer to be true	2726
To thofe that make vs both, faire Ladies you.	2727
And euen that falshood in it felfe a finne,	2728
Thus purifies it felfe, and turnes to grace.	2729
<i>Qu.</i> We haue receiu'd your Letters, full of Loue:	2730
Your Fauours, the Ambaffadors of Loue.	2731
And in our maiden counfaile rated them,	2732
At courtfhip, pleafant ieft, and curtefie,	2733
As bumbaft and as lining to the time:	2734
But more deuout then thefe are our refpects	2735
Haue we not bene, and therefore met your loues	2736
In their owne fafhion, lik a merriment.	2737
<i>Du.</i> Our letters Madam, fhew'd much more then ieft.	2738
<i>Lon.</i> So did our lookes.	2739
<i>Rofa.</i> We did not coat them fo.	2740
<i>Kin.</i> Now at the lateft minute of the houre,	2741
Grant vs your loues.	2742
<i>Qu.</i> A time me thinkes too fhort,	2743
To make a world-without-end bargaine in;	2744
No, no my Lord, your Grace is periur'd much,	2745
Full of deare guiltineffe, and therefore this:	2746
If for my Loue (as there is no fuch caufe)	2747
You will do ought, this fhall you do for me.	2748
Your oth I will not truft: but go with fpeed	2749
To fome forlorne and naked Hermitage,	2750
Remote from all the pleafures of the world:	2751
There ftay, vntil the twelue Celeftiall Signes	2752
Haue brought about their annuall reckoning.	2753
If this auffere infociable life,	2754
Change not your offer made in heate of blood:	2755
If frofts, and fafts, hard lodging, and thin weeds	2756

- 2607 Nip not the gaudie bloffomes of your Loue :  
 2608 But that it beare this tryall, and laft Loue,  
 2609 Then at the expiration of the yeere,  
 2610 Come challenge me, challenge me by thefe defertes :  
 276I 2611 And by this Virgin palme now kifing thine,  
 2612 I wilbe thine: and till that infance fhutt  
 2613 My wofull felte vp in a mourning houfe,  
 2614 Rayning the teares of lamentation,  
 2615 For the remembraunce of my Fathers death.  
 2616 If this thou do deny, let our handes part,  
 2617 Neither intiled in the others hart.  
 2618 *King.* If this, or more then this, I would denie,  
 2619 To flatter vp thefe powers of mine with reft,  
 2620 The fodaine hand of death clofe vp mine eye.  
 277I 2621 Hence herrite then my hart, is in thy breft.  
 2622 *Berow.* And what to me my Loue? and what to me,  
 2623 *Rofal.* You muft be purged to, your finnes are rackt.  
 2624 You are attaint with faultes and periurie:  
 2625 Therefore if you my fauour meane to get,  
 2626 A twelue month fhall you fpende and neuer reft,  
 2627 But feeke the weery beddes of people ficke.  
 2628 *Duma.* But what to me my Loue? but what to me?  
 2629 *Kath.* A wife? a beard, faire health, and honeftie,  
 2630 With three folde loue I wifh you all thefe three.  
 278I 2631 *Duma.* O fhall I fay, I thanke you gentle Wife?  
 2632 *Kath.* Not fo my Lord, a twelue month and a day,  
 2633 Ile marke no wordes that fmothafait woers fay,  
 2634 Come when the King doth to my Lady come:  
 2635 Then if I haue much loue, Ile giue you fome.  
 2636 *Duma.* Ile ferue thee true and faythfully till then.  
 2637 *Kath.* Yet sweare uot, leaft ye be forfworne agen.  
 2638 *Longauill.* What faies *Maria*?  
 2639 *Mari.* At the twelue months ende,  
 2640 Ile chance my black Gowne for a faithfull frend.  
 279I 2641 *Long.* Ile ftay with patience, but the time is long,  
 2642 *Mari.* The liker you, few taller are fo young.  
 2643 *Berow.* Studdies my Ladie? Miftres looke on me,  
 2644 Beholde the window of my hart, mine eye:  
 2645 What humble fuite attendes thy anfwere there,  
 2646 Impofe fome feruice on me for thy Loue.  
 2647 *Roft.* Oft haue I heard of you my Lord *Berowne*,



