SHAKSPERE'S

LOVES LABORS LOST:

THE FIRST QUARTO,

1598,

A FACSIMILE IN PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY

BY

WILLIAM GRIGGS,

FOR 13 YEARS PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHER TO THE INDIA OFFICE,

WITH FOREWORDS BY

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LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY W. GRIGGS, HANOVER STREET, PECKHAM, S.E.
TO

James Spedding, M.A.,

HONORARY FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

EDITOR OF BACON,

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

THIS FACSIMILE OF

LOVES LABORS LOST,

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

IS DEDICATED

(THO WITHOUT HIS LEAVE ASKT)

BY ONE WHO OWES HIS TEACHING MUCH.

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

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

Q. Make rich the ribbes, but ban [k] erout quite the wits

Fr. . . . . . . ribs, . . . . bankerout the wits;

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

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

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

3 They add: "The second Quarto [1631] is reprinted from the First Folio."
iv § 1. Q₁ AND F₁ COMPARED. § 2. Q₁. 'CORRECTED AND AUGMENTED.'

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

Q. Hence hirrite then my hart, is in thy brest
F. Hence euere then, my heart is in thy brest.

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

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

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

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¹ If *ydotarie* is for our *idiotry,* it may stand.
² Holofernes's "intellect" of Beroune's letter to Rosalin, IV. ii. 137, has been shown by Prof. T. Spencer Baynes to mean "signature, sign-manual." See the second of his very interesting papers on "What Shakespeare learnt at School," in *Fraser's Magazine,* January, 1886, p. 90-92.
³ W. Waterson (?). See Arber's *Transcript.*
of Shakspere's MS., has, by a happy mistake, left us at least two
bits of evidence as to how Shakspere "corrected and augmented"
his *Loues labors lost.* The first is in Act IV. sc. iii, the second in
Act V. sc. ii. In both, the Quarto has given us both the First Sketch
and the Finish Drawing, and has printed both as parts of one
whole. Take the first case, in IV. iii.:

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**First Sketch.**

O,¹ we have made a Vow to study,  
Lor'des, (318) i
And in that Vow we have forsworne  
our Bookes. (319) ii

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**Second Version, "Corrected and Augmented."**

And where that you have vowed to study  
(Lor'des), (296)
In that each of you have forsworn his  
Booke,
Can you still dreame, and poare, and  
thereon looke?²  
(298) 3

(First Insertion.)

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

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

For when would you, my Lord, or you,  
or you, (320) ii
Have found the ground of Studies  
excellence (300) iv
Without the beautie of a woman's face?

---

For where is any Author in the  
worlde, (312) vi
Teaches such beautie⁴ as a woman's  
eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to our selfe,  
And where we are, our Learning likewise is,  
ix
Then, when our seues we see in Ladies  
eyes (316) x

---

¹? read 'Then.'
² This *Booke-looke* couplet looks early, and so does the construction; but l. 3
is necessary for l. 4.
³ Dyce reads *prisons.* But you don't want the metaphor of nimble spirits
struggling to burst their prison; you want em dulld and numibd by poison.
⁴? read 'Learning.'
With our selves,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?

Courses as swift as thought in every power
And giues to euery power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It addes a precious seeing to the eye: 24
A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde.
A Louers eare will heare the lowest sound: (335)
When the suspitious head of theft is stopt, 27
Loues feeling is more soft and sensible
Then are the tender horns of Cockled Snyles.
Loues tongue provis daintie, Bacchus grosse in taste. 30
For Valoure, is not Loue a Hercules,
Still clyming trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx, as sweete and musi-call (342)
As bright Apollos Lute, strung with his haire:
And when Loue speakes, the voyce of all the Goddes
Make heauen drowsie with the harmonie. (345)
Neuer durst Poet touch a pen to write,
Vntill his Incke were tempred with Loues sighes;
O then his lines would rauish sausage ears, (318)
And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie. 40

(Recast of lines xiii—xv of First Sketch.)

From womens eyes this doctrine I derive,
They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achadems
From whence doth spring the true Prometheus fire.

Then fools you were, these women to forsweare;
Or keeping what is sworne, you will prove fools... (355)

(Recast of lines xvi—xvii of First Sketch.)

Then fools you were, these women to
forsweare;
Or keeping what is sworne, you will
prove fools... (356)
§ 2. HOW Q₁ WAS "NEWLY CORRECTED AND AUGMENTED." vii

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

First Sketch, V. ii. 827—832.

_Berow._ And what to me my Loue? and what to me?

_Rosal._ You must be purged to; your sinnes are rackt;
You are attaunt with faultes and perjurie:

Therefore, if you my fauour meane to get,
A tweluemonth shall you spende, and 
But seeke the weery beddes of people sicke.

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

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

_Rosa._ Oft haue I heard of you, my Lord _Berowne_,
Before I saw you: and the worldes large tongue
Proclaymes you for a man replent with mcockes,
Full of comparisons and wounding floutes,
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercie of your wit;
To weede this wormewood from your fructfull braine,
And therewithall to winne me, yt you please,—
Without the which I am not to be won:—
You shall this tweluemonth terme, from day to day,
Visite the speechlesse sicke, and still converse
With groning wretches; and your taske shall be,
With all the fierce endeuer of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

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

_Rosal._ Why, thats the way to choake a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers giue
To fooles.
A jestes prosperitie lies in the eare
Of him that heares it, never in the tongue.

Recast, "corrected and augmented;"
V. ii. 847-881.
Of him that makes it: then if sickly
cares,
Deaf with the clamours of their owne
deare grones, 28
Will heare your idle scornes; continue
then,
And I will haue you, and that fault
withall. (876)
But if they will not, throw away that
spirit,
And I shall finde you empty of that
fault,
Right joyfull of your reformation. (879)

(Conjecturd end of First Sketch.)

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

(Bespost end of First Sketch, with 1
word altered.)

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

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

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

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

Ben Jonson (d. 1637) An Epistle answering to one that asked to be Sealed of the
the fifth three times as long [1104 lines], as the second [257 lines] and third [207]. This is a hint where to look for the principal additions and alterations.\(^1\) In the first Act I suspect Berowne’s\(^2\) remonstrance against the vow (to begin with) to be an insertion. [Yes.] In the fourth, nearly the whole of the close, from Berowne’s burst ‘Who sees the heavenly Rosaline’ (IV. iii. 221) \(^7\). In the fifth, the whole of the first scene between Holofernes and Sir Nathaniel bears traces, to me, of the maturer hand, and may have been inserted bodily. [Yes, to I. 34.] The whole close of the fifth Act, from the entrance of Mercade (V. ii. 723), has been probably rewritten, [Yes] and may bear the same relation to the original copy which Rosaline’s speech, ‘Oft have I heard of you, my lord Berowne \(^3\),’ &c. (V. ii. 851-864), bears to the original speech of six lines (827-832) which has been allowed by mistake to stand. There are also a few lines (1-3) at the opening of the fourth Act which I have no doubt were introduced in the corrected copy:

‘Prince. Was that the King that spurr’d his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?
Boyet. I know not, but I think it was not he.’

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

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

\(b\). The proof that Berowne’s and Rosalin’s speeches in IV. iii. and V. ii. (abuv, p. v-viii) giv, that Shakspere did revise his work, helps us to see what his original *Hamlet* of 1601-2, misrepresented in \(Q_1\), might have been, and how a verse-writer askt by Ling to fill up a gap in the note-takers’ version of Shakspere’s play might, from

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

\(^2\) Mr S. spells ‘Biron’ like the modernized editions.
vague recollection, have written Claudius's speech, the scene between Gertrude and Horatio, &c. Will some man with a knack for numbers write us a few lines bearing a like relation to those in the left-hand columns of p. v-viii abov, which any of the Hamlet Q1 speeches bear to their representatives in Q2, and thus illustrate and account for the production of Hamlet Q1?

§ 3. Loves Labors lost is one of the 26 "of Shakspeare's 37 plays—18 printed during his life, and 19 after his death (including The Two Noble Kinsmen)—for the dates, or rather the order of (which), we are thrown back on the second part of the Evidence from Within, the Style and Temper of the works" (L. Sh. Introd., p. xix). We have no Evidence from Within, and no Allusions from Within, to fix the date of the first cast of the play; though for its second cast we have its title declaring that it was playd before Elizabeth at Christmas 1597. It was mentiond by both Robert Tofte and Francis Meres in 1598. Jaggard put two of its pieces into his piratical Passionate Pilgrime of 1599; its line IV. iii. 379 was quoted in Englands Parnassus, 1600, and its song, "On a day (alack the day)," IV. iii., in Englands Helicon (collected by Jn. Bodenham), 1600. Sir Walter Cope tells us in 1604 that Burbage "Sayes ther ys no new playe that the queene [James I's Anne of

1 P.S. This was written before Mr Lee sent me his note in § 4, p. xiii-xv, below.
2 Loves Labour Lost, I once did see a Play
Y-cleped so, so called to my paine.
Which I to heare, to my small joy
did stay;
Giving attendance on my froward Dame:
My misgiving minde presaging to me ill,
Yet was I drawne to see it 'gainst my will. . . .


3 "For Comedy, witnes his Gentlemen of Verona, his Errors, his Love labors lost. . ."—Centurie, p. 21.
4 Longavill's Sonnet to Maria, "Did not the heavenly Rethorique of thine eye," IV. iii. 57-70; and Browne's 6-measure Sonnet-Letter to Rosalin, IV. ii. 103-116, "If Loue make me forsworne," &c.
of Denmark] hath not scene, but they have Revyved an olde one, Cawled Loves Labore lost, which for wytt & mirthe he sayes will please her exceedingly. And Thys ys apointed to be playd to Morowe night at my Lord of Sowthamptons . . ." (Centurie, p.62); and it was one of the "Bookes red be mee [Drummond of Hawthornden] anno 1606."—Cent., p.71. The only known possible or probable allusion to a passage in the play before its publication was, I believe, pointed out by Dr Grosart in his edition of Robert Southwell, 1872. He contends that the following lines (of 1594 A.D.? ) apply to the eyes of Christ, the idea containd in Berowne's humorous speech on women's eyes in L. L. Lost, IV. iii.: 

"O sacred eyes! The springs of living light,
   The earthly heavens where angels joy to dwell,
  * * * * * *
Sweet volumes, stoeard with learning fit for saints,
   Where blissful quires imparadize their minds;
Wherein eternall studie never faints
   Still finding all, yet seeking all it finds:
How endless is your labyrinth of blisse,
   Where to be lost, the sweetest finding is." (Cent., p.14.)

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

¹ See Mr F. D. Matthew's abstract of H.'s Paper, in N. Sh. Soc. Trans., 1877-9, App. IV. p. 59*. The other nos. are from Mr Fleay's Table N. Sh. Soc. Trans., 1874, p. 16.
line in 18·14, while the Errors has 1 in every 10·7. Further, L.L. L. has more Sonnets, and more 8- and 6-line stanzas in the dialogue, than the Errors. It is more crowded with word-play, and has far less plot (the Errors being from Plautus), and less pathos: no shadow of the death-doomed Ægeon grieving and searching for long-lost child and wife are over it from the first. It has the certain sign of early work, the making of the King and his nobles forget their dignity, and roll on the ground guffawing, like a lot of hobadehoys (V. ii. 113-116), at the rehearsal of their Mask.¹ This fault it shares with Midsummer Night’s Dream—cp. the vulgarities of Hermia and Helena, Greek ladies in name at least, when they quarrel²—to its sub-play, with Holofernes wanting to play 3 Worthies himself besides his own part (V. ii. 150), must be earlier than Bottom and his desire to play a tyrant, Thisbe, and the lion too.

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

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

‘And to begin, Wench,—so God help me! law!—
My love to thee is sound, samee cracke or flaw.’—V. ii. 414-15, p. 60.

² Impossible to Shakspere in 1596, when he must have conceivd, and have been embodying, Portia.
§ 3. METRICAL EVIDENCE. § 4. MR LEE ON NAMES IN L. L. LOST. xiii

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

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

The title of the hero of L. L. L., and the names of his two chief attendants, Biron and Longaville, are identical with those of the chief leaders of the opponents of the League in contemporary France. Dumaine is likewise a common Anglicized version of the Duc de Maine, or Mayenne. His name is similarly spelt by Chapman in his Conspiracie of Byron (Pearson's reprint, vol. ii. pp. 210-11). Mothe, or La Mothe, was also the name of a well-known French ambassador (cf. Froude's History, xi. 293-7, &c.; and State Papers, 1581-90, p. 79, &c.); and the mention of Duke Alençon must refer to the Queen's French suitor of the same name (L. L. L., II. i. 51).

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

² See his paper on Dr. Lopez as the original of Shylock in the Gent.'s Mag., Feb. 1880.
The anxious interest with which the French crisis of 1589 was watched in England doubtless drew Shakspere's attention to France, and might naturally have led him to graft upon a story derived from other sources, heroes and incidents suggested by a popular prevailing sentiment. The inference is borne out by (1) the popularity \( L. \ L. \ L. \) enjoyed while French politics were uppermost (cf. Halliwell's \textit{Folio Shakespeare}, iv. 215; (2) the interest Shakspere is shown to have taken in contemporary French politics by his reference to them in the \textit{Comedy of Errors} (III. ii. 122), with which Malone's note on \textit{The Merchant} (III. ii. 49) may be compared; and (3) the internal construction of the comedy. Besides the similarity of the names, the characters of their bearers resemble those of living personages. The description of Navarre (II. i. 5) and that of Longaville (II. i. 44), who made his reputation at Senlis in 1589, seem admirably to satisfy the enthusiasm their namesakes' conduct had roused. Biron is more carefully portrayed, and the points of resemblance with his namesake are more noticeable. The English contingent served under him in France (\textit{State Papers}, 1591-4, p. 335), and grew much attached to him (cf. Birch's \textit{Memoirs of Elizabeth}, ii. 323). On his visit to England at the close of the century, he was enthusiastically welcomed (\textit{Chamberslain's Letters}, p. 95, published by the Camden Society, and Sismondi's \textit{Histoire}, xxii. 65). But he had the shortcomings of most French courtiers. Navarre complained of his 'rodomontades, jactances et vanités.' Biron's gallantry in the play, his common sense, his clever 'salve for perjury,' and Rosaline's complaint —'the world's large tongue proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,' &c. (V. ii. 832-6)—seem a reflection of the leading features attributed to the French leader. To prove that I have not over-estimated his importance in the eyes of Shakspere's contemporaries, I have only to mention Chapman's two plays—\textit{Byron's Conspiracie} and \textit{Tragedie}, of both of which he is the hero. Furthermore, the interview between Navarre and the Princess of France is very like a meeting that took place between the historical Navarre and a Princess of France, Catherine de Medicci, who represented an incapable king, as in \( L. \ L. \ L. \), in 1586. The gathering was a brilliant one. The princess 'avoir fait choix pour la suivre, des plus belles personnes de sa cour' (Sismondi, xx. 237; cf. Davila's \textit{Memoirs of Civil War} (1753), i. 521-4). The interview came to nothing at the time, but its purpose was effected in 1589, when it was doubtless recalled to memory.

