

LOVE'S LABORS LOST

by
William Shakespeare

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE

FERDINAND king of Navarre.

BEROWNE | pronounced bear-OWN

LONGAVILLE | lords attending on the King. pronounced LAWN-ga-vil

DUMAIN | pronounced dew-MAIN

BOYET a lord attending on the Princess of France. Pronounced boy-ETT

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO a fantastical Spaniard. Pronounced Don AY-dree-an-o

SIR NATHANIEL a curate.

HOLOFERNES a schoolmaster. Pronounced Hollow-FUR-knees.

DULL a constable.

COSTARD a clown.

MOTH page to Armado.

The PRINCESS of France: (PRINCESS:)

ROSALINE | pronounced RAWZ-a-line, not rawz-a-leen or ross-a-line

MARIA | ladies attending on the Princess. pronounced ma-RYE-a

KATHARINE | pronounced, you know, Katherine.

JAQUENETTA a country wench. Pronounced JACK-wen-ET-ta

SCENE Navarre.

LOVE'S LABORS LOST

ACT I

SCENE I The king of Navarre's park.

(Enter FERDINAND king of Navarre, BEROWNE, LONGAVILLE and DUMAIN)

FERDINAND Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors,— for so you are,
That war against your own affections,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academy,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Berowne, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here:
If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

LONGAVILLE I am resolved; 'tis but a three years' fast:
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine. *(He signs.)*

DUMAIN My loving lord, Dumain is mortified:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy. *(He signs.)*

BEROWNE I can but say their protestation over;
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
(He begins to sign and stops.) But!
There are other strict observances:
Not to see a woman in that term?
Which I hope well is not enroll'd there;
And one day in a week to touch no food
And but one meal on every day beside,
The which I hope is not enroll'd there;
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day
Which I hope well is not enroll'd there:
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep!

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

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

LONGAVILLE You swore to that, Berowne, and to the rest.

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

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

BEROWNE Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?

FERDINAND Ay, that is study's godlike recompense.

BEROWNE Come on, then; I will swear to study so,
As thus,– to study where I well may dine;
Or study where to meet some mistress fine;
Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath,
Study to break it and not break my troth.
If study's gain be thus and this be so,
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

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

BEROWNE Why, all delights are vain;
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks:
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights
That give a name to every fixéd star
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.

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

DUMAIN Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

FERDINAND Berowne is like an envious sneaping frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

BEROWNE Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast

Before the birds have any cause to sing?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled mirth;
But like of each thing that in season grows.

FERDINAND Well, sit you out: go home, Berowne: adieu.

BEROWNE No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:
And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper; let me read the same;
And to the strictest decrees I'll write my name.

FERDINAND How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

BEROWNE (*Reads*) 'Item, That no woman shall come within a
mile of my court.' Hath this been proclaimed?

LONGAVILLE Four days ago.

BEROWNE Let's see the penalty. (*Reads*) 'On pain of losing her tongue.' Who devised this
penalty?

LONGAVILLE Marry, that did I.

BEROWNE Sweet lord, and why?

LONGAVILLE To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

BEROWNE 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.'
This article, my liege, yourself must break;
For well you know comes here 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 bed-rid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admiréd princess hither.

FERDINAND Why, this was quite forgot. What say you, lords?
We must of force dispense with this decree;
She must lie here on mere necessity.

BEROWNE Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space;
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:

(He signs.)

But I believe, although I seem so loath,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?

FERDINAND Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted
With a refinéd traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;
One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies shall relate
In high-born words the worth of many a knight
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.

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

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

(They begin to exit, but enter DULL with a letter, and COSTARD)

DULL Which is the duke's own person?

BEROWNE This, fellow: what wouldst?

DULL I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

BEROWNE This is he.

DULL Signior Arme— Arme— commends you. There's villainy! This letter will tell you more.

COSTARD Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

FERDINAND A letter from the magnificent Armado.

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

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

BEROWNE To hear? or forbear laughing?

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

BEROWNE Well, sir, be it as the matter shall give us cause to merriness.

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

BEROWNE In what manner?

COSTARD In manner and form following, sir: 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.

BEROWNE For the following, sir?

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

FERDINAND Will you hear this letter with attention?

BEROWNE As we would hear an oracle.

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

FERDINAND (*Reads*) 'Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's god, and body's fostering patron.'

COSTARD Not a word of Costard yet.

FERDINAND (*Reads*) 'So it is,'—

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

FERDINAND Peace!

COSTARD Be to me and every man that dares not fight!

FERDINAND No words!

COSTARD Of other men's secrets, I beseech you. (*BEROWNE covers COSTARD's mouth.*)

FERDINAND (*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 y-cleped thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and 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,'—

COSTARD Me?

FERDINAND (*Reads*) 'that unlettered small-knowing soul,'—

COSTARD Me?

FERDINAND (*Reads*) 'that shallow vassal,'—

COSTARD Still me?

FERDINAND (*Reads*) 'which, as I remember, hight Costard,'—

COSTARD O, me!

FERDINAND (*Reads*) 'sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, which with,— but with this I venture to say wherewith,—

COSTARD With a wench.

FERDINAND (*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 Dull.

FERDINAND (*Reads*) 'For Jaquenetta,— so is the weaker vessel called which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,— I keep her for the law's fury; and shall, at thy sweet notice,

bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty.
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.'

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

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

COSTARD Sir, I confess the wench.

FERDINAND Did you hear the proclamation?

