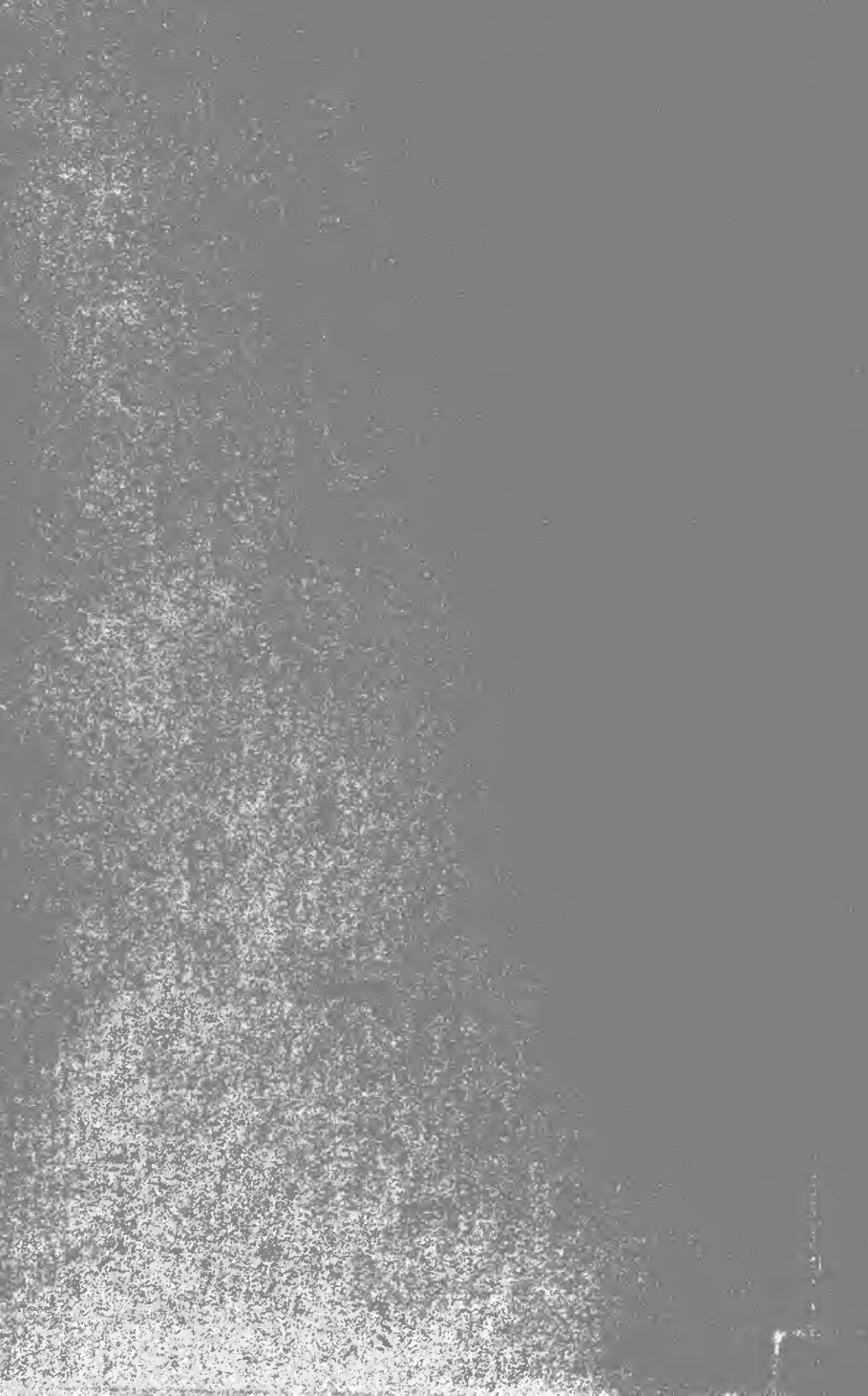


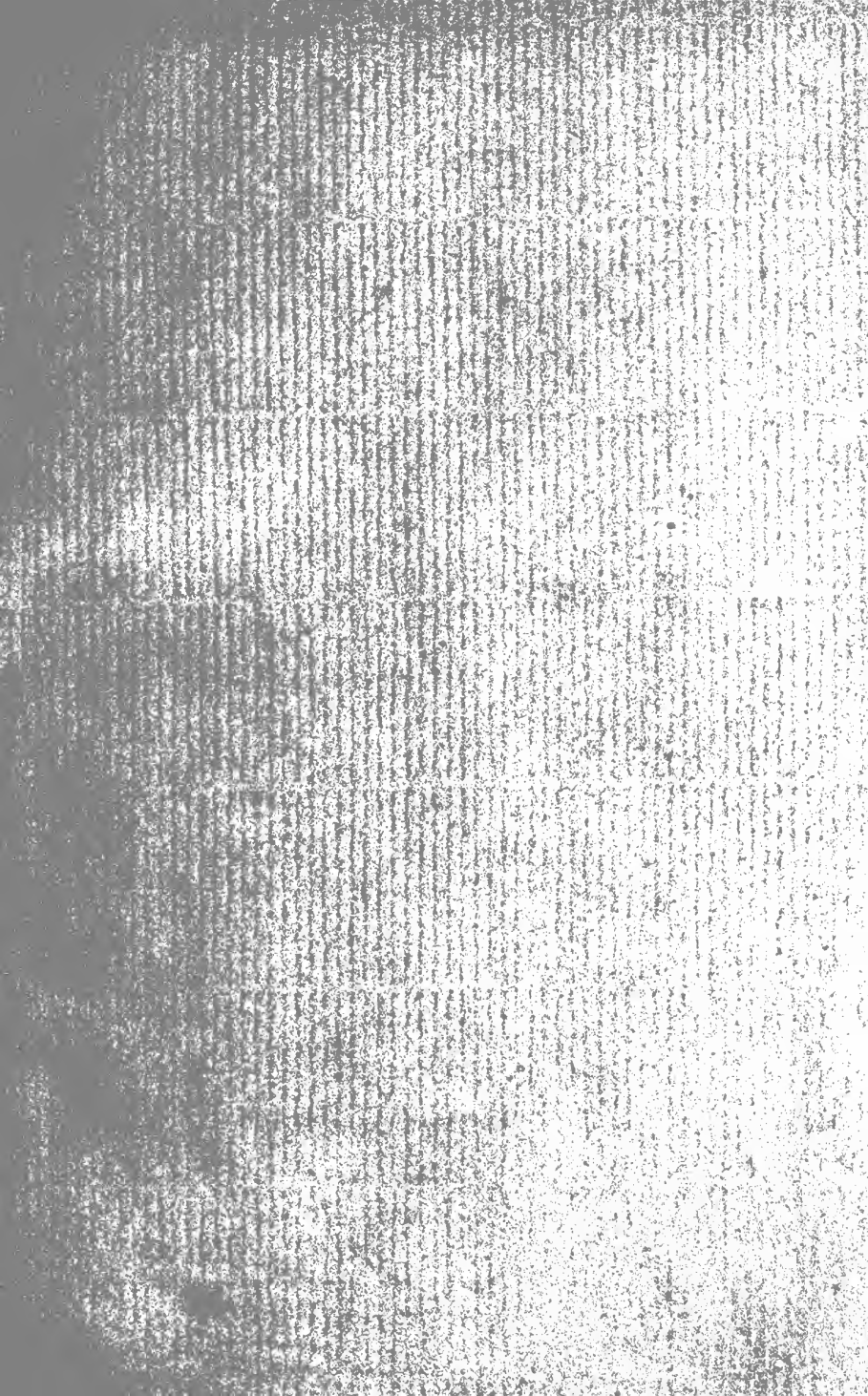
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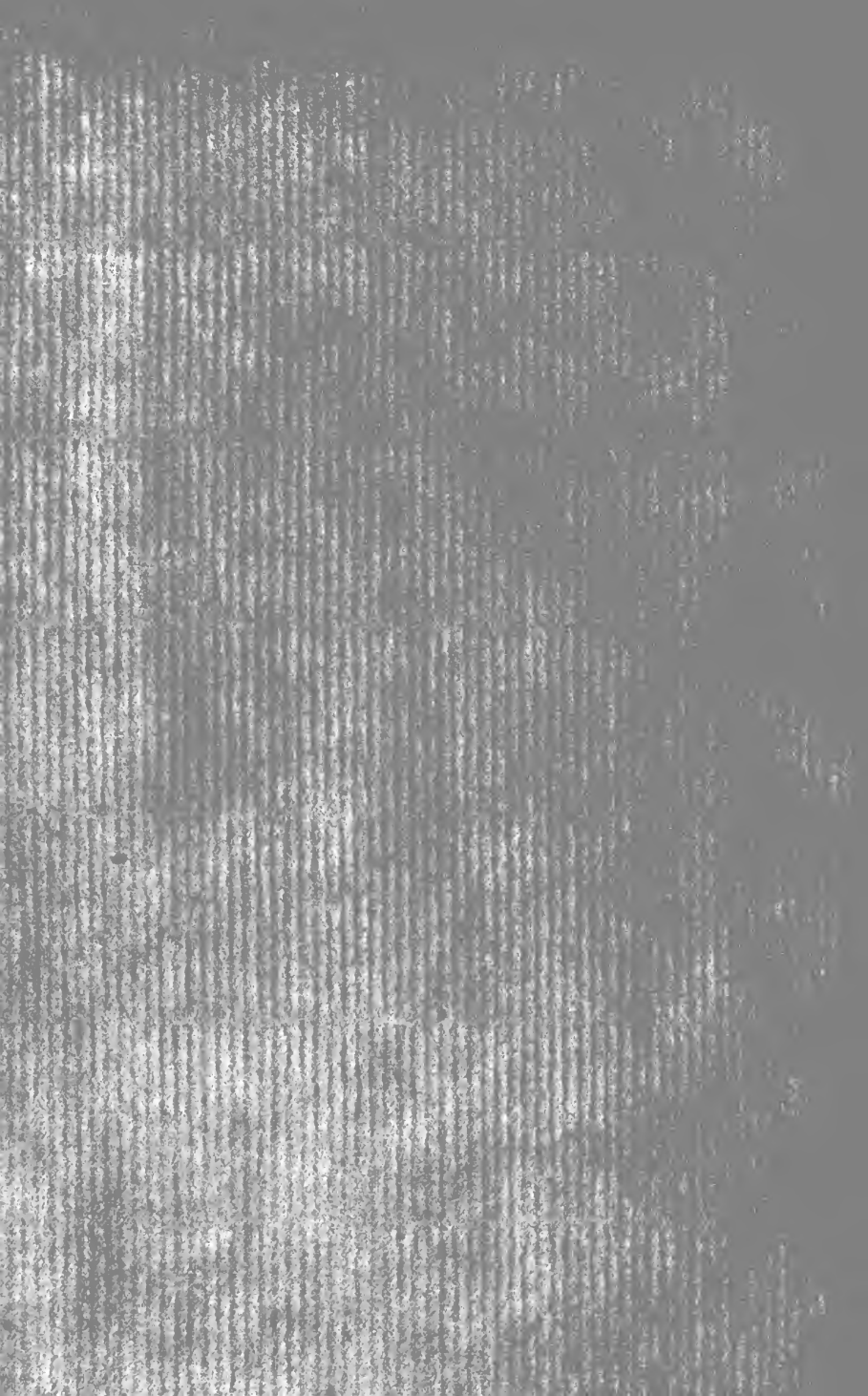
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SHAKSPERE'S
LOVES LABORS LOST:

THE FIRST QUARTO,

1598,

A FACSIMILE IN PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY

BY

WILLIAM GRIGGS,

FOR 13 YEARS PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHER TO THE INDIA OFFICE,

WITH FOREWORDS BY

FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL, M.A.,

FOUNDER AND DIRECTOR OF THE NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY, ETC.



58667
18/2/03

LONDON:

PUBLISHT BY W. GRIGGS, HANOVER STREET, PECKHAM, S.E.

TO

James Spedding, M.A.,

HONORARY FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

EDITOR OF BACON,

THE ANALYZER OF SHAKSPERE AND FLETCHER'S 'HENRY VIII'
IN ONE OF THE ABLEST PIECES OF SHAKSPERE CRITICISM EVER WRITTEN,
WHICH PRESUMPTUOUS AND 'SHALLOW IGNORANCE' HAS IN VAIN ASSAILED,

THIS FACSIMILE OF

LOVES LABORS LOST,

A PLAY ON WHICH HE HAS LIKEWISE THROWN LIGHT BY HIS REMARKS,

IS DEDICATED

(THO WITHOUT HIS LEAVE ASKT)

BY ONE WHO OWES HIS TEACHING MUCH.

F. J. F.

PR
2750
B22
1880

[Shakspeare-Quarto Facsimiles, No. 5.]

FOREWORDS TO QUARTO I, 1598.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>§ 1. Q1 the original of F1; its Mistakes.</p> <p>§ 2. Q1 "Newly corrected and augmented:" proof of this, p. v; its bearing on Hamlet Q1 and Q2, p. ix.</p> | <p>§ 3. The Date of <i>Loves Labors Lost</i> :
 a. External Evidence, p. x.
 b. Internal Evidence, p. xi.
 Probably <i>Shaksperè's 1st Play</i>, p. xii.</p> <p>§ 4. Mr Lee on its Names, &c., p. xiii.</p> <p>§ 5. This Edition, p. xiv.</p> |
|---|---|

§ 1. OF *Loves Labors*¹ *Lost* only one Quarto is known before the First Folio of 1623, that here facsimiled. On comparing it with the Folio, certain differences appear, of which the chief are given below,² but they do not affect the decision of the Cambridge editors in 1863, that "The Folio edition is a reprint of this Quarto, differing only in its being divided into Acts." But their "and, as usual, inferior in accuracy,"³ may well be questiond.

The only good addition made by the Folio to the Quarto is the last phrase in the play, "You that way, we this way," which is no doubt Shaksperè's, and was perhaps added in a playhouse copy, or left out of the Qo. by accident. The only bad addition is, turning the good line, "Clymbe ore the houfe to vnlocke the little gate"—I. i. 109, p. 5—into the bad line, "That were to clymbe ore the houfe to vnlocke the gate." The Folio also has a less good reading of I. i. 27 :

Q. Make rich the ribbes, but ban [k] erout quite the wits
F. ribs, . . . bankerout the wits;

as also in I. i. 133, where Qo. reads rightly 'can possiblè,' and

¹ The apostrophe of *Labor's* in the headline, is meant for the *i* of *is*, as the other uses of the apostrophe in this Qo. show.

² (In modern spelling. Cambr. ed.) Q. Speak, F. break (*bad*), I. i. 151; Q. fitteth, F. fits, I. ii. 42; Q. do call, F. call, I. ii. 51; Q. maculate (*bad*), F. immaculate, I. ii. 95; Q. ever May, F. every May, IV. iii. 102.; Q. God, F. Jove, V. ii. 316; Q. due, F. dutie (*bad*), V. ii. 334; Q. was it, F. what it (*bad*), V. ii. 385; F. leaves out 'when he breathed, he was a man,' Q. V. ii. 668; Q. be-pray, F. pray, V. ii. 702; Q. thy, F. my, V. ii. 850; Q. estetes, F. estates, V. ii. 855; Q. full (*bad*), F. foul, V. ii. 926.

³ They add: "The second Quarto, [1631] is reprinted from the First Folio."

Fo. wrongly 'shall possibly' devise. But in V. ii. 824, where the Quarto has an absurd mistake, 'Hence herrite' for 'Hence forward,' the Folio corrects it by 'Hence euer':

Q. Hence herrite then my hart, is in thy brest

F. Hence euer then, my heart is in thy brest.

The Folio is also much more carefully printed than the Qo, having, for instance, *pompe* for Q. *pome* in I. i. 31; *bard* and *common* for Q. *hard* and *cammon* in I. i. 57; *Contempts* for Q. *Contempls*, I. i. 191; *Welkins Vicegerent* for Q. *welkis Vizgerent*, I. i. 221; *ignorant* for Q. *ignorault*, IV. ii. 52; *wrong* for Q. *woug*, IV. ii. 121; *indiscreet* for Q. *indistreell*, IV. ii. 31; *Ode* for Q. *Odo*, IV. iii. 99; *Idolatri* for Q. *ydolarie*,¹ IV. iii. 75, &c., &c. But in IV. iii. 75, Fo. has the misprint *Coddesse* for the Qo. *Goddesse*, &c. In I. i. 185, where Fo. corrects the Qo. "I am hisgraces Farborough" to "Tharborough," I think that "Farborough" should be kept, as being more of a piece with the language of Constable Dull, who "reprehends" the Duke's "owne person."

That both versions often have the same mistakes in readings as well as words, is seen in their 'Of persing,' IV. ii. 89; their *cangenet* for *canzonet*, *ib.* 124; their *Nath.* for *Ped.* or *Hol.* in IV. ii. 145; their *Holofernes* for *Nathaniel*, IV. ii. 141; their "Not you by [=to] mee, but I betrayed to [=by] you," IV. iii. 175, &c., &c. But still there are no real cruxes in the play except IV. iii. 180, "With men like men of inconstancie;" the *Schoole* of night, IV. iii. 255; "that smyles his cheeke in *yeeres*," V. ii. 465; and "myself [? *Alexander*, or *Hector*]" V. i. 133. The only phrases and words not yet explaind are V. ii. 546, 'Abate throw at nouum,' [? the game *Novem*] and V. ii. 67 ('So *perttaunt* (-like [? *pertly*] would I ore'fway his fstate.').²

§ 2. a. Cuthbert Burby's London printer "W. W.,"³ or the copier

¹ If *ydolarie* is for our *idiotry*, it may stand.

² *Holofernes's* "*intellect*" of Berowne's letter to Rosalin, IV. ii. 137, has been shown by Prof. T. Spencer Baynes to mean "signature, sign-manual." See the second of his very interesting Papers on "What Shakespeare learnt at School," in *Fraser's Magazine*, January, 1880, p. 90-92.

³ W. Waterson (?). See Arber's *Transcript*.

of Shakspeare's MS., has, by a happy mistake, left us at least two bits of evidence as to how Shakspeare "corrected and augmented" his *Loues labors lost*. The first is in Act IV. sc. iii, the second in Act V. sc. ii. In both, the Quarto has given us both the First Sketch and the Finisht Drawing, and has printed both as parts of one whole. Take the first case, in IV. iii. :—

First Sketch.

O,¹ we haue made a Vow to studie,
 Lordes, (318) i
 And in that Vow we haue, forsworne
 our Bookes. (319) ii

Second Version, "Corrected and Augmented."

And where that you haue vovd to studie
 (Lordes), (296)
 In that each of you haue forsworne his
 Booke,
 Can you still dreame, and poare, and
 thereon looke?² (298) 3

(First Insertion.)

Why vniuersall plodding poysons³ vp 4
 The nimble spirites in the arteries, (306)
 As motion and long during action tyres
 The sinnowy vigour of the trauayler.
 Now for not looking on a woman's
 face, (309) 8
 You haue in that forsworne the vse of
 eyes,
 And studie too, the causer of your vow.

(Recast of lines iii—v of First Sketch.)

For when would you, my Lord, or you,
 or you, iii
 Haue found the ground of Studies ex-
 cellence (300) iv
 Without the beautie of a womans face?

For when would you (my Leedge) or
 you, or you? (320) 11
 In leaden contemplation haue found out
 Such fierie Numbers as the prompting
 eyes 13
 Of beautis tutors haue inricht you with?

(Recast of lines vi—xii of First Sketch.)

For where is any Authour in the
 worlde, (312) vi
 Teaches such beautie⁴ as a woman's
 eye?
 Learning is but an adiunct to our selfe,
 And where we are, our Learning like-
 wise is, ix
 Then, when our selues we see in Ladies
 eyes (316) x

Other slow Artes intirely keepe the
 braine: 15
 And therefore finding barraine prac-
 tizers, (325)
 Scarce shew a haruest of their heauie
 toyle. 17
 But Loue first learned in a Ladies eyes,
 Liues not alone emured in the braine;
 But, with the motion of all elamentes, 20

¹ ? read 'Then.'

² This *Booke-looke* couplet looks early, and so does the construction; but l. 3 is necessary for l. 4.

³ Dyce reads *prisons*. But you don't want the metaphor of nimble spirits struggling to burst their prison; you want em duld and numbd by poison.

⁴ ? read 'Learning.'

vi § 2. HOW Q₁ WAS "NEWLY CORRECTED AND AUGMENTED."