The Russian incident in \( L. \ L. \ L. \) likewise suggests a contemporary event. It should be remembered that England first opened negotiations with Russia under Elizabeth, and that a crisis in their relationship took place in 1589. An English envoy returning from Russia declared he had been inhumanly treated there, and Elizabeth and her people warmly took the matter up. A good account of the whole question is to be found in Mr. E. A. Bond's preface to his edition of Fletcher's '\textit{Russe Commonwealth},' with Jerome Horsey's \textit{Account of Travels} in Russia at the end of the 16th century, published by the Hakluyt Society in 1856. The attention thus directed to Russia might well have raised recollections of a scene which took place in London between some Russian ambassadors and English ladies in 1583. Russian envoys had come over to secure, among other things, a kinswoman of the Queen as a wife for the Czar. Lady Mary Hastings, daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon, was the selected bride; and she, with many ladies of the court, received the Russians in the gardens of York House, where a wide platform had been erected. The chief ambassador's conduct was extremely ridiculous: 'He cast down his countenance; fell prostrate to her feet; ran back from her,
§ 4. MR LEE ON THE PERSONS OF L. L. L. § 5. THIS FACSIMILE. XV

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

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

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

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

F. J. Furnivall.

¹ This copy differs from the Capell one in Trinity Library in at least these 4 points noted by the Cambridge editors: it has Love for love in Berowne's speech, IV. iii. 182, p. 39, E 4 bk (I think the Camb. eds. have rightly preferred Love, as here Berowne is (supposedly) in earnest, and you and its jingle would lower the tone of his speech); it turns the central p of paper (IV. iii. 43, p. 36, sign. E 3) the wrong way up, and makes it look like pader; it has the wrong corporeal (IV. iii. 85, p. 37, E 3 bk) for the right Capell corporeal; and for the will of V. ii. 597, p. 68, sign. I 3, it has only w, while the Capell copy has wi.

His nobles:
Longauill (a tall young Noble of Navar, the Lover of Maria), p. 2, 16, 36, 53, 58.
Dumaine (a young Noble of Navar, the Lover of Katherin), p. 2, 16, 37, 53, 58.
Berowne (an older Noble of Navar, the Lover of Rosalin), p. 3, 16, 24, 35, 53, 58.
A Constable, Anthony Dull, p. 7, 12, 30, 45.
Costard the Clowne, p. 7, 12, 23, 27, 33, 40, 62; as Pompey, p. 64.
Armado, the Braggart (in love with Jaquenetta), p. 9, 21, 23, 46, 63; as Hector, p. 67, 73.
Moth, his Boy, or Page, p. 9, 21, 23, 46, 53; as Hercules, p. 65.
Jaquenetta, a Wench, or Mayden, p. 12, 33, 40.
The Princesse of Fraunce, p. 14, 26, 49, 58.
Her suite:
Three (or Two) Lords (of whom one only speaks once, p. 15), p. 14, 26.
1st Lady, Maria (call'd Marg., p. 50), p. 14, 29, 49, 58.
2nd Lady, Katherin, p. 14, 26, 49, 58.
3rd Lady, Rosalin, p. 14, 29, 49, 58.
Holofernes the Pedant, p. 30, 45; as Iudas, p. 65.
Nathaniel the Curate, p. 30, 45; as Alexander, p. 55.
Black-moore with musicke, p. 53.
A Messenger, Mounsieur Marcade, p. 69.
HIEMS, Winter, p. 74.
VER, the Spring, p. 74.

1 That Moth=mote (in the eye), see IV. iii. 161, p. 39. Some very small boy in Shaksper's company must have playd the part. See V. i. 42-5, p. 46; 137-9, p. 48, &c.
2 Sometimes Katherine, ryming with 'mine', p. 28 (IV. i. 53-4), and 'thine,' p. 52 (V. ii. 132-3). So Rosalin is also spelt Rosaline, V. ii. 133, &c.
A

PLEASANT

Conceited Comedie
CALLED,
Loues labors lost.

As it was presented before her Highnes this last Christmas.

Newly corrected and augmented
By W. Shakepsere.

Imprinted at London by W.W.
for Cuthbert Burby.
1598.
Enter Ferdinand K. of Nauar, Berovynne, Longanill, and Dumaine.

Ferdinand.

LET Fame, that all hunt after in their lyues,
Line registred vpon our brazen Tombes,
And then grace vs, in the disgrace of death:
When slyght of cormorant devouring Time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy:
That honour which shall bare his sythes keene edge,
And make vs heires of all eternitty,
Therefore braye Conquerours, for so you are,
That warre agaynst your owne affections,
And the hudge armie of the worldes desires.
Our late edicts shall strongly stand in force,
Nauar shall be the wonder of the worlde,
Our Court shalbe a lyttle Achademe,
Still and contemplatyue in lyuing art,
You three, Berovynne, Dumaine, and Longanill,
Hauellowne for three yeeres tearme, to liue with me:
My fellow Schollers, and to keepe those Statutes
That are recorded in this scedule here,
Your othes are past, and now subcribe your names:
That his owne hand may strike his honour dowe,
That violates the smallest branch herein,
If you are armd to do, as sworne to do,
Subcribe to your deepe othes, and keepe it to.

Longanill. I am resolved, tis but a thee yeeres fall;
The minde shall banquet, though the body pine,
Fat paunches have leane pates: and daynty bits
Make rich the ribbes, but baneroue quite the wits.

Dumaine. My louing Lord, Dumaine is mortesed,
The groster manner of these worldes delighe:st
He throwes vpon the grosse worlds bater flaues
A pleasant conceited Comedie:

To love, to wealth, to pome, I pine and die,
With all these byning in Philosophe.

Berowne. I can but say their protestation over,
So much deare Ledge, I haue already sworne,
That is, to lyue and study heere three yeeres,
But there are other strickt observances:
As not to see a woman in that terme,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there,
And one day in a weke to touch no fooode:
And but one meale on every day beside;
The which I hope is not enrolled there,
And then to sleepe but three houres in the nyght,
And not to see to wincke of all the day.
When I was wont to thinke no barame all nyght,
And make a darke nyght too of halfe the day:
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
O thes are baraine taskes, too hard to kepe,
Not to see Ladies, study, fast, not sleepe.

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

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

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

Berow. By yeas and nay sir, than I swore in lest.

What is the ende of study, let me know?

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

Berow. Things hid & hard (you meane) from common sense.

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

Berow. Com on then, I will swere to study so,

To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus, to study where I well may dine,
When I to fast expressly am forbid.
Or study where to meete some Misstress Mine.
When Mistresses from common sense are bid,
Or haueing sworne too hard a keeping oth,
Study to breake it, and not breake my troth.
If studies gaine be thus, and this be so,
Study knowes that which yet it doth not know,
called Loues Labor's lost.

Sware me to this, and I will nere say no.
Ferd. These be the flopps that hinder studie quit,
And traine our intellects to vaine delight.
Bero. Why? all delightes are vaine, but that most vaine
Which with Payne purchase, doth inherit Payne,
As Paynefully to poarte vpon a Booke,
To seeke the lyght of truth, while truth the whyte
Doth falsely blinde the eye sight of his looke:
Light seeking light, doth light of light beguyle:
So ere you finde where light in darknes lyes,
Your light growes darke by looking of your eyes.
Studie me how to please the eye in deede,
By fixing it vpon a fayrer eye,
Who dazzling to that eye shalbe his heed,
And glue him light that it was blinded by,
Studie is lyke the heauens glorious Sunne,
That will not be deepe searcht with fawcie lookes:
Small haue continuall plodders ever wonne,
Saue base authoritie from others Bookes,
These earthly Goodfathers of heauens lights,
That giue a name to every fixed Starre,
Have no more profite of their shyning nights,
Then those that walke and wor not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but name:
And every Godfather can giue a name.
Ferd. How well hees read to reason against reading.
Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.
Lez. He weeds the corne & still lets grow the weeding.
Bero. The Spring is neare when greene geese are a bree-
Duma. How followes that? (ding.
Bero. Fit in his place and tyme.
Duma. In reason nothing.
Bero. Something then in rime.
Ferd. Benvoue is like an envious snesping Frost,
That bites the first borne infants of the Spring.
Bero. Well, say I am, why should proude Sommer boast,
Before the Birds haue any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in any abhorriue byrth?
A pleasant conceited Comedie:

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

Ferd. Well, fit you out: go home Berowne adue.

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

Fer. How well this yelding rescues thee from shame.
Bera. Item, That no woman shall come within a myle of my Court. Hath this bin proclaymed?

Long. Four dayes ago.
Bera. Lets see the penalrie. On payne of losinge her tung.
Who devised this penalrie?

Long. Marrle that did I.
Bera. Sweete Lord, and why?

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

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

Bera. This Article my lidege your selfe must breake,
For well you know here comes in Embassiaie.
The French kinges daughter with your selfe to speake:

A Maide of grace and compleat maestie,
About surrender vp of Aquitaine,
To her decrepit, sicke, and bedted Father.
Therefore this Article is made in vaine,
Or vainely cometh th'admired Princesse hither.

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

Bera. So Studie euermore is ouershor,
While it doth studie to hawe what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should.
called Lous Labor's lost.

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

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

Ber. Necessitie will make vs all forsworne
Three thousand times within this three yeeres space;
For every man with his affectes is borne,
Not by might mastered, but by speciall grace.
If I breake sayth, this word shall speake for me,
I am forsworne on meere necessitie.
So to the Lawes at large I write my name,
And he that breaks them in the last degree,
Standes in attainder of eternall shame.
Suggestions are to other as to me:
But I beleeue although I seeme so loth,
I am the last that will last kepe his oath.
But is there no quicke recreation graunted?

Fer. I that there is, our Court you know is haunted
With a refined trauailer of Spaine,
A man in all the worldes new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his braine;
On who the musicke of his owne vaine tongue
Doth ravish like inchanting harmonie;
A man of complements whom right and wrong
Haue chose as vmpier of their mutenie.
This childe of Fancie that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies shall relate,
In high borne wordes the worth of many a Knight:
From tawnie Spaine lost in the worldes debate.
How you delight my Lords I know not I,
But I protest I love to heare him lie;
And I will vse him for my Minstrewe.

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

Lou. Cost and the swaine and he, shallbe our sport,
And so to studie three yeeres is but short.

A 4


A pleasant conceited Comedie.

Enter a Constable with Costard with a letter.

Constab. Which is the Dukes owne person?
Ber. This fellow, What wouldst
Const. I my selfe reprehend his owne person, for I am his
graces Farborough; But I would see his owne person
in flesh and blood.
Ber. This is he.
Const. Signeour Arme Arme commendes you :
Thers villanie abrod, this letter will tell you more.
Clowne. Sir the Contempls thereof are as touching me.
Ferd. A letter from the magnifisent Armado. (words.
Bera. How low so euer the matter, I hope in God for high
Let. A high hope for a low heauen God grant vs patience
Ber. To heare, or forbeare hearing,
Let. To heare meekely sir, and to laugh moderately, or
to forbeare both.
Bera. Well sir, be it as the stile dames cause to clime
in the merrines.
Clown. The matter is to me sir, as concerning Iaunette:
The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.
Bera. In what manner?
Clown. In manner and forme following sir all those three.
I was seene with her in the Manner house, sitting with her
uppon the Forme, and taken following her into the Parke;
which put together, is in manner and forme following.
Now sir for the manner, It is the manner of a man to speake
to a woman, for the forme in some forme,
Ber. For the following sir.
Clown. As it shall follow in my correction, and God defend
the right.
Ferd. Will you heare this Letter with attention?
Bera. As we would heare an Oracle.
Clown. Such is the simplicitie of man to harken after the flesh.
Ferd. Great Deputies the wekeis Vizgernet, and sole dominatuer of
Navar, my soules earthes God, and bodies feisiting patron;
Cost. Not a worde of Costard yet.
Ferd. So it is
called Loues Labor's loss.

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

Ferd. Peace.

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

Ferd. No wordes.

Clow. Of other mens secrets I befeech you.

Ferd. So it is beseved with fable coloured melancholie, I did commend the blake oppressing humour to the most holmes phisick of thy health-getting ayre: And as I am a Gentleman, betook my selfe to walke: the time when about the sixte houre. When Beastes most graze, Birdes best peck, and Men sit downe to that nourishment which is called Supper. So much for the time When. Now for the ground Which? which I meane I walke upon, it is yclipped Thy Park. Then for the place Where? where I meane, I did encounter that ob- scene & most proprosous event that draweth for my snowhite pen the ebon coloured Incke, which here thou viewest, beholdest, suruayest, or seest. But to the place Where? It standeth North North-east & by East from the West corner of thy curious knotted garden. There did I see that low spirited Swaine, that base Minnow of thy myrth, (Clowne Mee?) that unlettered simkel knowinge soule, (Clow. Mee?) that shallow vasall (Clown. Still mee.) which as I remember, sight Coltard, (Clow. O mee) sorted and conforted contrary to thy established proclaimed Edict and continent Cannon: Which with, o wish, but with this I passion to say wherewith:

Clo. With a Wench,

Ferd. With a childe of our Grandmother Eue, a female; or for thy more sweete understanding a Woman: him,( as my euere estimeed dutie prickes me on ) have sent to thee, to receive the meede of punishment by thy sweete Graces Officer Anthonie Dull, a man of good reput, carriage bearing, and estimation.

Antb. Me ant shall please you? I am Anthony Dull.

Ferd. For Inaquenetta (so is the weakers vessell called) which I apprehended with the aforesaid Swaine, I keepe her as a vessell of thy Lawves furie, and shall at the least of thy sweete notice bring her to tryall. Thine in all complements of detoured and hartburning heat of dutie.

Don Adriano de Armado.
**A pleasant conceited Comedie:**

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

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

**Clo.** Sir I confesse the Wench.

**Fer.** Did you heare the Proclamation?

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

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

**Clo.** I was taken with none sir, I was taken with a Damfel.

**Fer.** Well, it was proclaimed Damfel.

**Clo.** This was no Damfel neither sir, she was a Virgin.

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

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

**Fer.** This Maide will not serue your turne sir.

**Clo.** This Maide will serue my turne sir.

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

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

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

*My Lord Berowne, see him delievered ore,*

*And goe we Lordes to put in practise that,*

*Which each to other hath so strongly sworne.*

**Ber.** Ie lay my Head to any good mans Hat,

*These othes and lawes will proue an idle scorne,*

**Surra, Come on,**

**Clo.** I suffer for the trueth sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a tew girl, and therefore welcome the lower Cup of prosperie, afflictio may one day finde againe, and till then finde downe sorrow. *Exeunt.*

**Enter Armado and Mosh his page.**

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

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

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

**Boy.** No no, O Lord sir no.
called Loves Labor's lost.

Arm. How canst thou part sadnes and melancholy, my tender iuuenall?  
Boy. By a familier demonstration of the working, my tough signeour.  
Arm. Why tough signeour? Why tough signeour?  
Boy. Why tender iuuenall? Why tender iuuenall?  
Arm. I spoke it tender iuuenal, as a congruent apetbaton appertaining to thy young dayes, which we may nominate tender.  
Boy. And I tough signeour, as an appertinent title to your olde time, which we may name tough.  
Arm. Prettie and apt.  
Boy. How meane you sir, I prettie, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying prettie?  
Arm. Thou prettie because little.  
Boy. Little prettie, because little: wherefore apt.  
Arm. And therefore apt, because quicke.  
Boy. Speake you this in my praise Maister?  
Arm. In thy condigne praise.  
Boy. I will praise an Eele with the same praise.  
Arm. What? that an Eele is ingenious.  
Boy. That an Eele is quicke.  
Arm. I do say thou art quicke in answeres. Thou heatst my blood.  
Boy. I am answered sir.  
Arm. I loue not to be crost.  
Boy. He speakes the meer contrarie, crosseth loue not him.  
Arm. I have promised to studie three yeeres with the duke.  
Boy. You may do it in an houre sir.  
Arm. Impossible.  
Boy. How many is one thrice tolde?  
Arm. I am ill at reckning, it sitteth the spirit of a Tapster.  
Boy. You are a Gentleman and a Gamster sir.  
Arm. I confesse both, they are both the varnish of a compleat man.  
Boy. Then I am sure you know how much the grosse summe of deuf-ace amountes to.  
Arm. It doth amount to one more then two.
A pleasant conceited Comedie:

Boy. Which the base vulgar do call three.
Arma. True.

