

LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹

FERDINAND, king of Navarre.

BIRON,

LONGAVILLE, } lords attending on the King.

DUMAIN,

BOYET, } lords attending on the Princess of France.

MERCADE,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, a fantastical Spaniard.

SIR NATHANIEL, a curate.

HOLOFERNES, a schoolmaster.

DULL, a constable.

COSTARD, a clown.

MOTH, page to Armado.

A Forester.

The PRINCESS of France.

ROSALINE,

MARIA, } ladies attending on the Princess.

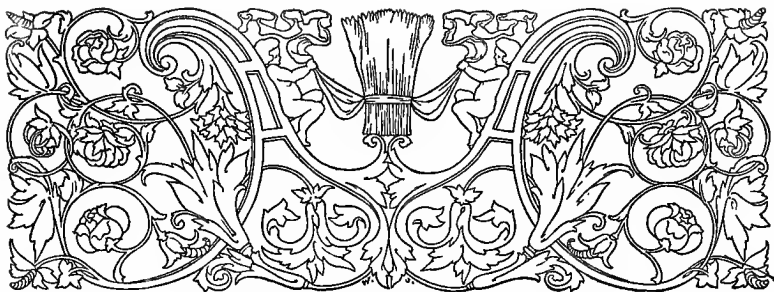
KATHARINE,

JAQUENETTA, a country wench.

Lords, Attendants, &c.

SCENE — *Navarre.*

¹ This play was first printed in quarto in 1598. The quarto edition was reprinted with trifling changes in the First Folio of 1623. A second quarto edition of 1631 reprints the First Folio version. No list of *dramatis personæ* is given in any of the early editions. This was first supplied by Rowe in his edition of Shakespeare's works, 1709. The first quarto does not divide the play into either acts or scenes. The First Folio divides it into acts alone. Rowe first subdivided the acts into scenes.

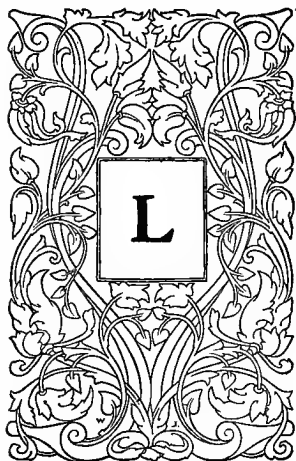


ACT FIRST—SCENE I—NAVARRE

A PARK, NEAR A PALACE

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN

KING



LET FAME, THAT ALL
hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen
tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace
of death ;
When, spite of cormorant de-
vouring Time,
The endeavour of this present
breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his
scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors, — for so you are,
That war against your own affections
And the huge army of the world's desires, —
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force :
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world ;
Our court shall be a little Academe,

10

Still and contemplative in living art.

You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here :

Your oaths are pass'd ; and now subscribe your
names,

That his own hand may strike his honour down

20

That violates the smallest branch herein :

If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,

Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

LONG. I am resolved ; 't is but a three years' fast :

The mind shall banquet, though the body pine :

Fat paunches have lean pates ; and dainty bits

Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

DUM. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified :

The grosser manner of these world's delights

He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves :

30

To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die ;

With all these living in philosophy.

BIRON. I can but say their protestation over ;

So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,

That is, to live and study here three years.

But there are other strict observances ;

As, not to see a woman in that term,

Which I hope well is not enrolled there ;

And one day in a week to touch no food,

And but one meal on every day beside,

40

The which I hope is not enrolled there ;

And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,

And not be seen to wink of all the day, —
When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day, —
Which I hope well is not enrolled there :
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep !

KING. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

BIRON. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please : 50
I only swore to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

LONG. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

BIRON. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the end of study ? let me know.

KING. Why, that to know, which else we should not
know.

BIRON. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from com-
mon sense ?

KING. Ay, that is study's god-like recompence.

BIRON. Come on, then ; I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know : 60
As thus, — to study where I well may dine,

When I to feast expressly am forbid ;
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid ;
Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.

43 *of all the day*] all the day long.

57 *common sense*] the light of nature ; cf. line 75, "the light of truth."

62 *feast*] Theobald's obviously correct emendation of the *fast* of the
earlier editions.

If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know :
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

KING. These be the stops that hinder study quite, 70
And train our intellects to vain delight.

BIRON. Why, all delights are vain ; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain :
As, painfully to pore upon a book

To seek the light of truth ; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look :

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile :
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed, 80

By fixing it upon a fairer eye ;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,

That will not be deep search'd with saucy looks :
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,

77-79 *Light, seeking . . . your eyes*] The sense is, that a man by too close study may read himself blind.

80-83 *Study me . . . blinded by*] When the eye has been dazzled or half-blinded by fixing its gaze on a "fairer eye," that "fairer eye" shall become its "heed," or lode-star, and give back to it the light of which it has been deprived. Cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, I, i, 183: "Your eyes are lode-stars."

Have no more profit of their shining nights 90

Than those that walk and wot not what they are.

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

And every godfather can give a name.

KING. How well he's read, to reason against reading!

DUM. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

LONG. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

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

DUM. How follows that?

BIRON. Fit in his place and time.

DUM. In reason nothing.

BIRON. Something, then, in rhyme.

KING. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost, 100
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

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

Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in any abortive birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose

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

But like of each thing that in season grows.

So you, to study now it is too late,

Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

KING. Well, sit you out : go home, Biron : adieu. 110

95 *Proceeded*] A quibble upon the academic use of this word for graduating.

110 *sit you out*] stand out, take no part ; an expression used in connection with indoor games.

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

And though I have for barbarism spoke more

Than for that angel knowledge you can say,

Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore,

And bide the penance of each three years' day

Give me the paper ; let me read the same ;

And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

KING. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame !

BIRON [*reads*]. "Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court," — Hath this been proclaimed ? 120

LONG. Four days ago.

BIRON. Let's see the penalty. [*Reads*] "on pain of losing her tongue." Who devised this penalty ?

LONG. Marry, that did I.

BIRON. Sweet lord, and why ?

LONG. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

BIRON. A dangerous law against gentility !

[*Reads*] "Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise." 130

This article, my liege, yourself must break ;

For well you know here comes in embassy

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

A maid of grace and complete majesty, —

About surrender up of Aquitaine

To her decrepit, sick, and bedrid father :

Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

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

BIRON. So study evermore is overshot : 140
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should ;
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'T is won as towns with fire, so won, so lost.

KING. We must of force dispense with this decree ;
She must lie here on mere necessity.

BIRON. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space ;
For every man with his affects is born,
Not by might master'd, but by special grace : 150
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on "mere necessity."

So to the laws at large I write my name : [*Subscribes.*]

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

Suggestions are to other as to me ;
But I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted ?

KING. Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is
haunted 160

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

147-158 *Necessity . . . his oath*] These twelve lines are formed of two six-ains, or six-line stanzas, rhyming *ababcc* (cf. IV, iii, 210-215, *infra*). This is the metre of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, and of much narrative verse of the period. It is rarely used in drama.

That hath a mint of phrases in his brain ;
 One whom the music of his own vain tongue
 Doth ravish like enchanting harmony ;
 A man of complements, whom right and wrong
 Have chose as umpire of their mutiny :
 This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
 For interim to our studies, shall relate,
 In high-born words, the worth of many a knight 170
 From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
 How you delight, my lords, I know not, I ;
 But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
 And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

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

LONG. Costard the swain and he shall be our sport ;
 And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL with a letter, and COSTARD

DULL. Which is the Duke's own person ?

BIRON. This, fellow : what wouldst ? 180

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

BIRON. This is he.

DULL. Signior Arme — Arme — commends you.
 There's villany abroad : this letter will tell you more.

182 *tharborough*] third-borough, constable. Thus the First Folio.
 The first quarto reads *Farborough*, doubtless by way of reproduc-
 ing the constable's mispronunciation.

SCENE I LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

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

KING. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

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

190

LONG. A high hope for a low heaven : God grant us patience !

BIRON. To hear ? or forbear laughing ?

LONG. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately ; or to forbear both.

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

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

BIRON. In what manner ?

200

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

BIRON. For the following, sir ?

COST. As it shall follow in my correction : and God defend the right !

KING. Will you hear this letter with attention ?

210

BIRON. As we would hear an oracle.

199 *taken with the manner*] “in flagrante delicto.” According to Cowell’s Law Dictionary (1607), “Mainour alias manour . . . in a legal sense denoteth the thing that a thief taketh or stealeth ; as to be *taken with the mainour* is to be taken with the thing stolen about him.”

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

KING [*reads*]. "Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's god, and body's fostering patron." —

COST. Not a word of Costard yet.

KING [*reads*]. "So it is," —

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

220

KING. Peace!

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

KING. No words!

COST. Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

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

237

236 *curious-knotted*] with flower-beds intersecting one another with some complication. Cf. Lyly's *Euphues*, in *Works*, ed. R. W. Bond, i, 187: "Gardeiners who in their *curious knottes* mixe Hisoppe wyth Time."

COST. Me ?

KING [*reads*]. "that unlettered small-knowing soul," —

COST. Me ?

240

KING [*reads*]. "that shallow vassal," —

COST. Still me ?

KING [*reads*]. "which, as I remember, hight Costard," —

COST. O, me !

KING [*reads*]. "sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, which with, — O, with — but with this I passion to say wherewith," —

COST. With a wench.

248

KING [*reads*]. "with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female ; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I, as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on, have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet Grace's officer, Anthony Dull ; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation."

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

KING [*reads*]. "For Jaquenetta, — so is the weaker vessel called which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain, — I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury ; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliment of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty. DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

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

261

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

255, 256 *vessel*] The word is used as in the New Testament ; both the lines in which it figures echo scriptural phrases. Cf. "the weaker vessel" 1 *Peter*, i, 7 ; and "the vessels of wrath," *Rom.* ix, 22.

COST. Sir, I confess the wench.

KING. Did you hear the proclamation?

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

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

COST. I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damsel. 271

KING. Well, it was proclaimed damsel.

COST. This was no damsel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

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

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

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

COST. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

KING. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water. 280

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

KING. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.
My Lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er:
And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumain.]

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

Sirrah, come on. 289

COST. I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is, I was

SCENE II LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl ;
and, therefore, welcome the sour cup of prosperity !
Affliction may one day smile again ; and till then, sit
thee down, sorrow ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II — THE SAME

Enter ARMADO and MOTH his Page

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

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

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

MOTH. No, no ; O Lord, sir, no.

ARM. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy,
my tender juvenal ?

MOTH. By a familiar demonstration of the working,
my tough senior. 10

ARM. Why tough senior ? why tough senior ?

MOTH. Why tender juvenal ? why tender juvenal ?

ARM. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epi-
theton appertaining to thy young days, which we may
nominate tender.

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

ARM. Pretty and apt.

MOTH. How mean you, sir ? I pretty, and my say-
ing apt ? or I apt, and my saying pretty ? 20

ARM. Thou pretty, because little.

MOTH. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt ?

ARM. And therefore apt, because quick.

MOTH. Speak you this in my praise, master ?

ARM. In thy condign praise.

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

ARM. What, that an eel is ingenious ?

MOTH. That an eel is quick.

ARM. I do say thou art quick in answers : thou heat-
est my blood.

30

MOTH. I am answered, sir.