With our selues ¹	xi	Courses as swift as thought in every	
Do we not likewise see our learning	xii	power	(330)
there?		And giues to euery power a double	
		power,	
		About their functions and their offices.	
		It addes a precious seeing to the eye: 24	
		A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle	
		blinde.	
		A Louers eare will heare the lowest	
		sound:	(335)
		When the suspitious head of theft is	
		stopt,	27
		Loues feeling is more soft and senssible	
		Then are the tender hornes of Cockled	
		Snayles.	
		Loues tongue proues daintie, <i>Bachus</i>	
		grosse in taste.	30
		For Valoure, is not Loue a <i>Hercules</i> .	
		Still clyming trees in the <i>Hesperides</i> ?	
		Subtle as <i>Sphinx</i> , as sweete and musi-	
		call	(342)
		As bright <i>Appolos</i> Lute, strung with his	
		haire:	34
		And when Loue speakes, the voyce of	
		all the Goddes	
		Make heauen drowsie with the har-	
		monic.	(345)
		Neuer durst Poet touch a pen to write,	
		Vntill his Incke were tempred with	
		Loues sighes;	38
		O then his lines would rauish sauage	
		cares,	(348)
		And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.	40
		<i>(Recast of lines xiii—xv of First Sketch.)</i>	
From womens eyes this doctrine I de-		riue:	(350) 41
They are the Ground, the Bookes, the		They sparcle still the right promethean	
Achadems	xiv	fiere;	
From whence doth spring the true <i>Pro-</i>		They are the Bookes, the Artes, the	
<i>methean</i> fire.	(304) xv ²	Achademes,	
		That shew, containe, and nourish all	
		the worlde,	44
		Els none at all in ought proue excellent.	
		<i>(Lines xvi—xvii of First Sketch:)</i>	
Then fooles you were, these women to		Then fooles you were, these women to	
forsweare;	(355) xvi	forsweare;	46
Or keeping what is sworne, you will		Or keeping what is sworne, you will	
proue fooles	xvii	proue fooles	(356)

¹ Left out in F₂.

² Not counting xi. 'With our selues,' as a line, we hav abuv, the 14 lines that Capell, no dout, (*Var. Sh.* iv. 385), and Dyce cut out, and that Staunton bracketed.

Are not the "Corrected and augmented" passages clear?—
Then turn to the second case, in V. ii, Berowne's proposal to
Rosaline, and the conditions on which alone she'll accept him:—

First Sketch, V. ii. 827—832.

Berow. And what to me my Loue?
and what to me? i

Rosal. You must be purged to;
your sinnes are rackt;
You are attaint with faultes and per-
iurie: iii

Therefore, if you my fauour meane to
get, iv

A tweluemonth shall you spende, and
neuer rest, v
But seeke the weery beddes of people
sicke. (832) vi

Recast, "corrected and augmented,"
V. ii. 847-881.

Berow. Studdies my Ladie! Mistres,
look on me!
Beholde the window of my hart, mine
eye; (848)
What humble suite attendes thy answere
there!
Impose some seruice on me, for thy
Loue! 4

Rosa. Oft haue I heard of you, my
Lord *Berowne*,
Before I saw you: and the worldes
large tongue (852)
Proclaymes you for a man repleat with
mockes,

Full of comparisons and wounding
floutes, 3
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercie of your
wit; (856)
To weede this wormewood from your
fructfull braine,
And therewithall to winne me, yt you
please,— 12

Without the which I am not to be
won;—
You shall this tweluemonth terme, from
day to day, (860)
Visite the speechlesse sicke, and still
conuerse

With groning wretches; and your taske
shall be, 16
With all the fierce endeour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to
smile. (864)

Berow. To moue wilde laughter in
the throate of death?
It cannot be: it is impossible! 20
Mirth cannot moue a soule in agonie.

Rosal. Why, thats the way to choake
a gibing spirit, (868)
Whose influence is begot of that loose
grace
Which shallow laughing hearers giue
to fooles. 24
A iestes prosperitie lies in the eare
Of him that heares it, neuer in the
tongue (872)

Of him that makes it: then if sickly
 eares,
 Deaft with the clamours of their owne
 deare grones, 28
 Will heare your idle scornes; continue
 then,
 And I will haue you, and that fault
 withall. (876)
 But if they will not, throw away that
 spirit,
 And I shall finde you emptie of that
 fault, 32
 Right ioyfull of your reformation. (879)

(*Conjecturd end of First Sketch.*)

Berow. A tweluemonth? well: be-
 fall what will befall, vii
 Ile [spende] a tweluemonth in an
 Hospitall. (881) viii

(*Supposd end of First Sketch, with 1
 word alterd.*)

Berow. A tweluemonth? well: be-
 fall what will befall, (880)
 Ile lest a tweluemonth in an Hospitall.

In no other part of the play has the printer or copier left us direct evidence of Shakspeare's correction and augmentation of his first cast; so the reader must use his own judgment as to where they are in the play we have. The best opinion I know on the point is that of Mr Spedding, the editor of Bacon, and the critic of *Henry VIII*, whose Paper on this joint work of Shakspeare and Fletcher¹ has settled the question in the minds of all men having capable ones. In a note written on Feb. 2, 1839, Mr. Spedding says:

"Observe the inequality in the length of the Acts; the first being half as long again [509 lines], the fourth twice as long [710 lines],

¹ First printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Aug., 1850, pp. 115-123, and reprinted in the Appendix to *The New Shakspeare Society's Transactions*, 1874, pp. 1*-20*.

BEN JONSON (d. 1637) *An Epistle answering to one that asked to be Sealed of the Tribe of Ben.* *The Under-wood*, p. 217, Works, vol. ii., ed. 1640.

the fifth three times as long [1104 lines], as the second [257 lines] and third [207]. This is a hint where to look for the principal additions and alterations.¹ In the first Act I suspect Berowne's² remonstrance against the vow (to begin with) to be an insertion. [Yes.] In the fourth, nearly the whole of the close, from Berowne's burst 'Who sees the heavenly Rosaline' (IV. iii. 221) [?]. In the fifth, the whole of the first scene between Holofernes and Sir Nathaniel bears traces, to me, of the maturer hand, and may have been inserted bodily. [Yes, to l. 34.] The whole close of the fifth Act, from the entrance of Mercade (V. ii. 723), has been probably rewritten, [Yes] and may bear the same relation to the original copy which Rosaline's speech, 'Oft have I heard of you, my lord Berowne², &c. (V. ii. 851-864), bears to the original speech of six lines (827-832) which has been allowed by mistake to stand. There are also a few lines (1-3) at the opening of the fourth Act which I have no doubt were introduced in the corrected copy:

Prince. Was that the King that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

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

It was thus that Shakspeare learnt to *shade off* his scenes, to carry the action beyond the stage." [Yes] *Introd. to Leopold Shakspeare*, p. xxiii.

The only part of Mr Spedding's suggestion that I can't accept is the series of 17 consecutive fours or alternates, *abab*, in IV. iii. 222-289, with the 'greasy' talk of ll. 280-1. Part of these, at least, if not all, must belong to the first cast of the play. Yet the characters mainly strengthened by the augmentations must be those of Berowne and Rosalin. Surely V. ii. 396-413 and III. i. 175-207 are later work. Compare them with, say, Boyet's II. i. 234-249, and Berowne's IV. iii. 153-173. Also, most of II. i. 1-177 must be later: contrast it with the rest of the scene.

b. The proof that Berowne's and Rosalin's speeches in IV. iii. and V. ii. (abuv, p. v-viii) give, that Shakspeare *did* revise his work, helps us to see what his original *Hamlet* of 1601-2, misrepresented in Q₁, might have been, and how a verse-writer asked by Ling to fill up a gap in the note-takers' version of Shakspeare's play might, from

¹ The three longest scenes are I. i., 317 lines; IV. iii., 386 lines; V. ii., 942 lines. The other scenes are shorter than Acts II. and III., which have only one scene each. I. ii. has 192 lines; IV. i., 151 lines; IV. ii., 173 lines; V. i., 162 lines.

² Mr S. spells 'Biron' like the modernized editions.

vague recollection, have written Claudius's speech, the scene between Gertrude and Horatio, &c. Will some man with a knack for numbers write us a few lines bearing a like relation to those in the left-hand columns of p. v-viii above, which any of the *Hamlet* Q1 speeches bear to their representatives in Q2, and thus illustrate and account for the production of *Hamlet* Q1?

§ 3. *Loues Labors lost* is one of the 26 "of Shakspeare's 37 plays—18 printed during his life, and 19 after his death (including *The Two Noble Kinsmen*),—for the dates, or rather the order of (which), we are thrown back on the second part of the Evidence from Within, the Style and Temper of the works" (*L. Sh. Introd.*, p. xix). We have no Evidence from Without, and no Allusions from Within, to fix the date of the first cast of the play¹; though for its second cast we have its title declaring that it was playd before Elizabeth at Christmas 1597. It was mentioned by both Robert Tofte² and Francis Meres³ in 1598. Jaggard put two of its pieces⁴ into his piratical *Passionate Pilgrime* of 1599; its line IV. iii. 379 was quoted in *Englands Parnassus*, 1600, and its song, "On a day (alack the day)," IV. iii., in *Englands Helicon* (collected by Jn. Bodenham), 1600. Sir Walter Cope tells us in 1604 that Burbage "Sayes ther ys no new playe that the quene [James I's Anne of

¹ P.S. This was written before Mr. Lee sent me his note in § 4, p. xiii-xv, below.

² *Loues Labour Lost*, I once did see a Each Actor plaid in cunning wise his
 Play part,
 Y-cleped so, so called to my paine. But chiefly Those entrapt in Cupid's
 Which I to heare, to my small Ioy snare;
 did stay, Yet All was fained, 'twas not from the
 Giving attendance on my froward hart,
 Dame: They seemde to grieve, but yet they felt
 My misgiving minde presaging to no care:
 me ill, 'Twas I that Grieft (indeed) did
 Yet was I drawne to see it 'gainst beare in brest,
 my will. . . . The others did but make a show in
 Iest.

The Months Minde of a Melancholy Lover, sign. G 5 (*Allusion Books*, Part 1, N. Sh. Soc. p. 184; *Centurie*, p. 15).

³ "For Comedy, witnes his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love labors lost*. . ."—*Centurie*, p. 21.

⁴ Longavill's Sonnet to Maria, "Did not the heavenly Rethorique of thine eye," IV. iii. 57-70; and Berowne's 6-measure Sonnet-Letter to Rosalin, IV. ii. 103-116, "If Loue make me forsworne," &c.

of Denmark] hath not seene, but they have Revyved an olde one, Cawled *Loves Labore lost*, which for wytt & mirthe he sayes will please her excedingly. And Thys ys apointed to be playd to Morowe night at my Lord of Sowthamptons . . ." *Centurie*, p. 62; and it was one of the "Bookes red be mee [Drummond of Hawthornden] anno 1606."—*Cent.*, p. 71. The only known possible or probable allusion to a passage in the play before its publication was, I believe, pointed out by Dr Grosart in his edition of Robert Southwell, 1872. He contends that the following lines (of 1594 A.D.?) apply to the eyes of Christ, the idea contained in Bérówné's humorous speech on women's eyes in *L. L. Lost*, IV. iii.:

"O sacred eyes! The springs of living light,
The earthly heavens where angels ioj to dwell,

* * * * *

Sweet volumes, stoard 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 endlesse is your labyrinth of blisse,
Where to be lost, the sweetest finding is." (*Cent.*, p. 14.)

So the play attracted a fair share of notice. But no one who has a grasp of Skakspere's developments in metre and characterization—the two great tests of the order of his early works at least—can be satisfied with the date of 1597 or 1594 for the first cast of his *L. L. Lost*, which must be either his first or second original work, and probably about 1590 A.D. The *Comedy of Errors* is the only play which can be earlier. Now as to metre, *L. L. L.* has 1028 ryme-lines to 597 blank-verse ones, nearly twice as many, 1 to 58; the *Errors* 380 rymes to 1150 blank, or 1 in 3.02. *L. L. L.* has only 4 per cent of 11-syllable lines, while the *Errors* has 12.3 per cent (Hertzberg¹). *L. L. L.* has as many as 236 alternate-rymes or fours, that is, 1 in 4.78; while the *Errors* has only 64, or 1 in 18 lines. *L. L. L.* has 194 lines of doggrel, or 1 in every 5.3 lines, while the *Errors* has 109, or 1 in every 10.55; *L. L. L.* has only 1 run-on

¹ See Mr F. D. Matthew's abstract of H.'s Paper, in *N. Sh. Soc. Trans.*, 1877-9, App. IV. p. 59*. The other nos. are from Mr Fleay's Table *N. Sh. Soc. Trans.*, 1874, p. 16.

line in 18·14, while the *Errors* has 1 in every 10·7. Further, *L. L. L.* has more Sonnets, and more 8- and 6-line stanzas in the dialogue, than the *Errors*. It is more crowded with word-play, and has far less plot (the *Errors* being from Plautus), and less pathos: no shadow of the death-doomed Ægeon grieving and searching for long-lost child and wife are over it from the first. It has the certain sign of early work, the making of the King and his nobles forget their dignity, and roll on the ground guffawing, like a lot of hobadehoys (V. ii. 113-116), at the rehearsal of their Mask.¹ This fault it shares with *Midsummer Night's Dream*—cp. the vulgarities of Hermia and Helena, Greek ladies in name at least, when they quarrel²—tho its sub-play, with Holofernes wanting to play 3 Worthies himself besides his own part (V. ii. 150), must be earlier than Bottom and his desire to play a tyrant, Thisbe, and the lion too.

In characterization, *L. L. Lost*, as 'corrected and augmented,' has a Rosaline and a Berowne who stand out more vividly than any pair in the *Errors*; but neither of them appeals to the imagination or the feelings like Ægeon does; neither has 'that serious tender love' which Antipholus of Syracuse shows for Luciana. Both plays belong to the earliest group of Shakspeare's Comedies, the mistaken-identity, cross-purpose set; but *L. L. Lost* has more the aspect of a first play than the *Errors* has. It is more carefully polished, it has more Stratford life in it—countrymen's play, boys'-games ('more sacks to the mill,' and hide and seek, 'all hid'),—it dwelt more in Shakspeare's mind: he recast Berowne and Rosaline into Benedick and Beatrice, he continued Dull's word-mistakes thro almost all his dullards, he paralleled Armado's love for Jacquenetta, by Touchstone's for Audrey, &c. But the metrical facts are those which to me settle the earlierness of *L. L. L.* over the *Errors*. I cannot believe that Shakspeare, having written the *Errors* with 1 couplet of ryme in every 6 lines,

¹ Compare too, Berowne to Rosaline, in the fudgd ryme that no 'russet yea' can excuse:

'And to begin, Wench,—so God help me! law!—

My love to thee is sound, *sance* cracke or flaw.'—V. ii. 414-15, p. 60.

² Impossible to Shakspeare in 1596, when he 'must have conceivd, and have been embodying, Portia.

and having found how ill adapted ryme was to dramas, would then go and write *L. L. Lost* with six times more couplets in it. I cannot believe that he, having written the *Errors* with over 12 per cent of extra-syllable lines in it, and one run-on line in every 10,—and thereby got in creast freedom and ease in expression¹,—would turn round and deliberately cramp himself again by writing *L. L. L.* with only a third of his extra-syllable, and half his run-on lines of the earlier play. I cannot believe that in his second play he would two-fold the doggrel, four-fold the alternate rymes, and increase the stanzas of his first play. He wouldn't, in my belief, jump out of the frying-pan into the fire, even to try how he liked it. - I conclude then that the first cast of *L. L. Lost* was Shakspeare's first genuine play. And if his Second Period began with *King John* in 1595, and the *Merchant* in 1596, and he came to London in 1587 or thereabouts, I suppose *L. L. L.* to have been written in or before 1590, the other First-Period works, of the 5 years 1590-4, being the *Errors*, *Dream*, *Two Gentlemen*; *Romeo and Juliet*, *Venus and Adonis*, and *Lucrece*; *Rich. II.*, *Henry VI.*, *Rich. III.*, and possibly touches of *Titus*.

§ 4. On the names of the principal characters in *L. L. L.*, as confirming its date of 1589-90, or thereabouts, Mr S. L. Lee of Balliol,²—one of the men whose training does such credit to Dr. Abbott and his system—sends me the following note :

The title of the hero of *L. L. L.*, and the names of his two chief attendants, Biron and Longaville, are identical with those of the chief leaders of the opponents of the League in contemporary France. Dumaine is likewise a common Anglicized version of the Duc de Maine, or Mayenne. His name is similarly spelt by Chapman in his *Conspiracie of Byron* (Pearson's reprint, vol. ii. pp. 210-11). Mothe, or La Mothe, was also the name of a well-known French ambassador (cf. Froude's *History*, xi. 293-7, &c.; and *State Papers*, 1581-90, p. 79, &c.); and the mention of Duke Alençon must refer to the Queen's French suitor of the same name (*L. L. L.*, II. i. 61).

¹ When I first call'd the attention of our—alas! just lost—genial dramatist, Tom Taylor, to the increase in Shakspeare's extra syllables as he grew in art, Taylor said he'd never notist the point in Shakspeare, or in his own writing; but as he had his *Ann Boleyn* in hand, he would notice what he did, and why he us'd extra syllables. Next time we met, he said, "I've found out now. I use the extra syllable to get greater ease in conversations."

² See his paper on Dr. Lopez as the original of Shylock in the *Gent.'s Mag.*, Feb. 1880.

The anxious interest with which the French crisis of 1589 was watched in England doubtless drew Shakspeare's attention to France, and might naturally have led him to graft upon a story derived from other sources, heroes and incidents suggested by a popular prevailing sentiment. The inference is borne out by (1) the popularity *L. L. L.* enjoyed while French politics were uppermost (cf. Halliwell's *Folio Shakspeare*, iv. 215; (2) the interest Shakspeare is shown to have taken in contemporary French politics by his reference to them in the *Comedy of Errors* (III. ii. 122), with which Malone's note on *The Merchant* (III. ii. 49) may be compared; and (3) the internal construction of the comedy. Besides the similarity of the names, the characters of their bearers resemble those of living personages. The description of Navarre (II. i. 5) and that of Longaville (II. i. 44), who made his reputation at Senlis in 1589, seem admirably to satisfy the enthusiasm their namesakes' conduct had roused. Biron is more carefully portrayed, and the points of resemblance with his namesake are more noticeable. The English contingent served under him in France (*State Papers*, 1591-4, p. 335), and grew much attached to him (cf. Birch's *Memoirs of Elizabeth*, ii. 323). On his visit to England at the close of the century, he was enthusiastically welcomed (*Chamberlain's Letters*, p. 95, published by the Camden Society, and Sismondi's *Histoire*, xxii. 65). But he had the shortcomings of most French courtiers. Navarre complained of his "rodomontades, jactances et vanités." Biron's gallantry in the play, his common sense, his clever "salve for perjury," and Rosaline's complaint—"the world's large tongue proclaims you for a man replete with mocks," &c. (V. ii. 832-6)—seem a reflection of the leading features attributed to the French leader. To prove that I have not over-estimated his importance in the eyes of Shakspeare's contemporaries, I have only to mention Chapman's two plays—*Byron's Conspiracie* and *Tragedie*, of both of which he is the hero. Furthermore, the interview between Navarre and the Princess of France is very like a meeting that took place between the historical Navarre and a Princess of France, Catherine de Medici, who represented an incapable king, as in *L. L. L.*, in 1586. The gathering was a brilliant one. The princess "avoit fait choix pour la suivre, des plus belles personnes de sa cour" (Sismondi, xx. 237; cf. Davila's *Memoirs of Civil War* (1758), i. 521-4). The interview came to nothing at the time, but its purpose was effected in 1589, when it was doubtless recalled to memory.

The Russian incident in *L. L. L.* likewise suggests a contemporary event. It should be remembered that England first opened negotiations with Russia under Elizabeth, and that a crisis in their relationship took place in 1589. An English envoy returning from Russia declared he had been inhumanly treated there, and Elizabeth and her people warmly took the matter up. A good account of the whole question is to be found in Mr. E. A. Bond's preface to his edition of Fletcher's "*Russe Commonwealth*," with Jerome Horsey's Account of Travels in Russia at the end of the 16th century, published by the Hakluyt Society in 1856. The attention thus directed to Russia might well have raised recollections of a scene which took place in London between some Russian ambassadors and English ladies in 1583. Russian envoys had come over to secure, among other things, a kinswoman of the Queen as a wife for the Czar. Lady Mary Hastings, daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon, was the selected bride; and she, with many ladies of the court, received the Russians in the gardens of York House, where a wide platform had been erected. The chief ambassador's conduct was extremely ridiculous: "He cast down his countenance; fell prostrate to her feet; ran back from her,

she and the rest admiring at his manner." An interpreter was introduced to say, "It did suffice him to behold the angel he hoped should be his master's bride;" and more to like effect. The lady was afterwards known as the Empress of Muscovia. The whole scene is described in Mr. Bond's preface (pp. xlviii—liii), and in pp. 195-6 of the text of the book. The description of the locale (the garden and the pavilion), the office of Moth, and "the rough carriage so ridiculous" of the disguised Frenchmen in *L. L. L.* very nearly resemble this actual occurrence.

We may add that Armado, who is called "a phantasm, a Monarcho" (IV. i. 99), and elsewhere a "fanatical phantasm," is drawn upon the lines of "the phantastical Monarcho," who made sport for Elizabeth's courtiers for some years. At his death Thomas Churchyard wrote a poem on him called "The Phantastical Monarchoes Epitaph," which Mr Halliwell has reprinted in his *Folio Shakespeare* (vol. IV). The name of Shakspeare's magnificent Spaniard is doubtless formed from the title of the Spanish expedition of 1588.—S. L. LEE.