Boy. Why sir is this such a piece of studie? Now heere is three studied ere yele thrice wincke: and how ease it is to put yeeres to the worde three, and studie three yeeres in two wordes, the dauncing Horse will tell you.
Arma. A most fine Figure.
Boy. To prove you a Cypher.
Arma. I will hereupon confess I am in loue: and as it is base for a Souldier to loue; so am I in loue with a base wenche. If drawing my Sword against the humor of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to anie French Courtier for a new devise device. I thinke scorne to sigh, mee thinks I should out sweare Cupid. Comfort mee Boy, What great men haue bin in loue?
Boy. Hercules Mafter.
Arma. Most sweete Hercules: more authoritie deare Boy, name more, and sweeter my childe let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Boy. Sampson Mafter, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for he carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in loue.
Arma. O wel knit Sampson, strong joyned Sampson, I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in loue too. Who was Sampson loue my deare Moth?
Boy. A Woman, Mafter.
Arma. Of what complexion?
Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of the foure.
Arma. Tell me precisely of what complexion?
Boy. Of the sea-water Greene sir.
Arma. Is that one of the foure complexions?
Boy. As I have read sir, and the best of them too.
Arma. Greene in deede is the colour of Lovers: but to have a loue of that colour, mee thinkekes Sampson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.
Boy. It was so sir, for she had a greene wit.
called Loue, Labor's lost.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

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

Ar. Define, define, well educated infant.

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

Ar. Sweet invocation of a child, most pretty & pathetical.

Boy. Yf she be made of white and red,
Her faults will here be knowne:
For blush-in cheekes by faultes are bred,
And feares by pale white shoune:
Then if the feare, or be to blame.
By this you shall not know,
For still her cheekes possesse the same,
Which nature the doth owe.

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

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

Boy. The worlde was very guiltie of such a Ballet some three ages since, but I thineke now tis not to be found: or if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Ar. I will have that subject newly writ ore, that I may example my digression by some mightie preceded. Boy, I do love, that Countrey girl that I tooke in the Parke with the rational hind Costard: she deservets well.

Boy. To be whipt: and yet a better love then my master.

Ar. Sing Boy, My spirit growes heavie in love.

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

Ar. I say sing.

Boy. Forbeare till this companie be past.

Enter Clowne, Constable, and Wench.

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

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

Maide. Man.

Ar. I will visit thee at the Lodge.

Maid.
A pleasant conceited Comedie:

Maid. Thats hereby.
Ar. I know where it is situate.
Ma. Lord how wise you are.
Ar. I will tell thee wonders.
Ma. With that face.
Ar. I love thee.
Ma. So I heard you say.
Ar. And so farewell,
Ma. Faire weather after you.
Clo. Come laqueretta, away.
Ar. Villaine, thou shalt fall for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.
Clo. Well sir I hope when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomacke.
Ar. Thou shalt be heauely punished.
Clo. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.
Ar. Take away this villaine, shut him vp.
Boy. Come you transgressing flaque, away.
Clo. Let me not be pent vp sir, I will fast being loose.
Boy. No sir, that were fast and loose thou shalt to prifon.
Clo. Well, if euer I do see the merry dayes of defolation that I have scene, some shall see.
Boy. What shall some see?
Clo. Nay nothing M. Moth, but what they looke vppon.
It is not for prifoners to be too silent in their wordes, and therefore I will say nothing: I thanke God I haue as little patience as an other man, & therefore I can be quiet. Exit.
Arm. I do affect the verie ground (which is base) where her shoo (which is baser) guided by her foote (which is baseft) doth tread. I shall be forsworne (which is a great argument of falsehood) if I loue. And how can that be true loue, which is falsely attempted? Loue is a familiar; Loue is a Diuell. There is no euill angel but Loue, yet was Sampson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength: Yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupids Bitshast is too hard for Hercules Clubb, and therefore too much oddes for a Spaniards Rapier: The first and second cause will not fene
called Loues Labor's lost.

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

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

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

Queene. Good L. Boyet, my beautie though but meane, Needes not the painted florish of your prayse: Beautie is bought by judgement of the eye, Not vttred by base sale of chapmens tongues: I am leffe proude to heare you tell my worth, Then you much willing to be counted wife, In spending your Wit in the prayse of mine. But now to takke the tasker, good Boyet, You are not ignorant all telling fame Doh noyse abroad Nauar hath made a Vow, Till painesfull studie shal outweare three yeeres, No Woman may approch his silent Courte; Therefore to's seemeth it a needfull course, Before we enter his forbidden gates, To know his pleasure; and in that behalfe Bold of your worthines, we singe you,
A pleasant conceited Comedie.

As our best moving faire solliciter:
Tell him, the Daughter of the King of France
On serious busine: crauing quicke dispatch,
Importuous personall conference with his grace.
Halu, signifie to much while we attende,
Like humble vifage Suters his high will.


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

Lor. Longaull is one.

Prince. Know you the man?

1. Lady. I know him Maddame at a marriage feast,
Betweene L. Perigore and the bewrrious heire
Of Iaques Pauconbridge solemnized.
In Normandie saw I this Longaull,
A man of soueraigne peerelsfhe is esteemd;
Well fitted in artes, glories in armes:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The onely foyle of his fayre vertues globe,
If vertues globe will staine with any foyle,
Is a sharme Wt martcht with too blunt a Will:
Whose edge hath power to cut whose will still wils,
It shoule none spare, that come within his power.

Prince. Some merrie mocking Lord belike, if so?

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

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

2. Lad. The young Dumaine, a well accomplisht youth,
Of all that Vertue loue, for Vertue loued,
Moft power to do most harme, least knowing ill:
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke Alanses once,
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthines.

3. Lad. Another of these Studentes at that time,
Was there with him, if I haue heard a truth.
called Lones Labor's lost.

Berowne they call him, but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk with all.
His eye begets occasion for his wit,
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-mouing jest,
Which his faire tongue (conceites expoliter)
Dellours in such apt and gracious wordes,
That aged eares play treuant at his tales.
And younger hearinges are quite vanisshed.
So sweete and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God blesse my Ladyes, are they all in loue?

That every one her owne hath garnished,
With such bedecking ornaments of praise,

Lord. Here comes Boyet.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, What admittance Lord?

Boyet. Nauar had notice of your faire approach,
And he and his competittors in oth,
Wore all address to mecte you gentle Lady
Before I came : Marrie thus much I haue learnt,
He rather meanes to lodge you in the fields,
Like one that comes here to besidge his Court,
Then seeke a dispensation for his oth;
To let you enter his vnpeeled house.

Enter Nauar, Longauill, Dumaine, & Berowne.

Bo. Here comes Nauar.

Nauar. Faire Princeffle, Welcome to the court of Nauar.

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

Nauar. You shall be welcome Madame to my Court.

Prin. I wilbe welcome then, Conduct me thisther,

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

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

Nauar. Not for the world faiere Madame, by my will.

Prin. Why, will she break it will, and nothing els.

Nauar. Your Ladis hyp is ignoraunt what it is.
A pleasant conceited Comedie:

Prin. Were my Lord so, his ignorance werte wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

I heare your grace hath sworne out Houf keeping,
Tis deadly sinne to keepe that oath my Lord,
And sin to breake it : but pardon me, I am too sodaine bold,
To teach a teacher ill besemeth mee,
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my comming,
And sodainelie resolue mee in my suite.

Nge. Madame I will, if sodainelie I may.

Prin. You will the sooner that I were awake,
Foryoule proue periurde if you make me stale.

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

Ber. I know you did,

Kath. How needles was it then to ask the question?
Ber. You must not be so quicke.

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

Ber. Your wit's too hot, it speedes too fast, 'twill tire,

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

Ber. What time a day?

Kath. The houre that fooles should ask.

Ber. Now faire befall your maske,

Kath. Fare fall the face it couers.

Ber. And send you manie louers.

Kath. Amen, so you be none.

Ber. Nay then will I be gon.

Ferd. Madame, your father heere doth intimate,
The payment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
Being but the one halfe of, of an intire summe,
Disbursed by my father in his warres.
But say that he, or we, as neither have
Received that summe, yet there remains vnpaide
A hundred thousand more, in suretie of the which,
One part of Aquitaine is bound to vs,
Although not valued to the monies worth.
If then the King your father will restore,
But that one halfe which is unsatisfied,
We will glue vp our right in Aquitaine.

And
called Loues Labor's lost.

And holde faire faiendhip with his Maiestie,  
But that it seemes he little purposeth:  
For here he doth pemaund to have repalde,  
A hundred thousand Crownes, and not demaunds  
One painment of a hundred thousand Crownes,  
To have his title live in Aquitaine.  
Which we much rather had depart withall,  
And have the money by our father lent,  
Then Aquitaine,so guelded as it is.  
Deare Princesse were not his requestes so farre  
From reaons yeelding, your faire felfe should make  
A yeelding against some reaon in my brest,  
And go well satisfied to France againe.  

"Prin. You do the King my father too much wrong,  
And wrong the reputation of your name,  
In so vnseeming to confesse recei,  
Of that which hath so faithfully been paide.  
Ferd. I do protest I never heard of it:  
And if you prove it, Ile repay it backe,  
Or yeelde vp Aquitaine.  
Prin. We arreft your worde.  
Boyet you can produce acquittances,  
For such a summe from spciall officers,  
Of Charles his father.  
Ferd. Satisfie mee so.  
Boyet. So please your Grace, the packet is not come,  
Where that and other specialties are bound;  
To morrow you shal haue a sight of them.  
Ferd. It shall suffice me; at which interview  
All liberall reaon I will yeelde vnto.  
Meane time receive such welcome at my hand,  
As honor(without breach of honor) may,  
Make render of to thy true worthines,  
You may not come (faire Princesse) within my gates.  
But here without you shalbe so receiude,  
As you shall deeme your felse lodgd in my hart.  
Though so denide faire harbour in my house,  
Your owne good thoughtes excuse me, and farewell.  

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

To morow shall we visite you againe.

Pri. Sweete health and faire desires comfort your grace.


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

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

Ber. I would you heard it grone.

Ros. Is the foole sicke.

Ber. Sicke at the hart,

Ros. Alacke, let it blood.

Bar. Would that do it good?

Ros. My Phisicke saies I,

Ber. Will you prickt with your eye.

Ros. No poyns, with my knife.

Ber. Now God safe thy life.

Ros. And yours from long liuing.

Ber. I cannot stay thankes giuing. Exit.

Enter Dumaine.

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

Boy, The heire of Algston, Rosalin her name.

Dum. A gallant Lady Mounsir, fare you wel. Exit.

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

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

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

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

Lon. Pray you sir, Whose daughter? (shame.

Bo. Her mothers, I haue heard.

Lon. Gods blessing on your beard, (bridge.

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

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

Bo. Not unlike sir, that may be. Exit Longauil.

Enter Berowne.

Ber. What her name in the capp?

Boy. Katherine by good happ.

Ber. Is she wedded or no?

Boy. To her will sir, or so.

Ber. O you are welcome sir, adew.

Boy. Farewell to me sir, and welcome to you. Exit Ber.
called Loues Labor's lost.

_Lady Maria._ That last is Berowne, the merrie madcap L.
_Not a word with him but a jest._
_Boy._ And every jest but a word.
_Prin._ It was well done of you to take him at his word.
_Boy._ I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.
_Lady Ka._ Two hot Sheepes marie.
_Bo._ And wherefore not Shipps?

_No Sheepe(_sweete Lambe)_ vnlesse we feede on your lippes,
_La._ You Sheepe and I pasture: shall that finish the jest?
_Bo._ So you graunt pasture for me.
_Lad._ Not so gentle Beast.
_My lippes are no Common, though severall they be,
_Bo._ Belonging to whom?
_La._ To my fortunes and mee.
_Prin._ Good witts will be iangling, but gentlees agree,
This ciuill warre of wittes were much better vfed
On _Nauer_ and his Bookmen, for here this abused,
_Bo._ If my observation, which very seldome lyes
By the hartes still rethoricke, disclosed with eyes.
_Deceave me not now, Nauer is infected._
_Prin._ With what?
_Bo._ With that which we Louers intitle Affected.
_Prin._ Your reason.
_Bo._ Why all his behauours did make their retire,
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desper.
_His hart like an Agot with your print impreffed,
Proud with his forme, in his eye pride express'd,
_His tongue all impatient to speake and not see,
Did flumble with hast in his ey-fight to bee,
All fencs to that fence did make their repair,
To feele only looking on fairest of faire;
_Mee thought all his fencs were lokt in his eye,
As Jewels in Christall for some Prince to buy,
(ghast,
Who tendering their owne worth from where they were
_Did poyn't you to buy them along as you past,
His faces owne margent did coate such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes inchaunted with gazes,
_Ile give you_ Aquiana, and all that is his._
A pleasant conceited Comedie:

And you gue him for my sake but one loving kisse.

Prin. Come, to our Pavillon, Boyet is disposed
Bo. But to speak that in words, which his eie hath disclosed.
I onelie haue made a mouth of his eie,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Lad. Thou art an old Love monger, & speakest skillfully.
Lad. 2. He is Cupids Grandfather, and leames newes
of him.
Lad. 3. Then was Venus like her mother, for her father is
but grim.

Boy. Do you heare my mad Wenches?
Lad. No.

Boy. What then, do you see
Lad. I, our way to be gone.
Boy. You are too hard for mee

Enter Braggart and his Boy

Bra. Warble child make passionate my sens of hearing.
Boy. Concolinel.
Brag. Sweete Ayer, go tendernes of yeeres, take this Key,
glue enlargement to the Swaine, bring him festinarly hither,
I must imploy him in a letter to my love.

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

Boy. No my compleat Maister, but to ligge off a tune at
the tongues ende, canarie to it with your feete, humour it
with turning vp your eyelids, sigh a note and sing a note som-
time through the throate, if you swallowed love with sing-
ing love sometime through: note as if you knuffe vp love by
smelling love with your hat penthouse like are the shop of
your eyes with your armes crost on your thinbellies doble
like a Rabbet on a spit, or your handes in your pocket like a
man after the olde painting, and kepe not too long in one
tune, but a snip and away: these are complements, these
are humour, these betraie nice wenches that would be be-
traied without these, and make them men of note: do you
note men that most are affected to these.

Brag. How haist thou purchased this experience?
called Lounes Labor’s lost.