ARM. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. [*Aside*] He speaks the mere contrary ; crosses
love not him.

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

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

ARM. Impossible.

MOTH. How many is one thrice told ?

ARM. I am ill at reckoning ; it fitteth the spirit of a
tapster.

41

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

ARM. I confess both : they are both the varnish of a
complete man.

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

ARM. It doth amount to one more than two.

MOTH. Which the base vulgar do call three.

ARM. True.

33 *crosses*] The pun here turns on the use of the word in the sense of
money, *i. e.* coins stamped with a *cross*.

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

ARM. A most fine figure!

MOTH. To prove you a cipher.

ARM. I will hereupon confess I am in love: and as it
 is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base
 wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of
 affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought
 of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to ⁶⁰
 any French courtier for a new-devised courtesy. I think
 scorn to sigh: methinks I should outswear Cupid. Com-
 fort me, boy: what great men have been in love?

MOTH. Hercules, master.

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

53 *the dancing horse*] A reference to a clever performing horse known
 as *Marocco* or *Morocco*, which was for many years towards the end
 of the sixteenth century exhibited in London and the chief cities
 of England and the continent by its master, a Staffordshire man,
 named Bankes. Numerous references to the animal's powers of
 dancing and of solving arithmetical puzzles, to which allusion is
 made in the text, figure in contemporary literature. Cf. Hall's
Satires, Bk. IV, satire 2, "strange *Morocco's* dumb arithmetic," and
 Bastard's *Chrestoleros*, 1598, Bk. III, Epigram 17:

"Bankes hath an horse of wondrous qualitie,
 For he can fight *and daunce* and lie."

MOTH. Samson, master : he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter : and he was in love. 70

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

MOTH. A woman, master.

ARM. Of what complexion ?

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

ARM. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

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

ARM. Is that one of the four complexions ?

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

ARM. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers ; but to have a love of that color, methinks Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

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

ARM. My love is most immaculate white and red.

76 *complexion*] Used in the double sense of "colour of the face" and "humour" or "temperament" of the body. The humours or temperaments were held in contemporary medicine to be *four* in number, viz. : the phlegmatic, choleric, sanguine, and melancholy, and all were credited with distinguishing hues. No complexion (in the sense of "humour") was, of course, of a "sea-water green" colour. But an ordinary symptom of chlorosis, or the "green sickness," from which young growing girls suffered, was a pale, greenish complexion.

86 *green wit*] There may be a punning reference here to the *green withes* wherewith Delilah bound Samson. Cf. *Judges* xvi, 7, 8.

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

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

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

ARM. Sweet invocation of a child ; most pretty and pathological !

MOTH. If she be made of white and red,
 Her faults will ne'er be known ;
 For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
 And fears by pale white shown :
 Then if she fear, or be to blame,
 By this you shall not know ; 100
 For still her cheeks possess the same
 Which native she doth owe.

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

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

MOTH. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since : but, I think, now 't is not to be found ; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune. 110

ARM. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I

106 *King . . . Beggar*] The ballad of King Cophetua's courtship of the beggar-maid figured in Richard Johnson's *The Crown-Garland*, 1612, under the title of "A Song of a Beggar and a King." The piece is included in Percy's *Reliques* (1877), I, 189-194. Shakespeare refers to the story again (*infra*, IV, i, 64 *seq.*); and in *Rom. and Jul.*, II, i, 14. King Cophetua is mentioned in *2 Hen. IV*, V, iii, 106.

may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard : she deserves well.

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

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

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

ARM. I say, sing.

MOTH. Forbear till this company be past. 120

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA

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

ARM. I do betray myself with blushing. Maid.

JAQ. Man.

ARM. I will visit thee at the lodge.

JAQ. That's hereby.

ARM. I know where it is situate. 130

JAQ. Lord, how wise you are !

ARM. I will tell thee wonders.

JAQ. With that face ?

ARM. I love thee.

JAQ. So I heard you say.

ARM. And so, farewell.

JAQ. Fair weather after you !

DULL. Come, Jaquenetta, away !

[Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.]

SCENE II LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

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

140

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

ARM. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

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

ARM. Take away this villain ; shut him up.

MOTH. Come, you transgressing slave ; away !

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

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

150

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

MOTH. What shall some see ?

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

[*Exeunt Moth and Costard.*]

149 *fast and loose*] A cheating game much practised by gipsies, and sometimes called "pricking at the belt." Separate strips of leather were so arranged on a table as to present the appearance of a belt in a single piece. The player was invited to thrust a skewer into the leather so as to attach it to the table on which it was placed, and bets were laid whether he would make the pretended belt fast or loose. Cf. *infra*, III, i, 97, and *Ant. and Cleop.*, IV, xii, 28. ["She, Like a right gipsy hath at *fast and loose* Beguiled me."]

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

174

[Exit.]

167 *first and second cause*] "Cause" was often used in the technical sense of ground for a challenge to a duel. The various "causes" which were formally recognized by duellists are described in *Vincentio Saviolo His Practise, in two Bookes. The first intreating of the use of the Rapier and Dagger. The second, of honor and honorable quarrels.* 1595. Touchstone in *As You Like It*, V, iv, 49, speaks of quarrelling upon "the seventh cause."



ACT SECOND—SCENE I—THE SAME

*Enter the PRINCESS OF FRANCE, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE,
BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants*

BOYET



OW, MADAM, SUMMON
up your dearest spirits :
Consider who the king your
father sends ;
To whom he sends ; and what 's
his embassy :
Yourself, held precious in the
world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man
may owe,
Matchless Navarre ; the plea of
no less weight

Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As Nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

10

PRIN. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,

Needs not the painted flourish of your praise :
 Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
 Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues :
 I am less proud to hear you tell my worth
 Than you much willing to be counted wise
 In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
 But now to task the tasker : good Boyet, 20
 You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
 Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
 Till painful study shall outwear three years,
 No woman may approach his silent court :
 Therefore to 's seemeth it a needful course,
 Before we enter his forbidden gates,
 To know his pleasure ; and in that behalf,
 Bold of your worthiness, we single you
 As our best-moving fair solicitor.
 Tell him, the daughter of the King of France, 30
 On serious business craving quick dispatch,
 Importunes personal conference with his Grace :
 Haste, signify so much ; while we attend,
 Like humble-visaged suitors, his high will.

BOYET. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

PRIN. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.

[*Exit Boyet.*]

Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
 That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke ?

FIRST LORD. Lord Longaville is one.

PRIN. Know you the man ?

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

SCENE I LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
 Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
 In Normandy, saw I this Longaville :
 A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd ;
 Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms :
 Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
 The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
 If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,
 Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will ;
 Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills 50
 It should none spare that come within his power.

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

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

PRIN. Such short-lived wits do wither as they grow.
 Who are the rest ?

KATH. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd
 youth,

Of all that virtue love for virtue loved :
 Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill ;
 For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
 And shape to win grace, though he had no wit. 60
 I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once ;
 And much too little of that good I saw
 Is my report to his great worthiness.

ROS. Another of these students at that time
 Was there with him, if I have heard a truth.

42 *Jaques*] A dissyllable, with the accent on the first syllable: *sol-
 emnized* is here a quadrisyllable, with accents on the second and
 fourth syllables.

57 *Of all . . . loved*] Loved for virtue by all those who have regard
 for virtue.

SCENE 1 LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, *and* ATTENDANTS.

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

PRIN. "Fair" I give you back again; and "welcome"
I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be
yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

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

PRIN. I will be welcome, then: conduct me thither.

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

PRIN. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

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

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

KING. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is. 100

PRIN. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping:
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it.

But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold:
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

KING. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may. 110

PRIN. You will the sooner, that I were away;
For you'll prove perjured, if you make me stay.

98-99 *will . . . will*] A quibble on two of the varied contemporary meanings of "will," which in line 98 is used synonymously with "free consent," as in "willingly," and in line 99, with the equally common signification of "sensual desire." In line 211 "will" is used in the sense of "strength of will," or resolve. Shakespeare makes abundant play with the word in his *Sonnets*, cxxxv-vi.

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

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

BIRON. I know you did.

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

BIRON. You must not be so quick.

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

BIRON. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 't will tire.

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

120

BIRON. What time o' day ?

ROS. The hour that fools should ask.

BIRON. Now fair befall your mask !

ROS. Fair fall the face it covers !

BIRON. And send you many lovers !

ROS. Amen, so you be none.

BIRON. Nay, then will I be gone.

KING. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns ;

129 *a hundred thousand crowns*] Hunter first pointed out an authentic incident in fifteenth-century French history which somewhat resembles the negotiation described in this speech. Before his death in 1425, according to Monstrelet's Chronicle, Charles, King of Navarre, surrendered certain lands to Charles VII, King of France, in exchange for certain other lands and the payment of *two hundred thousand crowns*. In the play the hero is the son of the King of Navarre who made this bargain, and he claims the payment in full of the *two hundred thousand crowns*. The princess asserts that the whole debt is already discharged. Shakespeare very liberally adapts the historic episode to his dramatic purpose.

Being but the one half of an entire sum 130
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say that he or we, as neither have,
Received that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more ; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If, then, the king your father will restore
But that one-half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitaine,
And hold fair friendship with his Majesty. 140
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
A hundred thousand crowns ; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitaine ;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitaine so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make 150
A yielding 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.

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

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

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

KING. Satisfy me so.

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

KING. It shall suffice me : at which interview
 All liberal reason I will yield unto.
 Meantime receive such welcome at my hand
 As honour, without breach of honour, may
 Make tender of to thy true worthiness : 170
 You may not come, fair princess, in my gates ;
 But here without you shall be so received
 As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,
 Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
 Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell :
 To-morrow shall we visit you again.

PRIN. Sweet health and fair desires consort your Grace !

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

[*Exit.*

BIRON. Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.

ROS. Pray you, do my commendations ; I would be
 glad to see it. 181

BIRON. I would you heard it groan

ROS. Is the fool sick ?

BIRON. Sick at the heart.

ROS. Alack, let it blood.

BIRON. Would that do it good?

ROS. My physics say "ay."

BIRON. Will you prick 't with your eye?

ROS. No point, with my knife.

BIRON. Now, God save thy life!

190

ROS. And yours from long living!

BIRON. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [Retiring.]

DUM. Sir, I pray you, a word: what lady is that same?

BOYET. The heir of Alençon, Katharine her name.

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

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

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

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

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

LONG. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

200

BOYET. Her mother's I have heard.

LONG. God's blessing on your beard!

BOYET. Good sir, be not offended.

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

189 *No point*] A play on the French negative particle. Cf. Cotgrave, *Fr.-Engl. Dict.*, 1611: "*Point*, an adverbe, not, no one jote, by no meanes, in no manner, not at all." Characters speaking broken English on the Elizabethan stage freely used "no point" for "no."

198 *light in the light*] wanton in the light.

LONG. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

BOYET. Not unlike, sir, that may be. [*Exit Long.*]

BIRON. What's her name in the cap?

BOYET. Rosaline, by good hap.

BIRON. Is she wedded or no? 210

BOYET. To her will, sir, or so.

BIRON. You are welcome, sir : adieu.

BOYET. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.
[Exit Biron.]

MAR. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord:
Not a word with him but a jest.

BOYET. And every jest but a word.

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

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

MAR. Two hot sheeps, marry.

BOYET. And wherefore not ships?

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

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

211 *To her will*] see note on lines 98–99.