L. L. Lost launches us at once into the topic of Shakspeare's relation to the social questions of his day. It was for his age what Tennyson's *Princess* was and is for ours, and dealt with many other points besides. But into these, and the relation of *L. L. L.* to Shakspeare's other plays and his art, I cannot enter here. Assuredly we want a more thorough study of this play—wearisome tho much of it is—than has yet appeared in print. The present Qto is a much less good one than any of the first two Quartos of the *Dream* and the *Merchant*.

§ 5. The present facsimile is from the Duke of Devonshire's copy,¹ the confounded mounter of whose pages has cut off part of some head-lines and foot-lines, and the whole of some signatures. The line-numbers are those of the Globe edition, even where those are wrong, as they once or twice are. The daggers (†) at the side mark faulty lines that are altered in the Globe. Henceforward our Editors will, for economy's sake, try to keep their Forewords to the Facsimiles down to 12 pages, unless more are absolutely needed for the work they have to do.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

¹ This copy differs from the Capell one in Trinity Library in at least these 4 points noted by the Cambridge editors: it has *Loue* for *Ioue* in Berowne's speech, IV. iii. 182, p. 39, E 4 bk (I think the Camb. eds. have rightly preferred *Loue*, as here Berowne is (supposedly) in earnest, and *Youe* and its jingle would lower the tone of his speech); it turns the central *p* of *paper* (IV. iii. 43. p. 36, sign. E 3.) the wrong way up, and makes it look like *pader*; it has the wrong *croporall* (IV. iii. 86, p. 37, E 3 bk) for the right Capell *corporal*; and for the *will* of V. ii. 697, p. 68, sign. I 3, it has only *w*, while the Capell copy has *wi*.

Characters ("A Colledge of Witte-crackers," *Much Ado*, V. iv. 101)
in the Order of their Oncoming.

FERDINAND, King of Nauar, p. 2, 16, 35, 53, 58.

His nobles :

LONGAULL (a tall young Noble of Navar, the Lover of Maria),
 p. 2, 16, 36, 53, 58.

DUMAINE (a young Noble of Navar, the Lover of Katherin),
 p. 2, 16, 37, 53, 58.

BEROWNE (an older Noble of Navar, the Lover of Rosalin),
 p. 3, 16, 24, 35, 53, 58.

A *Constable*, ANTHONY DULL, p. 7, 12, 30, 45.

COSTARD the *Clowne*, p. 7, 12, 23, 27, 33, 40, 62; as POMPEY, p. 64.

ARMADO, the *Braggart* (in love with Jaquenetta), p. 9, 21, 23, 46,
 63; as HECTOR, p. 67, 73.

MOTH,¹ his *Boy*, or *Page*, p. 9, 21, 23, 46, 53; as HERCULES, p. 65.

IAQUENETTA, a *Wench*, or *Mayden*, p. 12, 33, 40.

THE PRINCESSE OF FRAUNCE, p. 14, 26, 49, 58.

Her suite :

Lord BOYET, p. 14, 28, 51.

Three (or Two) *Lords* (of whom one only speaks once, p. 15),
 p. 14, 26.

1st Lady, MARIA (calld *Marg.*, p. 50), p. 14, 29, 49, 58.

2nd Lady, KATHERIN², p. 14, 26, 49, 58.

3rd Lady, ROSALIN, p. 14, 29, 49, 58.

A *Forrester*, p. 26.

HOLOFERNES the *Pedant*, p. 30, 45; as IUDAS, p. 65.

NATHANIEL the *Curate*, p. 30, 45; as ALEXANDER, p. 55.

Black-moores with musicke, p. 53.

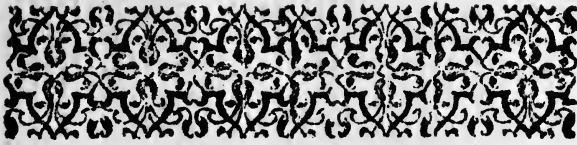
A *Messenger*, Mounsieur MARCADE, p. 69.

HIEMS, Winter, p. 74.

VER, the Spring, p. 74.

¹ That MOTH=mote (in the eye), see IV. iii. 161, p. 39. Some very small boy in Shakspeare's company must have playd the part. See V. i. 42-5, p. 46; 137-9, p. 48, &c.

² Sometimes KATHERINE, ryming with 'mine', p. 28 (IV. i. 53-4), and 'thine', p. 52 (V. ii. 132-3). So *Rosalin* is also spelt *Rossaline*, V. ii. 133, &c.



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.





Enter Ferdinand K. of Nauar, Berovvne,
Longanill, and Dumaine.

Ferdinand.

LET Fame, that all hunt after in their lyues,
Lie registred vpon our brazen Tombes,
And then grace vs, in the disgrace of death:
When spight of cormorant deuouring Time,
Thendeuour of this present breath may buy:
That honour which shall bare his sythes keene edge,
And make vs heires of all eternitie,
Therefore braue Conquerours, for so you are,
That warre agaynst your owne affectiōs,
And the hudge armie of the worldes desires.
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force,
Nauar shall be the wonder of the worlde,
Our Court shall be a lyttle Achademe,
Still and contemplatyue in hying art.
You three, *Berovvne, Dumaine, and Longanill.*
Haue sworne for three yeeres tearme, to liue with me:
My fellow Schollers, and to keepe those statutes
That are recorded in this sedule here.
Your othes are past, and now subscribe your names:
That his owne hand may strike his honour downe,
That violates the smallest branch herein,
If you are armd to do, as sworne to do,
Subscribe to your deepe othes, and keepe it to.
Longanill. I am resolued, tis but a thee yeeres fast:
The minde shall banquet, though the body pine,
Fat paunches haue leane pates: and daynty bits
Make rich the ribbes, but banerout quite the wits.
Dumaine. My louing Lord, *Dumaine* is mortefied,
The grosser manner of these worldes delights:
He throwes vpon the grosse worlds baser slaues

Globe Ed.
Act. I. Sc. i.

4

8

12

16

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24

28

T

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

To loue, to wealth, to pome, I pine and die,
With all these lyming in Philosophie.

Berowne. I can but say their protestation ouer,
So much deare Liedge, I haue already sworne,
That is, to lyue and study heere three yeeres.

But there are other strickt obseruances:
As not to see a woman in that terme,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there,
And one day in a week to touch no foodes:
And but one meale on euery day beside:
The which I hope is not enrolled there,
And then to sleepe but three houres in the nyght,
And not be seene to wincke of all the day.

When I was wont to thinke no harme all nyght,
And make a darke nyght too of halfe the day:
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.

O these are barraine taskes, too hard to keepe,
Not to see Ladyes, study, fast, not sleepe.

Ferd. Your othe is past, to passe away from these.

Berow. Let me say no my liedge, and yf you please.
I onely swore to study with your grace,
And stay heere in your Court for three yeeres space.

Longa. You swore to that *Berowne*, and to the rest.

Bero. By yea and nay sir, than I swore in iest.
What is the ende of study, let me know?

Ferd. Why that to know which else we should not know.

Ber. Things hid & hard (you meane) from cammon sense.

Ferd. I, that is studies god-like recompence.

Bero. Com'on then, I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:

Asthus, to study where I well may dine,
When I to fast expressely am forbid,
Or studie where to meete some Mistris fine.

When Mistresses from common sense are hid,
Or hauing sworne too hard a keeping oth,
Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth.

If studies gaine be thus, and this be so,
Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know,

called Loues Labor's lost.

Swear me to this, and I will nere say no.

Ferd. These be the stopps that hinder studie quit,
And traine our intellects to vaine delight.

Bero. Why? all delightes are vaine, but that most vaine
Which with payne purchas'd, doth inherite payne,

As paynefully to poare vpon a Booke,
To seeke the lyght of trueth, while trueth the whyle
Doth falsely blinde the eye sight of his looke:

Light seeking light, doth light of light beguyle:

So ere you finde where light in darknes lyes,

Your light growes darke by loosing of your eyes.

Studie me how to please the eye in deede,

By fixing it vpon a fayrer eye,

Who dazling so that eye shalbe his heed,

And glue him light that it was blinded by.

Studie is lyke the heauens glorious Sunne,

That will not be deepe searcht with sawcie lookes:

Small haue continuall plodders euer wonne,

Saue base auctoritie from others Bookes.

These earthly Godfathers of heauens lights,

That giue a name to euery fixed Starre,

Haue no more profite of their shyning nights,

Then those that walke and wot not what they are.

Too much to know, is to know nought but fame:

And euery Godfather can giue a name.

Ferd. How well hees read to reason against reading.

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.

Len. He weedes the corne & still lets grow the weeding.

Ber. The Spring is neare when greene geese are a bree-

Duma. How followes that? (ding.

Ber. Fit in his place and tyme.

Duma. In reason nothing.

Bero. Something then in rime.

Ferd. *Berowne* is like an eniuous sneaping Frost,
That bites the first borne infants of the Spring.

Bero. Well, say I am, why should proude Sommer boast,
Before the Birdes haue any cause to sing?

Why should I ioy in any abhortiue byrth?

69

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103

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

At Christmas I no more desire a Rose,
 Then with a Snow in Mayes new fangled showes:
 But like of each thing that in season growes,
 So you to studie now it is too late,
 Clymbe ore the house to vnlocke the little gate.

Ferd. Well, fit you out: go home *Berovne*: adue.

Bero. No my good Lord, I haue sworne to stay with you.
 And though I haue for barbarisme spoke more
 Then for that Angell knowledge you can say,
 Yet confident Ile keepe what I haue sworne,
 And bide the pennance of each three yeeres day,
 Giue me the paper, let me reade the same,
 And to the strictest decrees Ile write my name.

Fer. How well this yeelding rescues thee from shame.

Ber. Item, That no woman shall come within a myle of
 my Court. Hath this bin proclaymed?

Long. Foure dayes ago.

Ber. Lets see the penaltrie, On payne of loosing her tung.
 Who deuif'd this penaltrie?

Long. Marrie that did I.

Bero. Sweete Lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penaltrie,
 A dangerous law against gentletie.

Item, Yf any man be seene to talke with a woman within
 the rearme of three yeeres he shall indure such publie
 shame as the rest of the Court can possible deuise.

Ber. This Article my liedge your selfe must breake,
 For well you know here comes in Embassaie,

The French kinges daughter with your selfe to speake:

A Maide of gracc and complet maiestie,

About surrender vp of *Aquitaine*,

To her decrepit, sicke, and bedred Father.

Therefore this Article is made in vaine,

Or vainely comes th'admired Princeesse hither.

Ferd. What say you Lordes? why, this was quite forgot.

Ber. So Studie euermore is ouershor,
 While it doth studie to haue what it would,
 It doth forget to do the thing it should:

called Loues Labor's lost.

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
Tis won as townes with fire, so won so lost.

Fer. We must of force dispence with this Decree,
Shee must lie heere on meere necessitie. 148

Ber. Necessitie will make vs all forsworne
Three thousand times within this three yeeres space;
For euery man with his affectes is borne,
Not by might mastred, but by speciall grace, 152
If I breake sayth, this word shall speake for me,
I am forsworne on meere necessitie.

So to the Lawes at large I write my name,
And he that breakes them in the least degree,
Standes in attainder of eternall shame. 156

Suggestions are to other as to me:

But I beleecue although I seeme so loth,
I am the last that will last keepe his oth. 160

But is there no quicke recreation graunted?

Ferd. I that there is, our Court you know is haunted
With a refined trauailer of Spaine, 164

A man in all the worldes new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his braine;
On who the musique of his owne vaine tongue
Doth ravish like inchannting harmonie: 168

A man of complements whom right and wrong
Haue chose as vmpier of their mutenie,
This childe of Fancie that *Armado* hight,
For interim to our studies shall relate, 172

In high borne wordes the worth of many a Knight:
From tawnie Spaine lost in the worldes debate.

How you delight my Lords I know not I,
But I protest I loue to heare him lie,
And I will vse him for my Minstresie. 176

Ber. *Armado* is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fier new wordes, Fashions owne knight.

Lon. *Costard* the swaine and he, shalbe our sport,
And so to studie three yeeres is but short. 180

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

Enter a Constable with Costard with a letter.

182

Constab. Which is the Dukes owne person?

Ber. This fellow, What would'st?

¶

186

Const. I my selfe reprehend his owne person, for I am his graces Farborough; But I would see his owne person in flesh and blood.

Ber. This is he.

190

Const. Signeour *Arme Arme* commendes you;

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

¶

Clown. Sir the Contempts thereof are as touching me.

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

195

Bero. How low so euer the matter, I hope in God for high

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

Ber. To heare, or forbear hearing.

200

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

Bero. Well sir, be it as the stile shall giue vs cause to cline in the merrines.

205

Clow. The matter is to me sir, as concerning *Iaquenetta:*

The manner of it is; I was taken with the manner.

Bero. In what manner?

Clow. In manner and forme following sir all those three.

210

I was seene with her in the Manner house, sitting with her vpon the Forme, and taken following her into the Parkes which put together, 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.

214

Ber. For the following sir.

Clow. As it shall follow in my correction, and God defend the right.

217

Ferd. Will you heare this Letter with attention?

Bero. As we would heare an Oracle.

220

Clow. Such is the simplicitie of man to harken after the flesh

¶

Ferd. **G**reat Deputie the welkis *Vizgerent*, and sole dominatur of Nauar, my soules earthes God, and bodies sisting patronne:

224

Cost. Not a worde of Costard yet.

Ferd. So it is

called *Loues Labor's lost.*

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

Ferd. Peace.

Clow. Be to me, and euerie man that dares not fight.

Ferd. No wordes.

Clow. Of other mens secrets I beseech you.

Ferd. So it is besedged with sable coloured melancholie, I did commend the blacke oppressing humour to the most holsonze phisicke of thy health-geuing ayre: And as I am a Gentleman, betooke my selfe to walke: the time When? about the sixt houre, When Beastes most graze, Birdes best peck, and Men sit downe to that nourishment which is called Supper: So much for the time When. Now for the ground Which? which I meane I walke upon, it is ycliped Thy Park. Then for the place Where? where I meane, I did incounter that ob-scene & most propostrous euent that draweth frō my snowwhite pen the ebon colourd Incke, which here thou viewest, beholdest, suruayest, or seest. But to the place Where? It standeth North North-east & by East from the West corner of thy curious knotted garden; There did I see that low spirited Swaine, that base Minow of thy myrth, (Clow. Mee?) that unlettered smal knowing soule, (Clow. Mee?) that shallow vassall (Clown. Still mee.) which as I remember, hight Costard, (Clow. O mee) sorted and consorted contrary to thy established proclaymed Edict and continent Cannon: Which with, o with, but with this I passion to say wherewith:

Clow. With a Wench.

Ferd. With a childe of our Grandmother Eue, a female; or for thy more sweete vnderstanding a Woman: him, I (as my euer esteemed duetie prickes me on) haue sent to thee, to receiue the meede of punishment by thy sweete Graces Gfficer Anthonie Dull, a man of good reput, carriage bearing, and estimation.

Antho! Me ant shall please you? I am Anthony Dull.

Ferd. For Iaquenetta (so is the weaker vessell called) which I apprehended with the aforesayd Swaine, I keepe hir as a vessell of thy Larues fire, and shall at the least of thy serueete notice, bring hir to tryall. Thine in all complements of deuoted and hartburning heate of duetie.

Don Adriano de Armado.

B

Ber.

227

230

232

236

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261

259-61

264

269

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274

278

280

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

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

Fer. I the best, for the worst. But sirra, What say you to this?

Clo. Sir I confesse the Wench.

Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation?

Clo. I do confesse much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Fer. It was proclaymed a yeeres imprisonment to be taken with a Wench.

Clo. I was taken with none sir, I was taken with a Damsel.

Fer. Well, it was proclaimed Damsel.

Clo. This was no Damsel neither sir, she was a Virgin.

Ber. It is so varried to, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clo. If it were, I denie her Virginitie; I was taken with a Maide.

Fer. This Maide will not serue your turne sir.

Col. This Maide will serue my turne sir.

Fer. Sir I will pronounce your sentence: You shall fast a weeke with Branne and Water.

Clo. I had rather pray a month with Mutton & Porridge.

Fer. And *Don Armado* shall be your keeper.

My Lord *Beroune*, see him deliuered ore,

And goe we Lordes to put in practise that,

Which each to other hath so strongly sworne.

Ber. Ile lay my Head to any good mans Hat,

These othes and lawes will proue an idle scorne,

Surra, Come on.

Clo. I suffer for the trueth sir: for true, it is, I was taken with *Iaquenetta*, and *Iaquenetta* is a trew girle, and therefore welcome the sower Cup of prosperie, afflictio may one day smile againe, and till then sit thee downe sorrow. *Exeunt.*

Enter Armado and Moth his page.

Armado. Boy, What signe is it when a man of great spinite growes melancholy?

Boy. A great signe sir that he will looke sadd.

Ar. Why? sadnes is one & the selfe same thing deare imp.

Boy. No no, O Lord sir no.

called Loues Labor's lost.

Arm. How canst thou part sadnes and melancholy, my tender iuuenall?

Boy. By a famelier demonstration of the working, my tough signeor.

Arma. Why tough signeor? Why tough signeor?

Boy. Why tender iuuenall? Why tender iuuenall?

Arm. I spoke it tender iuuenal, as a congruent apethaton appertcining to thy young dayes, which we may nominate tender.

Boy. And I tough signeor, as an appertinent title to your olde time, which we may name rough.

Arma. Prettie and apt.

Boy. How meane you sir, I prettie, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying prettie?

Arma. Thou prettie because little.

Boy. Little prettie, because little: wherefore apt.

Arma. And therfore apt, because quicke.

Boy. Speake you this in my praise Maister?

Arma. In thy condigne praise.

Boy. I will praise an Eele with the same praise.

Arma. What? that an Eele is ingenious.

Boy. That an Eele is quicke.

Arma. I do say thou art quicke in answeres. Thou heatst my blood.

Boy. I am answerd sir.

Arma. I loue not to be crost.

Boy. He speakes the meer contrarie, crosses loue not him.

Ar. I haue promised to studie three yeeres with the duke.

Boy. You may do it in an houre sir

Arma. Impossible.

Boy. How many is one thrice tolde?

Arma. I am ill at reckning, it sitteth the spirit of a Tapster.

Boy. You are a Gentleman and a Gamster sir.

Arma. I confesse both, they are both the varnish of a compleat man.

Boy. Then I am sure you know how much the grosse summe of deuf-ace amountes to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more then two.

8

12-13

7

16

20

23-24

28

32

35-6

40

44-5

48

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

Boy. Which the base vulgar do call three.

52

Arms. True.

Boy. Why sir is this such a peece of studie? Now heere is three studied ere yele thrice wincke; and how easie it is to put yeeres to the worde three, and studie three yeeres in two wordes, the dauncing Horse will tell you.

56

Arm. A most fine Figure.

Boy. To proue you a Cypher.

60

Arm. I will hereupon confesse I am in loue: and as it is base for a Souldier to loue; so am I in loue with a base wench. If drawing my Sword against the humor of affection would deliuer me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to anie French Courtier for a new deuilde cussie. I thinke scorne to sigh, mee thinks I should outswear *Cupid*. Comfort mee Boy, What great men haue bin in loue?

64

68

Boy. *Hercules* Maister.

Arm. Most sweete *Hercules*: more authoritie deare Boy, name more; and sweetemy childe let them be men of good repute and carriage.

72

Boy. *Sampson* Maister, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for he carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in loue.

76

Arm. O wel knit *Sampson*, strong ioynted *Sampson*; I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carying gates. I am in loue too. Who was *Sampsons* loue my deare Moth?

80

Boy. A Woman, Maister.

Arm. Of what complexion?

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

84

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Boy. Of the sea-water Greene sir.

Arm. Is that one of the foure complexions?

88-9

Boy. As I haue read sir, and the best of them too.

Arm. Greene in deede is the colour of Louers: but to haue a loue of that colour, mee thinks *Sampson* had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

92-3

Boy. It was so sir, for she had a greene wit.

called *Loues Labor's lost.*

Arm. My loue is most immaculate white and red.

Boy. Most maculate thoughts Maister, are maskt vnder such colours.

Ar. Define, define, well educated infant.

Boy. My fathers wit, and my mothers tongue asst me.

Ar. Sweet inuocation of a child, most pretty & pathological.

Boy. Yf she be made of white and red,

Her faultes will nere be knowne:

For blush-in cheekes by faultes are bred,

And feares by pale white showne:

Then if she feare, or be to blame.

By this you shall not know,

Eor still her cheekes possesse the same,

Which natue she doth owe

A dangerous rime maister against the reason of white & red.

Ar. Is there not a Ballet Boy, of the King & the Begger?

Boy. The worlde was very guiltie 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 tunc.

Ar. I will haue that subiect newly writ ore, that I may example my digresion by some mightie pefedent. *Boy,* I do loue, that Countrey gire that I tooke in the Parke with the rational hinde *Costard:* she deserues well.

Boy. To be whipt: and yet a better loue then my maister.

Ar. Sing Boy, My spirit growes heauie in loue.

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

Ar. I say sing.

Boy. Forbeare till this companie be past,

Enter Clowne, Constable, and Wench.