Nip not the gaudie bloffomes of your Loue,	2757
But that it beare this triall, and laft loue:	2758
Then at the expiration of the yeare,	2759
Come challenge me, challenge me by thefe deferts,	2760
And by this Virgin palme, now kifing thine,	2761
I will be thine: and till that infant fhut	2762
My wofull felfe vp in a mourning houfe,	2763
Raining the teares of lamentation,	2764
For the remembrance of my Fathers death.	2765
If this thou do denie, let our hands part,	2766
Neither intituled in the others hart.	2767
<i>Kim.</i> If this, or more then this, I would denie,	2768
To flatter up thefe powers of mine with reft,	2769
The fodaine hand of death clofe vp mine eie.	2770
Hence euer then, my heart is in thy breft.	2771
<i>Ber.</i> And what to me my Loue? and what to me?	2772
<i>Rof.</i> You muft be purged too, your fins are rack'd.	2773
You are attaint with faults and periurie:	2774
Therefore if you my fauor meane to get,	2775
A tweluemonth fhall you fpend, and neuer reft,	2776
But feeke the wearie beds of people ficke.	2777
<i>Du.</i> But what to me my loue? but what to me?	2778
<i>Kat.</i> A wife? a beard, faire health, and honeftie,	2779
With three-fold loue, I wifh you all thefe three.	2780
<i>Du.</i> O fhall I fay, I thanke you gentle wife?	2781
<i>Kat.</i> Not fo my Lord, a tweluemonth and a day,	2782
Ile marke no words that fmothfac'd wooers fay.	2783
Come when the King doth to my Ladie come:	2784
Then if I haue much loue, Ile giue you fome.	2785
<i>Dum.</i> Ile ferue thee true and faithfully till then.	2786
<i>Kath.</i> Yet fweare not, leaft ye be forfworne agen.	2787
<i>Lon.</i> What faies <i>Maria</i> ?	2788
<i>Mari.</i> At the tweluemonth end,	2789
Ile change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend.	2790
<i>Lon.</i> Ile ftay with patience: but the time is long.	2791
<i>Mari.</i> The liker you, few taller are fo yong.	2792
<i>Ber.</i> Studies my Ladie? Miftrefle, looke on me,	2793
Behold the window of my heart, mine eie:	2794
What humble fuite attends thy anfwer there,	2795
Impofe fome feruice on me for my loue.	2796
<i>Rof.</i> Oft haue I heard of you my Lord <i>Berowne</i> ,	2797

- 2648 Before I faw you : and the worldes large tongue  
 2649 Proclaymes you for a man repleat with mockes,  
 2650 Full of comparifons and wounding floutes :  
 280I 2651 Which you on all eftetes will execute,  
 2652 That lie within the mercie of your wi :  
 2653 To weede this wormewood from your fruetfull braine,  
 2654 And therewithall to winne me, yf you pleafe,  
 2655 Without the which I am not to be won :  
 2656 You fhall this tweluemonth terme from day to day,  
 2657 Vifite the fpeachleffe ficke, and ftill conuerfe,  
 2658 With groning wretches : and your tafke fhall be,  
 2659 With all the fierce endeuour of your wit,  
 2660 To enforce the pained impotent to fmile.  
 281I 2661 *Berow.* To moue wilde laughter in the throate of death?  
 2662 It cannot be, it is impoffible.  
 2663 Mirth cannot moue a foule in agonie.  
 2664 *Rofal.* Why thats the way to choake a gibing fpirrit,  
 2665 Whofe influence is begot of that loofe grace,  
 2666 Which fhallow laughing hearers giue to fooles,  
 2667 A ieftes proferperitie lies in the eare,  
 2668 Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue  
 2669 Of him that makes it : then if fickly eares  
 2670 Deaft with the clamours of their owne deare grones,  
 282I 2671 Will heare your idle fcornes ; continue then,  
 2672 And I will haue you, and that fault with all.  
 2673 But if they will not, throw away that fpirrit,  
 2674 And I shall finde you emptie of that fault,  
 2675 Right ioyfull of your reformation.  
 2676 *Berow.* A tweluemonth? well ; befall what will befall,  
 2677 Ile ieft a tweluemonth in an Hofpittall.  
 2678 *Queen.* I fweete my Lord, and fo I take my leaue.  
 2679 *King.* No Madame, we will bring you on your way.  
 2680 *Berow.* Our wooing doth not ende like an olde Play :  
 283I 2681 Iacke hath not Gill : thefe Ladies courtefie  
 2682 Might well haue made our fport a Comedie.  
 2683 *King.* Come fir, it wants a tweluemonth an'aday.  
 2684 And then twill ende.  
 2685 *Berow.* That's too long for a Play.