218 *sheeps* . . . *ships*) "Sheep" in Elizabethan English was pronounced "ship," as it often is in provincial English nowadays; for a like play upon the two words cf. *Two Gent.*, I, i, 72, 73, and *Com. of Errors*, IV, i, 94, 95 (The *Ship* Street of Oxford and of other inland English cities was originally *Sheep* Street). Boyet's query naturally issues from the nautical figure of "grapple" and "board" in his previous remark.

BOYET. So you grant pasture for me. [*Offering to kiss her.*]

MAR. Not so, gentle beast :

My lips are no common, though several they be.

BOYET. Belonging to whom ?

MAR. To my fortunes and me.

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

This civil war of wits were much better used

On Navarre and his book-men ; for here 't is abused.

BOYET. If my observation, which very seldom
lies,

By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes,

Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

PRIN. With what ?

230

BOYET. With that which we lovers entitle affected.

PRIN. Your reason ?

BOYET. Why, all his behaviours did make their
retire

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire ;

His heart, like an agate, with your print impress'd,

Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd :

222 *My lips . . . be*] Maria jests carelessly with familiar legal terms — “common,” or land in public or common ownership, and “several,” or land in private or separate ownership — which the mention of “pasture” suggests. Maria says punningly that her lips are not common land open for everybody to pasture ; though they are more than one (*i. e.* several), they constitute a private or separate domain. For the antithesis between “common” and “several,” cf. *Sonnet cxxxvii*, 9–10.

235 *like an agate*] Little figures were often carved on agates set in rings or brooches.

His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
 Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be ;
 All senses to that sense did make their repair,
 To feel only looking on fairest of fair : 240
 Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
 As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy ;
 Who, tendering their own worth from where they were
 glass'd,

Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd :
 His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
 That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.
 I'll give you Aquitaine, and all that is his,
 An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

PRIN. Come to our pavilion : Boyet is disposed.

BOYET. But to speak that in words which his eye
 hath disclosed. 250

I only have made a mouth of his eye,
 By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

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

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

237 *all impatient . . . see*] Thoroughly angry at only being able to speak, and at being unable to perform the function of eyes.

245 *margent*] In *Rom. and Jul.*, I, iii, 81-92, a lover's face is likened to a volume with comments "written in the margent of his eyes." The margins of books were often crowded with illustrative quotations.

249 *disposed*] *sc.* to merriment, as *infra*, V, ii, 466. Cf. *Tw. Night*, II, iii, 87.

SCENE I LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

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

BOYET. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

MAR. No.

BOYET. What then, do you see ?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

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



ACT THIRD — SCENE I — THE SAME

Enter ARMADO and MOTH

ARMADO



WARBLE, CHILD; MAKE
passionate my sense of hearing.

MOTH. Concolinel. [*Singing.*

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

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

ARM. How meanest thou? brawling in French?

3 *Concolinel*] Probably the refrain of the song sung by Moth. The sound of the word, coupled with the reference to a *French* brawl at line 7, suggests that the song was French. The word may be a corruption of "quand colinelle." Far-fetched endeavours have been made to identify it with an Irish air, — "Calen o Custure me," — which is frequently mentioned in Elizabethan literature, and is quoted by Pistol in *Hen. V*, IV, iv, 4.

7-8 *a French brawl*] a French dance resembling a cotillon.

MOTH. No, my complete master : but to jig off a ¹⁰
tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet,
humour it with turning up your eyelids, sigh a note and
sing a note, sometime through the throat, as if you swal-
lowed love with singing love, sometime through the
nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love ; with
your hat penthouse-like o'er the shop of your eyes ;
with your arms crossed on your thin-belly doublet, like
a rabbit on a spit ; or your hands in your pocket, like a
man after the old painting ; and keep not too long in
one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements,
these are humours ; these betray nice wenches, that ²⁰
would be betrayed without these ; and make them men
of note — do you note me ? — that most are affected to
these

ARM. How hast thou purchased this experience ?

MOTH. By my penny of observation.

ARM. But O, — but O, —

MOTH. "The hobby-horse is forgot."

11 *canary*] dance the lively Spanish dance, which owed its name to
the belief that it was derived from the aborigines of the Canary
Islands.

15 *penthouse-like*] like an overhanging or projecting roof over a shop
window.

26 "*The hobby-horse is forgot*"] Doubtless a quotation from a popular
song lamenting the decay, under Puritan influence, of May-day or
morris dances, in which the "hobby-horse" — a man or boy with
a wicker frame resembling a horse's body fastened about his waist
— played a prominent part. Cf. *Hamlet*, III, ii, 130 : "For O, for
O, the hobby-horse is forgot." The phrase is often found in the
Elizabethan dramatists.

ARM. Callest thou my love "hobby-horse"?

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

30

ARM. Almost I had.

MOTH. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

ARM. By heart and in heart, boy.

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

ARM. What wilt thou prove?

MOTH. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot 40 enjoy her.

ARM. I am all these three.

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

ARM. Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter.

MOTH. A message well sympathized; a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

ARM. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

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

50

ARM. The way is but short: away!

28-29 *the hobby-horse . . . hackney*] "Hobby-horse" and "hackney" were both terms applied to a woman of loose character. "Colt" is here used in the sense of "lascivious fellow."

SCENE I LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

MOTH. As swift as lead, sir.

ARM. The meaning, pretty ingenious?

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

MOTH. Minimè, honest master; or rather, master, no.

ARM. I say lead is slow.

MOTH. You are too swift, sir, to say so:
Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?

ARM. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!

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

MOTH. Thump, then, and I flee. [*Exit.* 60]

ARM. A most acute juvenal; volable and free of
 grace!

By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH *with* COSTARD

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

ARM. Some enigma, some riddle: come, thy l'envoy;
 begin.

COST. No egma, no riddle, no l'envoy; no salve in
the mail, sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain! no
l'envoy, no l'envoy; no salve, sir, but a plantain!

67-68 *no salve in the mail*] no curative ointment in the boy's wallet, or pack. The Quartos and First Folio read obscurely *in thee male*, for which the Second Folio substituted *in the male* (*i. e.*, mail, budget, wallet). Malone adopted the reading which is adopted here. Perhaps a simpler change would be *in them all*.

ARM. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly 70
thought my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes
me to ridiculous smiling. O, pardon me, my stars!
Doth the inconsiderate take salve for l'envoy, and the
word l'envoy for a salve?

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

ARM. No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to
make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.
I will example it:

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

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

MOTH. I will add the l'envoy. Say the moral again. 80

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

MOTH. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.

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

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

90

75 *l'envoy a salve*] "Envoy" is the concluding stanza of a ballade or short poem, and often took the form of a propitiatory address to a patron. Here it implies unctuous flattery. There is a quibble on the meaning of *salve*, which stands both for a "curative ointment" and the Latin greeting of welcome and farewell.

78-86] These nine lines are only found in the First Quarto; they are omitted from all the other early editions.

ARM. Until the goose came out of door,
 Staying the odds by adding four.

MOTH. A good l'envoy, ending in the goose: would
you desire more?

COST. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose,
 that's flat.

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see; a fat l'envoy; ay, that's a fat goose.

ARM. Come hither, come hither. How did this argu-
 ment begin?

MOTH. By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the l'envoy. 101

COST. True, and I for a plantain: thus came your
 argument in;

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

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

MOTH. I will tell you sensibly.

COST. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth: I will speak
that l'envoy:

 I Costard, running out, that was safely within, 110
 Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

ARM. We will talk no more of this matter.

COST. Till there be more matter in the shin.

ARM. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

95 *sold him a bargain*] made a fool of him.

97 *fast and loose*] See note *supra*, I, ii, 149.

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

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

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

ARM. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: bear this significant [*giving a letter*] to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents Moth, follow. 121

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

COST. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew! [*Exit Moth.* 128

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

Enter BIRON

BIRON. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

128 *Jew*] Probably a colloquial abbreviation of jewel. Cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, III, i, 85, "most lovely *Jew*."

133 *French crown*] The slang term for venereal disease, which produced baldness.

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

BIRON. What is a remuneration ?

COST. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

BIRON. Why, then, three-farthing worth of silk. 140

COST. I thank your worship : God be wi' you !

BIRON. Stay, slave ; I must employ thee :
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

COST. When would you have it done, sir ?

BIRON. This afternoon.

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

BIRON. Thou knowest not what it is.

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

BIRON. Why, villain, thou must know first. 150

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

BIRON. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave,
it is but this :

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady ;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her : ask for her ;
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon ; go. 159

[Giving him a shilling.]

159 *guerdon*] In a tract *A health to the gentlemanly profession of serving men*, by I. M., which was published in 1598, there is the same anecdote of a servant receiving from one patron three farthings, which he calls *remuneration*, and from another patron a shilling, which he calls *guerdon*. The pamphleteer was probably echoing Shakespeare.

COST. Gardon, O sweet gardon! better than remuneration, a 'leven-pence farthing better: most sweet gardon! I will do it, sir, in print. Gardon! Remuneration! [Exit.

BIRON. And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh;

A critic, nay, a night-watch constable;

A domineering pedant o'er the boy;

Than whom no mortal so magnificent!

This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;

Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,

The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,

Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,

Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,

Sole imperator and great general

Of trotting 'paritors: — O my little heart! —

And I to be a corporal of his field,

And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!

What! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!

A woman, that is like a German clock,

Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,

And never going aright, being a watch,

But being watch'd that it may still go right!

165 *beadle*] A beadle's functions included that of whipping offenders.

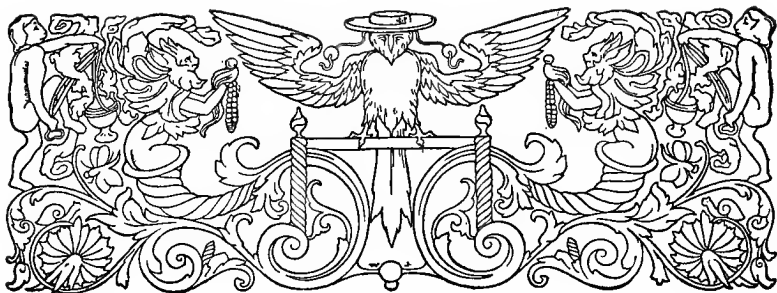
174 *plackets . . . codpieces*] men and women, from distinctive features of their attire.

178 *colours . . . hoop*] A tumbler's hoop was ornamented with coloured ribbons.

Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all ;
And, among three, to love the worst of all ;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes ;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard :
And I to sigh for her ! to watch for her !
To pray for her ! Go to ; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and groan :
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [Exit.

190

186 *whitely*] The first Quarto and First Folio read *whitly*, which stands apparently for "whitely," *i. e.*, whitish pale, pasty-faced. The epithet does not seem very appropriate to the dark complexion, with which Biron's lady love is credited. The suggested reading *mightly*, *i. e.*, witchlike, freakish, nimble, is worth considering.



ACT FOURTH—SCENE I—THE SAME

Enter the PRINCESS, and her train, a FORESTER, BOYET, ROSALINE, MARIA, and KATHARINE

PRINCESS



AS THAT THE KING, THAT
spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the
hill?

BOYET. I know not; but I
think it was not he.

PRIN. Whoe'er a' was, a' showed
a mounting mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have
our dispatch:

On Saturday we will return to
France.