Constab. Sir, the Dukes pleasure is that you keepe *Costard* safe, and you must suffer him to take no delight, nor no penance, but a' must fast three dayes a wecke: for this Damsell I must keepe her at the Parke, she is alowde for the Day womand. Fare you well.

Ar. I do betray my selfe with blushing: Maide.

Maide. Man.

Ar. I will visit thee at the Lodge.

Maide.

96-6

100-1

104

108

112-13

116

120

124

128-9

132

136

140

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

141

Maid. Thats hereby.

Ar. I know where it is situate,

Ma. Lord how wise you are,

144

Ar. I will tell thee wonders,

Ma. With that face.

Ar. I loue thee.

Ma. So I heard you say.

148

Ar. And so farewell,

Ma. Faire weather after you.

Clo. Come *Iaquenetta*, away.

Exeunt.

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

152

Clo. Well sir I hope when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomacke,

Ar. Thou shalt be heauely punished.

156

Clo. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Ar. Take away this villaine, shut him vp.

Boy. Come you transgressing slaue, away.

160.

Clo. Let me not be pent vp sir, I will fast being loose.

Boy. No sir, that were fast and loofe thou shalt to prison.

164

Clo. Well, if euer I do see the merry dayes of desolation that I haue seene, some shall see.

Boy. What shall some see?

168

Clo. Nay nothing *M. Moth*, but what they looke vpon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their wordes, and therefore I will say nothing: I thanke God I haue as litle patience as an other man, & therefore I can be quiet. *Exit.*

172

Arm. I do affect the verie ground (which is base) where her shoo (which is baser) guided by her soore (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworne (which is a great arguement of falsehood) if I loue. And how can that be true loue, which is falsely attempted? Loue is a familiar; Loue is a Diuell. There is no euill angel but Loue, yet was *Sampson* so tempted, and he had an excellent strength: Yet was *Salomon* so seduced, and he had a very good wit. *Cupids* Butshaft is too hard for *Hercules* Clubb, and therefore too much oddes for a Spaniards Rapier: The first and second cause will not serue

176

180

183

called Loues Labor's lost.

my turne: the *Pasado* he respects not, the *Duella* he regards not; his disgrace is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to subdue men. Adué Valoure, rust Rapier, be still Drum, for your manager is in loue; yea he loueth. Assist me some extemporall God of Rime, for I am sure I shall turne Sonnet. Deuise Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. *Exit.*

184

188

191-2

Enter the Princesse of Fraunce, with three attending Ladies and three Lordes.

Boyet. Now Maddame summon vp your dearest spirits,
 Consider who the King your father sendes:
 To whom he sendes, and whats his Embasie,
 Your selfe, helde precious in the worldes esteeme,
 To parlee with the sole inheritoure
 Of all perfections that a man may owe,
 Matchles *Navar*, the plea of no lesse weight,
 Then *Aquitaine* a Dowrie for a Queene.
 Be now as prodigall of all Deare grace,
 As Nature was in making Graces deare,
 When she did starue the generall world beside,
 And prodigally gaue them all to you.

4

8

12

Queene. Good L. *Boyet*, my beautie though but meane,
 Needes not the painted florish of your prayse:
 Beautie is bought by iudgement of the eye,
 Not vttered by base sale of chapmens tongues:
 I am lesse proude to heare you tell my worth,
 Then you much willing to be counted wise,
 In spending your Wit in the prayse of mine.
 But now to taske the talker, good *Boyet*,
 You are not ignorant all telling fame
 Doth noyse abroad *Navar* hath made a Vow,
 Till painefull studie shall outweare three yeeres,
 No Woman may approach his silent Court:
 Therefore to's seemeth it a needfull course,
 Before we enter his forbidden gates,
 To know his pleasure; and in that behalfe
 Bold of your worthines, we single you,

16

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28

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

29 As our best mouing faire soliciter:
Tell him, the Daughter of the King of France
432 On serious busines: crauing quicke dispatch,
Importuous personall conference with his grace.
Haste, signifie so much while we attende,
Like humble visage Suters his high will.

Boy. Proud of employment, willingly I go. *Exit Boy.*

36 *Prince.* All pride is willing pride, and yours is so:
Who are the Votaries my louing Lordes, that are vowfel-
lowes with this vertuous Duke?

Lor. *Longauill* is one.

Princ. Know you the man?

40 1. *Lady.* I know him Maddame at a marriage feast,
Betweene *L. Perigort* and the bewrious heire
Of *Iaques Fauconbridge* solemnized.

44 In *Normandie* saw I this *Longauill*,
A man of soueraigne peerelesse he is esteemd;
Well fitted in artes, glorious in armes:
Nothing becoms him ill that he would well.

48 The onely soyle of his fayre vertues glose,
If vertues glose will staine with any soyle,
Is a sharpe Wit matcht with too blunt a Will:
Whose edge hath power to cut whose will still wils,
It should none spare, that come within his power.

52 *Prin.* Some merrie mocking Lord belike, ist so?

Lad. They say so most, that most his humors know.

Prin. Such short liued wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

56 2. *Lad.* The young *Dumaine*, a well accomplisht youth,
Of all that Vertue loue, for Vertue loued,
Most power to do most harme, least knowing ill:

60 For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace, though he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke *Alansces* once,
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthines.

64 3. *Lad.* An other of these Studentes at that time,
Was there with him, if I haue heard a truth.

called Lones Labor's lost.

Berowne they call him, but a merrier man,
 Within the limit of becomming mirth,
 I neuer spent an houres talke withall.
 His eye begets occasion for his wit,
 For euery obiekt that the one doth catch,
 The other turnes to a mirth-moouing iest,
 Which his fayre tongue (conceites expositer)
 Deltiuers in such apt and gracious wordes,
 That aged cares play treuant at his tales.
 And younger hearinges are quite rauished,
 So sweete and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God blesse my Ladies, are they all in loue?
 That euery one her owne hath garnished,
 With such bedecking ornaments of praise.

Lord. Heere comes *Boyet.*

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, What admittance Lord?

Boyet. *Nauar* had notice of your faire approach,
 And he and his competitours in oth,
 Were all adrest to meeete you gentle Lady
 Before I came: Marrie thus much I haue learnt,
 He rather meanes to lodge you in the feelde,
 Like one that comes heere to besiedge his Court,
 Then seeke a dispensation for his oth;
 To let you enter his vnpeeled house.

Enter Naur, Longanill, Dumaine, & Berowne.

Bo. Heere comes *Naur.*

Naur. Faire Princesse, Welcome to the court of *Naur.*

Prin. Faire I giue you backe againe, and welcome I haue
 not yet: the rooffe of this Court is too high to be yours, and
 welcome to the wide fieldes too base to be mine.

Nau. You shalbe welcome Madame to my Court.

Prin. I wilbe welcome then, Conduct me thither.

Nau. Heare me deare Lady, I haue sworne an oth,

Prin. Our Lady helpe my Lord, he'le be forsworne.

Nau. Not for the worlde faire Madame, by my will,

Prin. Why, will shall breake it will, and nothing els.

Nau. Your Ladishyp is ignoraunt what it is.

68

72

76

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84

88

92

96

100

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

Prin. Were my Lord so, his Ignorance wese wise,
 Where now his knowledge must proue ignorance.
 I heare your grace hath sworne out Houf keeping:
 Tis deadlie sinne to keepe that oath my Lord,
 And sin to breake it : but pardon me, I am too sodaine bold,
 To teach a teacher ill beseemeth mee,
 Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my comming,
 And sodainelic resolue mee in my suite.

Ngw. Madame I will, if sodainelic I may.

Prin. You will the sooner that I were awaie,
 For youle proue periurde if you make me stale.

Berowne. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Kath. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Ber. I know you did,

Kath. How needles was it then to aske the question?

Ber. You must not be so quicke.

Kath. Tis long of you that spur me with such questions,

Ber. Your wits too hot, it speedes too fast, t will ure,

Kath. Not till it leaue the rider in the mire.

Ber. What time a day?

Kath. The houre that fooles should aske.

Ber. Now faire befall your maske,

Kath. Faire fall the face it couers.

Ber. And send you manie louers.

Kath. Amen, so you be none.

Ber. Nay then will I be gon.

Ferd. Madame, your father heere doth intimate,
 The payment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
 Being but the one halfe of, of an intire summe,
 Disburfed by my father in his warres.
 But say that he, or we, as nether haue
 Receiud that summe, yet there remaines vnpaid
 A hundred thousand more, in suretie of the which,
 One part of *Aquitaine* is bound to vs,
 Although not valued to the monles worth.
 If then the King your father will restore,
 But that one halfe which is vnsatisfied,
 We will glue vp our right in *Aquitaine*,

And

called Loues Labor's lost.

And holde faire fariendship with his Maiestie,
 But that it seemes he little purposeth:
 For here he doth pemaund to haue repalde,
 A hundred thousand Crownes, and not demaunds
 One painment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
 To haue his tittle liue in *Aquitaine*.

Which we much rather had depart withall,
 And haue the money by our father lent,
 Then *Aquitaine*, so guelded as it is.

Deare Princessse were not his requestes so farr
 From reasons yeelding, your faire selfe should make
 A yeelding gainst some reason in my brest,
 And go well satisfied to France againe.

Prin. You do the King my father too much wrong,
 And wrong the reputation of your name,
 In so vnseeming to confesse receipt,
 Of that which hath so faithfully been paide.

Ferd. I do protest I neuer heard of it:
 And if you proue it, Ile repay it backe,
 Or yeelde vp *Aquitaine*.

Prin. We arrest your worde.
Boyer you can produce acquittances,
 For such a summe from speciall officers,
 Of *Charles* his father,

Ferd. Satisfie mee so.

Boyer. So please your Grace, the packet is not come,
 Where that and other specialties are bound:
 To morrow you shall haue a sight of them.

Ferd. It shall suffice me; at which enteriuew
 All liberall reason I will yeelde vnto.
 Meane time receiue such welcome at my hand,
 As honor (without breach of honor) may,
 Make tender of to thy true worthines.

You may not come (faire Princessse) within my gates.
 But here without you shalbe so receiude,
 As you shall deeme your selfe lodgd in my hart.
 Though so denide faire harbour in my house,
 Your owne good thoughtes excuse me, and farewell.

141

144

148

152

156

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164

168

172

176

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

177

To morow shall we visite you againe.

Pri. Sweete health and faire desires consort your grace.

Na. Thy owne wish wish I thee in every place. *Exit.*

180

Ber. Ladie I will commend you to my none hart.

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

Ber. I would you heard it grone.

184

Ros. Is the foole sicke,

Ber. Sicke at the hart,

Ros. Alacke, let it blood.

Ber. Would that do it good?

188

Ros. My Phisicke saies I,

Ber. Will you prickt with your eye.

Ros. No poynt, with my knife.

Ber. Now God saue thy life.

192

Ros. And yours from long liuing.

Ber. I cannot stay thanks giuing.

Exit.

Enter Dianaine.

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

Boyer. The heire of *Alanson*, *Rosalin* her name.

196

Dum. A gallant Lady *Mounsr*, fare you wel. *Exit.*

Longauill. I beseech you a word, What is she in the white?

Boyer. A woman sometimes, and you saw her in the light.

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

200

Bo. She hath but one for her selfe, to desire that were a

Lon. Pray you sir, Whose daughter? *(thame,*

Bo. Her mothers, I haue heard.

Lon. Gods blessing on your beard. *(bridge,*

204

Bo. Good sir be not offended, She is an heire of *Falcon.*

Lon. Nay my coller is ended, She is a most sweet Ladie.

208

Bo. Not vnlike sir, that may be. *Exit Longauill.*

Enter Berowne.

Bero. Whats her name in the capp?

Boy. *Katherin* by good happ.

Ber. Is she wedded or not?

Boy. To her will sir, or so.

212

Ber. O you are welcome sir, adew.

Boy. Farewell to me sir, and welcome to you. *Exit Bero.*

called *Loues Labor's lost.*

Lady Maria. That last is *Berowne*, the merrie madcap L. 214

Not a word with him but a iest,

Boy. And euery iest but a word. 216

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

Boy. I was as willing to grapple as he was to boord. 218

Lady Ka. Two hot Sheepes marie,

Bo. And wherefore not Shippes?

No Sheepe (sweete Lambe) vnlesse we feede on your lippes. 220

La. You Sheepe and I pasture : shall that finish the iest?

Bo. So you graunt pasture for me.

La. Not so gentle Beast. 222

My lippes are no Common, though seuerall they be.

Bo. Belonging to whom?

La. To my fortunes and mee. 224

Prin. Good witts will be angling, but gentles agree,

This ciuill warre of wittes were much better vsed

On *Nauar* and his Bookmen, for heere tis abused,

Bo. If my obseruation (which very seldome lyes 228

By the hartes still rethoricke, disclosed with eyes.

Deceauie me not now, *Nauar* is infected.

Prin. With what?

Bo. With that which we Louers intitle Affected. 232

Prin. Your reason,

Bo. Why all his behaviours did make their retire,

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desier.

His hart like an Agot with your print impressed, 236

Proud with his forme, in his eye pride expressed.

His tongue all impacient to speake and not see,

Did stumble with haste in his ey-sight to bee,

All senses to that sence did make their repaire, 240

To feele only looking on fairest of faire:

Mee thought all his senses were lokt in his eye,

As Jewels in Christall for some Prince to buy, (glasse,

Who tendring their owne worth from where they were 244

Did poynt you to buy them along as you past,

His faces owne margent did coate such amazes,

That all eyes saw his eyes inchaunted with gazes.

He giue you *Aquicaine*, and all that is his, 248

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

249

And you giue him for my sake but one louing kisse.

Prin. Come, to our Pavilion, *Boyet* is dispoſde

Bo. But to ſpeak that in words, which his eie hath diſcloſd.
I onelie haue made a mouth of his eie,

252

By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Lad. Thou art an old Loue monger, & ſpeakeſt ſkilfully.

254

Lad. 2. He is *Cupids* Graundfather, and learnes newes
oſhim.

Lad. 3. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is
but grim.

Boy. Do you heare my mad Wenches?

Lad. No.

256

Boy. What then, do you ſee

Lad. I, our way to be gone.

257

Boy. You are too hard for mee

Exeunt omnes.

Enter *Braggart* and his *Boy*

Bra. Warble child make paſſionate my ſenſe of hearing.

Boy. Concolinel.

4

Bra. Sweete Ayer, go tendernes of yeeres, take this Key,
glue enlargement to the Swaine, bring him feſtinarly hither,
I muſt imploy him in a letter to my loue.

9-8

Boy. Maiſter, will you win your loue with a french braule?

Bra. How meaneſt thou? brawling in French.

12

Boy. No my complet Maiſter, but to ligge off a tune at
the tongues ende, canarie to it with your ſeete, humour it
with turning vp your eylids, ſigh a note and ſing a note ſom-
time through the throate, if you ſwallowed loue with ſing-
ing loue ſometime through: noſe as if you ſnuffe vp loue by
ſmelling loue with your hat penthouſe like ore the ſhop of
your eyes with your armes croſt on your thimbellies doblet
like a Rabbet on a ſpit, or your handes in your pocket like a
man after the olde painting, and keepe not too long in one
tune, but a ſnip and away: theſe are complementes, theſe
are humours, theſe betraie nice wenches that would be be-
traied without theſe, and make them men of note: do you
note men that moſt are affected to theſe.

16ff

20

24

27

Bra. How haſt thou purchaſed this experience?

called Lones Labor's lost.

Boy. By my penne of obseruation.

Brag. But o but o.

Boy. The Hobbie-horse is forgot.

Brag. Callst thou my loue Hobbi-horse.

Boy. No Maister, the Hobbi-horse is but a colt, and you^r
loue perhaps, a hacknie : But haue you forgot your Loue?

Brag. Almost I had.

Boy. Negligent student, learne her by hart.

Brag. By hart, and in hart boy.

Boy. And out of hart Maister : all those three I will
proue.

Brag. What wilt thou proue?

Boy. A man, if I liue (and this) by, in, and without, vpon the
instant : by hart you loue her, because your hart cannot come
by her : in hart you loue her, because your hart is in loue
with her : and out of hart you loue her being out of hart
that you cannot enioy her.

Brag. I am all these three.

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

Brag. Fetch hither the Swaine, he must carrie me a letter.

Boy. A message well simpathisd, a Horse to be embassa-
doure for an Ass.

Brag. Ha ha, What saiest thou.

Boy. Marrie sir, you must send the Ass vpon the Horse,
for he is verie slow gated : but I go.

Brag. The way is but short, away.

Boy. As swift as Lead sir.

Brag. The meaning prettie ingenius, is not Lead a mettall
heauie, dull, and slow?

Boy. Minnime honest Maister, or rather Maister no,

Brag. I say Lead is slow.

Boy. You are too swift sir to say so.

Is that Lead slow which is fierd from a Gunne?

Brag. Sweete smoke of Rhetorike,
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet thars hee:
I shoote thee at the Swaine.

Boy. Thump then, and I slee.

A pleasant conceited Comedie

68 *Brag.* A most acute Iuueuall, volable and free of grace,
By thy fauour sweete Welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
70 Most rude melancholie, Valour giues thee place.
My Herald is returnd;

Enter Page and Clowne.

72 *Pag.* A wonder Maister, Heers a *Costard* broken in a shin.

Ar. Some enigma, some riddle, come, thy *Lenuoy* begin.

Cl. No egma, no riddle, no *lenuoy*, no *salue*, in thee male fir.
O fir, Plantan, a pline Plantan: no *lenuoy*, no *lenuoy*, no *Salue*
fir, but a Plantan.

76 *A.* By vertue thou inforcest laughter, thy fillie thought,
my spleene, the heauing of my lunges prouokes me to redi-
culous smyling: O pardone me my starres, doth the Incon-
siderate take *salue* for *lenuoy*, and the word *lenuoy* for a *salue*?

80 *Pag.* Do the wise thinke them other, is not *lenuoy* a *salue*?

A. No Page, it is an epilogue or discourse to make plaine,
Some obscure prefedence that hath tofore bin saine.

84 I will example it.

The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes being but three.

Ther's the morrall: Now the *lenuoy*.

88-9 *Pag.* I will adde the *lenuoy*, say the morrall againe.

Ar. The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes, being but three.

92 *Pag.* Vntill the Goose came out of doore,
And staid the oddes by adding foure.

Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with
my *lenuoy*.

96 The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes being but three.

Arm. Vntill the Goose came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding foure.

100 *Pag.* A good *Lenuoy*, ending in the Goose: woulde you
desire more?

104 *Cl.* The Boy hath sold him a bargaine, a Goose, that's flat.
Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat.
To sell a bargaine well is as cunning as fast and loose:

called Loues Labor's lost.

Let me see a fat *Lenvoy*, I thats a fat *Goose*. (begin. 705

Ar. Come hither, come hither; How did this argument

Boy. By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.

Then cald you for the *Lenvoy*. (in, 108

Clow. True, and I for a *Plantan*, thus came your argument
Then the boyes fat *Lenvoy*, the *Goose* that you bought,
and he ended the market,

Ar. But tel me. How was there a *Costard* broken in a shin? 112-13

Pag. I will tell you sencibly,

Clow. Thou hast no feeling of it *Moth*, I will speake that
I *Costard* running out that was safely within, (*Lenvoy*. 116
Fell ouer the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talke no more of this matter.

Clow. Till there be more matter in the shin. 120

Arm. Sirra *Costard*, I will infranchise thee.

Clow. O marrie me to one *Francis*, I smell some *Lenvoy*,
some *Goose* in this.

Arm. By my sweete soule, I meane, setting thee at libertie.
Enfreedoming thy person: thou wert emured, restrained,
captiuated, bound. 124

Clown. True, true, and now you wilbe my purgation,
and let me loose. 128

Arm. I giue thee thy libertie set thee from durance, and in
lewe thereof, impose on thee nothing but this. Beare this
significant to the countrey Maide *Iaquenetta*: there is remun- 132
eration, for the best ward of mine honour, is rewarding
my dependants. *Moth*, follow.

Pag. Like the sequell I. *Signeur Costard* adew. *Exit*.

Clow. My sweete ouce of mans flesh, my in-conie Iew:
Now will I looke to his remuneration. 136

Remuneration, O that's the latine word for three-farthings:
Three-farthings remuneration, What's the price of this yncle?
i.d. no, Ile giue you a remuneration: Why? it carries it re- 140
muneration: Why? it is a sayrer name then French-Crowne,
I will neuer buy and sell out of this word.

Enter *Berowne*.

Ber. O my good knaue *Costard*, exceedingly well met. 144-5

Clow. Pray you sir, How much *Carnation Ribbon* may
a man

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

a man buy for a remuneration?

148

Ber. O what is a remuneration?

Cost. Marie sir, halfe pennie farthing.

Ber. O, why then three farthing worth of Silke.

Cost. I thanke your worship, God be wy you.

152

Ber. O stay slaue, I must employ thee.

As thou wilt win my fauour, good my knaue,
Do one thing for me that I shall increate.

Clow. When would you haue it done sir?

156

Ber. O this after-noone.

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

Ber. O thou knowest not what it is,

Clow. I shall know sir when I haue done it.