Boy. By my penne of observation.
Brag. But o but o.
Boy. The Hobbie-horse is forgot.
Brag. Callst thou my loue Hobbie-horse.
Boy. No Maister, the Hobbie-horse is but a colt, and you love perhaps a hacknie; But have you forgot your Loun?
Brag. Almost I had.
Boy. Neelgine student, learme her by hart.
Brag. By hart, and in hart boy.
Boy. And out of hart Maister: all those three I will prove.
Brag. What wilt thou prove?
Boy. A man, if I live (and this) by, in, and without, vpon the instant: by hart you love her, because your hart cannot come by her; in hart you love her, because your hart is in loue with her; and out of hart you love her being out of hart that you cannot enjoy her.
Brag. I am all these three.
Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.
Brag. Fetch hither the Swaine, he must carrie me a letter.
Boy. A message well sympathized, a Horse to be embassadour for an Asle.
Brag. Ha ha, What saiest thou.
Boy. Marrie sir, you must send the Asle vpon the Horse, for he is vere flow gated: but I go.
Brag. The way is but short, away.
Boy. As swift as Lead sir.
Brag. The meaning prettie ingenius, is not Lead a mettal heanie, dull, and flow?
Boy. Minnime honest Maister, or rather Maister no,
Brag. I say Lead is flow.
Boy. You are too swift sir to say so.
Is that Lead flow which is fercd from a Gunne?
Brag. Sweete smoke of Rhetorike, He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet thars hee;
I choote thee at the Swaine.
Boy. Thump then, and I flee.
A pleasant conceited Comedie

Brag. A most acute Juvenall, volable and free of grace,
By thy favour sweete Welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholy, Valour giues thee place.
My Herald is returnd.

Enter Page and Clowne.

Ar. Some enigma, some riddle, come, thy Lenowy begin.
Clo. No egma, no riddle, no lenowy, no salue, in thee male sir.
Of sir, Plantan, a plyn Plantan : no lenowy, no lenowy, no Salue sir, but a Plantan.

A. By vertue thou inforcest laughter, thy fillie thought,
my spleene, the heaving of my lunges prouokes me to ridiculous smyling: O pardone me my flares, doth the inconsiderate take salue for lenowy, and the word lenowy for a salue?

Pag. Do the wife thinke them other, is not lenowy a male salue?

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

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

Pag. I will addde the lenowy, say the morrall againe.
Ar. The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes, being but three.

Pag. Untill the Goose came out of doore,
And staied the oddes by adding foure.
Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with
my lenowy.

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

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

Pag. A good Lenowy, ending in the Goose: wouldes you
desire more?

Clo. The Boy hath solde him a bargaine, a Goose, that's flat.
Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat.
To sell a bargaine well is as cunning as fast and loose:
called Loues Labor's lost.

Let me see a fat Lenwoy, I thats a fat Goose. (begin.

Ar. Come hither, come hither: How did this argument
Boy. By saying that a Coftard was broken in a shin.
Then cald you for the Lenwoy. (in,

Clow. True, and I for a Plantan, thus came your argument:
Then the boyes fat Lenwoy, the Goose that you bought,
and he ended the marker,
Ar. But tel me. How was there a Coftard broken in a shin?
Pag. I will tell you sencibly,
Clow. Thou hast no feeling of it Moth, I will speake that
I Coftard running out that was safely within, (Lenwoy.
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.
Clow. Till there be more matter in the shin.
Arm. Sirra Coftard, I will infranchife thee.
Clow. Omarrie me to one Francis, I smell some Lenwoy,
some Goose in this.

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

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

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

Pag. Like the sequell I. Signeur Coftard adew. Exit.

Clow. My sweete ouce of mans flesh, my in-conie Iew:
Now will I looke to his remuneration.
Remuneration, O that's the latine word for three-farthings:
Three-farthings remuration, What's the price of this uncle?
i.d. no, Ile giue you a remuneration : Why? it carries it re-
numeration? Why? it is a fayerer name then French-Crowne,
I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter Berowne.

Ber. O my good knaue Coftard, exceedingly well met.
Clow. Pray you sir, How much Carnation Ribbon may

D a man
A pleasant conceited Comedie.

a man buy for a remuneration?
Berr. O what is a remuneration?
Coff. Marie sir, half a penny farthing.
Berr. O why then three farthing worth of silke.
Coff. I thank you your worship, God be wy you.
Berr. O stay saue, I must employ thee.

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knaue,
Do one thing for me that I shall intreate.
Cloew. When would you have it done sir?
Berr. O this after noone,
Cloew. Well, I will do it sir: Fare you well.
Berr. O thou knowest not what it is,
Cloew. I shall know sir when I have done it.
Berr. Why villaine, thou must know first.
Cloew. I will come to your worship tomorrow morning.
Berr. It must be done this after noone,

Hark saue, it is but this:
The Princesse comes to hunt here in the Parke,
And in her traine there is a gentle Lady:
When tongues speake sweetely, then they name her name,
And restaine they call her, ask for her:
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd vp counsaile, Their's thy guerdon: goe.
Cloew. Garden, O sweete garden, better then remuneration,
A jeunepence farthing better: most sweete garden. I will
do it sir in print: garden remuneration.

Exit.

Berr. O and I forsoth in louse, I that have been louses whip?
A verie Bedell to a humerus sigh, a Crietick, nay a night-
watch Constable.
A domineering pedant oxe the Boy, then whom no mort-
tall so magnificent.
This wimpled whyning purblind way ward Boy,
This signior Luminos gyant dwarfte, dan Cupid,
Regent of Loute times, Lord of folded armes,
Th' annoyed souereigne of sighes and groones:
Ledge of all louterers and malecontents:
Dread Prince of Placeats, King of Codpeeecs.
called Loves Labor's lost.

Sole Emperator and great generall
Of trotting Parrators (O my little hart.)
And I to be a Corporall of his fielde,
And weare his coloures like a Tumbler's hoope.
What? I love, I sue, I seek a wife,
A woman that is like a Jermane Cloake,
Still a repairing: ever out of frame,
And never going a right, being a Watch:
But being watcht, that it may still go right.
Nay to be perjurde, which is worst of all:
And among three to love the worst of all,
A whitly wanton, with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balles stucke in her face for eyes,
I and by heauen, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her garde,
And I to sigh for her, to watch for her,
To pray for her, go to: it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect,
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, shue, groan,
Some men must love my Ladie, and some Ione.

Enter the Princeesse, a Forrester, her Ladyes,
and her Lords.

Quee. Was that the king that spurd his horse so hard,
Against the steepe vp rising of the hill?
Forr. I know not, but I thinke it was he.
Quee. Who ere a was, a showd a mounting minde
Well Lords, to day we shall have our dispatch,
Ore Saterday we will returne to Fraunce.
Then Forrester my friend, Where is the Bush
That we must stand and play the murtherer in?
Forr. Heereby uppon the edge of yonder Coppice,
A Stand where you may make the fairest Shotte.
Quee. I thanke my Beautie, I am faire that Shotte,
And thereupon thou speakest the fairest Shotte.
Forr. Pardon me Madam, for I meant not so.
Qnee.
IV.i.

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

Que. What what? First praise mee, and againe say no.
For. Yes Madam faire.

Que. Nay, never paint me now,
Where faire is not, praise cannot mend the brow:
Heere (good my glasse) take this for telling trew:
Faire payment for foule wordes, is more then dew.
For. No thing but faire is that which you inherrit.

Que. See see, my beautie wilbe sau'd by merrit.
O heresy in faire, fit for these dayes,
A giuing hand, though soule, shall haue faire praise.
But come, the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill,
And shooting well, is then accounted ill:
Thus will I saue my Credite in the shoote,
Not wounding, pittie would not let me doote.
If wounding then it was to shew my skill,
That more for praine, then purpose meant to kill.
And out of question so it is sometimes:
Glone growes guyltie of detested crimes,
When for Fames sake, for praine an outward part,
We bend to that, the working of the hart.
As I for praine alone now secke to spill
The poore Deares blood, that my hart means no ill.

Boy. Do not curtis wiues hold that selfe-soueraign"tice
Onely for praine sake, when they strive to be
Lords or their Lordses?

Que. Onely for praine, and praine we may afford,
To any Lady that subdewes a Lord,

Enter Clowne.

Boyet. Here comes a member of the common wealth.

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

Que. Thou shalt know her fellow by the rest that have no

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

Quee. The thickest, and the tallest.

Clow. The thickest, and the tallest: it is so truest is truest
And your waste Mistres was as slender as my wit,
One a of these Maides girdles for your waste should be fit.
Are not you the chiefe woman? You are the thickest heere.
called Loves Labor's lost.

Quee. What's your will sir? What's your will?
Clown. I have a letter from Monsieur Berowne, to one Lady Rosaline.

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

Boyet I am bound to serue. 
This letter is mistooke: it importeth none here. 
It is writ to Laquentitta

Quee. We will reade it, I sweare. 

Breake the necke of the Waxe, and every one give eare. 

Boyet By heauen, that thou art faire, is most infallible: 
true that thou art beautious, truch it selfe that thou art louelie: more faire then faire, beautifull then beautious, truer then truch it selfe: haue comiferation on thy heroicall Vaffall. The magnanimous and most illustrate King Cophetua set eie vpon the pernicious and indubitate Begger Zenelephon: and he it was that might rightly say, Veni, vidi, vici: Which to annohanize in the vulgar, O base and obscure vulgar; videlis. 
He came, See, and ouercame: He came, one; fee, two; couercame, three. Who camest the King? Why did he come? to see. Why did he see? to ouercome. To whom came he? to the Begger. Whataw he? the Begger. Who ouercame he? the Begger. The conclusion is victorie: On whose side? the King; the captiue is inricht, on whose side? the Beggers. The catastrofe is a Nuptiall, on whose side? the Kinges: no, on both in one, or one in both. 
I am the King (for so standes the comparison) thou the Begger, for so witnesseth thy lowlines. Shall I commaunde thy loue? I may. Shall I enforce thy loue? I could. Shall I entreate thy loue? I will. What, shalt thou exchange for ragges roabes, for tittles tytles, for thy selfe, mee. Thus expecting thy replie, I prophane my lippes on thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my hart on thy euerie part.

Thus in the dearest defigne of industri, 
Don Adriana de Armatho.
A pleasant conceited Comedie:

Thus dost thou heare the nemeil Lion roare,
Gainst thee thou Lambe, that standest as his pray:
Submissive fall his princely feete before,
And he from fottage will incline to play.

But if thou strive (poore soule) what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Quee. What plume of feathers is he that incure this letter?
What vaine? What Wethercock? Did you ever heare better?

Boy. I am much deceived but I remember the file.

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

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

Quee. Thou fellow, a worde.

Who gaue thee this letter?

Clow. I tolde you my Lord.

Quee. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Clow. From my Lord to my Ladie.

Quee. From which Lord, to which Ladie?

Clow. From my Lord Browne, a good Master of mine,
To a Ladie of France, that he calle Rosaline.

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

Here sweete, put vp this, twilbethine anothe: day

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

Rofa. Shall I teach you to know,

Boy. My continent of beautie.

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

Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,

hang me by the necke, if hornes that yeere miscarie,

Finely put on.

Rofa. Well then I am the shooter.

Boy. And who is your Deare?

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

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

Boyet. But shes her selfe is hit lower: Haue this her now?

Rofa. Shall I come upon thee with an olde saying, that
called Love's Labor's lost.

was a man when King Pippen of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it.

Boy. So I may answere thee with one as olde that was a woman when queene Guinouer of Britaine was a little wench as touching the hit it.

Ref. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it.

Thou canst not hit it my good man.

Exit.

Boy. And I cannot, cannot, cannot: and I cannot, another

Clo. By my troth most pleasant, how both did hit it. (can.

Mar. A mark, most pleasant, for they both did hit.

Bo. A mark, O mark but that mark: a mark saies my Lady.

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

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

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

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

Clo. Then will she get the vs shoot by cleaving the is in.

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

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

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

Clo. By my soule a Swaine, a most simple Clowne.

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

O my tooth most sweete ieftes, most inconie vulgar wit,

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenly as it were, so sir.

Armado ad tootken side, o a most daintie man,

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

To see him kisse his hand, & how most sweetly a wil swere;

And his Page another side, that handfull of wit,

Ah heauens, it is most pathetica! nit,

Sowlas, fowla.

Execute. Shoot within.

Enter Doll, Holofernes, the Pedante and Nathaniel.

Nat. Very reuerent fport truly, and done in the testimonie

of a good conscience.

Ped. The Deare was (as you know) languis in blood, ripe

as the Pomwater who now hangeth like a jewel in the care

of Clo the skie, the welken the heauen, & anon falleth like

a Crab on the race of Tera the soyle, the land, the earth.

Oarus Nach. Truely M. Holofernes, the ephithites are

sweetly varried like a scholler at the leaft: but sir I assure ye

it was a Bucke of the first head.
A pleasant conceited Comedie:

Holo. Sir Nathaniel, haud credo.

Dul. Twas not a haud credo, twas a Prickey.

Holo. Mosi barbarous intimation: yet a kind of insinuation, as it were in vie, in way of explication sacræ: as it were replication, or rather ostentation, to show as it were his inclination after his undressed, vnpolished, vneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather vnlettered, or rather vnconfirmed fashion, to insert again my hauđ credo for a Deare.

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

Holo. Twice fodd simplicitie, his coctus, o thou monster ignorance, How deformed dost thou looke.

Nath. Sir he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a booke.

He hath not eate paper as it were; he hath not drunke inck.

His intellect is not repleinshed, he is only an animall, only sensible in the diller partes: and such barren plantes are set before vs, that we thankful should be: which we taste, and feeling, are for those partes that doe fructifie in vs more then he.

For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indifcreet, or a So were there a patch set on Learning, to see him in a schole. But some bene may I, being of an olde Fathers minde.

Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the windé.

Dul. You two are book-men, can you tell me by your wit,

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

Holo. Dictiſina goodman Dul, dictiſina goodman Dul.

Dul. What is dictiſa?

Nath. A title to Phelde, to Luna, to the Moone. (more.

Holo. The Moone was a month old when Adam was no And rought not to five-weeks when he came to fuescore.

Th’allusion holdes in the Exchange.

Dul. T is true in deedde, the Collusion holdes in the Ex


Dul. And I say the poluſion holdes in the Exchange; for the Moone is never but a month olde: and I say besdie that, twas a Pricket that the Principesse kild.
called Lunes Labor's lost.

Holo. Sir Nathaniel, will you heare an extemporall Epitaph on the death of the Deare, and to humour the ignoraulc cald the Deare: the Princesse kild a Pricket.

Nath. Perge, good M. Holofoones perge, so it shall please you to abrogate lquirilitie.

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

The prayfull Princesse peares and prickt
a prettie pleasing Pricket,
Some say a Sore, but not a fore,
till now made fore with shooting.

The Dogges did yell, put ell to Sore,
then Sorell jumps from thicket:

Or Pricket fore, or els Sorell,
the people fall a hooting.
If Sore be fore, then el to Sore,
makes fiftie fores o forell:
Of one fore I an hundred make
by adding but one more l.

Nath. A rare talent.

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

Nath. This is a gyft that I haue simple : simple, a foolish
extraustant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, obiettes,
Ideas, aprehentions, motions, resolutions. These are begot in
the ventricle of Memorie, nourisht in the wombe of primater,
and delivered vpon the mellowing of occasion: But the gyft is good in those whom it is acute, and I am thankfull for it.