Then, forester, my friend, where
is the bush

That we must stand and play the murderer in?

FOR. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;

A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.

10

10 *stand*] A technical term in hunting for the huntsmen's station or
hiding-place in the bushes, from which he takes aim at the quarry.

[46]

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

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

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

O short-lived pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

FOR. Yes, madam, fair.

PRIN. Nay, never paint me now:

Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

Here, good my glass, take this for telling true:

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

FOR. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

20

PRIN. See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit!

O heresy in fair, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.

But come, the bow: now mercy goes to kill,

And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:

Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;

If wounding, then it was to show my skill,

That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.

And, out of question, so it is sometimes,

30

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,

When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,

We bend to that the working of the heart;

As I for praise alone now seek to spill

The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Cf. *M. Wives*, V, v, 221-222, "I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced."

BOYET. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

PRIN. Only for praise: and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord. 40

BOYET. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Enter COSTARD

COST. God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the
head lady?

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

COST. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

PRIN. The thickest and the tallest.

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

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should
be fit. 50

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

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

COST. I have a letter from Monsieur Biron to one
Lady Rosaline.

PRIN. O, thy letter, thy letter! he's a good friend of
mine:

36-38 *Do not curst wives . . . lords?*] Do not shrewish wives regard
the display of self-control merely as a pretence, as a way of win-
ning the good opinion of onlookers, while they are striving to
bring their husbands into subjection?

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

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

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

BOYET [*reads*]. By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infal- 60
lible ; true, that thou art beauteous ; truth itself, that thou art
lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer
than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal ! The
magnanimous and most illustrious king Cophetua set eye upon the
pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon ; and he it was that
might rightly say, Veni, vidi, vici ; which to annothanize in the
vulgar, — O base and obscure vulgar ! — videlicet, He came, saw,
and overcame : he came, one ; saw, two ; overcame, three. Who
came ? the king : why did he come ? to see : why did he see ? to
overcome : to whom came he ? to the beggar : what saw he ? the
beggar : who overcame he ? the beggar. The conclusion is victory : 70
on whose side ? the king's. The captive is enriched : on whose
side ? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial : on whose side ?
the king's : no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king ;
for so stands the comparison : thou the beggar ; for so witnesseth
thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love ? I may : shall I enforce
thy love ? I could : shall I entreat thy love ? I will. What shalt

56 *capon*] love-letter, in the sense of the French "pullet." Cf. Cot-
grave, *Fr.-Engl. Dict.* : "*Pullet*, a chicken, also a love letter or
love message." "Break up" was often used in the sense of
"carve."

64 *Cophetua*] See note *supra*, I, ii, 106. In the ballad the beggar's
name is given as "Penelophon."

thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles; for thyself? me.
Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes
on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part. Thine, in the
dearest design of industry, DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO. 80

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey.
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

PRIN. What plume of feathers is he that indited this
letter?
What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear
better?
BOYET. I am much deceived but I remember the style.
PRIN. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile. 90
BOYET. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here
in court;
A phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the prince and his bookmates.

92 *a Monarcho*] A half-witted Italian, who frequented Queen Elizabeth's court at this period, was known by this name. Thomas Churchyard in his poetic miscellany, *A pleasaunte Laborinth called Churchyardes Chance* (1596), has a poem, headed "The Phantas-ticall Monarkes Epitaphe," which quaintly describes the man's pompous speech and carriage. According to Reginald Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 54, "the Italian whom we call in England *the Monarch*" laboured under the delusion that he owned all the ships arriving in the port of London.

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

COST. I told you ; my lord.

PRIN. To whom shouldst thou give it ?

COST. From my lord to my lady.

PRIN. From which lord to which lady ?

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

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

[*To Ros.*] Here, sweet, put up this : 't will be thine an-
other day. [*Exeunt Princess and train.* 100

BOYET. Who is the suitor ? who is the suitor ?

ROS. Shall I teach you to know ?

BOYET. Ay, my continent of beauty.

ROS. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off !

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

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

Finely put on !

ROS. Well, then, I am the shooter.

BOYET. And who is your deer ?

ROS. If we choose by the horns, yourself come not near.

Finely put on, indeed !

MAR. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she
strikes at the brow. 110

101 *suitors*] All the early copies read *Shooter*, which Steevens first changed to *suitors*. The verbal quips which follow depend on the similarity in pronunciation of these two words.

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

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

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

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

BOYET. An I cannot, cannot, cannot, 120
 An I cannot, another can.

[Exeunt Ros. and Kath.]

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

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

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

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

MAR. Wide o' the bow-hand! i' faith, your hand is out.

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

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

125-129 *prick . . . clout . . . pin*] These words all refer to the centre or bull's eye of the target. The "clout" seems to have been a square white mark, kept in position by a "pin" or wooden nail.

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

MAR. Come, come, you talk greasily ; your lips grow foul.

COST. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir : challenge her to bowl. 130

BOYET. I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt Boyet and Maria.*]

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

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

And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit ! 140

Ah, heavens, it is a most pathological nit !

Sola, sola !

[*Shout within.*
[Exit Costard, running.]

SCENE II — THE SAME

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL

NATH. Very reverend sport, truly ; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

HOL. The deer was, as you know, sanguis, in blood ;

3 in blood] in perfect condition. Cf. *1 Hen. VI*, IV, ii, 48 :

If we be English deer, be then *in blood*.

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

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

HOL. Sir Nathaniel, haud credo.

10

DULL. 'T was not a haud credo ; 't was a pricket.

HOL. Most barbarous intimation ! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, in via, in way, of explication ; facere, as it were, replication, or, rather, ostentare, to show, as it were, his inclination, after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or, rather, unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion, to insert again my haud credo for a deer.

DULL. I said the deer was not a haud credo ; 't was a pricket.

HOL. Twice-sod simplicity, bis coctus !

20

O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look !

NATH. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book ;

9 *a buck of the first head*] Here, as in ll. 11, 19, and 46 ("pricket"), ll. 55-59 ("sore"), and ll. 56-58 ("sorel"), allusion is made to the various appellations applied to deer according to their ages. Cf. *The Return from Parnassus*, 1602, ed. Macray, Act II, Sc. v, p. 107 : "A Bucke of the first yeare is a fawne ; the second yeare, a *Pricket* ; the third year, a *Sorell* ; the fourth yeare, a *Sore* ; the fift, a *Buck of the first head* ; the sixt yeare, a compleat Buck."

SCENE II LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

he hath not eat paper, as it were ; he hath not drunk ink :
his intellect is not replenished ; he is only an animal, only
sensible in the duller parts :

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

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

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

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

But omne bene, say I ; being of an old father's mind, 30
Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.

DULL. You two are book-men : can you tell me by
your wit

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

HOL. Dictynna, goodman Dull ; Dictynna, goodman
Dull.

DULL. What is Dictynna ?

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

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

And raught not to five weeks when he came to five-
score.

The allusion holds in the exchange.

34 *Dictynna*] A name bestowed by Ovid on Diana. Cf. *Metamorphoses*,
II, 441, translated by Golding thus : —

“ Dictynna garded with her traine and prou'd of killing Deere.”

DULL. 'Tis true indeed ; the collusion holds in the 40
exchange.

HOL. God comfort thy capacity ! I say, the allusion
holds in the exchange.

DULL. And I say, the pollution holds in the ex-
change ; for the moon is never but a month old : and I
say beside that, 't was a pricket that the princess killed.

HOL. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal
epitaph on the death of the deer ? And, to humour the
ignorant, call I the deer the princess killed a pricket.

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

HOL. I will something affect the letter, for it argues
facility.

The preylful princess pierced and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket ;

Some say a sore ; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell : put L to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket ;

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

If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores one sorel.

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

NATH. A rare talent!

60

DULL. [*Aside*] If a talent be a claw, look how he claws
him with a talent.

HOL. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple ; a
foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes,

52 *affect the letter*] employ alliteration.

60 *a rare talent*] A play on the words "talent" and "talon." The lat-
ter was often spelt "talent." Cf. Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse*, 1595,
Sig. F 4 : "The Lion without tongue, taile or *talents*."

SCENE II LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions : these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

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

HOL. Mehercle, if their sons be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction ; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them : but *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur* ; a soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD

JAQ. God give you good morrow, master Parson.

HOL. Master Parson, quasi pers-on. An if one should be pierced, which is the one ? 80

COST. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likeliest to a hogshead.

HOL. Piercing a hogshead ! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth ; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine : 'tis pretty ; it is well.

JAQ. Good master Parson, be so good as read me this letter : it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado : I beseech you, read it.

79-80 *Master Parson . . . the one ?*] "Parson" was commonly spelt and pronounced "person." "Pierced" was pronounced "perst" ; in New England the surname "Perse" is still pronounced "Pierce." "One" was pronounced "un" or "on."

HOL. Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra Ruminat, — and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice;

Venetia, Venetia,

Chi non ti vede non ti pretia.

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

NATH. Ay, sir, and very learned.

HOL. Let me hear a staff, a stanze, a verse; lege, domine.

NATH. [*reads*].

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

100

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd!

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,

89-90 *Fauste, precor . . . good old Mantuan*] The Latin words are the opening words of the first of the eclogues of the Latin poet, Baptista Mantuanus (1448-1516). Mantuanus' Latin poetry was popular throughout Europe in the sixteenth century, and his eclogues were widely used as a school book. Shakespeare probably studied them at the grammar school of Stratford-on-Avon. An English translation by George Turberville appeared in 1567, and was reprinted many times.

92-93 *Venetia . . . pretia*] An often quoted Italian proverb ("Venice, Venice, who doth not see thee, doth not value thee"). It appears in James Sandford's *Garden of Pleasure*, 1573, and in John Florio's *First Fruits*, 1578, and in his *Second Fruits*, 1591.

SCENE II LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend :
 If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice ;
 Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend
 All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder ;
 Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire :
 Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder, 110
 Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
 Celestial as thou art, O, pardon love this wrong,
 That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

HOL. You find not the apostrophas, and so miss the
 accent : let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only
 numbers ratified ; but, for the elegance, facility, and
 golden cadence of poesy, caret. Ovidious Naso was the
 man : and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the
 odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention ?
 Imitari is nothing : so doth the hound his master, the
 ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider. But, damosella
 virgin, was this directed to you ? 122

100-113] This sonnet, together with Longaville's sonnet *infra*, IV, iii, 57-70, and Dumain's verses to Katharine in IV, iii, 97-116, are included in Jaggard's poetic miscellany, *The Passionate Pilgrim*. By W. Shakespeare, 1599. They fill respectively the 5th, 3rd, and 16th places in that collection. The promiscuous order in which Jaggard printed these three pieces, coupled with the textual variations, suggest that he did not derive them direct from the printed text of the play, but employed copies which, in accordance with the practice of the time, were circulating in manuscript among collectors of transcripts of contemporary verse. See introduction to Oxford University Press' facsimile of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1905.

121 *tired horse*] Usually explained as "attired with trappings." But from the context and from the use of the word in Sonnet 1, 5,

JAQ. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

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

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

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

NATH. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith, — 139

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

NATH. Marvellous well for the pen.

HOL. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where, if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my

"The beast that bears me, *tired* with my woe," one must infer the simple sense that fatigue in the horse sympathetically reflects that of his rider.