160

Ber. Why villaine, thou must know first.

Clow. I will come to your worship to morrow morning.

Ber. It must be done this after noone,

164

Harke slaue, it is but this:

The Princesse comes to hunt here in the Parke,

And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:

When rongues speake sweetely, then they name her name,

168

And *Rosaline* they call her, aske for her:

And to her white hand see thou do commend

This seald-yp counsaile, Ther's thy guerdon: goe.

172

Clow. Gardon, O sweete gardon, better then remuneration,
a leuenpence-farthing better: most sweete gardon. I will
do it sir in print: gardon remuneration.

Exit.

175-6

Ber. O and I forsoth in loue, I that haue been loues whip?
A verie Bedell to a humerous sigh, a Crietick, nay a night-
watch Constable.

180

A domineering pedant ore the Boy, then whom no mor-
tall so magnificent.

184

This wimpled whyuing purblind wayward Boy,

This signior *Iunio*s gyant dwarfie, dan *Cupid*,

Regent of Loue-times, Lord of folded armes,

Th'annoynted soueraigne of sighes and groones:

Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents:

Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeces

called Loues Labor's lost.

Sole Emperor and great generall
 Of trotting Parrators (O my litle hart.)
 And I to be a Corporall of his fieelde,
 And weare his coloures like a Tumblers hoope,
 What? I loue, I sue, I seeke a wife,
 A woman that is like a Iermane Cloake,
 Still a repairing: euer out of frame,
 And neuer going a right, being a Watch:
 But being watcht, that it may still go right.
 Nay to be periurde, which is worst of all:
 And among three to loue the worst of all,
 A whitly wanton, with a veluet brow,
 With two pitch balles stucke in her face for eyes,
 I and by heauen, one that will do the deede,
 Though *Argus* were her cunuch and her garde,
 And I to sigh for her, to watch for her,
 To pray for her, go to: it is a plague
 That *Cupid* will impose for my neglect,
 Of his almightie dreadfull little might,
 Well, I will loue, write, sigh, pray, shue, grone,
 Some men must loue my Ladie, and some Ione.

188

192

196

200

204

207

*Enter the Princeesse, a Forrester, her Ladies,
 and her Lordes*

Quee. Was that the king that spurd his horse so hard,
 Against the steepe vprising of the hill?

Farr. I know not, but I thinke it was not he

Quee. Who ere a was, a showd a mounting minde
 Well Lords, to day we shall haue our dispatch,
 Ore Saterday we will returne to Fraunce.

Then Forrester my friend, Where is the Bush:
 That we must stand and play the murtherer in?

Farr. Heereby vpon the edge of yonder Coppice,
 A Stand where you may make the fairest shoote.

Quee. I thanke my Beautie, I am faire that shoote,
 And thereupon thou speakst the fairest shoote.

Farr. Pardon me Madam, for I meant not so,

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

14 *Quee.* What what? First praise mee, and againe say no.
O short liu'd pride. Not faire? alacke for woe
For. Yes Madam faire.

16 *Quee.* Nay, neuer paint me now,
Where faire is not, praise cannot mend the brow,
Heere (good my glasse) take this for telling trew:
Faire payment for foule wordes, is more then dew.

20 *For.* No thing but faire is that which you inherit.

Quee. See see, my beautie wilbe sau'd by merrit.
O heresy in faire, fit for these dayes,
A giuing hand, though fowle, shall haue faire praise.
24 But come, the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill,
And shooting well, is then accounted ill:
Thus will I saue my Credite in the shoote,
Not wounding, pittie would not let me doote.

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

And out of question so it is sometimes:
Glone growes guyltie of detested crimes,
32 When for Fames sake, for praise an outward part,
We bend to that, the working of the hart.

As I for praise alone now seeke to spill
The poore Deares blood, that my hart meanes no ill.

36 *Boy.* Do not curst wiues hold that self-soueraignic
Onely for praise sake, when they strue to be
Lords ore their Lordes?

40 *Quee.* Onely for praise, and praise we may afford,
To any Lady that subdewes a Lord.

Enter Clowne.

Boyer. Here comes a member of the common wealth.

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

44 *Quee.* Thou shalt know her fellow by the rest that haue no

Clo. Which is the greatest Ladie, the highest? (heads.

Quee. The thickest, and the tallest.

48 *Clo.* The thickest, and the tallest: it is so, truech is truech

And your waste Mistrs were as slender as my wit,
One a these Maides girdles for your waste should be fit.
Are not you the chiefe woman? You are the thickest heere.

called Loves Labor's lost.

Quee. Whats your will first -Whats your will?

Clow. I haue a Letter from Monsieur *Beroune*,
to one *Ladie Rosaline*.

Quee. O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of mine.
Stand a side good bearer, *Boyet* you can carue,
Breake vp this Capon.

Boyet I am bound to serue.

This letter is mistooke: it importeth none heere,
It is writ to *Iaquenetta*

Quee. We will reade it, I sweare.

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

Boyet **B**Y heauen, that thou art faire, is most infallible:
reeds. true that thou art beautious, truer it selfe that
thou art louelie: more fairer then faire, beautifull then beau-
tious, truer then truer it selfe: haue comiseration on thy
heroicall Vassall. The magnanimous and most illustrate
King *Cophetua* set eie vpon the pernicious and indubitate
Begger *Zenelophon*: and he it was that might rightly say,
Veni, vidi, vici: Which to annothianize in the vulgar, O base
and obscure vulgar; *videlifer*, He came, See, and ouercame:
He came, one; see, two; couercame, three. Who came? the
King. Why did he come? to see. Why did he see? to ouer-
come. To whom came he? to the Begger. What saw he? the
Begger. Who ouercame he? the Begger. The conclusion is
victorie: On whose side? the King; the captiue is inricht, on
whose side? the Beggers. The catastrophie is a Nuptiall, on
whose side? the Kinges: no, on both in one, or one in both.
I am the King (for so standes the comparison) thou the Beg-
ger, for so witnesse thy lowlines. Shall I commande thy
loue? I may. Shall I enforce thy loue? I coulde. Shall I en-
treate thy loue? I will. What, shalt thou exchange for raggs
roabes, for tittles tytles, for thy selfe, mee. Thus expecting
thy replie, I prophane my lippes on thy foote, my eyes on
thy picture, and my hart on thy euerie part.

Thine in the dearest designe of industri,
Don Adriana de Armatho.

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

90

Thus dost thou heare the neinean Lion roare,
Gainst thee thou Lambe, that standest as his pray:
Submissiue fall his princely feete before,

93

And he from forrage will incline to play.

95

But if thou striue (poore soule) what art thou then?

Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Quee. What plume of fethers is he that inuired this letter?
What vaine? What Wethercock? Did you euer heare better?

99

Boy. I am much deceiued but I remember the stile,

Quee. Els your memorie is bad, going ore it erewhile,

Boy. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keepes here in court,
A Phantasime a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the Prince and his Booke-mates.

Quee. Thou fellow, a worde,

Who gaue thee this letter?

103

Clow. I tolde you my Lord,

Quee. To whom shouldst thou giue it?

Clow. From my Lord to my Ladie,

105

Quee. From which Lord, to which Ladie?

Clow. From my Lord *Beroume*, a good Maister of mine,
To a Ladie of France, that he calde *Rosaline*,

Quee. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come Lords away,

109

Here sweete, put vp this, twil bethine annother day

Boy. Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter?

Rosa. Shall I teach you to know,

Boy. I my continent of beautie.

112

Rosa. Why she that beares the Bow. Finely put off.

Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,
hang me by the necke, if horns that yeere miscarrie,

115

Finely put on.

Rosa. Well then I am the shooter.

Boy. And who is your Deare?

Rosa. If we choose by the hornes, your selfe come not
neare. Finely put on in deede.

118

Maria. You still wrangle with her *Boyet*, and she strike
at the brow.

120

Boyet. But she her selfe is hit lower: Haue I hit her now?

Rosa. Shall I come vpon thee with an olde saying, that

called Loues Labor's lost.

was a man when King Pippen of Franncce was a litle boy, as touching the hit it.

Boy. So I may answere thee with one as olde that was a woman when queene *Guinouer* of Brittainne was a litle wench as toching the hit it.

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

Exit.

Boy. And I cannot, cannot, cannot: and I cannot, an other

Cl. By my troth most plesant, how both did fit it. (*can,*

Mar. A marke marueilous wel shot, for they both did hit.

Bo. A mark, O mark but that mark: a mark saies my Lady-
Let the mark haue a prick in't, to meate at if it may be.

Mar. Wide a'the bow hand, ysaith your hand is out.

Cl. Indeed a'must shoot nearer, or hele neare hit the clour.

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

Cl. Then will she get the vpshoot by cleauing the is in.

Ma. Come come, you talke greasely, your lips grow fowle.

Cl. Shes so hard for you at pricks, sir challeng her to bowle

Bo. I feare too much rubbing: good night my good owle.

Cl. By my foule a Swaine, a most simple Clowne.

Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I haue put him downe.

O my troth most sweete iestes, most inconie vulgar wit,

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenly as it were, so fit,

Armatho ath toothen side, o a most daintie man,

To see him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fann.

To see him kisse his hand, & how most sweetly a wil swears:

And his Page at other side, that handfull of wit,

Ah heauens, it is most pathetical nit,

Sowla, sowla.

Exeunt. Shoot within.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant and Nathaniel.

Nat. Very reuerent sport truly, and done in the testimonie of a good conscience.

Ped. The Deare was (as you know) sanguis in blood, ripe as the Pomwater who now hangeth like aewel in the care of *Celo* the skie. the welken the heauen, & anon falleth like a Crab on the race of *Terra* the soyle, the land, the earth.

Quas Nash. Truly M. *Holofernes*, the epythithes are sweetly varied like a scholler at the least: but sir I assure ye it was a Bucke of the first head.

Exol.

123

126

130

¶

134

138

142

¶ 146

150

IV.ii.

4

8

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

Holo. Sir *Nathaniel*, *haud credo*.

12 *Dul.* I was not a *haud credo*, twas a Pricket.

Holo. Most barbarous intimation; yet a kind of insinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication *facere*: as it were replication, or rather *ostentare*, to show as it were his inclination after his vndressed, vnpolished, vneducated, vnpruned, vntrained, or rather vnlettered, or rather est vnconfirmed fashion, to insert again my *haud credo* for a Deare.

Dul. I said the Deare was not a *haud credo*, twas a Pricket.

16 *Holo.* Twice fodd simplicitie, bis coctus, O thou monster ignorance, How deformed doost thou looke.

20 *Nath.* Sir he hath neuer fed of the dainties that are bred in a booke.

26 He hath not eate paper as it were: he hath not drunke inck, His intellect is not replenished, he is only an animall, only sensible in the duller partes: and such barren plantes are set before vs, that we thankful should be: which we taste, and feeling, are for those partes that doe fructifie in vs more then he. (foole,

For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indistreell, or a So were there a patch set on Learning, to see him in a schole. But *orme bene* say I, being of an olde Fathers minde, Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde.

34 *Dul.* You two are book-men, Can you tel me by your wit, What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not siue weeks old as yet?

Holo. *Distissima* goodman *Dull*, *distissima* goodman *Dull*.

Dul. What is *distima*?

Nath. A title to *Phebe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moone*. (more.

40 *Holo.* The *Moone* was a month old when *Adan* was no And rought not to siue-weeks when he came to siue score. Th'allusion holdes in the Exchange. (change

Dul. Tis true in deede, the Collusion holdes in the Ex

44 *Holo.* God comfort thy capacitie, I say th'allusion holdes in the Exchange.

Dul. And I say the polusion holdes in the Exchange: for the *Moone* is neuer but a month olde: and I say beside that, twas a Pricket that the *Princesse* kild.

called *Loues Labor's lost.*

Holo. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you heare an extemporall Epytaph on the death of the Deare, and to humour the ignorant cald the Deare: the Princeesse kild a Pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good M. *Holofernes perge*, so it shall please you to abrogate Iquirilitie.

Holo. I wil somthing affect the letter, for it argues facilitie.

20 The prayfull Princeesse pearst and prickt
 a prettie pleasing Pricket,
 Some say a Sore, but not a fore,
 till now made sore with shooting,
 The Dogges did yell, put eil to Sore,
 then Sorell iumps from thicket:
 Or Pricket sore, or els Sorell,
 the people fall a hooting,
 If Sore be fore, then el to Sore,
 makes fiftie sores o sorell:
 Of one sore I an hundred make
 by adding but one more l.

Nath. A rare talent.

Dull. If a talent be a claw, looke how he clawes him with a talent.

Nath. This is a gyft that I haue simple: simple, a foolish extrauagant spirit, full of formes, figures, shapcs, obiectes, Ideas, apprehensions, motions, reuolutions. These are begot in the ventricle of Memorie, nourisht in the wombe of primer, and deliuered vpon the mellowing of occasion: But the gyft is good in those whom it is acute, and I am thankfull for it.

Holo. Sir, I prayse the L. for you, and so may my parishioners, for their Sonnes are well tured by you, and their Daughters profite very greatly vnder you: you are a good member of the common wealth.

Nath. Me herele, yf their Sonnes be ingenous, they shal want no instruction: If their Daughter be capable, I will put it to them. But *Vir sapiis qui pauca loquitur*, a soule Feminine saluteth vs.

Enter

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

Enter Iaquenetta and the Clowne.

84 *Iaquenetta.* God giue you good morrow M. Person.

Nath. Maister Person, *quasi* Person? And if one should be perst, Which is the one? (head,

87-8 *Cl.* Marrie M. Scholemaster, he that is liklest to a hoggs-

Nath. Of persing a Hogshead, a good luster of conceit in a turph of Earth, Fier enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine; tis prettie, it is well.

91 *Iaque.* Good M. Parson be so good as read me this letter, it was geuen me by *Costard*, and sent me from *Don Armasho*: I beseech you read it.

94 *Nath.* *Facile precor gellida, quando pecas omnia sub umbra ruminat,* and so forth. Ah good olde *Mantuan*, I may speake of thee as the trauciler: doth of *Venice, venchie, vencha, que non te unde, que non te perreche.* Olde *Mantuan*, olde *Mantuan*, Who vnderstandeth thee not, loues thee not, *ut re sol la mi fu:* Vnder pardon sir, What are the contentes? or rather as *Hiorace* sayes in his, What my soule verses.

105 *Holo.* I sir, and very learned.

107 *Nath.* Let me heare a staffe, a stauze, a verse, *Lege domine:* If Loue make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to loue?

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

112 Though to my selfe forsworne, to thee Ile faythfull proue, Those thoughts to me were Okes, to thee like Officers bowed. Studie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes.

Where all those pleasures liue, that Art would comprehend. If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice.

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

All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder.

Which is to mee some prayse, that I thy partes admire,

120 Thy eie *Ioues* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadful thüder Which not to anger bent, is mustique, and sweete fier.

Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon loue this woug,

That singes heauens prayse, with such an earthly tong.

124 *Pedan.* You finde not the apostrophas, and so misse the accent. Let me superuise the cangenet.

Nath. Here are onely numbers rated, but for the ele-

called *Loves Labor's lost.*

gancie, facilitie, and golden cadence of poesie *et cetera*: *Ouidius Naso* was the man. And why in deed *Naso*, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancie? the ierkes of inuention imitarie is nothing: So doth the Hound his maister, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horſe his rider: But *Damoſella virgin*, Was this directed to you?

Iag. I ſir from one monaſtier *Berowne*, one of the ſtrange Queenes Lordes.

Nath. I will ouerglaunce the ſuperſcript.

To the ſnow-white hand of the moſt bewicious Lady *Rofaline*.
I will looke againe on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the partie written to the perſon written vnto.

Your Ladyſhips in all deſired employment, *Berowne*.

Ped. Sir *Holofernes*, this *Berowne* is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath framed a letter to a ſequent of the ſtranger Queenes: which accidentally, or by the way of progreſſion, hath miſcarried. Tripe and goe my ſweete, deliuer this Paper into the royall hand of the King, it may concerne much: ſtay not thy complement, I forgine thy dewtie, adue.

Moyd. Good *Coſtard* go with me: ſir God ſaue your life.

Coſt. Haue with thee my girle. *Exit.*

Holo. Sir you haue done this in the feare of God verie religiously: and as a certaine Father ſaith

Ped. Sir tell not mee of the Father, I do feare colourable coloures. But to returne to the Verſes, Did they pleaſe you ſir *Nathaniel*?

Nath. Marueilous well for the pen.

Peda. I do diſte to day at the fathers of a certaine pupill of mine, where if (before repaſt) it ſhall pleaſe you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priuiledge I haue with the parentes of the foreſaid childe or pupill, vndertake your *bien venuto*, where I will proue thoſe Verſes to be very vnlearned, neither ſauouring of Poetrie, wit, nor inuention. I beſeech your ſocietie.

Nath. And thanke you to: for ſocietie (ſaith the text) iſt the happines of life.

Peda. And certes the text moſt infallibly concludes it.

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

170 Sir I do inuite you too, you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba.*
 Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our re-
 creation. *Exeunt.*

Enter Berowne with a paper in his hand, alone.

Berow. The King he is hunting the Deare,
 I am coursing my selfe.

4 They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toying in a pytch, pyth
 that defiles; defile, a foule worde: Well, set thee downe
 sorrow; for so they say the foole sayd, and so say I, and I the
 foole: Well proued wit. By the Lord this Loue is as madd
 8 as *Aiax*, it kills Sheepe, it kills mee, I a Sheepe well proued
 againe a my side. I will not loue; if I do hang mee: P'fayth
 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 do nothing
 in the world but lie, and lie in my throate. By heauen I doe
 loue, and it hath taught me to rime, and to be mallicholie:
 16 and heere is part of my Rime, and heere my mallicholie,
 Well, she hath one a'my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore
 it, the Foole sent it, and the Lady hath it: sweete Clowne,
 19 sweeter Foole, sweetest Lady. By the worlde, I woulde not
 care a pin, if the other three were in. Heere comes one with
 21 a paper, God giue him grace to grone.

He standes a side. The King entreth.

King. Ay mee!

25 *Be.* Shot by heauen, proceed sweet *Cupid*, thou hast thumpt
 him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left papp: in fayth secrets,

27 *King,* So sweete a kisse the golden Sunne giues not,
 To those fresh morning dropps vpon the Rose,
 As thy eye beames, when their fresh rayse haue smot.
 The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes,
 30 Nor shines the siluer Moone one halfe so bright,
 A nrough the transparent bosome of the deepe,
 As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light:
 Thou shinest in euerie teare that I do weepe,
 24 No drop but as a Coach doth carrie thee:
 So ridest thou triumphing in my wo.
 Do but beholde the teares that swell in me,
 37 And they thy glorie through my griefe will show

called Loues Labor's lost.

But do not loue thy selfe, then thou will keepe
My teares for glasses, and still make me weepe. 38-9
O Queene of queenes, how farre doost thou excell. 40
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell.
How shall she know my griefes? Ile drop the pader. 41
Sweete leaues shade follie. Who is he comes heere? 44

Enter Longauill. The King steps a side.

What *Longauill*, and reading : listen care,
Berow. Now in thy likenesse, one more foole appeare.
Long. Ay mee! I am forsworne, 47
Berow. Why he comes in like a periure, wearing papers,
Long. In loue I hope, sweete fellowship in shame.
Ber. One drunkard loues an other of the name, 50
Long. Am I the first that haue been periurd so?
Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I know,
Thou makest the triumpherie, the corner cap off societic,
The shape of Loues Tiburne, that hanges vp Simplicitic. 4
54
Long. I feare these stubborne lines lacke power to moue.
O sweete *Maria*, Empresse of my Loue, 6
These numbers will I teare, and write in prose,
Ber. O Rimes are gardes on wanton *Cupids* hose, 58
Disfigure not his Shop.

Long. This same shall go. *He reads the Sonnet.*

¶ Did not the heauenly Rethorique of thine eye,
Gainst whom the world cannot holde argument,
Perswade my hart to this false periurie?
Vowes for thee broke deserue not punishment. 60
63
A Woman I forswore, but I will proue,
Thou being a Goddesse, I forswore not thee.
My Vow was earthly, thou a heauenly Loue.
Thy grace being gainde, cures all disgrace in mee.
Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapoure is. 67
Then thou faire Sunne, which on my earth doost shine,
Exhalst this vapour-vow in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by mee broke, What foole is not so wise. 71
To loose an oth, to winn a Parradise? 73

Berow. This is the lyuer veine, which makes flesh a deitle.

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

75 A greene Goose, a Goddesse, pure pure ydotarie.
God amende vs, God amende, we are much out a th'way.

Enter Dumaine.

78 *Long.* By whom shall I send this (companie?) Stay.

Berow. All hid, all hid, an olde infant play,
Like a demie God, here sit I in the skie,
And wretched fooles secrets heedfully ore ey.
82 More Sacks to the myll. O heauens I haue my wish,
Dumaine transformed, foure Woodcocks in a dyth.

Duma. O most deuine *Kate*.

Berow. O most prophane coxcombe.

Duma. By heauen the woonder in a mortall eye.

86 *Ber.* By earth she is not, croporall, there you ly.