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

Nath. Me herele, yf their Sonnes be ingenou$, they shall
want no instruction: If their Daughter be capabll, I will
put it to them. But Uir sapis qui pauca loquimur, a soule Feminine saluteth vs.
A pleasant conceited Comedie:

Enter Iaquenetta and the Clowne.

Iaquenetta. God giue you good morrow M. Person.
Nath. Master Person, quicke Person? And if one shoulde be perfit, Which is the one? (head.
Clo. Marrie M. Scholmaster, he that is likeste to a hogs-
Nath. Of perging a Hogshead, a good luster of conceit in a turph of Earth, Fier enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: tie prettie, it is well.
Iaqe. Good M. Parson be so good as read me this letter, it was geuen me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado:
I beseech you read it.
Nath. Facile precor gellida, quando pecas omnia sub umbram run-
mixat, and fo foorth. Ali good olde Mantuan, I may speake of thee as the troueile: doth of Venice, venchie, venchie, que non te unde, que non te perroche. Olde Mantuan, olde Mantuan, Who understandeth thee not, loues thee not, ve re sol la mi sa:
Vnder pardon sir, What are the contentes? or rather as Hor-
race sayes in his, What my soule verses.

Holo. I sir, and very learned.
Nath. Let me heare a staffe, a strauze, a versce, Lege domine:
It Loue make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to loue?
Ah neuer sayth could holde, yt not to beautie vowed.
Though to my selfe forsworne, to thee Ile saythfull proue.
Those thoughtes to me were Okes, to thee like Ofers bowed.
Studie his byas leaves, and makes his booke thine eyes.
Where all those pleasures liue, that Art would comprehend.
If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice.
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.
All ignorant that foule, that sees thee without wonder.
Which is to mee some prayse, that I thy partes admire,
Thy eie Loues lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadful thuder.
Which not to anger bent, is musique, and sweete fier.
Celestial all thou art, Oh pardon loue this woung.
That Singes heavens prayse, with such an earthly tong.

Pedan. You finde not the apophrasas, and so misse the accent. Let me superuise the cangenet.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the ele-
called Lounes Labor's lost.
gance, facilitie, and golden cadence of poeie evert: Ouidius
Naso was the man. And why in deed Naso, but for smel-
ing out the odoriferous flowers of gance? the ierkes of in-
vention imitarie is nothing: So doth the Hound his maister,
the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horse his rider: But Damesella
virgin, Was this directed to you?

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

Nath. I will ouerglance the superscript.

To the snow-white hand of the most beurous Lady Rosaline.
I will looke againe on the intellect of the letter, for the no-
mination of the partie written to the person written vnto.

Your Ladships in all desired employment, Berowne.

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

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

Cost. Haue with thee my girle.

Exir.

Holo. Sir you have done this in the seare of God verie reli-
giously: and as a certaine Father faith

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

Nath. Maruelous well for the pen.

Peda. I do desire to day at the fathers of a certaine pupill of
mine, where if (before revaft) it shall please you to gratifie
the table with a Grace, I will on my priuiledge haue with
the parentes of the foresaid childe or pupill, vndertake your
bien venuto, where I will prove those Verses to be very un-
learned, neither favouring of Poertrie, wit, nor inuition.
I beseech your societie.

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

Peda. And certes the text most infallibly concludes it.
A pleasant conceited Comedie.

Sir I do inquit you too, you shall not say me nay: pauea verba. Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

Enter Berowne with a paper in his hand, alone.

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

They have pitch'd a Toyle, I am toyling in a pytch that destiles; destile, a soule worde: Well, set thee downe sorrow; for so they say the foole sayd, and so say I, and I the foole: Well proued wit. By the Lord this Loue is as madd as Aiax: it kills Sheepe, it kills mee, I a Sheepe well proued againe a my side. I will not loue; if I do hang mee: I'faith I will not. O but her ey: by this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throate. By heauen I doe loue, and it hath taught me to rime, and to be mallicholie: and heere is part of my Rime, and heare my mallicholie, Well, she hath one a' my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the Foole sent it, and the Lady hath it: sweeete Clowne, sweeter Foole, sweetest Lady. By the worlde, I woulde not care a pin, if the other three were in. Heere comes one with a paper, God giue him grace to grone.

He stands aside. The King entreteth.

King. Ay meet'
Be. Shot by heauen, proceed sweet Cupid, thou haft thump
him with thy Birdbolt under the left papp: in fayth secretes,
King. So sweete a kisse the golden Sunne giues not,
To those fresh morning dropps vpon the Rose,
As thy eye beames, when their fresh rayse haue Shirue.
The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes,
Nor shines the siluer Moone one halfe so bright,
A through the transparent bosome of the deepe,
As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light;
Thou shin'st in euerie teare that I do weepe,
No drop but as a Coach doth carrie thee;
So ridest thou triumphing in my wo,
Do but beholde the teares that swell in me,
And they thy glorie through my grieue will shou
called Loues Labor's lost.

But do not love thy selfe, then thou will keepe
My teares for glasses, and still make me wepe.
O Queene of queenes, how farre doost thou excell,
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell.
How shall she know my grieves? Ile drop the pa der.
Sweete leaves shade follie. Who is he comes here?

Enter Longauill. The King steps a side.

What Longauill, and reading; listen eare,
Bero. Now in thy likenesse, one more soole appeare.
Long. Ay mee! I am forsworne,
Bero. Why he comes in like a periure, wearing papers,
Long. In loue I hope, sweete fellowship in shame,
Bero. One drunkard loues an other of the name,
Long. Am I the first that have been periurd so?
Bero. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I know,
Thou makest the triumpherie, the corner cap offocietie,
The shape of Loues Tiburne, that hanges vp Simplicitie.
Long. I feare these stubborne lines lacke power to moue.
Of swete Maria, Empresse of my Loue,
These numbers will I teare, and write in prose,
Bero. O Rimes are gardes on wanton Cupids hose,

Disfigure not his Shop.
Long. This fame shall go. He reads the Sonnet.

Did not the heauenly Rethorique of thine eie,
Gainst whom the world cannot holde argument,
Peruwade my hart to this false periurie?
Vowes for thee broke defereue not punishment,
A Woman I forswore, but I will proue,
Thou being a Goddesse, I forswore not thee.
My Vow was earthly, thou a heauenly Loue.
Thy grace being gaunde, cures all disgrace in me.
Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapoure is.
Then thou faire Sunne, which on my earth doost shine,
Exhalft this vapour-vow in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by mee broke, What soole is not so wise.
To loose an oth, to winn a Paradiufe?
Bero. This is the lyuer veine, which makes flesh a deitie.

A Greene
A pleasant conceited Comedie:

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

Enter Dumainge.

Long. By whom shall I send this companie? Stay.
Berow. All hid, all hid, an olde infant play,
Like a demie God, here sit I in the skie,
And wretched fooles secrets heedfully ore ey.
More Sacks to the myll. O heauens I haue my wysh,
Dumainge transformed, foure Woodcocks in a dylh.

Duma. O most deuine Kate.
Berow. O most prophane coxcombe.
Duma. By heauen the woonder in a mortall eye.
Ber. By earth she is not, croporall, there you ly.
Duma. Her Amber heires for foule hath amber coted.
Ber. An amber colourd Rauen was well noted.
Duma. As vpright as the Ceder,
Ber. Stoope Ifay, her shoulder is with child.
Duma. As faire as day.
Ber. I as some dayes, but then no Sunne muft shine.
Duma. O that I had my wysh?
Long. And I had mine.
King. And mine too good Lord,
Ber. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?
Duma. I would forget her, but a Feuer thee
Raignes in my blood, and will remembred be.
Ber. A Feuer in your blood why then incision
Would let her out in Sawcers, sweete misprison.
Duma. Once more Ile reade the Odo that I haue writ.
Ber. Once more Ile marke how Loue can varie Wit.

Dumainge reade his Sonnet.

On a day, alacke the day:
Loue, whose Month is euer May
Spied a blossome passing faire,
Playing in the wanton aire:
Through the Veluer, leaves the wind,
All vnfeene, can passage finde:
That the Louer sicke to death,
called Loues Labor's lost.

With himselfe the heauens breath.
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheeke may blow,
Ayre would I might triumph so,
But alacke my hand is sworne,
Nere to plucke thee from thy throne:
Vow alacke for youth vnmeetee,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweete.
Do not call it sinne in me,
That I am forsworne for thee;
Thou for whom I love would swere,
Iuno but an Æthiop were,
And denie himselfe for love,
Turning mortaI for thy love.

This will I send, and something els more plaine,
That shall expresse my true lothes fasting paine.
O would the King, Berowme, and Longauile,
Were Louers too ill to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a periurde note:
For none offend where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumaine thy love is farre from charitie,
That in loues griefe deft rit societies
You may looke pale, but I should blush I know,
To be ore-hard and taken napping so,

King. Come sir, you bluse; as his, your case is such.
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You do not love Maria? Longauile,
Did never Sonnet for her sake compile,
Nor never lay his wreathed armes athwart
His loving bosome, to keepe downe his hart,
I have been cloeely throwed in this bush,
And markt you both, and for you both did blush.
Iheard your guyltie Rimes, obserude your fashion;
Saw sighes reece from you noted well your passion.
Ay mee fayes one! O love the other cryes!
One her haires were Golde, Christal the others eyes.
You would for Paradise breake Fayth and troth,
And love for your love would infringe an oth.
What will Berowme say when that he shall heare

E 4  

Fayth
A pleasant conceited Comeate:

Payth infringed, which such zeale did sweare.
How will he score, how will he spende his wit?
How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not haue him know so much by mee.

Bere. Now step I soorth to whipe hipocrifie.

Ah good my Leidge, I pray thee pardon mee.
Good hart, What grace haft thou thus to reprove
These Wormes for louing, that art most in loue?
Your eyes do make no couches in your teares.
There is no certaine Princesse that appeares.
Youle not be periurde, tis a hatefull thing:
Tush, none but Minstrels like of Sonnetting,
But are you not a shamed? nay, are you not
All three of you, to be thus much ore'thor?
You found his Moth, the King your Moth did see;
But I a Beame do finde in each of three.
O what a Scene of foolerie haue I scene,
Of highnes, of grones, of sorrow, and of teene:
O mee, with what stricke patience haue I sat,
To see a King transformed to a Gnat.
To see great Hercules whipping a Gigge,
And profound Salomon to tune a ligge.
And Noster play at push-pin with the boyes,
And Critick Tymon laugh at idle toyes.
Where lies thy griefe, o tell me good Dumaine?
And gentle Longsault, where lies thy paine?
And where my Liedges, all about the breit.
A Caudle hou!

King. Too bitter is thy leff
Are we betrayed thus to thy over-view?

Bere. Not you by mee, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honelt, I that holde it sinne
To breake the vow I am engag'd in.
I am betrayed by keeping companie
With men like men of inconstancie.
When shall you see mee write a thing in rime?
Or gone for Loue? or spende a minutes time,
called Loues Labor’s lost.

In pruning mee when shall you heare that I will prays a hand, a foote, a face, an eye: a gate, a f Hale, a brow, a brest, a waft, a legge, a limme.

King. Soft, Whither a way so fast?

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

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

Laqu. God bleffe the King. Enter Laquenetta and Clorone.

King. What present haft thou there?

Clow. Some certaine treason.

King. What makes treason heere?

Clow. Nay it makes nothing fir.

King. Yf it marr nothing neither,

The treason and you goe in peace away togeather.

Laqu. I befeech your Grace let this Letter be read,

Our person misdoubts it: twas treason he said

King. Berowe I reade it ouer. He reade the letter.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Laqu. Of Caffard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Coff. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

Kes. How now, What is in you? Why doft thou teare it?

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

Long. It did moue him to pafion, & therafore lets heate it.

Dum. It is Berovmes writing, an heere is his name.

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

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

King. What? (mifse,

Ber. That you three fools, lackt me foole, to make vp the Hee, hee, and you: and you my Leedge, and I,

Are pick-pufhes in Loue, and we deferve to die.

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

Duma. Now the number is euen.

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

King. Hence firs away.

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

Ber. Sweete Lords, sweete Louers, O let vs imbrace,

As true we are as flefe and blood can be,
The Sea will ebb and flow, heauen shew his face:
Young blood doth not obay an olde decree,
We can not crosse the caufe why we were borne:
Therefore of all handes must we be forsworne.

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

Ber. Did they quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That (like a rude and pauadge man of Inde.)
At the first opening of the gorgious East,
Bowes not his vaffall head, and strooken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast.

What promptorie Eagle-lighted eye
Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,
That is not blinded by her maieftie?

King. What zeal, what futie, hath inspirde thee now?

My Loue (her Mistres) is a gracious Moone,
Shee (an attending Starre) scarce seene a light.

Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Berowne,
O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night,
Of all complexions the culd soueraigntie,
Do meete as at a faire in her faire cheeke,
Where severall worthies make one dignite,
Where nothing wantes, that want it selfe doth seeke.

Lend me the flourish of all gentile tongues,
Fie payned Rethoricke, O shee needes it not,
To thinges of faile, a tellers prayse belongeth,
She passes prayse, then prayse too short doth blot,
A witherd Hermight suezcore winters wore,
Might shake off fiftie, looking in her eyet

Beautie doth varnish Age, as if new borne,
And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie.

Otis the Sunne that maketh all thinges shine.

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

Berow. Is Ebonie like her? O word devoutue!

A wife of such wood were felicitie,
O who can give an oth? Where is a booke?
That I may sweare Beautie doth beautie lacke,
If that she lerne not of her eye to looke:
No face is sayer that is not full so blacke.
called Loves Labor's lost.

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

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

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

Long. And since her time are Colliers counted bright.

King. And Aethiops of their sweete complexion crake.

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

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

King. T were good yours did: for six to tell you plaine,
Ile finde a fayrer face not waft to day.

Ber. Ile proue her faire, or talke till doomse-day heere.

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

Duma. I never knew man holde vile stuffe so deare.

Long. Looke, heer's thy love, my foote and her face fee.

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

Duma. O vile, then as she goes what vpward lyes?

The streete should see as she walkt ouer head.

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

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

King. Then leaue this chat, and good Berowme now proue

Our louing lawfull, and our sayth not torne,

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

Long. O some authoritie how to procee, some tricks, some quilletts, how to cheate the diuell.

Duma. Some fonte for perjurie.

Ber. O tis more then neede.

Have at you then affections men at armes,
A pleasant conceived Comedie:

Consider what you first did swear unto:
To fast, to study, and to see no woman:
Flat treason against the kingly state of youth.
Say Can you fast? your stomacks are too young;
And abstinence engenders maladies,
And where that you have vowed to study (Lordes)
In that each of you have forsworne his booke.
Can you still dreame and poare and thereon looke.
For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of studies excellence,
Without the beautie of a womans face?
From womens eyes this doctrine I derive,
They are the ground, the booke, the academs,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
Why vnuerfall plodding poyfons vp
Thenimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long during action tyres
The sinnowy vigour of the traualter.
Now for not looking on a womans face,
You have in that forsworne the use of eyes:
And study too, the cause of your vow.
For where is any Authour in the world,
Teaches such beautie as a womans eye:
Learning is but an adiunct to our selfe,
And where we are, our learning likewise is
Then when our selves we see in Ladys eyes,
With our selves.
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O we have made a vow to study, Lordes,
And in that vow we have forsworne our booke.
For when would you (my Leede) or you, or you?
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fustie Numbers as the prompting eyes,
Of beautis tutors have inrichted you with:
Other slow Artes entirely keepe the braine:
And therefore finding barraine practizers,
Scarse shew a harvest of their beautie toyle.