COSTARD I confess much of the hearing it but little of the marking of it.

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

COSTARD I confess I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damsel.

FERDINAND Well, it was proclaimed 'damsel.'

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

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

COSTARD If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

FERDINAND This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

COSTARD This maid will serve my turn, sir.

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

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

FERDINAND And Don Armado shall be your keeper.

My Lord Berowne, see him deliver'd o'er:

And go we, lords, to put in practise that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

(Exeunt FERDINAND, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN)

BEROWNE I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.

Sirrah, come on.

COSTARD I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore affliction may one day smile again; and till then, sit thee down, sorrow!

(Exeunt)

LOVE'S LABORS LOST

ACT I

SCENE II The same.

(Enter DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO and MOTH)

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

MOTH A great sign, sir, that he will look sad but still be melancholic.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

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

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO Why tough senior?

MOTH Why tender juvenal?

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may call tender.

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

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO Pretty and apt.

MOTH How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO Thou pretty, because little.

MOTH Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO And therefore apt, because quick.

MOTH I will praise an eel with the same praise.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO What?

MOTH That an eel is quick.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO I do say thou art quick in answers. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

MOTH You may do it in an hour, sir.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO Impossible.

MOTH How many is one thrice told?

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO I am ill at reckoning.

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

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO It doth amount to one more than two.

MOTH Which the base vulgar do call ...?

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO Three.

MOTH Why, sir, 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.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO I will confess I am in love: and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. I think scorn to sigh. Comfort, me, boy: what great men have been in love?

MOTH Hercules, master.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name more; and let them be men of good repute and carriage.

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

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO O strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

MOTH A woman, master.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO Of what complexion?

MOTH Of the sea-water green, sir.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO Is that one of the four complexions? Green indeed is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour!. He surely affected her for her wit.

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

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO My love is most immaculate white and red.

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

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO Define, define, well-educated infant.

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

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO I will have that subject newly writ. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with Costard: she deserves well. My spirit grows heavy in love.

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

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO Forbear till this company be past.

(Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA)

DULL Sir, the duke's pleasure is that you keep Costard safe: and you must suffer him to 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.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO I do betray myself with blushing. Maid!

JAQUENETTA Man?

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO I will visit thee at the lodge.

JAQUENETTA That's hereby.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO I know where it is situate.

JAQUENETTA Lord, how wise you are!

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO I love thee.

JAQUENETTA So I heard you say. And so, farewell. Fair weather after you!

DULL Come, Jaquenetta, away!

(Exeunt DULL and JAQUENETTA)

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

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

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO Take away this villain; shut him up.

MOTH Come, you transgressing slave; away!

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

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

COSTARD Well, 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)

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. And how can that be true love which is basely attempted? 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.

(Exit)

LOVE'S LABORS LOST

ACT II

SCENE I The same.

(Enter the PRINCESS of France, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants)

PRINCESS Good Lord Boyet, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall outwear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to us seems it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
As our best-moving fair solicitor,
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
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.

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

(Exit BOYET)

Who are the vow-fellows with this virtuous duke? Lord Longaville is one.

MARIA I know him, madam: at a marriage-feast,
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms:
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss
Is a sharp wit matched with too blunt a will.

PRINCESS Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?
Who are the rest?

KATHARINE The young Dumain, a well-accomplished youth.
He hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw
Is my report to his great worthiness.

ROSALINE Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, if I have heard a truth.
Berowne they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.

PRINCESS God bless my ladies! are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such ornaments of praise? Here comes Boyet.

(Re-enter BOYET)

Now, what admittance, lord?

BOYET Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt:
He rather means to lodge you in this field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his un-womaned house.
Here comes Navarre.

(Enter FERDINAND, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BEROWNE, and Attendants)

FERDINAND Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

PRINCESS '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.

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

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

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

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

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

PRINCESS Why, will shall break it; will and nothing else.
I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping:

Tis sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And deadly sin to break it.
But pardon me. I am too sudden-bold:
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

(She hands him a letter.)

FERDINAND Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

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

(They stand aside as FERDINAND reads the letter.)

BEROWNE Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

ROSALINE Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

BEROWNE You know you did.

ROSALINE How needless was it then to ask the question!

BEROWNE You must not be so quick. Your wit speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

ROSALINE Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

BEROWNE Now fair befall your mask!

ROSALINE Fair fall the face it covers!

BEROWNE And send you many lovers!

ROSALINE Amen, so you be none.

BEROWNE Nay, then will I be gone. *(He withdraws.)*

FERDINAND *(Done reading.)* Madam, your father here doth boldly claim
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one half of the entire sum
Lent by my father for your father's wars.
In surety of the which,
One part of Aquitaine is bound to us.
But here he doth insist he has repaid

A hundred thousand crowns; and
To have his title live in Aquitaine;
Which we much rather had depart withal
And have the money
Than Aquitaine, so gelded as it is.
If then the king your father will repay
But that one half which yet outstanding lies,
We will give up our right in Aquitaine,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
Dear Princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast
And go well satisfied to France again.

PRINCESS 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.

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

PRINCESS We arrest your word.
Boyet, here, can produce acquittances
For such a sum.

FERDINAND 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.

FERDINAND It shall suffice me: at which interview
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Meantime, 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.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

PRINCESS Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!

FERDINAND Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!

(Exit)

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

(Retiring. DUMAIN accosts BOYET.)

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

BOYET The heir of Alençon, Katharine her name.