140-141 *colourable colours*] plausible pretexts or arguments (of papist, priestly Fathers).

SCENE III LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your ben venuto ; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention : I beseech your society. 150

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

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

SCENE III — THE SAME

Enter BIRON, with a paper

BIRON. The king he is hunting the deer ; I am coursing myself : they have pitched a toil ; I am toiling in a pitch, — pitch that defiles : defile ! a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow ! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool : well proved, wit ! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax : it kills sheep ; it kills me, I a sheep : well proved again o' my side ! I will not love : if I do, hang me ; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye, — by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her ; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world 10 but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love :

1-17] The whole of Biron's speech is in the precise vein of the prose style of Lyly's comedies.

2 *a pitch*] A probable allusion to the dark complexion with which Lady Rosaline is credited.

and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy ;
and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy.
Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already : the clown
bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it : sweet
clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady ! By the world, I
would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here
comes one with a paper : God give him grace to groan !
[*Stands aside.*]

Enter the KING, with a paper

KING. Ay me !

BIRON. [*Aside*] Shot, by heaven ! Proceed, sweet Cupid : thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt under 20
the left pap. In faith, secrets !

KING [*reads*].

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows :
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light ;
Thou shinest in every tear that I do weep :
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee ; 30
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show :
But do not love thyself ; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens ! how far dost thou excel,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.

SCENE III LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

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

[*Steps aside.*]

What, Longaville ! and reading ! listen, ear. 40

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

Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper

LONG. Ay me, I am forsworn !

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

KING. In love, I hope : sweet fellowship in shame !

BIRON. One drunkard loves another of the name.

LONG. Am I the first that have been perjured so ?

BIRON. I could put thee in comfort. Not by two
that I know :

Thou makest the triumvir, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity. 50

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

O sweet Maria, empress of my love !

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

BIRON. O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose :
Disfigure not his slop.

43 *a perjure, wearing papers*] a perjurer, a part of whose punishment was to stand in a public place wearing papers specifying his offence ; see *infra*, l. 121. Cf. Hall's *Chronicle*, 59 : " He [*i. e.* Cardinal Wolsey] so punyshed periurye with open punyshment & open papers werynge, that in his tyme it was lesse vsed."

49-50 *the corner-cap . . . Tyburn*] the old-fashioned three-cornered hat. The gallows at Tyburn were in the form of a triangle.

55 *slop*] wide-kneed breeches, or loose trousers ; Theobald's ingenious emendation for the meaningless *shop* of the early editions.

SCENE III LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish!

Enter DUMAIN, with a paper

Dumain transform'd! four woodcocks in a dish!

DUM. O most divine Kate!

BIRON. O most profane coxcomb!

80

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

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

DUM. Her amber hairs for foul hath amber quoted.

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

DUM. As upright as the cedar.

BIRON. Stoop, I say;

Her shoulder is with child.

DUM. As fair as day.

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

DUM. O that I had my wish!

LONG. And I had mine!

KING. And I mine too, good Lord!

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

90

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

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

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

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

77 *More sacks to the mill*] A proverb, being a variant of "More grist to the mill."

DUM. [*reads.*]

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

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

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

97-116] See note on IV, ii, 100-113.

121 *perjured note*] See note on l. 43, *supra*.

These worms for loving, that art most in love ? 150
 Your eyes do make no coaches ; in your tears
 There is no certain princess that appears ;
 You 'll not be perjured, 't is a hateful thing ;
 Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting !
 But are you not ashamed ? nay, are you not,
 All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot ?
 You found his mote ; the king your mote did see ;
 But I a beam do find in each of three.
 O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,
 Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow and of teen ! 160
 O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
 To see a king transformed to a gnat !
 To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
 And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
 And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
 And critic Timon laugh at idle toys !
 Where lies thy grief, O, tell me, good Dumain ?
 And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain ?
 And where my liege's ? all about the breast :
 A caudle, ho !

KING. Too bitter is thy jest. 170
 Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view ?

BIRON. Not you to me, but I betray'd by you :
 I, that am honest ; I, that hold it sin
 To break the vow I am engaged in ;

151 *coaches*] reference to the king's sonnet, l. 30, *supra* : "No drop
 but as a *coach*," etc. The old reading is *couches*.

162 *gnat*] used to convey the notion of insignificance. Cf. *Matthew*
 xxiii, 24 : strain at a *gnat*.

I am betray'd, by keeping company
With men like you, men of inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for love? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb? —

180

KING. Soft! whither away so fast?
A true man or a thief that gallops so?
BIRON. I post from love: good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD

JAQ. God bless the king!

KING. What present hast thou there?

COST. Some certain treason.

KING. What makes treason here?

COST. Nay, it makes nothing, sir,

KING. If it mar nothing neither,

The treason and you go in peace away together.

JAQ. I beseech your Grace, let this letter be read:

Our parson misdoubts it; 't was treason, he said. 190

KING. Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the paper.*]

Where hadst thou it?

JAQ. Of Costard.

KING. Where hadst thou it?

COST. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

[*Biron tears the letter.*]

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

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

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

DUM. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

[Gathering up the pieces.

BIRON. [*To Costard*] Ah, you whoreson loggerhead!

you were born to do me shame.

200

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

KING. What?

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

He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,

Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.

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

DUM. Now the number is even.

BIRON. True, true ; we are four.

Will these turtles be gone?

KING. Hence, sirs ; away!

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

[*Exeunt* COSTARD *and* JAQUENETTA.

BIRON. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace! 210

As true we are as flesh and blood can be:

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

203 *to make up the mess*] to make up the company of four which constituted the number of persons ordinarily dining at one table at the Inns of Court and at other formal convivial gatherings. Cf. *infra*, V, ii, 361.

210-215 *Sweet . . . forsworn*] Again Biron speaks in the six-line stanza of *Venus and Adonis*, as at I, i, 147-158, *supra*.

SCENE III LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Young blood doth not obey an old decree :
 We cannot cross the cause why we were born ;
 Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.

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

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

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
 At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
 Bows not his vassal head and stricken blind 220
 Kisses the base ground with obedient breast ?

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
 Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
 That is not blinded by her majesty ?

KING. What zeal, what fury hath inspired thee now ?
 My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon ;
 She an attending star, scarce seen a light.

BIRON. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron :
 O, but for my love, day would turn to night !
 Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty 230
 Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek ;
 Where several worthies make one dignity,
 Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.

220 *Bows . . . head*] This beautiful image from sun worship is also
 found in *Sonnet* vii, 1-4 :

“ Lo ! in the orient when the gracious light
 Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
 Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
 Serving with looks his sacred majesty.”

Cf. the reference to “the worshipped sun,” *Rom. and Jul.*, I, i, 116-117.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues, —
 Fie, painted rhetoric ! O, she needs it not :
 To things of sale a seller's praise belongs,
 She passes praise ; then praise too short doth blot.

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
 Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye :
 Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born 240
 And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy :
 O, 't is the sun that maketh all things shine.

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

BIRON. Is ebony like her ? O wood divine !

A wife of such wood were felicity.
 O, who can give an oath ? where is a book ?
 That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
 If that she learn not of her eye to look :
 No face is fair that is not full so black.

KING. O paradox ! Black is the badge of hell, 250
 The hue of dungeons and the school of night ;
 And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

BIRON. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
 O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,
 It mourns that painting and usurping hair

249 *black*] The significance of a black complexion is a frequent theme of Renaissance poetry in western Europe. Shakespeare further develops it in his *Sonnets*, cxxvii and cxxxii.

255 *usurping hair*] Shakespeare makes numerous references to the wearing of false hair. Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, III, ii, 92, and *Sonnet* lxviii, 5-7 :

“ Before the golden tresses of the dead,
 The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
 To live a second life on second head.”

Should ravish doters with a false aspect;

And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her favour turns the fashion of the days,

For native blood is counted painting now ;

And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,

260

Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

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

LONG. And since her time are colliers counted bright.

KING. And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion crack.

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

BIRON. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,

For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

KING. 'T were good, yours did ; for, sir, to tell you plain,

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

BIRON. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here. 270

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

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

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

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

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread !

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

The street should see as she walk'd overhead.

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

BIRON. Nothing so sure ; and thereby all forsworn.

KING. Then leave this chat ; and, good Biron, now prove 280

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

DUM. Ay, marry, there ; some flattery for this evil.

LONG. O, some authority how to proceed ;

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

DUM. Some salve for perjury.

[73]

BIRON. 'T is more than need.
 Have at you, then, affection's men at arms.
 Consider what you first did swear unto,
 To fast, to study, and to see no woman;
 Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
 Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
 And abstinence engenders maladies.
 And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
 In that each of you have forsworn his book,
 Can you still dream and pore and thereon look?
 For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you,
 Have found the ground of study's excellence
 Without the beauty of a woman's face?
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;
 They are the ground, the books, the academes
 From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire. 300
 Why, universal plodding prisons up
 The nimble spirits in the arteries,
 As motion and long-during action tires
 The sinewy vigour of the traveller.

292-293 *And where that you . . . book*] This speech was clearly rewritten by Shakespeare after he had first drafted it, and the printed text combines together many revised and unrevised passages. The two lines quoted reappear with slight textual variations in ll. 314-315, *infra*. It will be noticed that the three lines, 295-297 ("For when would you . . . woman's face?") are similarly repeated in lines 316-319 ("For when would you . . . with?"), while ll. 298-300 ("From women's eyes," etc.) are again repeated in ll. 346-349. In each case the lines which figure in the earlier part of speech present the first or unrevised version. Cf. *infra*, V, ii, 805-810 and note.

301 *prisons*] Theobald's emendation of *poysons* in the original editions.

Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes
And study too, the causer of your vow;
For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself, 310
And where we are our learning likewise is,
Then when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books.
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain; 320
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind; 330
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,

318-319 *Such fiery numbers . . . with ?*] Cf. *Sonnet xvii*, 5-6 :

“ If I could write the *beauty* of your *eyes*
And in fresh *numbers* number all your graces.”

When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd :
 Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
 Than are the tender horns of cockled snails ;
 Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste :
 For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides ?
 Subtle as Sphinx ; as sweet and musical
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair ;
 And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
 Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write
 Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs ;
 O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
 And plant in tyrants mild humility.
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :
 They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;
 They are the books, the arts, the academes,

340

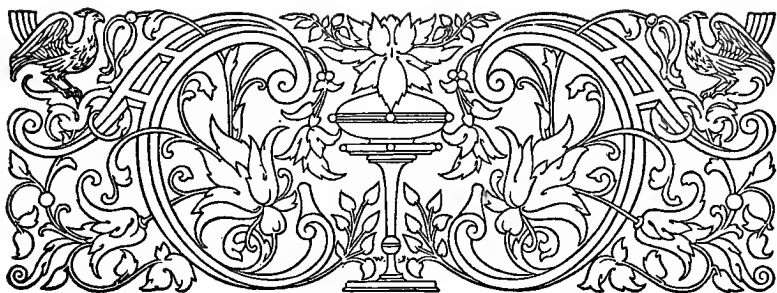
332 *the suspicious head of theft*] This seems equivalent to "the head suspicious of theft." The general meaning is that the hearing of the lover is more alert and sharper than that of the owner of treasure who lives in dread of thieves. Speed talks similarly of watching "like one that fears robbing" (*Two Gent.*, II, i, 22).