88 *Duma.* Her Amber heires for foule hath amber coted.

Ber. An amber colourd Rauen was well noted.

Duma. As vpriight as the Ceder,

Ber. Stoope I say, her shoulder is with child.

90 *Duma.* As faire as day.

Ber. I as some dayes, but then no Sunne must shine.

Duma. O that I had my wish?

92 *Long.* And I had mine.

King. And mine too good Lord.

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

96 *Duma.* I would forget her, but a Feuer shee
Raignes in my blood, and will remembered be.

Ber. A Feuer in your blood why then incision
Would let her out in Sawcers, sweete misprison.

100 *Dum.* Once more Ile reade the Odo that I haue writ.

Ber. Once more Ile marke how Loue can varrie Wit.

Dumaine reades his *Sonner*.

101 On a day, alacke the day:

Loue, whose Month is euer May

104 Spied a blossome passing faire,

Playing in the wanton aire:

Through the Veluet, leaues the wind,

All vnscene, can passage finde:

107 That the Louer sicke to death,

called Loues Labor's lost.

With himfelfe the heauens breath.
 Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blow,
 Ayre would I might triumph fo,
 But alacke my hand is fworne,
 Nere to plucke thee from thy throne:
 Vow alacke for youth vnmeete,
 Youth fo apt to pluck a sweete.
 Do not call it finne in me,
 That I am forfworne for thee;
 Thou for whom *Ioue* would swaere,
Iuno but an *Aethiop* were,
 And denie himfelfe for *Ioue*,
 Turning mortall for thy loue.

108

112 †

116

120

This will I fend, and something els more plaine,
 That shall expresse my trueloues fasting paine.
 O would the *King*, *Berowne*, and *Longauill*,
 Were Louers too, ill to example ill,
 Would from my forehead wipe a periurde note:
 For none offende, where all alike do dote.

124

Long. *Dumaine* thy Loue is farre from charitie,
 That in loues griefe defirst societie:
 You may looke pale, but I should blush I know,
 To be ore-hard and taken napping so.

†

128

†

King. Come fir, you blush: as his, your case is fuch.
 You chide at him, offending twice as much.

132

You do not loue *Maria*? *Longauile*,
 Did neuer Sonnet for her sake compile,
 Nor neuer lay his wreathed armes athwart
 His louing bosome, to keepe downe his hart,
 I haue been closely shrowded in this bush,
 And markt you both, and for you both did blush.
 I heard your guyltie Rimes, obserude your fashio:
 Saw sighes reeke from you, noted well your pashio.
 Ay mee sayes one! O *Ioue* the other cries!
 One her haire was Golde, Christal the others eyes.
 You would for Parradise breake Fayth and troth,
 And *Ioue* for your Loue would infringe an oth.
 What will *Berowne* say when that he shall heare

136

140

144

A pleasant conceited Comease:

† Fayth infringed, which such zeale did sweare.
 How will he scorne, how will he spende his wit?
 148 How will he triumph, leape, and laugh ar it?
 For all the wealth that euer I did see,
 I would not haue him know so much by mee.

Ber. Now step I foorth to whip hipocrisie.
 152 Ah good my Leidge, I pray thee pardon mee.
 Good hart, What grace hast thou thus to reprove
 These Wormes for louing, that art most in loue?
 † Your eyes do make no couches in your teares.
 156 There is no certaine Princesse that appears.
 Youle not be periurde, tis a hatefull thing:
 Tush, none but Minstrels like of Sonnetting,
 But are you not a shamed? nay, are you not
 160 All three of you, to be thus much ore'shot?
 † You found his Moth, the King your Moth did see:
 But I a Beame do finde in each of three.

O what a Scæne of foolrie haue I scene,
 164 Of sighes, of grones, of sorrow, and of teene:
 O mee, with what strickt patience haue I sat,
 To see a King transformed to a Goat.
 To see great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,
 † And profound *Sallomon* to tune a Iigge.
 168 And *Nestor* play at push-pin with the boyes,
 And *Crittick Tymon* laugh at idle toyes.
 Where lies thy grieffe, o tell me good *Dumaine*?
 172 And gentle *Longauill*, where lies thy paine?
 And where my *Liedges*? all about the brest.
 A Caudle hou!

174 *King*. Too bitter is thy ielt
 Are we betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?
 † *Ber*. Not you by mee, but I betrayed to you.
 I that am honest, I that holde it sinne
 178 To breake the vow I am engaged in.
 I am betrayed by keeping companie
 † With men like men of inconstancie.
 When shall you see mee write a thing in rime?
 182 Or grone for Loue? or spende a minutes time,

called Loues Labor's lost.

In pruning mee when shall you heare that I will prayse a
hand, a foote, a face, an eye : a gate, a state, a brow, a breft,
a waft, a legge, a limme.

King. Soft, Whither a way so fast?

A true man, or a theefe, that gallops so.

Ber. I post from Loue, good Louer let me go.

Iaqu. God blesse the King. *Enter Iaquetta and Clorone.*

King. What present hast thou there?

Clow. Some certaine treason.

King. What makes treason heere?

Clow. Nay it makes nothing fir.

King. Yf it marr nothing neither,

The treason and you goe in peace away togeather.

Iaqu. I beseech your Grace let this Letter be read,

Our person misdoubts it : twas treason he said

King. *Berowne* reade it ouer. *Here reads the letter.*

King. Where hadst thou it?

Iaqu. Of *Cistard*.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of *Dun Adramadio*, *Dun Adramadio*.

King. How now, What is in you? Why dost thou teare it?

Ber. A toy my Leedge, a toy: your grace needs not feare it.

Long. It did moue him to passion, & therfore lets heate it,

Dum. It is *Berownes* writing, an heere is his name.

Berow. Ah you whoreson loggerhead, you were borne to
do me shame.

Guiltie my Lord, guiltie : I confesse, I confesse.

King. What?

(messe,

Ber. That you three sooles, Iackt me foole, to make vp the
Hee, hee, and you : and you my Leege, and I,
Are pick-purses in Loue, and we deserue to die.

O dismisse this audience, and I shall tell you more,

Duma. Now the number is euen.

Bero. True true, we are fower : will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence firs away.

Clow. Walke aside the true folke, and let the traytors stay.

Ber. Sweete Lords, sweete Louers, O let vs imbrace,
As true we are as flesh and blood can be,

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

216 The Sea will ebb and flow, heauen shew his face:
 Young blood doth not obey an olde decree,
 We can not crosse the cause why we were borne:
 219 Therefore of all handes must we be forsworne,

King. What, did these rent lines shew some loue of thine?

221 *Ber.* Did they quoth you? Who sees the heavenly *Rosaline*,
 (17 fowrs) That (like a rude and sauadge man of *Inde*.)
 At the first opning of the gorgious East,
 Bowes not his vassall head, and strooken blind,
 225 Kisses the base ground with obedient breast.
 What peromptorie Eagle-sighted eye
 Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,
 That is not blinded by her maiestie?

229 *King.* What zeale, what futie, hath in spirde thee now?
 My Loue (her Mistres) is a gracious Moone,
 Shee (an attending Starre) scarce seene a light.

233 *Ber.* My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Becrowne*,
 O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night,
 Of all complexions the culd soueraignie,
 Do meeete as at a faire in her faire cheeke,
 237 Where seuerall worthies make one dignitie,
 Where nothing wantes, that want it selfe doth seeke.
 Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,
 Fic paynted Rethoricke, O shee needes it not,
 To thinges of sale, a sellers prayse belongs:
 247 Shee passeth prayse, then prayse too short doth blot,
 A witherd Hermight fivescore winters worne,
 Might shake off fiftie, looking in her eyes:
 Beautie doth varnish Age, as if new borne,
 245 And giues the Ctutch the Cradles infancie.
 Otis the Sunne that maketh all thinges shine.

King. By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonic.

† *Berow.* Is Ebonic like her? O word deuine!

249 A wife of such wood were felicitie,
 O who can giue an oth? Where is a booke?
 That I may sweare Beautie doth beautie lacke,
 If that she learne not of her eye to looke:
 253 No face is sayre that is not full so blacke.

called Loues Labor's lost.

King. O paradox, Blacke is the badge of Hell,
The hue of dungions, and the Schoole of night:
And beauties crest becomes the heauens well.

254
74

Ber. Dinels soonest tempt resembling spirites of light,
O if in blacke my Ladyes browes be deckt,
It mournes, that painting vsurping haire
Should rauish dooters with a false aspect:
And therefore is she borne to make blacke sayre.
Her fauour turnes the fashion of the dayes,
For natiue blood is counted paynting now;
And therefore redd that would auoyde dispraysse,
Paintes it selfe blacke, to imitate her brow.

257

263

265

Duma. To looke like her are Chimnie-sweepers blake.

Long. And since her time are Colliers counted bright.

King. And *Achiops* of their sweete complexion crake.

Duma. Darke needes no Candles now, for daike is light.

269

Ber. Your Mistresses dare neuer come in raine,
For feare their colours should be washr away.

King. Twere good yours did: for fir to tell you plaine,
He finde a fayrer face not washt to day.

273

Ber. He proue her faire, or talke till dooms-day heere.

King. No Diuel will fright thee then so much as shee.

Duma. I neuer knew man holde vile stuffe so deare.

Long. Looke, heer's thy loue, my foote and her face see.

277

Ber. O if the streetes were paued with thine eyes,
Her feete were much too daintie for such tread.

Duma. O vile, then as she goes what vpward lyes?
The streete should see as she walkt ouer head.

281

King. But what of this, are we not all in loue?

Ber. O nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworne.

King. Then leaue this chat, and good *Berowne* now proue
Our louing lawfull, and our fayth not torne.

285

Duma. I marie there, some flatterie for this euyll.

Long. O some authoritie how to proceede,
Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheate the diuell.

Duma. Some salue for periurie.

Ber. O tis more then neede.

289

Haue at you then affections men at armes,

290

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

Consider what you first did sweare vnto:
 To fast, to study, and to see no woman:
 Flat treason gainst the kingly state of youth.
 Say Can you fast? your stomachs are too young:
 And abstinence ingenders maladies,
 And where that you haue vowd to studie (Lords)
 In that each of you haue forsworne his Booke.
 Can you still dreame and poare and thereon looke.
 For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,
 Haue found the ground of Studies excellence,
 Without the beautie of a womans face?
 From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue,
 They are the Ground, the Bookes the Achadems,
 From whence doth spring the true *Promethean* fire.
 Why vniuerfall plodding poysons vp
 The nimble spirites in the arteries,
 As motion and long during action tyres
 The sinnowy vigour of the trauayler.
 Now for not looking on a womans face,
 You haue in that forsworne the vse of eyes:
 And studie too, the causer of your vow.
 For where is any Authour in the worlde,
 Teaches such beautie as a womas eye:
 Learning is but an adiunct to our selfe,
 And where we are, our Learning likewise is
 Then when our selues we see in Ladies eyes,
 With our selues.
 Do we not likewise see our learning there?
 O we haue made a Vow to studie, Lordes,
 And in that Vow we haue forsworne our Bookes:
 For when would you (my Leedge) or you, or your
 In leaden contemplation haue found out
 Such fierie Numbers as the prompting eyes,
 Of beautis tutors haue inricht you with:
 Other slow Artes intirely keepe the braine:
 And therefore finding barraine practizers,
 Scarce shew a haruest of their heauie toyle.

But

called Loues Labor's lost.

But Loue first learned in a Ladies eyes,
 Liues not alone emured in the braine: 328
 But with the motion of all elementes,
 Courtes as swift as thought in euery power,
 And giues to euery power a double power,
 About their functions and their offices. 332
 It addes a precious seeing to the eye:
 A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde.
 A Louers eare will heare the lowest sound.
 When the suspitious head of theft is stopt. 336
 Loues feeling is more soft and sensible,
 Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snayles,
 Loues tongue proues daintie, *Bachus* grosse in taste,
 For Valoure, is not Loue a *Hercules*? 340
 Still clyming trees in the *Hesperides*.
 Subtil as *Sphinx*, as sweete and musicall,
 As bright *Appolas* Lute, strung with his haire,
 And when Loue speakes, the voyce of all the Goddes, 344
 Make heauen drowisie with the harmonie.
 Neuer durst Poet touch a pen to write,
 Vntill his Incke were tempred with Loues sighes:
 O then his lines would rauish sauage eares,
 And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie. 348
 From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue.
 They sparle still the right promethean fier,
 They are the Bookes, the Artes, the Achademes, 352
 That shew, containe, and nourish all the worlde.
 Els none at all in ought proues excellent.
 Then fooles you were, these women to forswear:
 Or keeping what is sworne, you will proue fooles,
 For Wisedomes sake, a worde that all men loue: 356
 Or for Loues sake, a worde that loues all men.
 Or for Mens sake, the authour of these Women:
 Or Womens sake, by whom we Men are Men. 360
 Lets vs once loose our othes to finde our selues,
 Or els we loose our selues, to keepe our othes:
 It is Religion to be thus forsworne. 363

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

364

For Charitie it selfe fulfille the Law:
And who can seuer Loue from Charitie,

King. Saint *Cupid* then and Souldiers to the fiede,

368

Berow. Aduance your standars, and vpon them Lords.
Pell, mell, downe with them: but be first aduisd,
In conflict that you get the Sunne of them.

372

Long. Now to plaine dealing Lay these glozes by,
Shall we resolute to woe these gyrls of Fraunce?

King. And winn them too, therefore let vs deuise,
Some entertainment for them in their Tentes.

376

Ber. First from the Parke let vs conduct them thither,
Then homeward euery man attach the hand
Of his faire Mistres, in the after noone

380

We will with some strange pastime solace them:
Such as the shortnesse of the time can shape,
For Reuels, Daunces, Maskes, and merrie houres,
Foretunne faire Loue, strewing her way with flowers.

382

King. Away, away, no time shalbe omitted,
That will be time and may by vs befitted.

386

Ber. Alone alone sowed Cockell, reapt no Corne,
And lustice alwayes whirles in equall measure:
Lighe Wenches may proue plagues to men forsome,
Isto our Copper byes no better treasure.

V.i.

Enter the Pedant, the Curat, and Dull.

Pedant. *Satis quid sufficit.*

4

Curat. I praye God for you sir, your reasons at Dinner
haue been sharpe & sententious: pleasant without scurillitie,
wittie without affection, audacious without impudencie,
leatned without opinion, and strange without heresie! I did
conuerse this quondam day with a companion of the kings,
who is intituled, nommated, or called, *Don Adriano de Ar-*
mato.

8

12

16

Ped. *Novi hominum tanquam te,* His humour is loffie, his
discourse peremptorie: his tongue syled, his eye ambitious,
his gate maiesticall, and his generall behaviour vaine, redicu-
lous, & thraionicall. He is too pickd, to spruce, too affected,
to od as it were, too peregrinat as I may call it,

Exit

called *Loues Labor's lost.*

Curat. A most singular and choyce Epithat,

Draw-out his Table-booke.

Peda. He draweth out the thred of his verbosity, finer then the staple of his argument. I abhorre such phanatticall phantasims, such insociable and poynt deuise companions, such rakers of ortagraphie, as to speake dour fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt; id e b t, not det: he clepeth a Calse, Cause: halfe, haufe: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abrcuiated ne: this is abhominable, which he would call abhominable, it insinuateth me of infamie: *ne intelligis domine*, to make frantique lunatique?

20

24

28

Curat. *Laus deo, bene intelligo.*

Peda. Bome boon for boon prescian, a litle scratcht, twil serue,

31-2

Enter Bragart, Boy.

Curat. *Vides ne quis venit?*

Peda. *Video, et gaudio.*

Brag. Chirra.

Peda. *Quari Chirra, not Sirra?*

35

Brag. Men of peace well incontred.

Ped. Most millitarie fir salutation.

Boy. They haue been at a great feast of Languages, and stolne the scraps,

40

Clow. O they haue lyud long on the almsbasket of wordes. I maruaile thy M. hath not eaten thee for a worde, for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: Thou art easier swallowed then a flapdragon.

44

Page. Peace, the peale begins.

Brag. Mounfier, are you not lettred?

Page. Yes yes, he teaches boyes the Home-booke: What is Ab speld backward with the horne on his head?

47-8

Peda. Ba, *puericia* with a horne added, (learning.

52

Pag. Ba most seely Sheepe, with a horne: you heare his

Peda. *Quis quis* thou Consonant?

Pag. The last of the five Vowels if You repeate them, or the fift if I.

55-6

Peda. I will repeate them: a e I.

Pag. The Sheepe, the other two concludes it o u.

59-60

Brag. Now by the fault wane of the meditaranium, a sweete

71

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

64 sweete tutch, a quicke vene we of wit, snip snap, quicke and home, it reioyceth my intellect, true wit.

Page. Offerd by a childe to an old man; which is wit-old.

Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure?

70 *Page.* Hornes.

Peda. Thou disputes like an Infant: goe whip thy Gigg.

Page. Lende me your Horne to make one, and I will whip
 ¶ about your Infamie *unū cita* a gigue of a Cuckolds horne.

74 *Clow.* And I had but one peny in the world thou shouldst haue it to buy Ginger bread: Holde, there is the verie Remuneration I had of thy Maister, thou halfe pennie purse of wit, thou Pidgin-egge of discretion. O and the heauens were so pleased, that thou wart but my Bastard; What a ioyfull father wouldst thou make me? Go to, thou hast it *ad dungil* at the fingers ends, as they say.

78 *Peda.* Oh I smell false Latine, *dunghel* for *unguem*.

86 *Brag.* *Artf-man preambular*, we will be singuled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charg-house on the top of the Mountaine?

Peda. Or *Mons* the hill.

90 *Brag.* At your sweete pleasure, for the Mountaine.

Peda. I do *sans question*.

94 *Bra.* Sir, it is the Kings most sweete pleasur & affection, to congratulate the Princeesse at her Pavilion, in the *posteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noon.

98-9 *Peda.* The *posterior* of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the after noone; the worde is well cild, chose, sweete, & apt I do assure you sir, I do assure.

100 *Brag.* Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure ye very good friende: for what is inwarde betweene vs, let it passe. I do beseech thee remember thy curtesie. I beseech thee apparrell thy head: and among other importunt and most serious designes, and of great import in
 104 dedde too: but let that passe, for I must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the worlde) sometime to leane vpon my poore shoulder, and with his royall finger thus dallie with my excrement, with my mustachie: but sweete hart
 108 let that passe. By the world I recount no fable, some certaine
 111 special

called *Loues Labor's lost.*

special honours it pleaseth his greatnes to impart to *Armado* a Souldier, a man of traouayle, that hath seene the worlde : but let that passe; the very all of all is: but sweet hart, I do implore secretie, that the King would haue me present the Princesse (sweete chuck) with some delightfull ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antique, or fierworke : Now vnderstanding that the Curate and your sweete selfe, are good at such eruptions, and sodaine breaking out of myrth (as it were) I haue acquainted you withall, to the ende, to craue your assistance.

Peda. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir *Holofernes*, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rended by our assistants the Kinges commaund, and this most gallant illustre and learned Gentleman, before the Princesse : I say none so fit as to present the nine Worthies.

Curat. Where will you finde men worthie enough to present them?

Peda. *Iosua*, your selfe, my selfe, and this gallant Gentleman *Iudas Machabeus*; this Swaine (because of his great lim or ioynt) shall passe *Pompey* the great, the Page *Hercules*.

Brag. Pardon sir, error : He is not quantitie enough for that worthies thumbe, he is not so big as the end of his Club.

Peda. Shall I haue audience? He shall present *Hercules* in minoritie : his enter and exit shalbe strangling a Snake; and I will haue an Apologie for that purpose.

Page. An excellent device : so if any of the audience hisse, you may cry, Well done *Hercules*, now thou crusthest the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few haue the grace to do it.

Brag. For the rest of the Worthies?

Peda. I will play three my selfe.

Page. Thrice worthie Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing?

Peda. We attende.

Brag. We will haue, if this fadge nor, an Antique. I beseech you follow.

Peda. *Via* good-man *Dull*, thou hast spoken no worde all this while.

Dull

112

116

120

124

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128

128

132

134

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144

148

152

156

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

158

Dull. Nor vnderfloode none neither sir.*Ped.* Alone, we will employ thee.

160

Dull. Ile make one in a daunce, or so: or I will play on the Taber to the worthies, and let them dance the hey.

162

Peda. Most *Dull*, honest *Dull*, to our sport: away. *Exeunt.**Enter the Ladyes.*

Quee. Sweete hartes we shalbe rich ere we depart,
 Yf Fayrings come thus plentifully in.
 A Ladie walde about with Diamondes: Looke you, what I
 haue from the louing King.

4

Rosa. Madame, came nothing els along with that?

Quee. Nothing but this: yes as much loue in Rime,
 As would be crambd vp in asheete of paper
 Writ a both sides the leafe, margent and all,
 That he was faine to seale on *Cupids* name.

8

Rosa. That was the way to make his god-head Wax:
 For he hath been fise thousand yeere a Boy.

12

Kath. I and a shrowde vnhappie gallowes too.*Ros.* Youle neare be friendes with him, a kild your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholie, sad, and heauie,
 And so she died: had she bin Light like you, of such a mery
 nimble stirring spirit, she might a bin Grandam ere she died.
 And so may you: For a light hart lines long.