Before I faw you: and the worlds large tongue	2798
Proclaimes you for a man replete with mockes,	2799
Full of comparifons, and wounding floutes:	2800
Which you on all eftates will execute,	2801
That lie within the mercie of your wit.	2802
To weed this Wormewood from your fruitfull braine,	2803
And therewithall to win me, if you pleafe,	2804
Without the which I am not to be won:	2805
You fhall this tweluemonth terme from day to day,	2806
Vifite the fpeechleffe ficke, and ftill conuerfe	2807
With groaning wretches: and your taske fhall be,	2808
With all the fierce endeouour of your wit,	2809
To enforce the pained impotent to fmile.	2810
<i>Ber.</i> To moue wilde laughter in the throate of death?	2811
It cannot be, it is impoffible.	2812
Mirth cannot moue a foule in agonie.	2813
<i>Rof.</i> Why that's the way to choke a gibing fpirit,	2814
Whofe influence is begot of that loofe grace,	2815
Which fhallow laughing hearers giue to fooles:	2816
A iefts profperitie, lies in the eare	2817
Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue	2818
Of him that makes it: then, if fickly eares,	2819
Deaft with the clamors of their owne deare grones,	2820
Will heare your idle fcornes; continue then,	2821
And I will haue you, and that fault withall.	2822
But if they will not, throw away that fpirit,	2823
And I fhall finde you emptie of that fault,	2824
Right ioyfull of your reformation.	2825
<i>Ber.</i> A tweluemonth? Well: befall what will befall,	2826
Ile iefte a tweluemonth in an Hofpittall.	2827
<i>Qu.</i> I fwete my Lord, and fo I take my leaue.	2828
<i>King.</i> No Madam, we will bring you on your way.	2829
<i>Ber.</i> Our woing doth not end like an old Play:	2830
Iacke hath not Gill: thefe Ladies courtefie	2831
Might well haue made our fports a Comedie.	2832
<i>King.</i> Come fir, it wants a tweluemonth and a day,	2833
And then 'twill end.	2834
<i>Ber.</i> That's too long for a play.	2835

2686

*Enter Braggart.*2687 *Brag.* Sweete Maieftie vouchfafe me.2688 *Queen.* Was not that *Hector*?2689 *Duma.* The worthie Knight of *Troy*.2690 *Brag.* I will kiffe thy royall finger, and take leaue.2841 2691 I am a Votarie; I haue vowde to *Iaquetta*.

2692 To holde the Plough for her fweete loue three yeere,

2693 But moft eftemed greatnes, will you heare the Dialogue

2694 that the two Learned men haue compiled, in prayfe of the

2695 Owle and the Cuckow? it fhould haue followed in the

2696 ende of our fhew.

2697 *King.* Call them forth quickly, we will do fo,2698 *Brag.* *Holla.* Approch.

2699

*Enter all.*2700 *Brag.* This fide is Hiems, Winter.2850 2701 This *Ver*, the Spring: The one mayntained by the Owle,

2702 th'other by the Cuckow.

2703 *B.* *Ver* begin.2704 *The Song.*

2705 When Dafies pied, and Violets blew,

2706 And Cuckow-budds of yellow hew:

2707 And Ladi-fmockes all filuer white,

2708 Do paint the Meadowes with delight:

2709 The Cuckow then on euerie tree,

2710 Mocks married men; for thus finges hee,

2860 2711 Cuckow.

2712 Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,

2713 Vnpleafing to a married eare.

2714 When Shepheards pipe on Oten Strawes,

2715 And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens Clocks:

2716 When Turtles tread and Rockes and Dawes,

2717 And Maidens bleach their fummer fmockes:

2718 The Cuckow then on euerie tree,

2719 Mockes married men, for thus finges he,

2720 Cuckow.

2870 2721 Cuckow, cuckow: O word of feare,

2722 Vnpleafing to a married eare.

*Enter Braggart.*

3836

*Brag.* Sweet Maiefty vouchsafe me.

2837

*Qu.* Was not that Hector?

2838

*Dum.* The worthie Knight of Troy.

2839

*Brag.* I wil kiffe thy royal finger, and take leaue.

2840

I am a Votarie, I haue vow'd to *Iaquenetta* to holde the

2841

Plough for her fweet loue three yeares. But moft esteem-

2842

ed greatneffe, will you heare the Dialogue that the two

2843

Learned men haue compiled in prayfe of the Owle and shew

2844

the Cuckow? It fhould haue followed in the end of our

2845

*Kin.* Call them forth quickly, we will do fo.

2846

*Brag.* Holla, Approach.

2847

*Enter all.*

2848

This fide is *Hiems*, Winter.

2849

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

2850

Th'other by the Cuckow.

2851

*Ver*, begin.

2852

*The Song.*

2853

When Dafies pied, and Violets blew,

2854

And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew:

2855

And Ladie-fmockes all filuer white,

2856

Do paint the Medowes with delight.

2857

The Cuckow then on euerie tree,

2858

Mockes married men, for thus fings he,

2859

Cuckow.

2860

Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,

2861

Vnpleafing to a married eare.

2862

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten ftrawes,

2863

And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:

2864

When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,

2865

And Maidens bleach their fummer fmockes:

2866

The Cuckow then on euerie tree

2867

Mockes married men; for thus fings he,

2868

Cuckow.

2869

Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,

2870

Vnpleafing to a married eare.