337 *Hesperides*] In Greek mythology the nymphs, who guard the golden apples in the isles of the blest, are known as the *Hesperides*, being daughters of Hesperus. Here the name is applied to the islands themselves. The transference is common in Elizabethan literature. Cf. Gabriel Harvey, *Pierce's Supererogation*, ed. 1593, p. 167 : "The occidental islands of the ocean, called *Hesperides*."

346 *From women's eyes . . . derive*] Cf. *Sonnet* xiv, 9 :

"But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive."

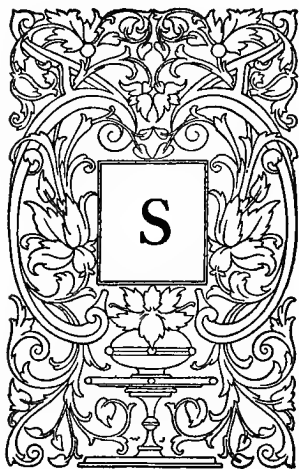
[77]



ACT FIFTH — SCENE I — THE SAME

Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, and DULL

HOLOFERNES



ATIS QUOD SUFFICIT.

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

HOL. *Novi hominem tanquam te*: his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ¹⁰

⁹ *Novi hominem tanquam te*] This phrase occurs in Lily's school grammar (1527), a standard educational manual of the day.

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

NATH. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Draws out his table-book.*]

HOL. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasies, such insociable and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak dout, fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt,—d, e, b, t, not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half hauf, neighbour vocatur²⁰ nebour; neigh abbreviated ne. This is abominable,—which he would call abominable: it insinuateth me of insanie: ne intelligis, domine? to make frantic, lunatic.

NATH. Laus Deo, bene intelligo.

HOL. Bon, bon, fort bon! Priscian a little scratched; 't will serve.

NATH. Videsne quis venit?

HOL. Video, et gaudeo.

²¹ *abominable*] This was the common orthography in the sixteenth century, probably from the mistaken notion that the word was derived from "ab homine" and not from "ab omine." Holofernes champions the popular error.

²⁵ *Priscian a little scratched*] These Latin phrases are derived from conversation books frequently used in Elizabethan schools. Cf. *Familiares colloquendi formulae in usum scholarum concinnatae*: "He speaks false Latin, diminuit Prisciani caput. 'Tis barbarous Latin, olet barbariem." The last phrase suggested "I smell false Latin," l. 67, *infra*.

SCENE I LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Enter ARMADO, MoTH, and CoSTARD

ARM. Chirrah ! [*To Moth.*

HOL. Quare chirrah, not sirrah ? 30

ARM. Men of peace, well encountered.

HOL. Most military sir, salutation.

MoTH. [*Aside to Costard*] They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

CoST. O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word ; for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus : thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

MoTH. Peace ! the peal begins.

ARM. [*To Hol.*] Monsieur, are you not lettered ? 40

MoTH. Yes, yes ; he teaches boys the horn-book.

What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on his head ?

HOL. Ba, pueritia, with a horn added.

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

HOL. Quis, quis, thou consonant ?

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

HOL. I will repeat them, — a, e, i, —

MoTH. The sheep : the other two concludes it, — o, u. 50

38-39 *honorificabilitudinitatibus*] This long word, which is frequently met with in mediæval Latin, is cited by Dante in his *De vulgari eloquentia* (1300?) as a word difficult to employ in poetry. Elizabethan writers often employ it derisively. Cf. Nashe's *Lenten Stuffe*, 1599 (Nashe's Works, ed. McKerrow, Vol. III, p. 176).

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

MOTH. Offered by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

HOL. What is the figure? what is the figure?

MOTH. Horns.

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

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

COST. An I had but one penny in the world, thou 60 shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it ad dunghill, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

HOL. O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for unguem.

ARM. Arts-man, preambulate, we will be singuled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain? 70

52 *venue*] a thrust in fencing. In Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, Act I, Sc. iv, Bobadill uses the word as synonymous with "stoccata," a more technical term for the fencer's thrust or lunge.

67 *I smell false Latin*] See note on l. 25, *supra*.

ad unguem] Another phrase from Lily's Grammar. Cf. l. 8, *supra*. It is classical Latin, and means "to the nail," "polished." Cf. Hor. Sat. 1. 5. 31-32, "*ad unguem factus homo*."

70 *charge-house*] Affected periphrase for a "school" where the charge of youth is undertaken.

HOL. Or mons, the hill.

ARM. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

HOL. I do, sans question.

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

HOL. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well culled, chose, sweet and apt, I do assure you, 80 sir, I do assure.

ARM. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure ye, very good friend: for what is inward between us, let it pass. I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy; I beseech thee, apparel thy head: and among other important and most serious designs, and of great import indeed, too, but let that pass: for I must tell thee, it will please his Grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio; but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the 90 world, I recount no fable; some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that

84-85 *remember thy courtesy*] Holofernes having removed his hat is bidden by Armado replace it. He reminds the pedant that to replace one's hat on one's head after raising it satisfies all requirements of courtesy. Cf. Ben Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*, I, ii, 49-51: *Knowell* (to servant). "Pray you *remember your courtesy* . . . nay, *pray be covered*."

pass. The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antique, or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

101

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

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

109

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

102 *Nine Worthies*] According to the tradition of medieval literature, these were three pagans, Hector, Alexander, and Julius Cæsar; three Jews, Joshua, David, and Judas Maccabæus; three Christians, Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bouillon. The show actually presented *infra*, at V, ii, 535 *seq.*, includes no more than five worthies, of which three alone belong to the traditional list, namely, Alexander, Judas Maccabæus, and Hector. The other two, Pompey and Hercules, who there accompany them, are without literary authority.

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

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

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

121

ARM. For the rest of the Worthies ? —

HOL. I will play three myself.

MOTH. Thrice-worthy gentleman !

ARM. Shall I tell you a thing ?

HOL. We attend.

ARM. We will have, if this fadge not, an antique. I beseech you, follow.

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

130

DULL. Nor understood none neither, sir.

HOL. Allons ! we will employ thee.

DULL. I'll make one in a dance, or so ; or I will play On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II — THE SAME

Enter the Princess, KATHARINE, ROSALINE and MARIA

PRIN. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in :
A lady wall'd about with diamonds !
Look you what I have from the loving king.

ROS. Madam, came nothing else along with that ?

PRIN. Nothing but this ! yes, as much love in rhyme
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ o' both sides the leaf, margent and all,
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

ROS. That was the way to make his godhead wax, 10
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

KATH. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

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

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

12 *gallows*] In Sidney's *Arcadia*, Bk. I, c. 16, p. 165 (1590), Cupid is called a hangman, *i. e.* executioner. Here "gallows" seems used in the same sense. But it has also been interpreted "gallowsbird," which has contemporary authority, and also as "mischievous imp," which is not uncommon in provincial dialect use.

15 *light*] In the quibbles which follow, this word is employed in the varied senses of *without weight*, *luminous*, *nimble*, *frivolous*, *wanton*, *merry*.

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

KATH. A light condition in a beauty dark. 20

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

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

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

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

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

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

ROS. Great reason; for "past cure is still past care."

PRIN. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.
But, Rosaline, you have a favour too: 30
Who sent it? and what is it?

ROS. I would you knew:
And if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:
The numbers true; and, were the numbering too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

PRIN. Any thing like?

ROS. Much in the letters; nothing in the praise. 40

PRIN. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

22 *taking it in snuff*] The verbal play is on the two meanings of the word "snuff," namely: "candle-ash" and "anger."

29 *bandied . . . set*] terms used in tennis.

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

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

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

PRIN. But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair
Dumain ?

KATH. Madam, this glove.

PRIN. Did he not send you twain ?

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

MAR. This and these pearls to me sent Longaville :
The letter is too long by half a mile.

PRIN. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart
The chain were longer and the letter short ?

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

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

ROS. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Biron I'll torture ere I go : 60
O that I knew he were but in by the week !
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
And wait the season, and observe the times.
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,

44 *red . . . letter*] The "dominical" letter used to denote Sundays in old almanacs was printed in red, which was reckoned the colour of gold. Cf. *Macb.*, II, iii, 136, "*golden blood*."

45 *O's*] pockmarks.

61 *in by the week*] hired by the week, in servitude or bondage, enslaved.

And shape his service wholly to my hests,
And make him proud to make me proud that jests !
So perttaunt-like would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

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

As wit turn'd fool : folly, in wisdom hatch'd, 70
Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school,
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

ROS. The blood of youth burns not with such excess
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

MAR. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote ;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

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

Enter BOYET

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

PRIN. Thy news, Boyet ?

BOYET. Prepare, madam, prepare !
Arm, wench, arm ! encounters mounted are

67 *perttaunt-like*] This reading of the early editions is puzzling. The most popular emendations are *portent-like* and *potent-like*, i. e. tyrant-like or tyrannically. But neither is satisfactory. There was a verb "pert," "to behave *pertly*, briskly, resolutely"; and it is possible that Shakespeare may have formed from it the adverb "perting-like," i. e. *pertingly*, *pertly*, *briskly*. Biron is called "pert" (in the different sense of "saucy") at 272, *infra*.

Against your peace : Love doth approach disguised,
 Armed in arguments ; you 'll be surprised :
 Muster your wits ; stand in your own defence ;
 Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

PRIN. Saint Denis to Saint Cupid ! What are they
 That charge their breath against us ? say, scout, say.

BOYET. Under the cool shade of a sycamore
 I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour ; 90
 When, lo ! to interrupt my purposed rest,
 Toward that shade I might behold address
 The king and his companions : warily
 I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
 And overheard what you shall overhear ;
 That, by and by, disguised they will be here.
 Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
 That well by heart hath conn'd his embassy :
 Action and accent did they teach him there ;
 " Thus must thou speak," and " thus thy body bear : " 100
 And ever and anon they made a doubt
 Presence majestic would put him out ;
 " For," quoth the king, " an angel shalt thou see ;
 Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously."
 The boy replied, " An angel is not evil ;
 I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil."
 With that, all laugh'd, and clapped him on the shoulder,
 Making the bold wag by their praises bolder :
 One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd and swore
 A better speech was never spoke before ; 110
 Another, with his finger and his thumb,
 Cried, " Via ! we will do 't, come what will come ; "

The third he caper'd, and cried, "All goes well ;"
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

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

BOYET. They do, they do ; and are apparell'd thus, 120
Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.
Their purpose is to parle, to court and dance ;
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress, which they'll know
By favours several which they did bestow.

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

121 *Muscovites or Russians*] The chronicler Hall relates how, at a royal banquet in the first year of Henry VIII (1510), two English courtiers came fancifully arrayed in barbaric richness "after the fashion of Russia or Russland." But in all probability Shakespeare had in mind the more recent appearance of ambassadors from Russia at Queen Elizabeth's court with a view to selecting from Englishwomen a wife for the Tsar. See Introduction.

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

KATH. But in this changing what is your intent ?

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

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

PRIN. No, to the death, we will not move a foot :
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace ;
But while 't is spoke each turn away her face.

BOYET. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part. 150

PRIN. Therefore I do it ; and I make no doubt
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown ;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own :
So shall we stay, mocking intended game,
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[Trumpets sound within.]

BOYET. The trumpet sounds : be mask'd ; the maskers
come. [The Ladies mask.]