16

Ros. Whats your darke meaning mouce, of this light word?

20

Kath. A light condition in a beautie darke.*Ros.* We neede more light to finde your meaning out,

Kath. Yole marre the light by taking it in snuffe:
 Therefore Ile darkly ende the argument.

24

Ros. Looke what you do, you do it still i^th darke,*Kath.* So do not you, for you are a light Wench.*Ros.* In deede I waigh not you, and therefore light.*Kath.* You waigh me not, O thats you care not for me.

28 7/8

Ros. Great reason: for past care, is still past cure.

Quee. Well banded both, a set of Wit well played.
 But *Rosaline*, you haue a Fauour too?
 Who sent it? and what is it?

Rosa

called *Loues Labor's lost.*

Ros. I would you knew,
And if my face were but as faire as yours,
My Fauour were as great, be witnesse this,
Nay I haue Vearses too, I thanke *Berowne*,
The numbers true, and were the numbring too,
I were the fayrest Goddesse on the ground,
I am comparde to twentie thousand fairs.
O he hath drawen my picture in his letter.

Quee. Any thing like?

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

Quee. Beautious as Incke: a good conclusion.

Kath. Faire as a text B in a Coppie booke,

Ros. Ware penfalls, How? Let me not die your debtor,
My red Dominicall, my golden letter,
O that your face were not so full of Oes.

Quee. A Poxe of that iest, and I beshrow all Shrowes,
But *Katherine* what was sent to you
From faire *Dumaine*?

Kath. Madame, this Gloue,

Quee. Did he not send you twaine?

Kath. Yes Madame: and moreouer,
Some thousand Verses of a faithfull Louer,
A hudge translation of hipocrisie,
Vildly compyled, profound simplicitie.

Marg. This, and these Pearle, to me sent *Longauile*.
The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.

Quee. I thinke no lesse: Dost thou not wish in hart
The Chaine were longer, and the Letter short.

Marg. I, or I would these handes might neuer part,

Quee. We are wise girles to mocke our Louers so.

Ros. They are worse fooles to purchase mocking so,
That same *Berowne* ile torture ere I go.

O that I knew he were but in by th'wecke,
How I would make him fawne, and begge, and seeke,
And wayte the season, and obserue the times,
And spend his prodigall wittes in booteles rimes.
And shape his seruice wholly to my deuice,
And make him proude to make me proude that iestes,

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

7
68 So perttaunt like would I ore'sway his state,
That he should be my foole, and I his fate.

Quee. None are so surely caught, when they are catcht,
As Wit turnde Foole, follie in Wisedome hatcht:
Hach Wisedomes warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,
72 And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole.

Rosa. The blood of youth burnes not with such excesse,
As grauities reuolt to wantons be,

76 *Mar.* Follie in Fooles beares not so strong a note,
As foolrie in the Wise, when Wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To proue by Wit, worth in simplicitie.

Enter Boyet.

80 *Quee.* Heere comes *Boyet*, and myrth is in his face.

Boyet. O I am stable with laughter, Wher's her Grace?

Quee. Thy newes *Boyet*?

Boy. Prepare Maddame, prepare.

84 Arme Wenches arme, incounters mounted are,
Against your Peace Loue doth approch, disguisd:
Armed in argumentes, you'll be surprisd,
Muste your Wits, stande in your owne defence,
Or hide your heades like Cowardes, and flie hence.

88 *Quee.* Saint *Dennis* to *S. Cupid*: What are they,
That charge their breath against vs? Say scout say.

92 *Boy.* Vnder the coole shade of a Siccamone,
I thought to close mine eyes some halfe an houre:
When to to interrupt my purposed rest,
Toward that shade I might beholde address,
The King and his companions warely,
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And over hard, what you shall ouer heere:
96 That by and by disguisd thy will be heere.
Their Heralde is a prettie knawish Page:
That well by hart hath cond his embassage
A Etion and accent did they teach him there.
100 Thus must thou speake, and thus thy body beare.
And euer and anon they made a doubt,
Presence maiesticall would put him out:

called *Loues Labor's lost.*

For quoth the King, an Angell shalt thou see:

Yet feare not thou but speake audaciously.

The Boy replyde, An Angell is not euill:

I should haue feard her had shee been a deuill.

With that all laught, and clapt him on the shoulder,

Making the bolde wagg by their prayes bolder.

One rubbd his elbow thus, and steerd, and swore,

A better speach was neuer spoke before.

Another with his synger and his thume,

Cried *uia* we will doo't come what wil come.

The thirde he caperd and cryed, All goes well.

The fourth turnd on the tooe, and downe he fell:

With that they all did tumble on the ground,

With such a zelous laughter so profound,

That in this spleene ridiculous appears,

To checke their follie passions solembe teares.

Quee. But what, but what, come they to visite vs?

Boy. They do, they do; and are appariled thus,

Like *Muscouites*, or *Rusians*, as I gesse.

Their purpose is to parlee, to court, and daunce,

And euery one his Loue-feat will aduance,

Vnto his seuerall Mistres: which they ke know

By Fauours seuerall, which they did bestow.

Quee. And will they so? the Gallants shalbe taskt:

For Ladies; we will euery one be maskt,

And not a man of them shall haue the grace

Despight of sure, to see a Ladies face.

Holde *Rosaline*, this Fauour thou shalt weare,

And then the King will court thee for his Deare:

Holde take thou this my sweete, and giue mee thine,

So shall *Berowne* take me for *Rosaline*.

And change you Fauours two, so shall your Loues

Woo contrarie, deceyued by these remoues.

Rgs. Come on then, v. eare the Fauours most in sight.

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

Quee. The effect of my intent is to crosse theirs:

They do it but in mockerie merement,

And mocke for mocke is onely my intent.

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

141 Their severall counsailes they vnboosome shall,
 To Loues mistooke, and so be mockt withall,
 144 Vpon the next occasion that wermeete,
 With Visages displayde to talke and greete.

Res. But shall we dance, if they desire vs toot?

148 *Quee.* No, to the death we will not moue a foot,
 Nor to their pend speach render we no grace:
 But while tis spoke each turne away his face.

Boy. Why that contempt will kill the speakers hart,
 And quite diuorce his memorie from his part.

152 *Quee.* Therefore I do it, and I make no doubt,
 The rest will ere come in, if he be out.

Theres no such sport, as sport by sport orethrowne:
 To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
 So shall we stay mocking entended game,

156 And they wel mockt depart away with shame. *Sound Trum.*

Boy. The Trompet soundes, be maskt, the maskers come

*Enter Black-moores with musicke, the Boy with a
 speach, and the rest of the Lordes disguised.*

158 *Page.* All haile, the richest Beauties on the earth.

Berow. Beauties no richer then rich Taffata,

160 *Page.* A holy parcell of the fayrest dames that euer turnd their
 backs to mortall viewes.

The Ladyes turne their backs to him.

Berow. Their eyes villaine, their eyes.

† *Page.* That euen turnde their eyes to mortall viewes.

164 *Out*

Boy. True, out in deede.

Page. Out of your fauours heavenly spirites vouchsafe
 Not to beholde.

Berow. Once to beholde, rogue.

168 *Page.* Once to beholde with your Sunne beamed eyes,
 With your Sunne beamed eyes.

Boyer. They will not answeere to that Epythat.
 You were best call it Daughter beamed eyes.

172 *Page.* They do not marke me, and that brings me out.

Ber. Is this your perfectnes? began you rogue,

Rosa.

called *Loues Labor's lost.*

- Rosal.* What would these stranges?
 Know their mindes *Boyet.*
 If they do speake our language, tis our will
 That some plaine man recount their purposes.
 Know what they would?
Boyet. What would you with the Princes?
Berow. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation,
Rosa. What would they, say they?
Boy. Nothng but peace, and gentle visitation.
Rosa. Why that they haue, and bid them so be gon.
Boy. She saies you haue it, and you may be gon.
King. Say to her we haue measurd many miles,
 To tread a Measure with her on this grasse,
Boy. They say that they haue measurd many a mile,
 To tread a Measure with you on this grasse.
Rosa. It is not so, Aske them how manie inches
 Is in one mile? If they haue measured manie,
 The measure then of one is easlie tolde.
Boy. If to come hither, you haue measurde miles,
 And manie miles: the Princesse bids you tell,
 How manie inches doth fill vp one mile?
Berow. Tell her we measure them by weerie steps.
Boy. She heares her selfe.
Rosa. How manie weerie steps,
 Of manie weerie miles you haue ore gone,
 Are numbred in the trauaile of one Mile?
Bero. We number nothing that we spend for you,
 Our duetie is so rich, so infinite,
 That we may do it still without accompt.
 Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,
 That we (like sauages) may worship it.
Rosa. My face is but a Moone, and clouded too.
King. Blessed are cloudes, to do as such cloudes do.
 Vouchsafe bright Moone, and these thy Starts to shine,
 (Those cloudes remooued) vpo ur waterie cyne,
Rosa. O vaine petitioner, begg a greater matter,
 Thou now requests but Mooneshine in the water.
King. Then in our measure, do but vouchsafe one change,
 Thou

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

210 Thou bidst me begge, this begging is not strange.

Rosa. Play Musique then: nay you must do it soone.

212 Not yet no daunce: thus change I like the Moone.

Kin. Wil you not daunce? How come you thus estranged?

Ro. You tooke the moone at ful, but now shee's changed?

King. Yet still she is the Moone, and I the Man.

216 *Rosa.* The musique playes, vouchsafe some motion to it,
Our eares vouchsafe it.

King. But your legges should do it.

Rosa. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
219 Weele not be nice, take handes, we will not daunce.

King. Why take we handes then?

Rosa. Onely to part friendes.

222 Curtlie sweete hartes, and so the Measure endes.

King. More measure of this measue be not nice.

Rosa. We can affoord no more at such a price.

224 *King.* Prise you your selues: What buyes your company?

Rosa. Your absence onely.

King. That can neuer be.

Rosa. Then cannot we be bought: and so adue,
229 Twice to your Visore, and halfe once to you.

King. If you denie to daunce, lets holde more chat.

Rosa. In priuat then.

King. I am best pleas'd with that.

Berow. White handed Mistres, one sweet word with thee.

231 *Quee.* Honie, and Milke, and Suger: there is three.

Ber. Nay then two treyes, an if you grow so nice,

233 Methegline, Wort, and Malmfey; well runne dice:

There's halfe a dosen sweetes.

235 *Quee.* Seuenth sweete adue, since you can cogg,

He play no more with you.

Ber. One word in secret.

Quee. Let it not be sweete.

Berow. Thou greetest my gall.

Quee. Gall, bitter,

237 *Berow.* Therefore meete.

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

Maria. Name it.

called *Loues Labor's lost.*

Duma. Faire Ladie.

Mar. Say you so? Faire Lord, take that for your faire Lady

Duma. Please it you, as much in priuat, & ile bid adieu.

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

Long. I know the reason (Lady) why you aske.

Mari. O for your reason, quickly sir, I long?

Long. You haue a double tongue within your Maske,
And would afforde my speechles vizard halfe.

Mar. Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is not veale a Calfe?

Long. A Calfe faire Ladie.

Mar. No, a faire Lorde Calfe.

Long. Let's part the word?

Mar. No, Ile not be your halfe:

Take all and weane it, it may proue an Oxe.

Lon. Loke how you butt your selfe in these sharpe mocks,
Will you giue hornes chaft Lady? do not so.

Mar. Then die a Calfe, before your hornes do grow.

Long. One word in priuate with you ere I die.

Mar. Bleat softly then, the Butcher heares you crie.

Boyet. The tongues of mocking Wenches are as keene
As is the Rasors edge inuisible:

Cutting a smaller haire then may be seene,

About the fence of sence so sensible,

Seemeth their conference, their conceites haue winges,

Fleeter then Arrowes, bullets wind thought swifter thinges.

Rosa. Not one word more my Maides, break off, break off.

Bero. By heauen, all drie beaten with pure scoffe.

King. Farewel mad Wenches, you haue simple wits. *Exc.*

Quee. T wentie adieus my frozen Muskouits,
Are these the breede of Wits so wondered at?

Boye. Tapers they are with your sweete breaths puffed out,

Rosa. Wel-liking Wits they haue grosse grosse, fat fat.

Quee. O pouertie in wir, Kingly poore flour.
Will they not (thinke you) hange them selues to nyght?

Or euer but in vizards shew their faces.

This pert *Bero* was out of countnance quite,

Rosa. They were all in lamentable cases,
The King was weeping ripe for a good word.

A pleajant conceited Comeau:

Quee. *Berowne* did sweare him selfe out of all sulte.

Mar. *Dunaine* was at my seruice, and his sword,
No poynt(quoth I)my seruant, straight was mute.

Kath. Lord *Longauill* said I came ore his hart:
And trow you what he calde me?

Quee. Qualme perhapt,

Kath. Yes in good faith,

Quee. Goe sicknes as thou art,

Rs. Well,better wits haue worne plaine statute Caps,
But will you heare; the King is my Loue sworne.

Quee. And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted Fayth to me.

Kath. And *Longauill* was for my seruice borne.

Mar. *Dunaine* is mine as sure as barked on tree.

Boyer. Madame, and prettie mistresses giue care,
Immediately they will againe be heere,
In their owne shapes; for it can neuer be,
They will digest this harsh indignitie.

Quee. Will they returne?

Boy. They will they will, God knowes,
And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes:
Therefore change Favours, and when they reparaire,
Blow like sweete Roses, in this sommer aire.

Quee. How blow? how blow? Speake to be vnderstood.

Boy. Faire Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud:
Dismaskt, their dammaske sweete commixture showne,
Are Angels varling cloudes, or Roses blowne.

Quee. Auauant perplexitie, What shall we do,
If they returne in their owne shapes to woe?

Rosa. Good Madame, if by me youle be aduise,
Lets mocke them still as well knowne as disguysde:
Let vs complaine to them what fooles were heare,
Disguysd like *Muscouis* in shapeles gear:
And wonder what they were, and to what ende
Their shallow shewes, and Prologue vildly pende.
And their rough carriage so rediculous,
Should be presented at our Tent to vs.

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

Quee. Whip to our Tents as Roes runs ore land *Exeunt.*

Enter

called Lones Labor's lost.

Enter the King and the rest.

King. Faire sir, God saue you : Wher's the Princesse?

Boyet. Gone to her Tent. Please it your Maiestie commaunde me any seruice to her thither,

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will, and so will she, I know my Lord. *Exit*

Berou. This fellow peckes vp Wit as Pidgions Pease,

And utters it againe when God dooth please.

He is Wirts Pedler, and retales his wares :

At Wakes and Wafels, meetings, markets, Faires,

And we that sell by grosse, the Lord doth know,

Hane not the grace to grace it with such show,

This Gallant pins the Wenches on his sleeue,

Had he bin *Adam* he had tempted *Eue*,

A can carue to, and lispe : Why this is hee

That kist his hand, a way in courtesie.

This is the Ape of Forme, Mounsier the nice,

That when he playes at Tables chides the Dice

In honorable tearmes ; nay he can sing

A meane most meanelly, and in lusherling,

Mende him who can, the Ladies call him sweete,

The staires as he treads on them kisse his feete,

This is the floure that smyles on euery one,

To shew his teeth as white as Whales bone,

And consciences that will not die in debt,

Pay him the due of honie-tonged *Boyet*.

King. A blister on his sweete rongue with my hart,

That put *Armasboes* Page out of his part.

Enter the Ladies.

Bero. See where it comes. Behaviour what wert thou?
Till this mad man shewed thee, and what art thou now?

King. All haile sweete Madame, and faire time of day.

Quee. Faire in all Haile is soule, as I conceaue.

King. Consture my spaches better, if you may.

Quee. Then wish me better, I will giue you leaue.

King. We came to visite you, and purpose now,

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then

346 *Quee.* This Feele shall holde me, and so hold your vow:
Nor God nor I delights in periurd men.

King. Rebukeme not for that which you prouoke:
The vertue of your eie must breake my oth.

350 *Quee.* You nickname vertue, vice you should haue spoke:
For vertues office neuer breakes mens troth.

(Suzanna.)

4
Now by my maiden honour yet as pure,
As the vnfallied Lilly I protest,
354 A worlde of tormentes though I should endure,
I would not yeelde to be your houses guest;
356 So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heauenly Othes vowed with integritie.

King. O you haue liu'd in desolation heere,
Vnseene, vnvisited, much to our shame.

360 *Quee.* Not so my Lord, it is not so I swear,
We haue had pastimes here and pleasant game,
A messe of *Russians* left vs but of late.

King. How Madame? *Russians*?

Quee. I in trueth My Lord.

364 Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state,

Rosa. Madame speake true: It is not so my Lord:
My Ladie (to the maner of the dayes)
In curtesie giues vnderferuing praise.

368 We foure in deede confronted were with foure,
In *Russian* habite: heere they stayed an houre,
And talkt apace: and in that houre my Lord)
They did not blesse vs with one happie word.

I dare not call them fooles; but this I thinke,
372 Wherthey are thirstie, fooles would faine haue drinke.

Bero. This iest is drie to me, gentle sweete,
Your wits makes wise thinges foolish when we grette
376 Wrih eies best seeing, heauens fierie eie:
By light we loose light, your capacitie
Is of that nature, that to your hudge stoore,
Wise thinges seeme foolish, and rich thinges but poore.

Rosa. This proues you wise and rich: for in my eie.

380 *Bero.* I am a foole, and full of pouertie.

Rosa-

called Loues Labor's lost

Rosa. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch wordes from my tongue.

Ber. O, I am yours and all that I possesse.

Rosa. All the foole mine.

Ber. I cannot giue you lesse.

Ros. Which of the Vizards was it that you wore?

Ber. Where, when what Vizard? why demaund you this?

Rosa. There then, that Vizard, that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and shewed the better face.

King. We were descried, theyle mock vs now downright.

Duman. Let vs confesse and turne it to a iest.

Quee. Amazde my Lord? Why lookes your highnes sad?

Rosa. Helpe holde his browes, heele sound: why looke
you pale?

Sea sicke I thinke comming from *Muscovie.*

Bero. Thus poure the Starres downe plagues for periurie,
Can anie face of brasse hold longer out?

Heere stand I, Ladie dart thy skill at me,

Bruse me with scorne, confound me with a flout.

Thrust thy sharpe wit quite through my ignorance,

Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit.

And I will wish thee neuer more to daunce,

Nor neuer more in Rufsian habite waite,

O neuer will I trust to speeches pend,

Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boyes tongue:

Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend,

Nor woo in rime like a blind harpers songue.

T affata phrases, silken tearmes precise,

Three pilde Hiberboles, spruce affection:

Figures pedanticall, these sommer flies,

Haue blowne me full of maggot ostentation.

I do forswear them, and I here protest,

By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knowes)

Hencefoorth my wooing minde shalbe exprest

In risset yeas, and honest kersie noes.

And to begin Wench, so God helpe me law,

My loue to thee is sound, *sance* cracke or flaw.

Rosa. *Sans, sans.* I pray you.

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A pleasant conceited Comedie.

- 417 *Bero.* Yet I haue a tricke,
Of the olde rage : beare with me, I am sicke.
He leaue it by degrees; soft, let vs see,
Write *Lord haue mercie on vs* on those three,
421 They are infected, in their hartes it lyes;
They haue the Plague, and caught it of your eyes,
These Lordes are visited, you are not free,
For the Lords tokens on you do I see.
- 425 *Quee.* No they are free that gaue these tokens to vs.
Berow. Our states are forfait. seeke not to vndoo vs.
Rosa. It is not so, for how can this be true,
428 That you stand forfait, being those that sue.
Bero. Peace, for I will not haue to doe with you.
Rosa. Nor shall not, if I do as I intende.
Bero. Speake for your selues, my wit is at an ende.
King. Teach vs sweet Madame, for our rude transgression
Some faire excuse.
- 432 *Quee.* The fairest is confession,
Were not you here but euen now, disguysde?
King. Madame, I was.
Quee. And were you well aduisde?
King. I was faire Madame,
436 *Quee.* When you then were heere,
What did you whisper in your Ladies eare?
King. That more then all the world, I did respect her.
Quee. When she shall challenge this, you wil reiect her.
King. Vpon mine honour no.
440 *Quee.* Peace peace, forbear: your Oth once broke, you
force not to forswear.
- King.* Despise me when I breake this oth of mine.
Quee. I will, and therefore keepe it. *Rosaline,*
What did the *Russian* whisper in your eare?
444 *Rosa.* Madame, he swore that he did hold me deare,
As precious ey-sight, and did value me
Aboue this Worlde : adding thereto more ouer,
447 That he would wed me, or els die my Louer.
Quee. God giue thee ioy of him : the Noble Lord
Most honourable doth vphold his word,

King

called Loues Labor's lost.

King. What meane you Madame: by my life my troth,
I neuer swore this Lady such an oth,

Rosal. By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine,
You gaue me this: but take it fir againe.

King. My faith and this, the Princesse I did giue,
I knew her by this Jewell on her sleeue.

Quee. Pardon me fir, this Jewell did she weare,
And Lord *Berowne* (I thanke him) is my deare.