DUMAIN A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well.

(Exit. LONGAVILLE accosts BOYET.)

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

BOYET A woman, if you saw her in the light.

LONGAVILLE I desire her name.

BOYET She hath but one for herself; to desire it for yourself were a shame.

LONGAVILLE Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

BOYET Her mother's, I have heard.

LONGAVILLE God's blessing on your beard!

BOYET Good sir, be not offended.
She is Maria, an heir of Falconbridge.

LONGAVILLE Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a most sweet lady.

BOYET Not unlike, sir, that may be.

(Exit LONGAVILLE. BEROWNE accosts BOYET.)

BEROWNE What's her name in the cap?

BOYET Rosaline, by good hap.

BEROWNE Is she wedded or no?

BOYET To her will, sir, or so.

BEROWNE You are welcome, sir: adieu.

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

(Exit BEROWNE.)

MARIA That last is Berowne, the merry madcap lord:
Not a word with him but a jest.

BOYET And every jest but a word.

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

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

PRINCESS This civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abused.

BOYET If my observation, which very seldom lies,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

PRINCESS With what?

BOYET Why, his heart, like an agate, with your print impress'd,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'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,
If you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

PRINCESS Come to our pavilion: Boyet is disposed.

ROSALINE Thou art an old love-monger and speakest skilfully.

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

KATHARINE Then was Venus like her mother, for her father is but grim.

BOYET D o you hear, my mad wenches? You are too hard for me.

(Exeunt)

LOVE'S LABORS LOST

ACT III

SCENE I The same.

(Enter DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO and MOTH)

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

(Music: Concolinel. French folk song: Quand Colinet; possible: Collinette par Pierre Arvay chanson par Francois Deguelt)

MOTH *(Singing)* When she dances and twirls. One, two, three.

Jacquinetta, Jacquinetta.

When she dances and twirls. One, two, three.

Jacquinetta, Jacquinetta.

Weaves a spell that will not set him free.

And the boy who holds her in his arms.

Jacquinetta. Jacquinetta.

And the boy who holds her in his arms,

Like a fool falls headlong for her charms.

Jacquinetta. Jacquinetta.

For you, it's only a game.

Jacquinetta. Jacquinetta.

But, his heart's set aflame.

When she dances and twirls. One, two, three.

Jacquinetta, Jacquinetta.

When she dances and twirls. One, two, three.

Jacquinetta, Jacquinetta.

Weaves a spell that will not set him free.

All your looks and your sighs offer up paradise

And he offers his heart and you smile

While the passionate prize is promised in your eyes,

While you dance, oh!, while you dance with such joy.

When she dances and twirls. One, two, three.

Jacquinetta, Jacquinetta.

When she dances and twirls. One, two, three.

Know her love will stay just for tonight.

Until morning is rising, she will float,

Jacquinetta, Jacquinetta.
Until morning is rising she will float

And she'll sweep you along, deep in her dance.
Jacquinetta. Jacquinetta.
But at dawn, you'll wake from her trance.
Jacquinetta, Jacquinetta.
You're alone, and in love

When she dances and twirls. One, two, three.
Jacquinetta, Jacquinetta.
When she dances and twirls. One, two, three.
Jacquinetta will not set you free.
She has stolen my heart and my life!

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years, 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?

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO How meanest thou?

MOTH These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches, that would be betrayed without these.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO How hast thou purchased this experience?

MOTH By my penny of observation. But have you forgot your love?

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO Almost I had.

MOTH Negligent student! learn her by heart.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO By heart and in heart, boy.

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

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO What wilt thou prove?

MOTH A man, if I live; and this: by, in, and without. By heart you love her; in heart you love her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO I am all these three. Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter.

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

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO 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.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO The way is but short: away!

MOTH As swift as lead, sir.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO The meaning, pretty ingenious? Is not lead a metal heavy,
dull, and slow?

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

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO I say lead is slow.

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

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO 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.

(DON ADRIANO kicks MOTH's backside. Exit MOTH.)

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

(Re-enter MOTH with COSTARD)

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

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO Some enigma, some riddle: come, thy l'envoy; begin.

COSTARD No enigma, no riddle, no l'envoy, sir! But a plantain – for a salve! *(Showing his
scraped shin.)*

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO 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?

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO No, page. 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 Until the goose came out of door,
And evened the odds by making four.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO But tell me; how was there a costard broken in a shin?

MOTH I will tell you sensibly.

COSTARD Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth: I will speak that l'envoy:
I Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold and broke my shin.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO We will talk no more of this matter. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

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

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO By my sweet soul, I mean enfreedoming thy person; thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

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

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO 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; (*Giving a coin.*) for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow.

(Exit DON ADRIANO.)

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

COSTARD My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony shrew!

(Exit MOTH. COSTARD has been holding his closed hand out stiffly.)

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.’ Remuneration! I will never buy and sell out of this word.

(Enter BEROWNE)

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

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

BEROWNE What is a remuneration?

COSTARD Marry, sir, ha’p’ny farthing.

BEROWNE Why, then, three-farthing worth of silk.

COSTARD I thank your worship: God be wi’ you!

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

COSTARD When would you have it done, sir?

BEROWNE This afternoon.

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

BEROWNE Thou knowest not what it is.

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

BEROWNE Why, villain, thou must know first.

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

BEROWNE 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.

(Giving him a shilling.)