But
called Loues Labor's lost.

But Loues first learned in a Ladies eyes,
Lives not alone emured in the braine;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And giues to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde.
A Louers eare will heare the lowest sound.
When the suspitious head of theft is loft,
Loues feeling is more soft and sensible,
Then are the tender horns of Cockled Snayles.
Loues tongue proues daintie, Bacchus grosse in taste,
For Valoure, is not Loue a Hercules?
Still clyming trees in the Hesperides.
Subtil as Sphinx, as sweete and musicall,
As bright Apollos Lute, strung with his haire,
And when Loue speakes, the voyce of all the Goddes,
Make heauen drowse with the harmonie.
Neuer durft Poet touch a pen to write,
Vntill his Incke were temprd with Loues sighes:
O then his lines would ravish savage eares,
And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie,
From womens eyes this doctrine I derive,
They sparkle still the right promethean fier,
They are the Bookes, the Artes, the Achademes,
That shew, containe, and nourish all the world.
Els none at all in ought proues excellent.
Then foole you were, these women to forswear:
Or keeping what is sworn, you will prove foole,
For Wisedomes fake, a worde that all men loue:
Or for Loues fake, a worde that loues all men,
Or for Mens fake, the author of these Women:
Or Womens fake, by whom we Men are Men,
Lets vs once loose our othes to finde our selues,
Or els we loose our selues, to keepe our othes:
It is Religion to be thus forsworne.

F 3 

For
A pleasant concocted Comedie.

For Charitie it selfe fulfilles the Law:
And who can feuer Looke from Charitie.

King. Saint Cupid then and Souldiers to the fielde.

Ben. Advauance your Standards, and vpon them Lords.
Pell, mellen,downe with them; but be first aduised,
In conflict that you get the Sunne of them.

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

King. And winne them too,therefore let vs deuise,
Some entetainment for them in their Tentes.

Ben. First from the Parke let vs conduct them thither,
Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his faire Mistres, in the afternoone
We will with some strange pastime solace them:
Such as the shortnesse of the time can shape;
For Reuels, Daunces, Maskes, and merrie houres,
Forerunne faire Looke, strewinge her way with flowers.

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

Ben. Alone alone sowed Cockell, reape no Corne,
And Justice alwayes whirles in equall measure:
Light Wenches may prove plagues to men forsome,
If to our Copper byes no better treasure.

Enter the Pedant, the Curat, and Dull.

Pedant. Satis quid sufficit.

Curat. I pralye God for you sir, your reasones at Dinner
haue been sharpe & sententious; pleasant without feurillitie,
Wittie without affectiou, audacious without impudencie,
Learned without opinion, and strange without herefie; I did
conuerse this quondam day with a companion of the kings,
who is intituled, nommated, or called, Don Adriano de Ar-
mathe.

Ped. Nomi hominum tanguare te, His humour is lofte, his
discourse peremptorie: his tongue syled, his eye ambitious,
his gate maestically, and his generall behauior vaine, redicu-
lous, & thraffonicall. He is too picked, to spruce, too affected,
to od as it were, too peregrinat as I may call it,
called Lutes Labor's lost.

_Curat._ A most singular and choyce Epithat,

_Draw out his Table-booke._

_Peda._ He draweth out the thred of his verbofite, finer then the flape of his argument. I abhorre such phantasticall phantasms, such insociable and poynct deuise companions, such rackers of orragraphie, as to speake dout fine, when he should say double, det, when he shold pronounce debeat, not det : he clepeth a Calfe, Caufe : halfe, haufe : neighbour vociature nebour; neigh abreviated me : this is abominable, which he would call abominable, it insinuath me of infamie : ne intelligis domine, to make frantique lunatique?

_Curat._ Laua deo, bene intelligo.

_Peda._ Bone bone for bone preceian, a little scratcht, twil serue.

_Enter Bragart, Boy._

_Curat._ Vides ne quis venit?

_Peda._ Video, et gaudio.

_Brag._ Chirra.

_Peda._ Quari Chirra, not Sirra?

_Brag._ Men of peace well incontred.

_Ped._ Most militarie sir saluteation,

_Boy._ They have been at a great feast of Languages, and stolne the scraps,

_Clow._ O they have lyed long on the aimsbasket of wordes, I maruaile thy M. hath not eaten thee for a worde, for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: Thou art easier swallowed then a flapdragon,

_Page._ Peace, the peale begins.

_Brag._ Mounfier, are you not letted?

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

_Peda._ Ba, pueritia with a horne added, (learning.

_Page._ Ba most feely Sheepe, with a horne : you heare his

_Peda._ Quis quis thou Consonant?

_Page._ The laft of the five Vowels if You repeate them, or the sift if I,

_Peda._ I will repeate them : a e l.

_Page._ The Sheepe, the other two concludes it ou.

_Brag._ Now by the fault wane of the meditaranium, a

_sweete
A pleasant conceited Comedie.

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

Page. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Page. Hornes.

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

Page. Lende me your home to make one, and I will whip about your Infamie vni cit a gigge of a Cuckolds home.

Clow. And I had but one peny in the world thou shouldst have it to buy Ginger bread: Holde, there is the vere Remuneration I had of thy Maister, thou halfe-pennie purse of wit, thou Pidgin-egg of discretion. O and the heauens were so pleas'd, that thou wart but my Baflard: What a joyfull father wouldst thou make me? Go to, thou haft it ad dungi al the figgers ends, as they say. Peda. Oh I smell false Latine, dungi elf for vnguem.

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

Peda. Or Mons the hill.

Brag. At your sweete pleasure, for the Mountaine.

Peda. I do sans question.

Brag. Sir, it is the Kings most sweete pleaur & affeccion, to congratulate the Princesse at her Pavilion, in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitudes call the after-noone.

Peda. The posterior of the day, most generous Sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the after noone: the worde is well oyd, chose, sweete, & apt I do assure you Sir, I do assure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my faimmer, I do assure ye very good friendes: for what is inwarde betwenee vs, let it passe. I do beseche thee remember thy curtesie. I beseche thee apparell thy head: and among other importunt and most serios desigines, and of great import in deed too; but let that passe, for I must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the worlde) sometime to leane vpon my poore shoulder, and with his royall finger thus dallie with my excrement, with my mustachie: but sweete hart let that passe. By the world I recount no fable, some certaine special
called Loues Labor's lost.

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

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

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

Peda. Isole, your selfe, my selfe, and this gallant Gentleman Judas Machabew; this Swaine (because of his great lim or ioynt) shall passe Pompey the great, the Page Hercules.

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

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

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

Brag. For the rest of the Worthies?

Peda. I will play three my selfe.

Page. Thrice worthie Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing?

Peda. We attende.

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

Peda. Via good-man Dull, thou haft spoken no worde all this while.
A pleasant conceited Comedie:

Dull. Nor underloode none neither sir.
Ped. Alone, we will employ thee.
Dull. Ie make one in a daunce, or so : or I will play on the Taber to the worthies, and let them dance the hey.
Ped. Most Dull, honest Dull, to our sport: away. Exeunt.

Enter the Ladys.

Quee. Sweete hartes we shalbe rich ere we depart,
Yf Fayrings come thus plentifully in.
A Ladie walde about with Diamondes: Looke you, what I have from the loving King.
Ros. Madame, came nothing els along with that?
Quee. Nothing but this : yes as much love in Rime,
As would be cramdb yp in a sheete of paper
Writ a both sides the leafe, margent and all,
That he was faine to seale on Cupids name.
Ros. That was the way to make his god-head Wax:
For he hath been five thousand yeere a Boy.
Kath. I and a throwdevnhappie gallowes too.
Ros. Youle neare be friendes with him,a kild your sister,
Kath. He made her melancholie, sad, and heauie,
And so she died: had she bin Light like you, of such a mery
nimble scirling spirit, she might a bin Grandam ere she died.
And so may you : For a light hart lines long.
Ros. What's your darke meaning mouce, of this light word?
Kath. A light condition in a beautie darke.
Ros. We neede more light to finde your meaning out,
Kath. Yole marte the light by taking it in snuffe:
Therefore Ile darkly ende the argument.
Ros. Looke what you do, you do it still i' th darke,
Kath. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.
Ros. In deede I waigh not you, and therefore light,
Kath. You waigh me not, O thats you care not for me.
Ros. Great reason : for past care, is still past cure.
Quee. Well bandied both, a set of Wit well played.
But Rosaline, you have a Favour too?
Who sent it? and what is it?
called Loues Labor's lost.

Ros. I would you knew.
And if my face were but as faire as yours,
My Favour were as great, be witnessse this,
Nay I have Vearses too, I thanke Berowme,
The numbers true, and were the numbring too,
I were the fairest Goddeffe on the ground.
I am compare to twenty thousand fairs.
O he hath drawen my picture in his letter.

Quee. Any thing like?
Ros. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.

Quee. Beautious as Incke: a good conclusion.

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

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

Quee. A Poxe of that left, and I bestraw all Shrowes.

But Katherine what was sent to you
From faire Dumaine?

Kath. Madame, this Gloue.

Quee. Did he not send you twaine?

Kath. Yes Madame: and moreover,

Some thousand Verses of a faithfull Louer,
A hudge translation of hipocrifie,
Vildly compyled, profound simplicitie.

Marg. This, and these Pearle, to me sent Longauile.

The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.

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

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

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

Ros. They are worse fooles to purchase mocking so.

That same Berowme ile torture ere I go.
O that I knew he were but in by thi'weke,
How I would make him sawne, and begge, and seeke,
And wayte the seafori, and obsereue the times,
And spend his prodigall wittes in booteles rimes.
And shape his seruice wholly to my deuice,
And make him proude to make me proude that itesles,

G 2
A pleasant conceived Comedie:

So perttaunt like would I ore thay his state,
That he should be my fool, and 1 his fate.

Queen. None are so surely caught, when they are catch,
As Wit turnde Folee, folle in Wisedome hatcht:
Hath Wisedomes warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,
And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Folee.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess,
As gravities revolt to wantons be,
Mar. Follie in Folees heares not so strong a note,
As foolish in the Wise, when Wit doth dotet,
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove by Wit, worth in simplicitez.

Enter Boyet.

Queen. Here comes Boyet, and myrth is in his face.
Boyet. O I am stable with laughtor, Wher's her Grace?
Queen. Thy newes Boyet?
Boy. Prepare Maddame, prepare.
Arne Wenches arne, Incounters mounted are,
Against your Peace Loue doth approch, disguys'd:
Armed in argumentes, you'll be surpris'd,
Muster your Wits, stande in your owne defence,
Or hide your heades like Cowardes, and flie hence.

Queen. Saint Dennis to S. Cupid: What are they,
That charge their breath against vs? Say scout say.
Boy. Vnder the coole shade of a Siccamone,
I thought to close mine eyes some halfe an houre:
When io to interrupt my purposed rest,
Toward that shade I might beholde address,
The King and his companions warely,
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And over hard, what you shall ouer heare:
That by and by disguys'd thy will be heare.
Their Herald is a prettie knowish Page:
That well by hart hath cond his embasfile
Action and accent did they teach him there,
Thus must thou speake, and thus thy body beare.
And euer and anon they made a doubt,
Presence malesticall would put him out:
called Loues Labor's lost.

For quoth the King, an Angell shalt thou see:
Yet feare not thou but speake audaciously.
The Boy replyde, An Angell is not cuill:
I should have seard her had she been a devil.
With that all laught, and clapt him on the shoulder,
Making the bolde wagg by their prayses bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow thus, and flee'd, and swore,
A better speach was never spokne before.
Another with his fynger and his thume,
Cried via we will not come what will come.
The thirde he caperd and cryed, All goes well.
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and downe he fell:
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With such azealous laughter so profound,
That in this spleene rediculous appeares,
To checke their follye passions solemn be teares.

Quse. But what, but what, come they to visit vs?

Boy. They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus,
Like Musconites, or Rusmins, as I gesse.
Their purpose is to parle, to court, and daunce,
And euery one his Loue-feat will aduance,
Unto his feueral Mistres, which they do know
By Fauours feueral, which they did bestowe.

Quse. And will they so? the Gallants shalbe taflte.

For Ladies: we will euery one be maftre,
And not a man of them shall haue the grace
Despite offute, to see a Ladies face.
Holde Rosaline, this Fauour thou shalt weare,
And then the King will court thee for his Deare:
Holde take thou this my sweete, and glue mee thine,
So shal] Bereave take me for Rosaline.
And change you Fauours two, so shal] your Loues
Woo contrarie, deceipted by these remoues,
Rosa. Come on then, weare the Fauours most in sight.
Kath. But in this changing, What is your intent?

Quse. The effect of my intent is to crosse theirs:
They do it but in mockerie merement,
And mocke for mocke is onely my intent.
A pleasant conceited Comedie.

Their severall counsailes they vnboosome shall,
To Loues mistooke, and so be mockt withall,
Upon the next occasion that we meete,
With Visions displayde to talke and greete.

Rey. But shall we dance, if they defire vs toot?
Quee. No, to the death we will not move a foot,
Nor to their pende speach render we no grace;
But while tis spoked each turne away his face.

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

Quee. Therefore I do it, and I make no doubt,
The rest will ere come in, if he be out.
Theres no such sport, as sport by sport othrowne;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So shal we stay mocking entended game,
And they wel mockt depart away with shame. Sound Trom.

Boy. The Trompet foundes, bemaskt, the maskers come

Enter Black-moores with musick, the Boy with a speach, and the rest of the Lardes disguysed.

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

Beron. Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.

Page. A holy parcelle of the sferest dames that ever turnde their backes to mortall viewes.

The Ladyes turne their backes to him.

Beron. Their eyes villaine, their eyes.

Pag. That eu'n turnde their eyes to mortall viewes.

Out

Boy. True, out in deed.

Pag. Out of your favours heavenly spirites vouchsafe

Not to beholde.

Beron. Once to beholde, rogue.

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

Boy. They will not answere to that Epythat.
You were best call it Daughter beamed eyes.

Pag. They do not mark mee, and that brings me out.

Ber. Is this yours perfections, begun you rogue,
called Loues Labor’s lost.

Roy. What would these strangers?
Know their mindes Boyet.
If they do speake our language, tis our will
That some plaine man recount their purpofes.
Know what they would?
Boyet. What would you with the Princes?
Berow. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation,
Roy. What would they, say they?
Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
Roy. Why that they haue, and bid them to be gon.
Boy. She failes you have it, and you may be gon.
King. Say to her we haue meafur’d many miles,
To tread an Meafure with her on this graffe.
Boy. They say that they haue meafur’d many a mile,
To tread an Meafure with you on this graffe.
Roy. It is not fo. Aske them how manie inches
Is in one mile? If they haue meafur’d manie,
The meafure then of one is eaſtie tolde.
Boy. If to come hither, you haue meafur’d miles,
And manie miles the Princes bids you tell,
How manie inches doth fill vp one mile?
Berow. Tell her we meafure them by weerie steps.
Boy. She heares her selfe.
Roy. How manie weerie steps,
Of manie weerie miles you haue ore gone,
Are numbred in the travaile of one Mile?
Berow. We number nothing that we spend for you,
Our duetie is fo rich, fo infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,
That we (like fauages) may worship it.
Roy. My face is but a Moone, and clouded too.
King. Blessed are cloudes, to do as such cloudes do.
Vouchsafe bright Moone, and thefe thy Stars to shine,
(Those cloudes remoued) ypo our waterie eyne.
Roy. O vaine petitioner, begg a greater matter,
Thou now requests but Moone shine in the water.
King. Then in our meafure, do but vouchsafe one change,

G 4
Thou
A pleasant conceited Comedie.