2871

2723

*Winter.*

2724 When Ifacles hang by the wall,  
 2725 And Dicke the Shepheard blowes his nailer :  
 2726 And Thom beares Logges into the hall,  
 2727 And Milk comes frozen home in paile :  
 2728 When Blood is nipt, and wayes be full,  
 2729 Then nightly finges the staring Owle  
 2730 Tu-whit to-who.

2880

2731 A merrie note,  
 2732 While greafie Ione doth keele the pot.

2733 When all aloude the winde doth blow,  
 2734 And coffing drownes the Parfons faw ;  
 2735 And Birdes fit brooding in the Snow,  
 2736 And Marrians nofe lookes red and raw :  
 2737 When roasted Crabbs hiffe in the bowle,  
 2738 Then nightly finges the staring Owle,  
 2739 Tu-whit to-who. 2  
 2740 A merrie note,  
 2741 While greafie Ione doth keele the pot.

2742

**The vvordes of Mercurie, are harsh after the  
 songes of Apollo.**

2892 2743

**FINIS.**

*Winter.*

2872

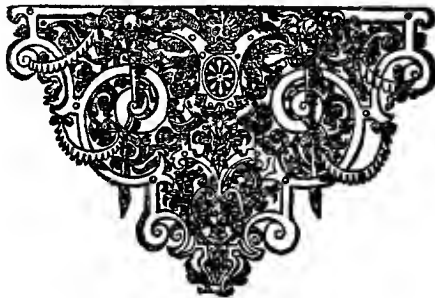
When Ificles hang by the wall,	2873
And Dicke the Shepheard blowes his naile;	2874
And Tom beares Logges into the hall,	2875
And Milke comes frozen home in paile:	2876
When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle,	2877
Then nightly fings the ftaring Owle	2878
Tu-whit to-who.	2879
A merrie note,	2880
While greafie Ione doth keele the pot.	2881

When all aloud the winde doth blow,	2882
And coffing drownes the Parfons faw,	2883
And birds fit brooding in the fnow,	2884
And Marrians nofe lookes red and raw:	2885
When roasted Crabs hiffe in the bowle,	2886
Then nightly fings the ftaring Owle,	2887
Tu-whit to-who:	2888
A merrie note,	2889
While greafie Ione doth keele the pot.	2890

<i>Brag.</i> The Words of Mercurie,	2891
Are harfh after the fongs of Apollo:	2892
You that way; we this way.	2893

*Exeunt omnes.* 2894

FINIS.



## LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE WITH  
THE 1594 QUARTO AND THE FIRST FOLIO.

SIGNATURE.	AT QUARTO LINE	AT FOLIO LINE,
A 2	33	33
A 3	109	112
A 4	163	190
B	267	270
B 2	332	359
B 3	407	437
B 4	481	517
C	558	594
C 2	632	671
C 3	708	750
C 4	783	832
D	858	909
D 2	932	983
D 3	1006	1062
D 4	1083	1156
E	1157	1240
E 2	1232	1324
E 3	1308	1403
E 4	1383	1473
F	1459	1559
F 2	1535	1638
F 3	1609	1710
F 4	1684	1795
G	1760	1898
G 2	1834	1951
G 3	1910	2027
G 4	1984	2103
H	2060	2188
H 2	2134	2264
H 3	2210	2343
H 4	2286	2421
I	2362	2506
I 2	2433	2581
I 3	2508	2658
I 4	2582	2733
K	2658	2809
K 2	2757	2877



COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE  
WITH THE FIRST FOLIO.

FIRST FOLIO COLUMN.	BANKSIDE LINE.	FIRST FOLIO COLUMN.	BANKSIDE LINE.
1st column, page 122	46	1st column, page 133	1429
2d " " 122	98	2d " " 133	1492
1st " " 123	164	1st " " 134	1557
2d " " 123	228	2d " " 134	1623
1st " " 124	2	1st " " 135	1689
2d " " 124	351	2d " " 135	1748
1st " " 125	425	1st " " 136	1813
2d " " 125	487	2d " " 136	1879
1st " " 126	546	1st " " 137	1944
2d " " 126	608	2d " " 137	1009
1st " " 127	674	1st " " 138	2073
2d " " 127	738	2d " " 138	2139
1st " " 128	798	1st " " 139	2205
2d " " 128	862	2d " " 139	2268
1st " " 129	926	1st " " 140	2334
2d " " 129	985	2d " " 140	2400
1st " " 130	1047	1st " " 141	2462
2d " " 130	1609	2d " " 141	2524
1st " " 131	1173	1st " " 142	2587
2d " " 131	1237	2d " " 142	2652
1st " " 132	1301	1st " " 143	2716
2d " " 132	1365	2d " " 143	2782
		1st " " 144	2841
		2d " " 144	2894