COSTARD Gardon, O sweet gardon! better than remuneration,
 'Leven-pence farthing better: most sweet gardon! I
 will do it sir, in prime. Gardon! Remuneration!

(Exit)

BEROWNE And I, forsooth, in love! I!
 This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
 Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
 Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
 Am I to be a corporal of his guard,
 And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!
 What, I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
 Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all;
 And, among three, to love the worst of all;
 Am 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.

(Exit)

LOVE'S LABORS LOST

ACT IV

SCENE I The same.

(Enter the PRINCESS, and her train, a Forester, BOYET, ROSALINE, MARIA, and KATHARINE)

PRINCESS Was that the king, that spurred his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

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

PRINCESS Whoever he was, he showed a mounting mind.
Well, friends, to-day we shall have our dispatch:
On Saturday we will return to France.

BOYET Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

(Enter COSTARD)

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

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

COSTARD Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

PRINCESS The thickest and the tallest.

COSTARD The thickest and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

PRINCESS What's your will, sir? what's your will?

COSTARD I have a letter from Monsieur Berowne to one Lady Rosaline.

PRINCESS O, thy letter, thy letter! he's a good friend of mine:
Boyet, you can carve; break up this capon.

BOYET I am bound to serve.
This letter is mistook, it is writ to 'Jaquenetta'.

PRINCESS Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

(Reads)

BOYET 'By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely.' More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself! 'The magnanimous and most illustrious king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say, Veni, vidi, vici: 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. The conclusion is victory. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. 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.'

PRINCESS Did you ever hear better?

BOYET I am much deceived but I remember the style.
This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court.

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

COSTARD I told you; my lord.

PRINCESS To whom shouldst thou give it?

COSTARD From my lord to my lady.

PRINCESS From which lord to which lady?

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

PRINCESS Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, all, away.

(Handing the letter to ROSALINE)

Here, sweet, put up this: thine comes another day.

(Exeunt PRINCESS and train)

BOYET Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?

ROSALINE Shall I teach you to know?
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!

ROSALINE If we choose by the horns, yourself come not near.
Finely put on, indeed!

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

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

(Exeunt ROSALINE and KATHARINE)

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

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

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

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

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

BOYET I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl.

(Exeunt BOYET and MARIA)

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

(Shout within)

(Exit COSTARD, running)

LOVE'S LABORS LOST

ACT IV

SCENE II The same.

(Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL)

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

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

SIR NATHANIEL A title to Phoebe, to Luna, to the moon.

HOLOFERNES The moon was a month old when Adam was no more,
 And came not to five weeks when he came to five-score.
 The allusion holds in the exchange.

DULL 'Tis true; the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old.

SIR NATHANIEL A rare talent!

HOLOFERNES The gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

SIR NATHANIEL Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you.

HOLOFERNES If their sons be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: but fewer words: a soul feminine saluteth us.

(Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD)

JAQUENETTA God give you good morrow, master Parson. 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.

HOLOFERNES What, my soul, verses?

SIR NATHANIEL Ay, sir, and very learned.

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

SIR NATHANIEL (*Reads*) If love make me forsworn, shall I swear to love?
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.

HOLOFERNES Fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine.

SIR NATHANIEL (*Reads*) Study his bias leaves and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend,

HOLOFERNES 'Tis pretty; it is well.

SIR NATHANIEL (*Reads*) All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire:
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.

(HOLOFERNES begins to speak, but SIR NATHANIEL holds up his hand to stop him.)

Celestial as thou art, O, pardon, love, this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

HOLOFERNES You find not the apostraphas, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, caret. Ovid was the man. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

JAQUENETTA Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Berowne, one of the strange queen's lords.

HOLOFERNES 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, Berowne.' Sir Nathaniel, this Berowne is one of the king's votaries; 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.

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

(COSTARD bows to HOLOFERNES and holds out his hand for his remuneration.)

HOLOFERNES Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu.

COSTARD Have with thee, my girl. *(Looks at his empty hand.)* Remuneration.

(Exeunt COSTARD and JAQUENETTA)

SIR NATHANIEL Sir, you have done this in the fear of God.

HOLOFERNES But to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

SIR NATHANIEL Marvellous well. And, as a certain father saith,—

HOLOFERNES Sir tell me not of the father; 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 privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil or student, prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

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

HOLOFERNES And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. *(To DULL)*
Sir, I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay. Away!

(Exeunt)

LOVE'S LABORS LOST

ACT IV

SCENE III The same.

(Enter BEROWNE, with a paper)

BEROWNE The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch. By the Lord, this love is as mad as ... Ajax! I will not love; 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. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the fool sent it, the clown bore 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 but in this state. Here comes one with a paper: God give him grace to groan!

(Stands aside. Enter FERDINAND, with a paper)

FERDINAND Ay, me!

BEROWNE: *(Aside)* Ay, me!

FERDINAND *(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:

BEROWNE *(Aside)* Shot, by heaven!

FERDINAND 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:

BEROWNE *(Aside)* Proceed, sweet Cupid!

FERDINAND No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:

BEROWNE *(Aside)* Cupid, thou hast thumped him under the left pap where heart doth hop!

FERDINAND 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.

BEROWNE: *(Aside)* A couplet's yet to come.

FERDINAND How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper.

BEROWNE *(Aside)* What! No couplet?

FERDINAND Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?

(Steps aside)

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

BEROWNE *(Aside)* Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

(Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper)

LONGAVILLE Ay me, I am forsworn!

BEROWNE *(Aside)* Why, he comes in like a perjure, bearing papers.