Thou bidst me begge, this begging is not strange.

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

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

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

Ro. You tooke the moone at ful, but now she is changed?

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

Ro. The musique playes, vouchsafe some motion to it,

Our eares vouchsafe it.

K. But your legges should do it.

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

Weele not be nice, take handes, we will not daunce.

K. Why take we handes then?

Ro. Onely to part friendes.

Curthe sweete hartes, and to the Measure endes.

K. More measure of this measure be not nice.

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

K. Prize you your selues: What byes your company?

Ro. Your absence onely.

K. That can never be.

Ro. Then cannot we be bought: and so adue,

Twice to your Visore, and halfe once to you.

K. If you denye to daunce, lets holde more chat.

Ro. In priuat then.

K. I am best pleas'd with that.

B. White handed Misters, one sweet word with thee.

Q. Honie, and Milke, and Suger: there is three.

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

Methegline, Wort, and Malmsey; well runne dice:

There's halfe a dozen sweetes.

Q. Seventh sweete adue, since you can cogge,

He play no more with you.

B. One word in secret.

Q. Let it not be sweete.

B. Thou greeueth my gall.

Q. Gall, bitter,

B. Therefore meeete.

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

M. Name it.

Du.
called Loues Labor’s lost.

Duma. Faire Ladie.
Mar. Say you so? Faire Lord, take that for your faire Lady
Duma. Please it you, as much in priuat, & ile bid adieu.
Maria. What, was your vizard made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reason(Lady) why you aske.
Mari. O for your reason, quickly sir, I long?
Long. You have a double tongue within your Maske,
And would afforde my speachles vizard halfe,

Mar. Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is not veale a Calfe?
Mar. No, a faire Lorde Calfe.
Long. Let’s part the word?
Mar. No, Ile not be your halfe:
Take all and weane it, it may prove an Oxe,
Long. Loke how you butt your selfe in these sharphemocks,
Will you glue horns chaft Lady? do not so.
Mar. Then die a Calfe, before your horns do grow.
Long. One word in priuate with you ere I die.
Mar. Bleat softly then, the Butcher heares you crie.
Boyet. The tongues of mocking Wenches are as keen
As is the Rasors edge insensible:
Cutting a smaller hair then may be seen,
Above the fence of fense so sensible,
Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings,
Fleeter then Arrowses, bullets wind thought swifter things,
Rofa. Not one word more my Maidens, break off, break off.
Bera. By heauen, all drie beaten with pure Soffe.
King. Farewel mad Wenches, you haue simple wits. Exc.
Quee. Twenty adieus my frozen Muskouits,
Are these the breed of Wits so wondered at?
Boyet. Tapers they are with your sweete breaths puff out.
Rofa. Wel-liking Wits they haue grosse grosse, fat fat.
Quee. O pouerietie in wit, Kingly poorc plout.
Will they not(thinke you) hange them selues to nyght?
Or ever but in vizards shew their faces.
This pert Berowme was out of countnance quite,
Rofa. They were all in lamentable cases,
The King was weeping ripe for a good word.

Queene
A pleasant conceited comedy:

Queen. Berowne did swear him selfe out of all suit.

Mar. Dunamis was at my service, and his sword,

No poynct (quoth I) my seruant, straight was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said I came oer his hart;

And trow you what he calle me?

Queen. Qualme perhaps.

Kath. Yes in good faith.

Queen. Goe sicknes as thou art.

Ruf. Well, better wits have wonne plaine statute Caps,

But will you heare, the King is my Loue sworne,

Queen. And quicke Berowne hath plighted faith to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service borne.

Mar. Dunamis is mine as sure as barske on tree.

Boyet. Madame, and prettie mistresses give care,

Immediately they will againe be heere,

In their owne shapes for it can never be,

They will digest this harsh indiginite.

Queen. Will they returne?

Boyet. They will they will, God knowes,

And leape for joy, though they are lame with blowes:

Therefore change Fauours, and when they repaire,

Blow like sweete Roses, in this sommer aire.

Queen. How blow? how blow? Speake to be understood,

Boyet. Fair Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud:

Dismaskt, their dammaske sweete commixture showne,

Are Angels varling cloudes, or Roses blowne,

Queen. Auaunt perplexitie, What shall we do,

If they returne in their owne shapes to woe;

Rufa. Good Madame, if by me youe be aduised,

Let's mocke them still as well knowne as disguysde:

Let vs complain to them what fools were heare,

Disguysd like Musconyes in shapeles gear:

And wonder what they were, and to what ende

Their shallow shoues, and Prologue wildly pende,

And their rough carriage so ridicules,

Should be presented at our Tent to vs.

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

Queen. Whip to our Tents as Roses runs o'er land Exeunt.

Enter
called Lones Labor's lost.

Enter the King and the rest.

King. Faire sir, God save you: Wher's the Princesse?
Boyer. Gone to her Tent. Please it your Maiestie commande me any service to her thither,
King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word,
Boyer. I will, and so will she, I know my Lord.
Exit Boyer. This fellow peckes vp Wit as Pidgions Pease,
And utters it againe when God dooth please.
He is Witts Pedler, and retales his wares:
At Wakes and Wafses, meetings, markets, Faires,
And we that fell by grosse, the Lord doth know,
Hane not the grace to grace it with such show,
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his fleue,
Had he bin Adam he had tempted Eve,
A can carue to, and lispe: Why this is hee
That left his hand, a way in courtie.
This is the Ape of Forme, Mounster the nice,
That when he playes at Tables chides the Dice
In honorable teethes; nay he can sing
A meane most meanely, and in husherings,
Mende him who can, the Ladies call him sweete,
The faières as he treades on them kisse his teete,
This is the floure that smyles on every one,
To shew his teeth as white as Whales bone,
And consciences that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honeie-tonged Boyer.

King. A blister on his sweete tongue with my hart,
That put Armathoes Page out of his part.

Enter the Ladies.

Bern. See where it comes. Behauiour what wert thou?
Till this mad man shewed thee, and what art thou now?
King. All haile sweete Madame, and faire time of day.
Ques. Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceaue.
King. Confirme my spaches better, if you may.
Ques. Then with me better, I will give you leaue.
King. We came to visite you, and purpose now.

H 2 To
A pleasant conceited Comedie:

To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then
Que. This feelde shall holde me, and so hold your vow:
Nor God nor I delights in perjured men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you prouoke:
The vertue of your eie must breake my oth.
Que. Your nickname vertue, vice you should haue spoke:
For vertues office neuer breake mens troth.
Now by my maiden honour yet as pure,
As the vnfallid Lilly I protest,
A worlde of tormentes though I shou'd endure,
I would not yeele to be your houses guest:
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly Othes vowed with integritie.
King. O you haue liu'd in desolation heere,
Vndeene,vnuifted, much to our shame.
Que. Not so my Lord, it is not so I sweare,
We haue had pasimes here and pleafant game,
A melle of Rusiars left vs but oflare.
King. How Madame? Rusiars?
Que. I in trueth My Lord.
Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of State.
Rofa. Madame speake true: It is not so my Lord:
My Ladie (to the maner of the dayes)
In curtefte guies vndeferving praise,
We souere in deede confronted were with foure,
In Rusiars habite: heere they stayed an houre;
And talkt apace: and in that houre my Lord
They did not bleffe vs with one happie word.
I dare not call them fooles; but this I thinke,
When they are thirstie, fooles would faine haue drinke.
Bero. This ieft is drye to me, gentle sweete,
Your wisht maketh wise things foolish when we greete
With eies best seeing, heavens fierie eie:
By light we loose light, your capacitie
Is of that nature, that to your hudge stoure,
Wife things seeme foolish, and rich thinges but poore.
Rofa. This proveth you wise and rich: for in my eie.
Bero. I am a foole, and full of povertie.
called Loues Labor's lost

Rose. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to match wordes from my tongue.
Ber. O, I am yours and all that I possesse.
Rose. All the soole mine,
Ber. I cannot giue you leffe.
Rose. Which of the Vizards was it that you wore?
Ber. Where, when what Vizard? why demaund you this?
Rose. There then, that Vizard, that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and shewed the better face.
King. We were defcried, theye mock vs now downright.
Duman. Let vs confesse and turne it to a left.
Quee. Amazde my Lord? Why lookes your highnes sad?
Rose. Helpe holde his browes, heele sound; why looke you pale?
Sea. sickle I thinke comming from Musewrie.
Ber. Thus poure the Starres downe plagues for peruiarie.
Can anie face of brashe hold longer out?
Here stand I, Ladie dart thy skill at me,
Brushe me with scorne, confound me with a slout.
Thrust thy sharpe wit quite through my ignorance,
Cut me to peeces with thy keenJe conceit.
And I will wish thee never more to daunce,
Nor never more in Rusian habite waite,
O never will I trust to speaches pend,
Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boys tongue;
Nor never come in vizard to my friend,
Nor woo in rime like a blind harpers tongue.
Taffata phrases, silken tearmes precise,
Three pilde Hiberboles, spruce affectation:
Figures pedantical, these sommer flies,
Have blowne me full of maggot ostentation.
I do forswear them, and here protest,
By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knowes)
Henceforth my wooing minde shalbe exprest
In mistyea, and honest keras noes.
And to begin Wench, so God helpe me law,
My lour to thee is sound, sance cracke or flaw,
Rose. Sans, sans, I pray you.

H 3
A pleasant conceited Comedie.

Bero. Yet I haue an adde,
Of the olde rage: beare with me, I am sicke.

Yet I haue an adde,

I leaue it by degrees: soft, let us see,

Write Lord haue mercie on us on those three,

They are infected, in their hartes it lyes:

They haue the Plague, and caught it of your eyes,

These Lords are visitid, you are not free,

For the Lords tokens on you do I see.

Quee. No they are free that gaue these tokens to vs.

Bero. Our states are forfeit: seeke not to vndoo us.

Rosa. It is not so, for how can this be true,

That you stand forfeit, being those that sue.

Bero. Peace, for I will not haue to doe with you.

Rosa. Not shall not, if I do as I intende.

Bero. Speake for your selues, my wit is at an ende.

King. Teach vs sweet Madame, for our rude transgression

Some faire excuise,

Quee. The fairest is confession.

Were not you here but euem now, disguyde?

King. Madame, I was.

Quee. And were you well aduised?

King. I was faire Madame,

Quee. When you then were heere,

What did you whisper in your Ladys eare?

King. That more then all the world, I did respect her.

Quee. When she shall challenge this, you wil reieft her.

King. Vpon mine honour no.

Quee. Peace peace, forbear: your Oth once broke, you

force not to forswear.

King. Defpise me when I breake this oth of mine.

Quee. I will, and therefore keepe it. Rosaline.

What did the Russian whisper in your eare?

Rosa. Madame, he swore that he did hold me deare,

As precious ey-sight, and did value me

Above this Worlde: adding thereto more ouer,

That he would wed me, or els die my Louer.

Quee. God giue thee joy of him: the Noble Lord

Moff honourable doth vphold his word.

King
called Loues Labor's lost.

King.  What meane you Madame: by my life my troth,
I never swore this Lady such an oth.
Rosal. By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine,
You gaue me this: but take it sir again.
King. My faith and this, the Princess I did give,
I knew her by this Jewell on her fleue.
Queen. Pardon me sir, this Jewell did she weare,
And Lord Berewne (I thanke him) is my deare,
What? will you have me, or your Pearle again?
Berew. Neither of either: I remit both twaine.
I see the tricke and: here was a consent,
Knowing aforehand of our meriment,
To dash it like a Christmas Comedie:
Some carry tale, some please-man, some sleight saine:
Some mumble newes, some trencher knight, some Dick
That finyle, his cheeke in yeeres, and knowes the trick
To make my Lady laugh, when shees dispoised:
Tolde our intents before: which once dicoold,
The Ladies did change Faunors; and then wee
Following the signes, wood but the signe of shee,
Now to our periurie, to add more terror,
We are againe forsworne in will and error.
Much vpon this tis: and might not you
Foretell our sport, to make vs thus vntrue?
Do not you know my Ladies foote by th squiet?
And laughe vpon the apple of her cie?
And stand betweene her backe sir and the fier,
Holding a trencher, iestinge merrilie?
You put our Page out: goe, you are aloude.
Die when you will, a Smocke shalbe your shroude
You leere vpon me, do you: ther's an cie
Woundes like a leaden iword,

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

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

Enter Clown.

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

Clown. O Lord sir, they would know.

H.4 Whether
A pleasant conceited Comedie.

Whether the three Worthis shall come in or no?

Ber. What are there but three?

Clow. No sir, but it is vara fine,
For euery one pursents three.

Ber. And three times thrice is nine.

Clow. Not so sir, vnder correcfion sir, I hope it is not so.

You cannot beg vs sir, I can assure you sir, we know what we know: I hope sir three times thrice sir.

Ber. Is not nine.

Clow. Vnder correction sir we know where vntill it doth amount.

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

Clow. O Lord sir, it were pittie you should get your living by reckning sir.

Ber. How much is it?

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

Ber. Art thou one of the Worthies?

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

Ber. Goe bid them prepare.

(Exit.

Clow. We will turne it finely off sir, we will take some care.

King. Berowme, they will shame vs; let them not approch.

Ber. We are shame proofe my Lord: & tis some policie
to have one shou worke then the Kings & his company.

King. I say they shall not come.

Quee. Nay my good Lord let me ore rule you now:
That I port beft pleates, that doth beft know how:
Where zeale strives to content, and the contenues
Dies in the zeale of that which it presents:
Their forme confounded, makes most ferme in myrth,
When great things labouring perish in their byrth.

Ber. A right description of our sport my Lord.

Enter Bragart.

Brag. Annoynted, I implore so much expence of thy royal sweete
called Lones Labor's lost.

sweete breath, as will viter a brace of wordes.

Quee. Doth this man serve God?

Bero. Why ask you?

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

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

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

Bero. There is five in the first shew.

King. You are deceived, tis not so.

Bero. The Pedant, the Bragart, the Hedge-Priest, the
Fool, and the Boy,
Abate throw at Nouum; and the whole world againe,
Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vaine.

Kin. The Ship is under sail, and heere the corns amaine.

Enter Pompey.

Clowne. I Pompey am.

Bero. You lie, you are not he.

Clow. I Pompey am.

Boyet. Witl Libbards head on knee. (thee,

Bero. Well said old mocker, I must needes be friends with

Clow. I Pompey am, Pompey surmaund the bigge.

Duma. The great.

Clow. It is great Sir, Pompey surmaund the great.

That oft in fields with Targ and Shield did make my foe to sweat,
And trampling along this coast I heere am come by chance or,
And lay my Armes before the Legs of this sweete Lase of France.
If your Ladyship would say thankes Pompey, I had done.

Lady. Great thankes great Pompey.

Clo. Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect. I
made a little fault in great.