Enter Blackmoors with music ; MOTH ; *the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE,*
and DUMAIN, in Russian habits, and masked

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

BOYET. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.

159 *rich taffeta*] The masks of the ladies were of rich taffeta silk.

MOTH. A holy parcel of the fairest dames 160
[*The Ladies turn their backs to him.*]

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

BIRON. [*Aside to Moth*] Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

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

BOYET. True ; out indeed.

MOTH. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold —

BIRON. [*Aside to Moth*] Once to behold, rogue.

MOTH. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,
— with your sun-beamed eyes —

BOYET. They will not answer to that epithet ; 170
You were best call it “ daughter-beamed eyes.”

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

BIRON. Is this your perfectness ? be gone, you rogue !
[*Exit Moth.*]

ROS. What would these strangers ? know their minds,
Boyet :

If they do speak our language, 't is our will
That some plain man recount their purposes :
Know what they would.

BOYET. What would you with the princess ?

BIRON. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

ROS. What would they, say they ? 180

BOYET. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

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

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

KING. Say to her, we have measured many miles
To tread a measure with her on this grass.

BOYET. They say, that they have measured many a
mile

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

ROS. It is not so. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile : if they have measured many,
The measure then of one is easily told.

190

BOYET. If to come hither you have measured
miles,

And many miles, the princess bids you tell
How many inches doth fill up one mile.

BIRON. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

BOYET. She hears herself.

ROS. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile ?

BIRON. We number nothing that we spend for you :
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.

200

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

KING. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do !
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to
shine,

Those clouds removed, upon our watery eyne.

ROS. O vain petitioner ! beg a greater matter ;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

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

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

210

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

[*Music plays.*]

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

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

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

KING. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.

The music plays ; vouchsafe some motion to it.

ROS. Our ears vouchsafe it.

KING. But your legs should do it.

ROS. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,

We 'll not be nice : take hands. We will not dance.

KING. Why take we hands, then ?

ROS. Only to part friends :

Curtsey, sweet hearts ; and so the measure ends. 221

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

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

KING. Prize you yourselves : what buys your company ?

ROS. Your absence only.

KING. That can never be.

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

Twice to your visor, and half once to you.

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

ROS. In private, then.

KING. I am best pleased with that.

[*They converse apart.*]

227 *Twice to your visor*] She bids a double adieu to his disguise, not wishing to see it again ; but only half a farewell to himself, as she has no wish of making the parting permanent.

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

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

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

PRIN. Seventh sweet, adieu :
Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

BIRON. One word in secret.

PRIN. Let it not be sweet.

BIRON. Thou grievest my gall.

PRIN. Gall ! bitter.

BIRON. Therefore meet.
[*They converse apart.*]

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

MAR. Name it.

DUM. Fair lady, —

MAR. Say you so ? Fair lord, —
Take that for your fair lady.

DUM. Please it you, 240
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[*They converse apart.*]

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

232 *treys*] throws of threes at dice.

233 *Metheglin, wort, and malmsey*] three sweet liquors : metheglin was made from honey ; wort was unfermented beer ; malmsey a sweet wine originally made in Greece, which Chaucer knew as *malvesie* from the French *malvoisie* ; cf. Italian *malvasia*. The word is said to be formed from the name of the modern Greek city Monembasia, a Laconian seaport.

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

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

LONG. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless vizard half.

KATH. Veal, quoth the Dutchman. Is not "veal" a
calf?

LONG. A calf, fair lady !

KATH. No, a fair lord calf.

LONG. Let 's part the word.

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

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

LONG. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp
mocks !

Will you give horns, chaste lady ? do not so.

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

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

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

[They converse apart.]

BOYET. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen ;

Above the sense of sense ; so sensible

Seemeth their conference ; their conceits have wings 260

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

247 *Veal, quoth the Dutchman*] A joke on the common mispronunciation by Germans of "veal" or "vell" for "well." In the *Wisdom of Doctor Doddypoll*, 1600, a German doctor, who uses the word "veale," which he corrects to "vell," is said by his interlocutor to "make a calf of" him.

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

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

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

PRIN. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits.

[Exeunt King, Lords, and Blackamoors.]

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

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

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

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

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

Or ever, but in vizards, show their faces?

This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

ROS. O, they were all in lamentable cases!

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

PRIN. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

MAR. Dumain was at my service, and his sword:

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

KATH. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;

And trow you what he call'd me?

PRIN. Qualm, perhaps.

KATH. Yes, in good faith.

PRIN. Go, sickness as thou art! 280

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

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

263 *dry-beaten*] beaten with blows which bruise but do not draw blood.

281 *statute-caps*] By Statute 13 Eliz. 1571 all, except persons of high

PRIN. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

KATH. And Longaville was for my service born.

MAR. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

BOYET. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear :

Immediately they will again be here

In their own shapes ; for it can never be

They will digest this harsh indignity.

PRIN. Will they return ?

BOYET. They will, they will, God knows,

And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows : 291

Therefore change favours ; and, when they repair,

Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

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

BOYET. Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their bud ;

Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,

Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

PRIN. Avaunt, perplexity ! What shall we do,

If they return in their own shapes to woo ?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advised, 300

Let's mock them still, as well known as disguised :

Let us complain to them what fools were here,

Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless gear ;

And wonder what they were and to what end

rank, were bound to wear, on Sundays and holidays, thick woollen caps made in England. The text means that better wits may be found among the humbler class of citizens.

296-297 *damask . . . blown*] The display of the "damasked" (*i. e.* variegated) mingling of red and white in the ladies' features is compared to the appearance of angels when clouds fall from before them, or to that of roses in full bloom. "Vail" means let fall, lower.

Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

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

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

[*Exeunt Princess, Rosaline, Katharine, and Maria.*]

Re-enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN, in their proper habits.

KING. Fair sir, God save you! Where's the princess?

BOYET. Gone to her tent. Please it your Majesty 311
Command me any service to her thither?

KING. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

BOYET. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*]

BIRON. This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons pease,
And utters it again when God doth please:
He is wit's pedler, and retails his wares
At wakes and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show. 320
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve;
A' can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy;

323 *carve*] The word is constantly used of unctuously complimentary phrases or gestures, and is commonly associated with the fantastically elaborate method of carving meat for guests at table by way of showing hospitality. Cf. *M. Wives*, I, iii, 48, where Falstaff says of Ford's wife: "She discourses, she *carves*, she gives the leer of invitation."

This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms : nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly ; and in ushering,
Mend him who can : the ladies call him sweet ;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet : 330
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whale's bone ;
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

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

BIRON. See where it comes ! Behaviour, what wert
thou

Till this madman show'd thee ? and what art thou now ?

*Re-enter the PRINCESS, ushered by BOYET ; ROSALINE, MARIA,
and KATHARINE.*

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

PRIN. "Fair" in "all hail" is foul, as I conceive. 340

KING. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

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

KING. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our court ; vouchsafe it then.

PRIN. This field shall hold me ; and so hold your vow :
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjured men.

340 "Fair" in "all hail"] The quibble on "hail" (*i. e.*, storm of hail) reappears in *Two Noble Kinsmen*, III, v ; Beaumont and Fletcher's *Faithful Friends*, III, ii ; and Dekker's *Old Fortunatus*, ed. Pearson, p. 113.

KING. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke :
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

PRIN. You nickname virtue ; vice you should have
spoke ;

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

Now by my maiden honour yet as pure

As the unsullied lily I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

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

So much I hate a breaking cause to be

Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

KING. O, you have lived in desolation here,

Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

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

We have had pastimes here and pleasant game : 360

A mess of Russians left us but of late.

KING. How, madam ! Russians !

PRIN. Ay, in truth, my lord ;

Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.

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

My lady, to the manner of the days,

In courtesy gives undeserving praise.

We four indeed confronted were with four

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

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

They did not bless us with one happy word. 370

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

When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

361 *mess*] See note on IV, iii, 203, *supra*.

BIRON. This jest is dry to me. Fair gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish : when we greet,
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light : your capacity
Is of that nature that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish and rich things but poor.

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

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

380

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

BIRON. O, I am yours, and all that I possess !

ROS. All the fool mine ?

BIRON. I cannot give you less.

ROS. Which of the vizards was it that you wore ?

BIRON. Where ? when ? what vizard ? why demand
you this ?

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

KING. We are descried ; they'll mock us now
downright.

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

390

PRIN. Amazed, my lord ? why looks your highness sad ?

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

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

BIRON. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out ?

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

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout ;
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance ;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit ;
 And I will wish thee never more to dance, 400
 Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
 O, never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
 Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue ;
 Nor never come in vizard to my friend ;
 Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song !
 Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
 Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
 Figures pedantical ; these summer-flies
 Have blown me full of maggot ostentation :
 I do forswear them ; and I here protest, 410
 By this white glove, — how white the hand, God
 knows ! —
 Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
 In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes :
 And, to begin, wench, — so God help me, la ! —
 My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.
 Ros. Sans sans, I pray you.

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

409 *blown*] Used as in " fly blown " of infected meat.

416 *Sans sans*] Without sans, *i. e.* avoid French phrases.

419 " *Lord have mercy on us* "] These words were placarded on houses
 of which inmates were stricken by the plague.

For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

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

BIRON. Our states are forfeit : seek not to undo us.

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

BIRON. Peace ! for I will not have to do with you.

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

BIRON. Speak for yourselves ; my wit is at an end. 430

KING. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude trans-
gression

Some fair excuse.

PRIN. The fairest is confession.

Were not you here but even now disguised ?

KING. Madam, I was.

PRIN. And were you well advised ;

KING. I was, fair madam.

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

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

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

KING. Upon mine honour, no.

PRIN. Peace, peace ! forbear :
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear. 440

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

PRIN. I will : and therefore keep it. Rosaline,

423 *Lord's tokens*] plague spots. There is a pun here on the gifts
given by the lords to the ladies.

440 *force not*] do not mind or hesitate, make no matter.

What did the Russian whisper in your ear ?

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

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

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

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

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

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

BIRON. Neither of either ; I remit both twain.
I see the trick on't : here was a consent, 460
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy :
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,
That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh when she 's disposed,
Told our intents before ; which once disclosed,

465 *in years*] into years, old age. Laughter was commonly said to
bring on wrinkles prematurely. Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, I, i, 80 :
" With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come."

466 *disposed*] *sc.* to merriment. See note *supra*, II, i, 249.

The ladies did change favours ; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror, 470
We are again forsworn, in will and error.
Much upon this it is : and might not you [To Boyet.
Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue ?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squier,
 And laugh upon the apple of her eye ?
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
 Holding a trencher, jesting merrily ?
You put our page out : go, you are allow'd ;
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you ? there's an eye 480
Wounds like a leaden sword.

BOYET.

Full merrily

Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

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

Enter COSTARD

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

COST. O Lord, sir, they would know

Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.

BIRON. What, are there but three ?

COST.

No, sir ; but it is vara fine,

For every one pursents three.

BIRON.

And three times thrice is nine.

468 *change favours*] exchange masks.474 *squier*] square, rule. He knows the length of his lady's foot, he knows how to humour her.475 *laugh . . . eye*] laugh responsively to the slightest movement of her eye.

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

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

490

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

BIRON. Is not nine.

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

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

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

BIRON. How much is it ?

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

BIRON. Art thou one of the Worthies ?

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

BIRON. Go, bid them prepare.