FERDINAND In love, I hope: sweet fellowship in shame!

BEROWNE *(Aside)* One drunkard loves another of the name.

LONGAVILLE Am I the first that have been perjured so?

FERDINAND *(Aside)* I could put thee in comfort.

BEROWNE *(Aside)* Not by two that I know:
Thou makest the triumvir, the corner-cap of society,

LONGAVILLE 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.

BEROWNE *(Aside)* O, rhymes are garters on Cupid's hose:
Let not his droop.

LONGAVILLE This same shall go. *(Reads)* Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

FERDINAND *(Aside)* Good, thus far.

LONGAVILLE *(Reads)* A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.

BEROWNE *(Aside)* A green goose a goddess! Pure, pure idolatry.

LONGAVILLE (*Reads*) Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhalest this vapour-vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:

FERDINAND and BEROWNE (*Aside*) Bleah!

LONGAVILLE If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

BEROWNE (*Aside*) Oh, *now* the couplet!
This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity,
God amend us, God amend! we are all much out o' the way.

LONGAVILLE By whom shall I send this? – Company! stay.

(Steps aside)

BEROWNE All hid? All hid! I've seen this play.
Like a demigod here sit I in the sky.
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'ereye.
More grist to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish!

(Enter DUMAIN, with a paper)

Dumain transform'd! four woodcocks in a dish!

DUMAIN O most divine Kate!

BEROWNE (*Aside*) O most profane coxcomb!

DUMAIN By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye!

FERDINAND (*Aside*) By earth, she is not, corporal, there you lie.

DUMAIN As upright as the cedar.

LONGAVILLE (*Aside*) Stooped, I say; (*Imitating a hunch-back.*)
Her shoulder is with child.

DUMAIN As fair as day.

BEROWNE (*Aside*) Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.

DUMAIN O that I had my wish!

LONGAVILLE *(Aside)* And I had mine!

FERDINAND *(Aside)* And I mine too, good Lord!

BEROWNE *(Aside)* Amen, so I had mine: is not that a good word?

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

BEROWNE *(Aside)* A fever in your blood! why, then incision
Would bleed her out in saucers full!

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

BEROWNE *(Aside)* Once more I'll mark how love can trample wit.

DUMAIN *(Reads)* On a day – alack the day! –
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air:

FERDINAND *(Aside)* Playing wanton with an heir.

DUMAIN Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, can passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish himself the heaven's breath.

LONGAVILLE *(Aside)* Wish the poet sudden death.

DUMAIN 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;

BEROWNE *(Aside)* And, now the couplet.

DUMAIN 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;

BEROWNE (*Aside*) What! Quatrain me, will you?

DUMAIN Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

BEROWNE (*Aside*) He quatrans himself half into another verse!

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

LONGAVILLE (*Advancing*) Dumain, thy love is far from charity.
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard and taken napping so.

FERDINAND (*Advancing*) Come, sir, you blush; as his your case is such;
You chide at him, offending twice as much;
I have been closely shrouded in this bush
And mark'd you both and for you both did blush:
I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your fashion,
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:
Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:
What will Berowne say when that he shall hear
Faith so infringed, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
How will he triumph, sneer and laugh at it!
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

BEROWNE (*Aside*) Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.

(*Advancing*)

Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me!
Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
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!
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 doctor, ho!

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

BEROWNE 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 engagéd in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With men like men of inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for love? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A brow, a breast, a waist, a leg, a limb?

FERDINAND Soft! whither away so fast?
A true man or a thief that gallops so?

BEROWNE I post from love: good lover, let me go.

(Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD)

JAQUENETTA God bless the king!

FERDINAND What present hast thou there?

COSTARD Some certain treason.

FERDINAND What makes treason here?

COSTARD Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

FERDINAND If it mar nothing neither,
The treason and you go in peace.

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

FERDINAND Berowne, read it over.

(Giving him the paper)

Where hadst thou it?

JAQUENETTA Of Costard.

FERDINAND Where hadst thou it?

COSTARD Of Don Adramadio, Dun Adridamio. Din ...

(BEROWNE tears the letter)

FERDINAND How now! why dost thou tear it?

BEROWNE A toy, my liege, a toy: your grace needs not fear it.

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

DUMAIN *(Gathering up the pieces)* It is Berowne's writing, and here is his name.

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

FERDINAND What?

BEROWNE 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.

DUMAIN Now the number is even.

LONGAVILLE Will these turtles be gone? Hence, sirs; away!

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

(Exeunt COSTARD and JAQUENETTA)

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

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

BEROWNE Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
 Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
 That is not blinded by her majesty?

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

BEROWNE O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:

DUMAIN To look like a chimney-sweeper.

LONGAVILLE And since her time are colliers counted bright.

DUMAIN I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

FERDINAND But what of this? are we not all in love?

BEROWNE Nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.

FERDINAND Then leave this chat; and, good Berowne, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

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

LONGAVILLE O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the devil.

DUMAIN Some salve for perjury.

BEROWNE 'Tis more than needed.
Have at you, then, affection's men at arms.
Consider what you first did swear,
To fast, to study, and no woman see;
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say 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?
Now, for looking on a woman's face,
Then when we see ourselves in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O, love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;

They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain and nourish all the world:
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men,
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women,
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men,
Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
For charity itself fulfills the law,
And who can sever love from charity?

FERDINAND Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

BEROWNE Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;
Pell-mell, down with them!