What? will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?

Berow. Neither of either: I remit both twaine.
I see the tricke ant: here was a consent,

Knowing aforehand of our meriment,

To dash it lik a Christmas Comedie:

Some carry tale, some please-man, some sleight faine:

Some mumble newes, some trencher Knight, some Dick

That synles, his cheeke in yeetes, and knowes the trick

To make my Lady laugh, when shees disposd:

Tolde our intentes before: which once disclosd,

The Ladies did change Favours; and then wee

Folowing the signes, wood but the signe of shee,

Now to our periurie, to add more terror,

We are againe forsworne in will and error.

Much vpon this tis: and might not you

Forestall our sport, to make vs thus vnttrue?

Do not you know my Ladies foote by'th squier?

And laugh vpon the apple of her cie?

And stand betweene her backe fir and the fier,

Holding a trencher, iesting merrilie?

You put our Page out: goe, you are aloude.

Die when you will, a Smocke shalbe your shroude

You leere vpon me, do you: ther's an cie

Woundes like a leaden sword.

Boyer. Full merely hath this braue nuage, this careere
bin run.

Berow. Loe, he is tilting straight. Peace, I haue don.

Enter Clowne.

Berow. Welcome pure wit, thou partst a faire fray.

Clow. O Lord fir, they would know,

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

486 Whether the three Worthis shall come in or no?

Ber. What, are there but three?

Clow. No fir, but it is vara fine,

For euerie one pursents three,

488 *Ber.* And three times thrice is nine.

Clow. Not so fir, vnder correction fir, I hope it is not so.

490-1 You cannot beg vs fir, I can assure you fir, we know what we know : I hope fir three times thrice fir.

Ber. Is not nine,

494 *Clow.* Vnder correction fir we know where-vntill it doth amount.

Ber. By Ioue, I all wayes tooke three threes for nine.

498 *Clow.* O Lord fir, it were pittie you should get your liuing by reckning fir.

Ber. How much is it?

502 *Clow.* O Lord fir, the parties themselues, the actors fir will shew wher-vntill it doth amount : for mine owne part, I am (as thy say, but to perfect one man in one poore man) *Pompion* the great fir.

506 *Ber.* Art thou one of the Worthies?

Clow. It pleased them to thinke me worthe of *Pompey* the great: for mine owne part I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.

510 *Ber.* Goe bid them prepare.

(*Exit.*)

Clow. We wil turne it finely off fir, we wil take some care.

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

514 *Ber.* We are shame prooffe my Lord : & tis some policie To haue one show worfe then the Kings and his company.

King. I say they shall not come.

517 *Quee.* Nay my good Lord let me ore-rule you now.

That sport best pleases, that doth best know how:

Where zeale striues to content, and the contentes

Dies in the zeale of that which it presentes :

521 Their forme confounded, makes most ferme in myrth,

When great things labouring perish in their byrth.

Ber. A right description of our sport my Lord.

Enter Bragart.

526 *Brag.* Annoynted, I implore so much expence of thy royal
sweete

called Lones Labor's lost.

sweete breath, as will viter a brace of wordes.

Quee. Doth this man serue God?

Bero. Why aske you?

Quee. A speakes not like a man of God his making.

Brag. That is al one my faire sweete honie monarch;
For I protest, the Schoolemaister is exceeding fantastically,
Too too vaine, too too vaine; but we will put it (as they say)
to *Fortuna delaguar*, I wish you the peace of mind most royall
cupplement. *Exit.*

King. Heere is like to be a good presence of Worthies:
He presents *Hector* of *Troy*, the Swaine *Pompey* the great, the
parish Curate *Alexander*, *Armadoes* Page *Hercules*, the Pe-
dant *Judas Machabeus*: And if these foure Worthies in their
first shew thriue, these foure will change habites, and present
the other five.

Bero. There is five in the first shew.

King. You are deceiued, tis not so.

Bero. The Pedant, the Bragart, the Hedge-Priest, the
Foole, and the Boy,

Abate throw at Nouum, and the whole world againe,
Cannot picke out five such, take each one in his vaine.

Kin. The Ship is vnder sayle, and heere she coms amaine.

Enter Pompey.

Clotme. I Pompey am.

Bero. You lie, you are not he.

Clow. I Pompey am.

Boyet. With Libbards head on knee. *(thee.*

Ber. Well said old mocker, I must needes be friendes with

Clow. I Pompey am, Pompey surnamde the bigge.

Duma. The great.

Clow. It is great sir, Pompey surnamde the great,
That oft in feldes with *Targ* and *Shield* did make my foe to sweat,
And traouailing along this coast I heere am come by chance,
And lay my Armes before the Leggs of this sweete Lasse of France.
If your Ladishyp would say thankes Pompey, I had done.

Lady. Great thankes great Pompey.

Clow. Tis not so much worth: but I hope I was perfect. I
made a litle fault in great.

I

Bero.

525

530

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662

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

564 *Bero.* My hat to a halfe-pennie, *Pompey* prooves the best
Worthie.

Enter Curate for Alexander.

565 *Curat.* When in the world I liud, I was the worldes commander:
By East, West, North, and South, I spred my conquering might:

My Scutchion plaine declares that I am Alifander. (right.

Boyet. Your Nose saies no, you are not: for it stands too

569 *Be.* Your nose smels no in his most tender smelling knight.

Qu. The conqueror is dismal; proceed good *Alexander.*

Curat. When in the world I liued, I was the worldes commander.

572 *Boy.* Most true, tis right: you were so *Alifander.*

Bero. *Pompey* the great.

Clow. Your seruant and *Costard.*

575 *Bero.* Take away the Conqueror, take away *Alifander.*

580 *Clow.* O fir, you haue ouerthrowne *Alifander* the Conque-
rour: you will be scrapt out of the painted cloth for this.
Your Lion that holdes his Polax sitting on a close stoole,
will be geuen to *Aiax.* He wilbe the ninth Worthie; a Con-
querour, and a feard to speake? Run away for shame *Ali-*
584 *sander.* There ant shall please you a foolish mylde man, an
honest man; looke you, and soone dasht. He is a marueylous
good neighbour sayth, and a very good Bowler: but for
586 *Alifander,* alas you see how tis a little oreparted, but there
are Worthies a comming will speake their minde in some
590 other sort. *Exie Curat.*

Quee. Stand aside good *Pompey.*

Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

592 *Peda.* Great *Hercules* is presented by this *Impe,*
Whose Clubb kilde *Cerberus* that thre headed *Canus,*

595 And when he was a babe, a childe, a *strimpe,*
Thus did he strangle *Serpents* in his *Manus,*

Quoniam, he seemeth in *minoritie,*

597 *Ergo,* I come with this *Appologie.*

Keepe some state in thy exit, and vanish.

Peda. *Iudas* I am.

Exit Boy.

Dum.

called Loues Labor's lost.

- Dum.* A Iudas.
Pedan. Not Iscariot sir.
Iudas I am, eclipsed Machabeus.
Dum. Iudas Machabeus clipt, is plaine Iudas,
Bero. A kissing traytour. How art thou proud *Iudas*?
Peda. *Iudas* I am. 605
Duma. The more shame for you *Iudas*.
Pedi. What meane you sir?
Boyer. To make *Iudas* hang him selfe. 608
Pedan. Begin sir, you are my elder.
Bero. Well folowed, *Iudas* was hanged on an Elder.
Pedan. I will not be put out of countenance.
Bero. Because thou hast no face. 612
Pedan. What is this?
Boyer. A Cytterne head.
Duma. The head of a Bodkin.
Bero. A deaths face in a Ring. 616
Long. The face of an olde Roman coyne, scarce scene.
Boyer. The pummel of *Cesars* Fauchion.
Duma. The carud-bone face on a Flaske.
Bero. Saint *Georges* halfe cheeke in a Broodh. 620
Duma. I and in a Broodh of Lead.
Bero. I and worne in the cappe of a Tooth-drawer:
 And now forward, for we haue put thee in countenance.
Peda. You haue put me out of countenance. 624
Bero. False, we haue giuen thee faces.
Peda. But you haue outfaste them all,
Bero. And thou weart a Lyon, we would do so.
Boyer. Therefore as he is, an Assfe, let him go: 628
 And so adue sweete *Iude*. Nay, Why dost thou stay?
Duma. For the latter ende of his name.
Bero. For the *Assfe* to the *Iude*: giue it him; *Iudas* away.
Pedan. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble. 631
Boyer. A light for Mounfier *Iudas*, it growes darke, he
 may stumble.
Queer. Alas poore *Machabeus*, how hath he bin bayted. 634

A pleasant concerted Comedie:

Enter Braggart.

Ber. Hidethy head Achilles, here comes Hector in Armes.

Duma. Though my mockes come home by me, I will
now be merrie.

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

Boyet. But is this Hector?

King. I thinke Hector was not so cleane timberd.

Long. His Legge is too bigge for Hectors.

Duman. More Calfe certaine.

Boye. No, he is best indued in the small.

Ber. This cannot be Hector.

Duma. Hee's a God or a Painter: for he makes faces.

Braggart. The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the almighty,
gaue Hector a gift.

Duma. A gift Nutmegg

Ber. A Lemmon.

Long. Stucke with Cloues.

Dum. No clouen.

Brag. Peace. The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the almighty,
Gaue Hector a gift, the heir of Illion,A man so breashed, that certaine he would fight; yea,
From morne till night out of his Paulion:

I am that Flower.

Dum. That Mint.

Long. That Cullambine.

Brag. Sweete Lord Longanill raine thy tongue.

Long. I must rather giue it the raine: for it runnes against
Hector.

Dum. I and Hector's a Greyhound.

Brag. The sweete War-man is dead and rotten,
Sweete chucks beat not the bones of the buried:

When he breathed he was a man

But I will forward with my deuice; sweete rovaltie bestow
on me the sence of hearing.

Berowne steps foorth.

Quee. Speake braue Hector, we are much delighted.

Brag. I do adore thy sweete Graces Slipper.

Boyet

called Loues Labor's lost.

Boyet. Loues her by the foote.

Dum. He may not by the yarde.

Brag. This Hector far surmounted Hanniball.

The partie is gone.

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

Brag. What meanest thou?

Clow. Faith vnlesse you play the honest Troyan, the poore wench is cast away: shee's quicke, the childe bragges in her bellie already: tis yours.

Brag. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates: Thou shalt die.

Clow. Then shall Hector be whipt for Iaquetta that is quicke by him, and hangd for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey.

Boyet. Renowned Pompey.

Bero. Greater then great, great, great, great Pompey: Pompey the hudge.

Dum. Hector trembles.

Bero. Pompey is mooued more Ates more Atees stir them or stir them on.

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Bero. I, if a' haue no more mans blood in his belly then w suppe a Flea.

Brag. By the North Pole I do challenge thee.

Clow. I will not fight with a Pole like a Northren man; Ile slash, Ile do it by the Sword: I bepray you let me borrow my Armes againe.

Dum. Roome for the incensed Worthies.

Clow. Ile do it in my shyrt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey.

Page. Maister, let me take you a button hole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is vncasing for the Combar: What meane you? you will loose your reputation.

Brag. Gentlemen and Souldiers, pardon me, I will not combat in my shyrt. (Ienge.

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

Brag. Sweete bloodes, I both may and will.

A pleasant conceited Comease.

715

Bero. What reason haue you fort.*Brag.* The naked truth of it is, I haue no Shirt.
I goe Woolward for pennance.

718

Boy. True, and it was iniointed him in Rome for want of
Linnen: since when, Ile be sworne he wore none, but a dish-
cloute of *Jaquenetta's*, and that a weares next his hart for a
Fauour,

722

Enter a Messenger Mounfier Marcado.

723

Marcad. God saue you Madame.*Quee.* Welcome *Marcado*, but that thou interruptest our
merriment.

725

Marcad. I am forrie Madame for the newes I bring
is heauic in my tongue. The King your father

728

Quee. Dead for my life.*Marcad.* Euen so: my tale is tolde.

730-1

Ber. Worthies away, the Scæne begins to cloude.*Brag.* For mine owne part I breath free breath: I haue
seene the day of wrong through the litle hole of discretion,
and I will right my selfe like a Souldier. *Exeunt Worthys*

735

King. How fares your Maiestie?*Quee.* Boyes prepare I will away to nyght.*King.* Madame Not so, I do beseech you stay.

739

Quee. Prepare I say: I thanke you gracious Lords
For all your faire endeouours and intreat:

741

Out of a new sad-soule, that you vouchsafe,

In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,

The liberall opposition of our spirites,

If ouerboldly we haue borne our selues,

In the conuerse of breath (your gentlenes

746

Was guyltie of it.) Farewell worthy Lord:

¶

A heauie hart beares not a humble tongue.

Excuse me so comming too short of thanks,

For my great sure, so easely obtainde.

750

King. The extreame partes of time extreamly formes,

All causes to the purpose of his speede:

752

And often at his very loose decides

That.

called Loues Labor's lost.

That, which long processe could not arbitrate,
 And though the mourning brow of progenie
 Forbid the smyling courtecie of Loue,
 The holy suite which saine it would conuince,
 Yet since Loues argument was first on foote,
 Let not the cloude of Sorrow iustle it
 From what it purposd, since to wayle friendes lost,
 Is not by much so holdsome profitable,
 As to reioyce at friendes but newly found.

Que. I vnderstand you not, my griefes are double.

Bero. Honest plaine words, best pearce the eare of griefe,
 And by these badges vnderstand the King,
 For your faire sakes, haue we neglected time.
 Plaide fouleplay with our othes; your beautie Ladies
 Hath much deformed vs, fashioning our humours
 Euen to the opposed end of our ententes.
 And what in vs hath seemed ridiculous:
 As Loue is full of vnbesitting straines,
 All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine.
 Formd by the eye, and therefore like the eye.
 Full of straying shapes, of habites and of formes:
 Varying in subiectes as the eye doth roule,
 To euery varied object in his glaunce:
 Which partie coted presence of loose loue
 Put on by vs, if in your heavenly eyes,
 Haue misbecombd our othes and grauities.
 Those heavenly eyes that looke into these faultes,
 Suggested vs to make, therefore Ladies
 Our loue being yours, the cirour that Loue makes
 Is likewise yours: we to our selues proue false,
 By being once falce, for euer to be true
 To those that make vs both faire Ladies you,
 And euen that falshood in it selfe a sinne,
 Thus purifies it selfe and turns to grace.

Que. We haue receiud your Letters, full of Loue:
 Your Fauours, embassadours of Loue.
 And in our mayden counsaile rated them,
 At courtshyp pleasant iest and courtecie,

754

758

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762

766

770

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774

778

782

786

¶

790

A pleasan: conceited Comedie.

791 As bombast and as lying to the time:
 But more deuout then this our respectes,
 794 Haue we not been, and therefore met your Loues,
 In their owne fashyon like a merriment,

Dum. Our letters madame, shewed much more then icst.

Long. So did our lookes.

796 *Rosa.* We did not cote them so.

King. Now at the latest minure of the houre,
 Graunt vs your loues.

798 *Quee.* A time me thinkes too short,
 To make a world-without-end bargaine in:
 No no my Lord, your Grace is periurde much,
 802 Full of deere guiltines, and therefore this,
 If for my Loue (as there is no such cause)
 You will do ought, this shall you do for me:
 Your oth I will not trust, but goe with speede
 806 To some forlorne and naked Hermytage,
 Remote from all the pleasurs of the world:
 There stay vntill the twelue Celestiall Signes
 Haue brought about the annuall reckoning.
 If this Austere insociable life,

810 Change not your offer made in heate of blood.
 If frostes and fastes, hard lodging, and thin weddes,
 Nip not the gaudie blossomes of your Loue:
 But that it beare this tryall, and last Loue,

814 Then at the expiration of the yeere,
 Come challenge me, challenge me by these desertes:
 And by this Virgin palme now kissing thine,
 I wilbe thine: and till that instance shutt
 818 My wofull selfe vp in a mourning house,
 Rayning the teares of lamentation,
 For the remembraunce of my Fathers death.
 If this thou do deny, let our handes part,
 822 Neither intiled in the others hart.

King. If this, or more then this, I would denie,
 To flatter vp these powers of mine with rest,
 The sodaine hand of death close vp mine eye,
 824 Hence herrite then my hart, is in thy brest.

called *Loues Labor's lost.*

Berow. And what to me my Loue? and what to me?

Rosal. You must be purged so, your sinnes are rackt.

You are attaint with faultes and periurie:

Therefore if you my fauour meane to get,

A tweluemonth shall you spende and neuer rest,

But seeke the weery beddes of people sicke.

Dumma. But what to me my Loue? but what to me?

Kath. A wife? a beard, faire health, and honestie,

With three folde loue I wish you all these three.

Dumma. O shall I say, I thanke you gentle Wife?

Kath. Not so my Lord, a tweluemonth and a day,

Ile marke no wordes that smothfast woocers say,

Come when the King doth to my Lady come:

Then if I haue much loue, Ile giue you some.

Dumma. Ile serue thee true and saychfully till then.

Kath. Yet sweare not, least ye be forsworne agen.

Longanill. What saies *Maria*?

Mari. At the tweluemonths ende,

Ile change my blacke Gowne for a faithfull frend.

Long. Ile stay with patience, but the time is long,

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

Berow. Studdies my Ladie? Mistres looke on me,

Beholde the window of my hart, mine eye:

What humble suite attendes thy answer there,

Impose some seruice on me for thy Loue.

Rosa. Oft haue I heard of you my Lord *Berowne*,

Before I saw you: and the worldes large tongue

Proclaymes you for a man repleat with mockes,

Full of compartisons and wounding floutes:

Which you on all estetes will execute,

That lie within the mercie of your wis:

To weede this wormewood from your fructfull braine,

And therewithall to winne me, yf you please,

Without the which I am not to be won:

You shall this tweluemonth terme from day to day,

Visite the speachlesse sicke, and still conuerse,

With groning wretches: and your taske shall be,

With all the fierce endeuour of your wit,

828 (see 847
864)

832

836

840

844

848

852

856

860

863

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

364

To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Berow. To moue wilde laughter in the throate of death?
It cannot be, it is impossible.

Mirth cannot moue a soule in agonie.

368

Rosal. Why thats the way to choake a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers giue to fooles,
A iestes prosperitie lies in the eare,

372

Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then if sickly eares
Deaft with the clamours of their owne deare grones,
Will heare your idle scornes; continue then,
And I will haue you, and that fault withall.

376

But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall finde you emptie of that fault,
Right ioyfull of your reformation.

380

Berow. A tweluemonth? well; befall what will befall,
Ile iest a tweluemonth in an Hospitall.

Queen. I sweete my Lord, and so I take my leaue.

King. No Madamé, we will bring you on your way.

384

Berow. Our wooing doth not ende like an olde Play:
Iacke hath not Gill: these Ladies courtesie
Might well haue made our sport a Comedie.

King. Come sir, it wants a tweluemonth an'aday,
And then will ende.

388

Berow. That's too long for a Play.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweete Maiestie vouchsafe me.

390

Queen. Was not that *Hector*?

Dum. The worthie Knight of *Troy*.

Brag. I will kisse thy royall finger, and take leaue.
I am a Votarie; I haue vowde to *Iaquenetta*

394

To holde the Plough for her sweete loue three yeere.
But most esteemed greatnes, will you heare the Dialogue
that the two Learned men haue compiled, in prayse of the
Owle and the Cuckow? it should haue followed in the

397

ende

called Loues Labor's lost.

ende of our shew.

King. Call them foorth quickly, we will do so.

Brag. Holla, Approch.

398

Enter all.

Brag. This side is *Hiems*, Winter.

This *Ver*, the Spring : The one mayntained by the Owle,
th'other by the Cuckow,

902

B. *Ver* begin.

The Song.

When Daffies pied, and Violets blew,

And Cuckow-budds of yellow hew:

And Ladi-smockes all siluer white,

Do paint the Meadowes with delight:

The Cuckow then on euerie tree,

Mocks married men; for thus singes hee,

Cuckow.

Cuckow, Cuckow : O word of feare,

Vnpleasing to a married care.

904

907

909

912

When Shepheards pipe on Oten Strawes,

And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens Clocks:

When Turtles tread and Rookes and Dawes,

And Maidens bleach their summer smockes :

The Cuckow then on euerie tree,

Mocks married men, for thus singes he,

Cuckow,

Cuckow, cuckow : O word of feare,

Vnpleasing to a married care.

916

918

921

Winter.

When Isacles hang by the wall,

And Dicke the Shepheard blows his naile:

And Thom beares Logges into the hall,

And Milke coms frozen home in paillet

When Blood is nipt, and wayes be full,

922

925

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

927

Then nightly sings the staring Owle
Tu-whit to-who.

930

A merrie note,
While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

931

When all aloude the winde doth blow,
And coughing drownes the Parsons saw;
And Birdes sit brooding in the Snow,
And Marrians nose lookes red and raw:
When roasted Crabbs hisse in the bowle,
Then nightly sings the staring Owle,
Tu-whit to-who,

934

936

939

A merrie note,
While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

941

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

FINIS.





PR
2750
B22
1880

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Loves labors lost

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