I Bero.
A pleasant conceited Comedie:

Bero. My hat to a halfe-pennie, Pompey prooues the best Worthie.

Enter Curate for Alexander.

Curat. When in the world I liued, I was the worldes commander:
By East, West, North, and South, I spred my conquering might:
My Scutckion plaine declares that I am Alfsander, (right.)
Boyet. Your Nose saies no, you are not: for it stands too Be. Your nose smels no in his most tender smelling knight.
Quit. The conqueror is dismal: proceed good Alexander.
Curat. When in the world I liued, I was the worldes commander.
Boy. Most true, 'tis right: you were so Alfsander.
Bero. Pompey the great.
Clow. Your feruant and Costard.
Bero. Take away the Conquerour, take away Alfsander.
Clow. O sir, you have ouerthrown Alfsander the Conquerour: you will be scart out of the painted cloth for this.
Your Lion that holds his Polax sitting on a close Stoole, will be geuen to Ajax. He wilbe the ninth Worthies a Conquerour, and a feard to speake? Run away for flame Alfsander, There ant shall please you a foolish mylde man, an honest man; looke you, and soone daft. He is a marueylous good neighbour fayth, and a very good Bowler: but for Alfsander, alas you see how tis a little oreparked, but there are Worthies a comming will speake their minde in some other fort.

Quit. Stand aside good Pompey.

Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Peda. Great Hercules is presented by this Impe,
Who's Chibb kild Cerberus that three headed Canus,
And when he was a babe, a child, a Shrimpe,
This did he strangle Serpents in bis Manus,
Quoniam, he semeth in minoritie,
Ergo, I come with this Appologie.
Kepee some state in thy exit, and vanisb.  Exit Boy.
Peda. Iudas I am.  Exit Boy.

Dum.
called Loues Labor's lost.

Dum. A Judas.
Pedan. Not Iscariot sir.

Judas I am, eclipsed Machabeus,
Dum. Judas Machabeus clipt, is plaine Judas,
Bero. A kisstng traytour, How art thou proud Judas?
Pedan. Judas I am.

Duma. The more shame for you Judas.
Pedan. What meane you sir?

Boyett. To make Judas hang himselfe.
Pedan. Begin sir, you are my elder.
Bero. Well followed, Judas was hanged on an Elder.
Pedan. I will not be put out of countenance.

Bero. Because thou hast no face.
Pedan. What is this?

Boyett. A Cytterne head.
Duma. The head of a Bodkin.

Bero. A deaths face in a Ring.

Long. The face of an olde Roman coyne, scarce scene.

Boyett. The pummel of Caesars Fauchion.
Duma. The carud-bone face on a Flaske.

Bero. Saint Georges halfe cheeke in a Brood.

Duma. A and in a Brood of Lead.
Bero. I and wore in the cappe of a Tooth-drawer:

And now forward, for we haue put thee in countenance.
Pedan. You haue put me out of countenance.
Bero. Fals, we haue giuen thee faces.

Pedan. But you haue outstafte them all,

Bero. And thou weart a Lyon, we would do so.

Boyett. Therefore as he is, an Ass, let him go:

And so adue sweete Jude. Nay, Why dost thou stay?

Duma. For the latter ende of his name.

Bero. For the Ass to the Jude: giue it him, Judas away

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

Boyett. A light for Mounster Judas, it growes darke, he may stumble.

Quee. Alas poore Machabeus, how hath he bin bayted.
A pleasant concerted Comedie:

Enter Braggart.

Ber. Hidethy head Achilles, here comes Hector in Armes.

Duma. Though my mockes come home by me, I will now be merrie.

King. Hector was but a Troyan in respect of this.

Boyer. But is this Hector?

King. I thinke Hector was not so cleane timberd.

Long. His legge is too bigge for Hectors.

Duman. More Calfes certaine.

Boye. No, he is best indued in the small.

Bero. This cannot be Hector.

Duma. Hee's a God or a Painter: for he makes faces.

Braggart. The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the almighty.

Gave Hector a gift.

Duma. A gift Nutmeg.

Bero. A Lemmon.

Long. Stucke with Cloues.

Dum. No clouen.


Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Illion,
A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight; yea,

From morn till night out of his Pavilion:

I am that Flower,

Duman. That Mint.

Long. That Cullambine.

Brag. Sweete Lord Longwill raine thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give thee the raine: for it runnes against Hector.

Dum. I and Hector's a Greyhound.

Brag. The sweete War-man is dead and rotten,

Sweete chucks beat not the bones of the buried;

When he breathed he was a man.

But I will forward with my deuice; sweete royltike bellow
on me the fense of hearing.

Browned steps forth,

Quee. Speake brave Hector, we are much delighted.

Brag. I doe adore thy sweete Graces Slipper.
called Loues Labor's lost.

Brevet. Loues her by the foote.

Dum. He may not by the yarde.

Brag. This Hector far surmounted Hanniball.
    The partie is gone.

Clow. Fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on
    her way.

Brag. What meanest thou?

Clow. Faith vnlesse you play the honest Troyan, the poore
    wench is cast away: shee's quicke, the childe bragges in her
    bellie already: tis yours.

Brag. Doft thou infamomize me among potentates?

Thou shalt die.

Clow. Then shall Hector be whipt for laqueretta that is
    quicke by him, and hangd for Pompey that is dead by him.

Duma. Most rare Pompey.

Brevet. Renowned Pompey.

Bero. Greater then great, great, great, great Pompey: Pompey
    the hudge.

Duma. Hector trembles.

Bero. Pompey is moued more Ates more Ates fir them
    or fir them on.

Duma. Hector will challenge him.

Bero. I, if a haue no more mans blood in his belly then w
    suppe a Flea.

Brag. By the North Pole I do challenge thee.

Clow. I will not fight with a Pole like a Northren man;
    Ile slashe Ile do it by the Sword! I bepray you let me bor-
    row my Armes againe.

Duma. Roomes for the incensed Worthies.

Clow. Ile do it in my shyrts.

Duma. Most resolute Pompey.

Page. Maister, let me take you a button hole lower. Do
    you not see, Pompey is vncazing for the Combat: What
    meane you? you will loose your reputation.

Brag. Gentlemen and Souldiers, pardon me, I will not
    combat in my shyrts.

Duma. You may not deny it, Pompey hath made the chal-

Brag. Swetee bloodes, I both may and will.

I 2  Bero,
A pleasant conceited Comedie.

Bero. What reason haue you for?
Brag. The naked truth of it is, I haue no Shirt.
Igoe. Woolward for pennance.
Boy. True, and it was inioynd him in Rome for want of Linnen: since when, Ile be sworne he wore none, but a dish-cloute of Jaunetemas, and that a weares next his hart for a Fauour.

Enter a Messenger Mounsier Marcade.

Marcad. God saue you Madame.
Quee. Welcome Marcade, but that thou interruppkest our merriment.
Marcad. I am forrie Madame for the newes I bring is heauie in my tongue. The King your father
Quee. Dead for my life.
Marcad. Even so: my tale is tolde.
Bero. Worthis away, the Scene begins to cloude.
Brag. For mine owne part I breath free breath: I haue seene the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will righ my selfe like a Souldier. Execute Worthis
King. How fares your Maiestie?
Quee. Boyes prepare I will away to nyght.
King. Madame Not so, I do beseech you stay.
Quee. Prepare I say; I thanke you gracious Lords
For all your faire endeuerous and intreat:
Out of a new sad-soule, that you youchsafe,
In your rich wisedome to excuse, or hide,
The liberall opposition of our spirites,
If ouerboldly we haue borne our selues,
In the conuerse of breath (your gentlenes
Was guyltie of it.) Farewell worthy Lord:
A heauie hart beares not a humble tongue.
Excuse me so comming too short of thankes,
For my great fure, so easely obtenide.
King. The extreame partes of time extreame formes,
All caules to the purpose of his speede:
And often at his very loose decides
called Loues Labor's lost.

That, which long processse could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of progenie
Forbid the smyling courtesie of Loue,
The holy suitte which saie it would convince,
Yet since Loues argument was first on foote,
Let not the cloude of Sorrow istilfe it
From what it purposed, since to wayle friendes lost,
Is not by much so holome profitable,
As to rejoynce at friendes but newly found.

Quae. I understaund you not,my griefes are double.

Bro. Honest plaine words,best pearce the ear of griefe,
And by these badges understaund the King,
For your faire fakes,have we neglected time.
Plaide fouleplay with our othes;your beautie Ladies
Hath much deformed vs,fashioning our humours
Even to the oppoed ende of our ententes.
And what in vs hath seemed ridiculous:
As Loue is full of vnbesititng straines,
All wanton as a childe,skipping and vaine.
Formd by the eye,and therefore like the eye.
Full of straying shapes,of habites and of formes:
Varying in subiectes as the eye doth roule,
To every varied object in his glaunce:
Which partie coted presence of loose loue
Put on by vs,if in your heauenly eyes,
Haue misbecombd our othes and gravities.
Those heauenly eyes that looke into these faultes,
Suggested vs to make, therefore Ladies
Our loue being yours, the error that Loue makes
Is likewise yours: we to our selues prove false,
By being once false, for euer to be true.
To those that make vs both faire Ladies you.
And euen that falshood in it selfe a finne,
Thus purifies it selfe and turns to grace.

Quae. We have receiued your Letters, full of Loue:
Your Favours,embaTadours of Loue.
And in our mayden countesale rated them,
At courtshyp pleasantest and courtesie,
A pleasing conceited Comedie.

As bombast and as lyning to the time:
But more devout then this our respectes,
Haue we not been, and therefore met your Loues,
In their owne fahyon like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters madame, shewed much more then iest.

Long. So did our lookes,

Rap. We did not cote them so,

King. Now at the latest minute of the houre,

Grant vs your loues,

Que. A time me thinke too short,
To make a world-without-end bargaine in:
No no my Lord, your Grace is periurde much,
Full of deere guiltines, and therefore this,
If for my Loue (as there is no such cause)
You will do ought, this shall you do for me;
Your oth I will not truft, but goe with speed
To some forlorne and naked Hermytage,
Remote from all the pleafurs of the world:
There stay vntill the twelue Celestitiall Signes
Have brought about the annuall reckoning.
If this Auffere insociable life,
Change not your offer made in heate of blood.
If froftes and fastes, hard lodging, and thin weedes,
Nip not the gaudie blossomes of your Loue:
But that it beare this tryall, and laft Loue,
Then at the expiration of the yeere,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these defertes:
And by this Virgin palme now kisling chine,
I wilbe thine: and till that instance shutt
My wofull felfe vp in a mourning house,
Rayning the teares of lamentation,
For the remembrancse of my Fathers death.
If this thou do deny, let our handes part,
Neither intiled in the others hart.

King. If this, or more then this, I would denie,
To flatter vp these powers of mine with teft,
The Hodaine hand of death close vp mine eye,
Hence herrite then my hart, is in thy breft,
called Loues Labor's lost.

Berow. And what to me my Loue? and what to me?
Rofel. You must be purged so your sinnes are rackt.
You are attaint with faultes and periuie:
Therefore if you my fauour meane to get,
A tweluemonth shall you spende and never rest,
But secke the weery beddes of people sicke.

Duma. But what to me my Loue? but what to me?
Kath. A wife? a beard, faire health, and honestie.

With three fold love I wish you all these three.
Duma. O shall I say, I thanke you gentle Wife?
Kath. Not so my Lord, a tweluemonth and a day,
Ilemarke no wordes that smooth faul Cove say,
Came when the King doth to my Lady come:
Then if I haue much loue, Ile give you some.

Duma. Ile serue thee true and saythfully till then.
Kath. Yet swere not, least ye be forsworne again.

Longmuill. What saies Maria?

Mari. At the tweluemonths ende,
Ile change my blacke Gowne for a faithfull friend.

Long. Ile stay with patience, but the time is long,
Mari. The laker you, few taller are so young.

Berow. Studdies my Ladie? Mistres looke on me,
Beholde the window of my hart, mine eye:
What humble suite attendes thy anfwere there,
Impose some service on me for thy Loue.

Rofel. Oft haue I heard of you my Lord Berowne,
Before I saw you: and the worldes large tongue
Proclaymes you for a man repleat with mockes,
Full of comparisions and wounding floutes:
Which you on all estetes will execute,
That lie within the mercie of your wit;
To weede this wormewood from your fruadfull braine,
And therewithall to winne me, yt you plesse,
Without the which I am not to be won;
You shall this tweluemonth terme from day to day,
Visite the speachlesse sicke, and still conuerse,
With groaning wretches: and your talke shall be,
With all the fierce endeuour of your wit,

K To
A pleasant conceited Comedie:

To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Brow. To move Wilde laughter in the throate of death?

It cannot be, it is impossible.

Mirth cannot move a foule in agonie.

Regal. Why thats the way to choake a gibing spirrit,

Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,

Which shallow laughing hearers glue to foules,

A jestes prosperitie lies in the eare,

Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue

Of him that makes it: then if sickly eares

Deaf to the clamours of their owne deare grones,

Wilt heare your idle scornes; continue then,

And I will haue you, and that fault withall.

But if they will not, throw away that spirrit,

And I shall finde you emptie of that fault,

Right joyfull of your reformation.

Brow. A twelue month? well; befall what will befall,

Ile leaft a twelue month in an Hospitall.

Queen. I sweete my Lord, and so I take my leve.

King. No Madame, we will bring you on your way.

Brow. Our wooing doth not ende like an olde Play:

Jacke hath not Gill: these Ladies courte5e

Might well have made our sport a Comedie.

King. Come sir, it wants a twelue month an'aday.

And then twill ende.

Brow. That's too long for a Play.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweete Maiestie vouchsafe me.

Queen. Was not that Hector?

Duma. The worthie Knight of Troy.

Brag. I will kisse thy royall finger, and take leve.

I am a Votarie; I haue vowde to lauguerete

To holde the Plough for her sweete loue three yeere.

But most esteemed greatnes, will you heare the Dialogue

that the two Learned men haue compiled, in prays of the

Owle and the Cuckow? it should haue followed in the ende
called Lohnes Labor's lost.

ende of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.
Brag. Holla, Approach.

Enter all.

Brag. This side is Hieus, Winter.
This Ver, the Spring: The one mayntained by the Owle,
the other by the Cuckow.

B. Ver begin.

The Song.

When Dafies pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hue:
And Lady-smocks all siluer white,
Do paint the Meadowes with delight:
The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
Mockes married men; for thus finges hee,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Unpleasing to a married care.

When Shepheards pipe on Ouen Strawes,
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens Clocks:
When Turtles tread and Rookes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their summer smocks:
The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
Mockes married men, for thus finges he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Unpleasing to a married care.

Winter.

When Ifacles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Sheepheard blowes his nailes:
And Thom beares Logges into the hall,
And Milke coms frozen home in pailte:
When Blood is nipt, and wayes be full,

Then
A pleasant conceited Comedie.

Then nightly singes the staring Owle
Tu-whit to-who.
A merrie note,
While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

When all aloude the winde doth blow,
And couffing drownes the Parsons saw;
And Birdes sit brooding in the Snow,
And Marrians nose lookes red and raw:
When roasted Crabbs hisse in the bowle,
Then nightly singes the staring Owle,
Tu-whit to-who,
A merrie note,
While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

The vvordes of Mercurie, are harsh after the lorges of Apollo.
Shakespeare, William
Loves labors lost