LONGAVILLE Now to plain-dealing;
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

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

BEROWNE We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks and merry hours
Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

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

(Exeunt)

END OF 1ST HALF

LOVE'S LABORS LOST

ACT V

SCENE I The same.

(Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL)

SIR NATHANIEL I praise God for you, sir: your reasonings have been sharp; 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.

HOLOFERNES I know the man as well as you: his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue sharp, his gait majestical, and his general behavior vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

SIR NATHANIEL A most singular and choice epithet.

(Draws out his table-book to write down the words.)

HOLOFERNES He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such such insociable and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak dout, 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 nebor. This is abhominable – which he would call abominable: it insinuateth to make me frantic. Bon, bon, fort bon, domine! Video, et gaudeo.

(Enter DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD)

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO Men of peace, well encountered.

HOLOFERNES Most military sir, salutation.

MOTH *(Aside to COSTARD)* They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

COSTARD O, I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus.

MOTH Peace! the peal begins.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO *(To HOLOFERNES)* Monsieur, are you not lettered?

MOTH Yes, yes; he teaches boys the hornbook. What is a, b, spelt backward, with the

horn on his head?

HOLOFERNES Ba, pueritia, with a horn added.

MOTH Ba, most silly sheep with a horn.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO A sweet touch, a quick venue of wit! snip, snap, quick and home! True wit!

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

COSTARD Hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO Arts-man, preambulate. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

HOLOFERNES Or mons, the hill. I do, sans question.

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

HOLOFERNES The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent and measurable for the afternoon.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO Sir, the king is a very good friend but let that pass. I must tell thee, some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass. The very all of all is – but I do implore secrecy – that the king would have me present the princess with some delightful 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.

HOLOFERNES 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 to present as to present ... The Nine Worthies!

SIR NATHANIEL Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

HOLOFERNES Joshua, yourself; myself and this gallant gentleman (*DON ARMADO*), Judas Maccabaeus; this swain (*COSTARD*), because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great; the page (*MOTH*), Hercules –

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

HOLOFERNES 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.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO For the rest of the Worthies?—

HOLOFERNES I will play three myself.

MOTH Thrice-worthy gentleman!

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

DULL Nor understood none neither, sir.

HOLOFERNES Allons! we will employ thee.

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

HOLOFERNES Most dull, honest Dull! To our sport, away!

(Exeunt)

LOVE'S LABORS LOST

ACT V

SCENE II The same.

(Enter the PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA)

PRINCESS Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
 Look you what I have from the loving king.

ROSALINE Madame, came nothing else along with that?

PRINCESS Nothing but this! *(Holds up a paper.)* Yes, as much love in rhyme
 As could be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
 Writ both sides, margent and all,

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

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

PRINCESS Well, Rosaline, you have a favour too:
 Who sent it? and what is it?

ROSALINE I would you knew:
 Nay, I have verses too, I thank Berowne:
 I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.
 O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

PRINCESS Any thing like?

ROSALINE Much in the letters; nothing in the praise.

PRINCESS Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

ROSALINE *(Reading.)* '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!

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

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

KATHARINE Madam, this glove.

PRINCESS Did he not send you twain?

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

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

PRINCESS I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart
 The pearls were longer and the letter shorter?

MARIA Ay. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.

ROSALINE They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
 That same Berowne I'll torture ere I go:
 How I would make him fawn and beg and seek
 And wait the season and observe the times
 And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes
 And shape his service wholly to my hests
 That he should be my fool to eat my jests.

ROSALINE Well, better wits have worn fools caps.
 But will you hear? Berowne is my love sworn.

PRINCESS And, sure, the king hath plighted faith to me.

KATHARINE And Dumain was for my service born.

MARIA Longaville is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

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

MARIA Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
 As foolery in the wise –

PRINCESS Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his eyes.

(Enter BOYET)

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

PRINCESS Thy news, Boyet?

BOYET Prepare, madam, prepare!
Arm, wench, arm! Love doth approach.

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

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.

PRINCESS Will they return?

BOYET They will, they will, God knows,
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

PRINCESS 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.

PRINCESS Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

ROSALINE Good madam, if by me you'll be advised,
Let's, mock them still.

BOYET Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

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

*(Exeunt PRINCESS, ROSALINE, KATHARINE, and MARIA; enter
JAQUENETTA followed by DON ADRIANO.)*

JACQUENETTA What would you, stranger?

DON ADRIANO Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

JACQUENETTA Why, so you have it, and you may be gone.

DONADRIANO I have measured many miles to tread a measure with you on this
 grass.

JACQUENETTA It is not so. How many inches is in one mile? If you have measured many,
 the measure of one is easily told.

DON ADRIANO I measured them by weary steps.

JACQUENETTA How many weary steps are number'd in the travel of one mile?

DON ADRIANO I number nothing that I spend for you. Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of
 your face.

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

DON ADRIANO Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine.

JACQUENETTA Beg a greater matter; one I wait to hear.

DON ADRIANO White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

JACQUENETTA 'Honey, and milk, and sugar'; there is three.

DON ADRIANO Nay then, two treys, and if you grow so nice, 'Spiced mead, wort, and
 malmsey'! There's half-a-dozen sweets.

JACQUENETTA Seventh sweet, adieu: I'll play no more with you.

DON ADRIANO One word in secret.

JACQUENETTA Let it not be sweet.

DON ADRIANO Thou grievest my gall.

JACQUENETTA Gall! bitter, not sweet.