COST. We will turn it finely off, sir ; we will take
some care. [Exit.

KING. Biron, they will shame us : let them not
approach.

490 *beg us*] apply for the guardianship of us, as if we were imbeciles
incapable of taking care of ourselves and our property.

501 *perfect*] The clown, absorbed by anxiety to be perfect in his part,
uses the word "perfect" when he means to say "present," and
mispronounces Pompey ; "Pompion" is a word meaning pumpkin.

BIRON. We are shame-proof, my lord : and 't is some
policy

510

To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

KING. I say they shall not come.

PRIN. Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now :
That sport best pleases that doth least know how :

Where zeal strives to content, and the contents

Dies in the zeal of that which it presents :

Their form confounded makes most form in mirth,

When great things labouring perish in their birth.

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

Enter ARMADO

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

[Converses apart with the King, and delivers him a paper.]

PRIN. Doth this man serve God ?

BIRON. Why ask you ?

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

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

[Exit.]

513-518 The princess means that that sport pleases best where the actors are least skilful, and where their over-anxiety to please kills the true import of the performance, and has the unintended effect of provoking mirth. A more sympathetic sentiment is expressed by Theseus and Hippolyta in *Mids. N. Dr.*, V, i, 81-105, where Bottom and his incompetent allies, following the example of Holofernes and his friends, give a dramatic performance at court.

KING. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies.
He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the
Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page,
Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabæus: 533
And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

BIRON. There is five in the first show.

KING. You are deceived; 't is not so.

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

Abate throw at novum, and the whole world again 540
Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.

KING. The ship is under sail, and here she comes
again.

Enter COSTARD, for Pompey

COST. I Pompey am, —

BOYET. You lie, you are not he.

COST. I Pompey am, —

BOYET. With libbard's head on knee.

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

COST. I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the Big, —

DUM. The Great.

COST. It is, "Great," sir: —

535] See note on V, i, 102, *supra*.

540 *Abate throw at novum*] "Novum," or more properly "Novem Quinque," was a game at dice, in which throws of nine or five were essential to victory. "Abate" here means "omit" or "bar." Biron says in effect, "bar a throw (of the *five*) at the game of novem quinque," and one will not find a more fortunate quintet.

Pompey surnamed the Great ;
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat :
And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance, 550
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.
If your ladyship would say, "Thanks, Pompey," I had
done.

PRIN. Great thanks, Great Pompey.

COST. 'T is not so much worth ; but I hope I was
perfect : I made a little fault in "Great."

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

Enter SIR NATHANIEL, for Alexander

NATH. When in the world I lived, I was the world's com-
mander ;
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might ;
My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander, — 560

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

BIRON. Your nose smells "no" in this, most tender-
smelling knight.

PRIN. The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good
Alexander.

NATH. When in the world I lived, I was the world's com-
mander, —

561-562 *Your nose says, . . . knight*] Plutarch, in his life of Alexander,
which Shakespeare read in North's translation, points out, like
Biron, that the hero's head was fixed obliquely on his shoulders,
and that his body exhaled a sweet savour.

BOYET. Most true, 't is right ; you were so, Alisander.

BIRON. Pompey the Great, —

COST. Your servant, and Costard.

BIRON. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

568

COST. [*To Sir Nath.*] O, sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror ! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this : your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax : he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afeared to speak ! run away for shame, Alisander. [*Nath. retires.*] There, an 't shall please you ; a foolish mild man ; an honest man, look you, and soon dashed. He is a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler : but, for Alisander, — alas, you see how 't is, — a little o'erparted. But there are Worthies acoming will speak their mind in some other sort.

PRIN. Stand aside, good Pompey.

580

Enter HOLOFERNES for Judas ; and MOTH for Hercules

HOL. Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
 Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canis ;
 And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
 Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.
 Quoniam he seemeth in minority,
 Ergo I come with this apology.

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

Judas I am, —

572 *Ajax*] a punning quibble on "a jakes."

DUM. A Judas !

HOL. Not Iscariot, sir.

590

Judas I am, ycliped Maccabæus.

DUM. Judas Maccabæus clipt is plain Judas.

BIRON. A kissing traitor. How art thou proved Judas ?

HOL. Judas I am,—

DUM. The more shame for you, Judas.

HOL. What mean you, sir ?

BOYET. To make Judas hang himself.

HOL. Begin, sir ; you are my elder.

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

HOL. I will not be put out of countenance.

600

BIRON. Because thou hast no face.

HOL. What is this ?

BOYET. A cittern-head.

DUM. The head of a bodkin.

BIRON. A Death's face in a ring.

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

BOYET. The pommel of Cæsar's falchion.

DUM. The carved-bone face on a flask.

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

DUM. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

610

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

603 *cittern-head*] the grotesquely carved head which often figured at the end of the keyboard of a cithern or guitar.

HOL. You have put me out of countenance.

BIRON. False : we have given thee faces.

HOL. But you have out-faced them all.

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

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

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

DUM. For the latter end of his name.

BIRON. For the ass to the Jude ; give it him :—

Jud-as, away !

620

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

BOYET. A light for Monsieur Judas ! it grows dark,
he may stumble. [*Hol. retires.*

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

Enter ARMADO for Hector

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

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

KING. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

BOYET. But is this Hector ?

KING. I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.

630

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

DUM. More calf, certain.

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

BIRON. This cannot be Hector.

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

ARM. The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift, —

[114]

DUM. A gilt nutmeg.

BIRON. A lemon.

LONG. Stuck with cloves.

640

DUM. No, cloven.

ARM. Peace!—

The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion ;

A man so breathed, that certain he would fight ye,

From morn till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower, —

DUM. That mint.

LONG. That columbine.

ARM. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

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

650

DUM. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

ARM. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten ; sweet
chucks, beat not the bones of the buried : when he
breathed, he was a man. But I will forward with my
device. [*To the Princess*] Sweet royalty, bestow on me
the sense of hearing.

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

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

BOYET. [*Aside to Dum.*] Loves her by the foot.

DUM. [*Aside to Boyet*] He may not by the yard.

ARM. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal, —

660

COST. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone ;
she is two months on her way.

ARM. What meanest thou ?

COST. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away : she's quick ; the child brags in her belly already : 't is yours.

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

COST. Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is quick by him, and hanged for Pompey that is dead by him. 670

DUM. Most rare Pompey !

BOYET. Renowned Pompey !

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

DUM. Hector trembles.

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

DUM. Hector will challenge him.

BIRON. Ay, if a' have no more man's blood in 's belly than will sup a flea. 680

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

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

DUM. Room for the incensed Worthies !

COST. I'll do it in my shirt.

DUM. Most resolute Pompey !

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

682 *pole*] a quarterstaff, about six feet in length, and tipped with iron, in the difficult use of which the Northern peasantry held a high reputation.

688 *take you a button-hole lower*] take you down a peg.

Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat ?
What mean you ? You will lose your reputation. 690

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

DUM. You may not deny it : Pompey hath made
the challenge.

ARM. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

BIRON. What reason have you for 't ?

ARM. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt ; I go
woolward for penance. 698

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

Enter MERCADE

MER. God save you, Madam !

PRIN. Welcome, Mercade ;

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

MER. I am sorry, madam ; for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father —

PRIN. Dead, for my life !

MER. Even so ; my tale is told.

BIRON. Worthies, away ! the scene begins to cloud. 710

ARM. For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I

698 *woolward*] wearing only woollen instead of linen garments. Lodge in *Wits Miserie*, 1596 (Hunterian Club, p. 63), and Rowland's *Letting of Humours Blood*, 1600, Satyre 5, both describe in like phrase a fashionable loafer, who, when "his shirt's a washing," "must go *woolward* for a time."

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

[*Exeunt Worthies.*]

KING. How fares your majesty ?

PRIN. Boyet, prepare ; I will away to-night.

KING. Madam, not so ; I do beseech you, stay.

PRIN. Prepare, I say. I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours ; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide, 720
The liberal opposition of our spirits,
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath : your gentleness
Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord !
A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue :
Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

KING. The extreme parts of time extremely forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed ;
And often, at his very loose, decides 730
That which long process could not arbitrate :
And though the mourning brow of progeny

728-731 *The extreme . . . arbitrate*] The meaning seems to be, "When little time remains, events fall out at the last minute, so as to make the available time quite sufficient for the pending purpose, and at the very last moment things get finished off with a readiness that the long and regular processes of business could not allow." "At his very loose" means at the very moment of losing or parting, at the eleventh hour ; it may be a metaphor from the letting loose of the arrow in archery shooting.

Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
The holy suit which fain it would convince ;
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purposed ; since, to wail friends lost
Is not by much so wholesome-profitable
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

PRIN. I understand you not : my griefs are double. 740

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

740 *double*] This is the original reading. *Dull* is often substituted.

The princess probably means that she has more griefs than her father's death to occupy her. She possibly regrets her recent frivolity while her father lay dying.

751 *strange*] Capell's emendation for the original *straying*.

Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both, — fair ladies, you :
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

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

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

LONG. So did our looks.

ROS. We did not quote them so.

KING. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

PRIN. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjured much,
Full of dear guiltiness ; and therefore this :—
If for my love, as there is no such cause,
You will do aught, this shall you do for me :

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

KING. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye !

Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

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

805-810] These six lines, which Theobald put between brackets, were omitted by many subsequent editors. They present the first bald draft of lines 825-859, which Shakespeare alone intended to retain in the revised version of the piece. It is clear that they are redundant. Cf. *supra*, IV, iii, 292-293 and note.

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd,
You are attaint with faults and perjury :
Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

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

That lie within the mercy of your wit.
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won,
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches ; and your task shall be, 840
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.
、 BIRON. To move wild laughter in the throat of
death ?

It cannot be ; it is impossible :
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

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

BIRON. A twelvemonth ! well ; befall what will befall,
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

PRIN. [*To the King*] Ay, sweet my Lord ; and so I
take my leave. 860

KING. No, madam ; we will bring you on your way.

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

KING. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 't will end.

BIRON. That's too long for a play.

Re-enter ARMADO

ARM. Sweet Majesty, vouchsafe me, —

PRIN. Was not that Hector ?

DUM. The worthy knight of Troy. 789

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

KING. Call them forth quickly ; we will do so.

ARM. Holla ! approach.

Re-enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, and others.

This side is Hiems, Winter, this Ver, the Spring ; the one
maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver,
begin. 880

THE SONG

SPRING. When daisies pied and violets blue
 And lady-smocks all silver-white
 And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
 Do paint the meadows with delight,

The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men ; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo ;
Cuckoo, cuckoo : O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear !

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

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

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marion's nose looks red and raw,

900 *the shepherd blows his nail*] Cf. 3 *Hen. VI*, II, v, 3: "the *shepherd*
blowing of his nail."

When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit;
 Tu-who, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

ARM. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs ⁹²⁰
 of Apollo. You that way, — we this way. [*Exeunt.*]

912 *roasted crabs*] roasted crab apples. Cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, II, i, 47:

“And sometime lurk I in a gossip’s bowl,
 In very likeness of a *roasted crab*.”

916 *keel*] Cf. Marston’s *What you will* (1607): “Faith, Dorsicus, my
 brain boils. *Keel* it, *keel* it, or all the fat’s in the fire,” *i. e.* stir,
 skim, or pour in something cold in order to prevent the pot from
 boiling over.