DON ADRIANO Therefore meet. Will you vouchsafe with me to change the word?

JACQUENETTA Name it.

DON ADRIANO Fair lady,—

JAQUENNETA Say you so? Fair lord – Take that for your fair lady.

DON ADRIANO Please it you, there's much I would in private say to you.

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

DON ADRIANO You have a double tongue within your mask and well would afford my speechless vizard half. (*He pronounces 'well' above as 'veel'.*)

JAQUENETTA Veal, quoth the Dutchman. Is not 'veal' a calf?

DON ADRIANO A calf, fair lady!

JAQUENETTA No, a fair lord calf.

DON ADRIANO Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks! Will you give horns, lady? do not so.

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

DON ADRIANO One word in private with you, ere I die.

JAQUENETTA Bleat softly then; the butcher hears you cry.

(Exeunt JAQUENETTA and DON ADRIANO. Re-enter FERDINAND, BEROWNE, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN, in their proper habits)

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

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

FERDINAND That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

BOYET I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.

(Exit)

BEROWNE This fellow pecks at wit as pigeons pease,
And utters it again when God doth please:

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

(Re-enter the PRINCESS, ushered by BOYET, ROSALINE, MARIA, and KATHARINE)

FERDINAND All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

PRINCESS 'Fair' in 'all hail' is foul, as I conceive.

FERDINAND Construe my speeches better, if you may.

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

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

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

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

PRINCESS You nickname virtue; vice you should have spoke;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
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.

FERDINAND O, you have lived in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

PRINCESS Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;

BEROWNE Fair gentle sweet, 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.

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

BEROWNE I am a fool, and full of poverty.

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

BEROWNE O, I am yours, and all that I possess!

ROSALINE All the fool mine?

BEROWNE 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;
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!
I do forswear them; and I here protest,
By this white glove;— how white the hand, God knows!—
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas and honest kersey noes:
And, to begin, wench,— so God help me, la!—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

ROSALINE Sans sans, I pray you.

BEROWNE Bear with me, I am sick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see: *(He looks at the others.)*
They are infected; in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes;
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

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

BEROWNE Our states are forfeit: seek not to undo us.

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

BEROWNE Peace! for I will not have to do with you.

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

BEROWNE Speak for yourselves; my wit is at an end.

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

PRINCESS The fairest is confession.
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

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

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

FERDINAND Upon mine honour, no.

PRINCESS Peace, peace! forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

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

PRINCESS I will: and therefore keep it. Rosaline,
What did Ferdinand whisper in your ear?

ROSALINE 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.

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

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

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

FERDINAND My faith and this the princess I did give:
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

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

BEROWNE Neither of either; I remit both twain.

I see the trick on't: here was a consent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:
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 error.
Much upon this it is: and might not you

(To BOYET)

Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?

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

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

(Enter COSTARD)

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

COSTARD O Lord, sir, they would know
 Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.

BEROWNE What, are there but three?

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

BEROWNE And three times thrice is nine.

COSTARD 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:
 I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,--

BEROWNE Is not nine?

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

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

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

BEROWNE How much is it?

COSTARD O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show where until it doth amount: for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man in one poor man, Pompion the Great, sir.

BEROWNE Art thou one of the Worthies?

COSTARD 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.

BEROWNE Go, bid them prepare.

COSTARD We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care.

(Exit)

FERDINAND Berowne, they will shame us: let them not approach.

BEROWNE We are shame-proof, my lord: and tis some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

FERDINAND I say they shall not come.

PRINCESS Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now:
That sport best pleases that doth least know how:
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

BEROWNE A right description of our sport, my lord.

(Enter DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO)

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet
breath as will utter a brace of words.

(Converses apart with FERDINAND, and delivers him a paper)

PRINCESS Doth this man serve God?

BEROWNE Why ask you?

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

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO 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 couplement!

(Exit)

FERDINAND 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 Maccabaeus:

And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

BEROWNE There is five in the first show.

FERDINAND You are deceived; 'tis not so.

BEROWNE The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool and the boy: –
Take each one in his vein.

FERDINAND The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

(Enter COSTARD, for Pompey)

COSTARD I Pompey am,–

BOYET You lie, you are not he.

COSTARD I Pompey am,–

BOYET With leopard's head on knee.

BEROWNE Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

COSTARD I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the Big –

DUMAIN The Great.

COSTARD It is, 'Great,' sir: –
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,

And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France,
If your ladyship would say, 'Thanks, Pompey,' I had done.

PRINCESS Great thanks, great Pompey.

COSTARD 'Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect: I made a little fault in 'Great.'

BEROWNE My hat to a ha'p'ny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

(Enter SIR NATHANIEL, for Alexander)

SIR NATHANIEL When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander;
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:
My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander,—

BOYET Your nose says, no, you are not for it stands too right.

BEROWNE Your nose smells 'no' in this, most tender-smelling knight.

PRINCESS The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alexander.

SIR NATHANIEL When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander,—

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

BEROWNE Pompey the Great,—

COSTARD Your servant, and Costard.

BEROWNE Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

COSTARD *(To SIR NATHANIEL)* 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 afeard to speak! run away for shame, Alisander.

(SIR NATHANIEL 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 'tis, — a little o'erparted. But there are Worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

(Enter HOLOFERNES, for Judas; and MOTH, for Hercules)

HOLOFERNES 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,—

DUMAIN A Judas!

HOLOFERNES Not Iscariot, sir.
Judas I am, ycliped Maccabaeus.

DUMAIN Judas Maccabaeus clipt is plain Judas.

BEROWNE A kissing traitor. How art thou proved Judas?

HOLOFERNES Judas I am,—

DUMAIN The more shame for you, Judas.

HOLOFERNES What mean you, sir?

BOYET To make Judas hang himself.

HOLOFERNES Begin, sir; you are my elder.

BEROWNE Well followed: Judas was hanged on an elder.

HOLOFERNES I will not be put out of countenance.

BEROWNE Because thou hast no face.

HOLOFERNES What is this?

BEROWNE And now forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

HOLOFERNES You have put me out of countenance.
But you have out-faced them all.

BEROWNE 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?

DUMAIN For the latter end of his name.

BEROWNE For the ass to the Jude; give it him: – Jud-as, away!

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

BOYET A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble.

(HOLOFERNES retires)

PRINCESS Alas, poor Maccabaeus, how hath he been baited!

(Enter DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, for Hector)

BEROWNE Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms.

BOYET But is this Hector?

FERDINAND I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.

LONGAVILLE His leg is too big for Hector's.

DUMAIN More calf, certain.

BEROWNE This cannot be Hector.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift,–

DUMAIN A gilt nutmeg.

BEROWNE A lemon.

LONGAVILLE Stuck with cloves.

DUMAIN No, cloven.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO 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; yea
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower,—

DUMAIN That mint.

LONGAVILLE That columbine.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

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

DUMAIN Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO 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.

PRINCESS Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

BOYET *(Aside to DUMAIN)* Loves her by the foot, —

DUMAIN *(Aside to BOYET)* He may not by the yard.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—

COSTARD The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO What meanest thou?

COSTARD Faith, unless you play the honest Troyan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already: tis yours.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

COSTARD Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is quick by him and hanged for Pompey that is dead by him.

DUMAIN Most rare Pompey!

BOYET Renowned Pompey!

BEROWNE Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey!
Pompey the Huge!

DUMAIN Hector trembles.

BEROWNE Pompey is moved. Stir them on! stir them on!

DUMAIN Hector will challenge him.

BEROWNE Ay, if he have more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

COSTARD 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.

DUMAIN Room for the incensed Worthies!

COSTARD I'll do it in my shirt.

DUMAIN Most resolute Pompey!

MOTH Master, let me take you a buttonhole lower. Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? You will lose your reputation.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

DUMAIN You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

BEROWNE What reason have you for't?

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.

BOYET True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dishclout of Jaquenetta's, and that he wears next his heart for a favour.

(Enter MARIA, with a letter)

MARIA God save you, madam!

PRINCESS Maria, thou interrupt'st our merriment.

MARIA I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring
 Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father –

(She hands the PRINCESS the letter.)

PRINCESS *(Reading.)* Dead, for my life!

MARIA Even so; my tale is told.

BEROWNE Worthies, away! the scene begins to cloud.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the
 day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.

(Exeunt Worthies)

FERDINAND How fares your majesty?

PRINCESS Boyet, prepare; I will away tonight.

FERDINAND Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

PRINCESS Prepare, I say. I thank you, gracious lords,
 For all your fair endeavors; 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.

FERDINAND Though the mourning brow of progeny
 Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
 Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
 Let not the cloud of sorrow jostle it
 From what it purposed. To mourn friends lost
 Is not so wholesome-profitable
 As to rejoice at friends new found.

PRINCESS I understand you not: my griefs are double.

BEROWNE Honest plain words: Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, we to ourselves prove false,
For ever to be true to those that make us both –
Fair ladies, you.

PRINCESS We have received your letters full of love;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

DUMAIN Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

LONGAVILLE So did our looks.

ROSALINE We did not quote them so.

FERDINAND Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

PRINCESS No, no, my lord, your grace is perjured much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this:
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.
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.

FERDINAND If this, or more than this, I would deny,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!

BEROWNE And what to me, my love? and what to me?

ROSALINE You must be purgéd too, your sins are rack'd,
Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick

DUMAIN But what to me, my love? but what to me? A wife?

KATHARINE A beard, fair health, and honesty;

With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

DUMAIN O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

KATHARINE Not so, my lord; a twelvemonth and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come;
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

LONGAVILLE What says Maria?

MARIA At the twelvemonth's end
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

LONGAVILLE I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

MARIA The liker you; few taller are so young.

BEROWNE Studies my lady? mistress, look on me;
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there:
Impose some service on me for thy love.

ROSALINE Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Berowne,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
And therewithal to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won,
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavor of your wit
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

BEROWNE To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

ROSALINE A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
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.

BEROWNE A twelvemonth! well; befall what will befall,
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

PRINCESS *(To FERDINAND)* Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.

FERDINAND No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

BEROWNE Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

FERDINAND Come, sir, it wants but twelvemonth and a day.

BEROWNE That's too long for a play.

(Re-enter DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO)

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

PRINCESS Was not that Hector?

DUMAIN The worthy knight of Troy.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the song 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.

FERDINAND Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO Holla! approach.

(Re-enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, and others; they divide into two choruses.)

This side is Hiems, Winter, this Ver, the Spring; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

(Music)

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!

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 stir the pot.

(The two choruses sing at the same time.)

 SPRING
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 all aloud the wind doth blow
And coughing drowns the parson's saw
And birds sit brooding in the snow
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit; Tu-woo,
A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth stir the pot.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo.
You that way: we this way.

(Exeunt)

END OF PLAY