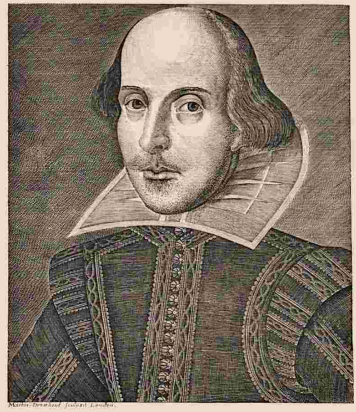
LOVE'S LABORS LOST

MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARES
COMEDIES,
HISTORIES, &
TRAGEDIES.

Published according to the True Originall Copies.



LONDON
Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

The Project Gutenberg eBook of Love's Labour's Lost

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Love's Labour's Lost

Author: William Shakespeare

Release date: November 1, 1997 [eBook #1109]
Most recently updated: September 21, 2025

Language: English

Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/1109
*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST ***

Executive Director's Notes:

In addition to the notes below, and so you will *NOT* think all the spelling errors introduced by the printers of the time have been corrected, here are the first few lines of Hamlet, as they are presented herein:

Barnardo. Who's there?
Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold
your selfe

Bar. Long liue the King

* * * * *

As I understand it, the printers often ran out of certain words or letters they had often packed into a "cliche". . .this is the original meaning of the term cliche. . .and thus, being unwilling to unpack the cliches, and thus you will see some substitutions that look very odd. . .such as the exchanges of u for v, v for u, above. . .and you may wonder why they did it this way, presuming Shakespeare did not actually write the play in this manner. . . .

The answer is that they MAY have packed "liue" into a cliche at a time when they were out of "v"'s. . .possibly having used "vv" in place of some "w"'s, etc. This was a common practice of the day, as print was still quite expensive, and they didn't want to spend more on a wider selection of characters than they had to.

You will find a lot of these kinds of "errors" in this text, as I have mentioned in other times and places, many "scholars" have an extreme attachment to these errors, and many have accorded them a very high place in the "canon" of Shakespeare. My father read an assortment of these made available to him by Cambridge University in England for several months in a glass room constructed for the purpose. To the best of my knowledge he read ALL those available . . .in great detail. . .and determined from the various changes, that Shakespeare most likely did not write in nearly as many of a variety of errors we credit him for, even though he was in/famous for signing his name with several different spellings.

So, please take this into account when reading the comments below made by our volunteer who prepared this file: you may see errors that are "not" errors. . . .

So. . .with this caveat. . .we have NOT changed the canon errors, here is the Project Gutenberg Etext of Shakespeare's The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Michael S. Hart
Project Gutenberg
Executive Director

* * * * *

Scanner's Notes:

What this is and isn't. This was taken from a copy of
Shakespeare's first folio and it is as close as I can come in
ASCII to the printed text.

The elongated S's have been changed to small s's and the conjoined ae have been changed to ae. I have left the spelling, punctuation, capitalization as close as possible to the printed text. I have corrected some spelling mistakes (I have put together a spelling dictionary devised from the spellings of the Geneva Bible and Shakespeare's First Folio and have unified spellings according to this template), typo's and expanded abbreviations as I have come across them. Everything within brackets [] is what I have added. So if you don't like that you can delete everything within the brackets if you want a purer Shakespeare.

Another thing that you should be aware of is that there are textual differences between various copies of the first folio. So there may be differences (other than what I have mentioned above) between this and other first folio editions. This is due to the printer's habit of setting the type and running off a number of copies and then proofing the printed copy and correcting the type and then continuing the printing run. The proof run wasn't thrown away but incorporated into the printed copies. This is just the way it is. The text I have used was a composite of more than 30 different First Folio editions' best pages.

David Reed

==========

Loues Labour's lost

Actus primus.

Enter Ferdinand King of Nauarre, Berowne, Longauill, and Dumane.

Ferdinand. Let Fame, that all hunt after in their liues,
Liue registred vpon our brazen Tombes,
And then grace vs in the disgrace of death:
when spight of cormorant deuouring Time,
Th' endeuour of this present breath may buy:
That honour which shall bate his sythes keene edge,
And make vs heyres of all eternitie.
Therefore braue Conquerours, for so you are,
That warre against your owne affections,
And the huge Armie of the worlds desires.
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force,
Nauar shall be the wonder of the world.
Our Court shall be a little Achademe,
Still and contemplatiue in liuing Art.
You three, Berowne, Dumaine, and Longauill,
Haue sworne for three yeeres terme, to liue with me:
My fellow Schollers, and to keepe those statutes
That are recorded in this scedule heere.
Your oathes are past, and now subscribe your names:
That his owne hand may strike his honour downe,

That violates the smallest branch heerein:
If you are arm'd to doe, as sworne to do,
Subscribe to your deepe oathes, and keepe it to

Longauill. I am resolu'd, 'tis but a three yeeres fast:
The minde shall banquet, though the body pine,
Fat paunches haue leane pates: and dainty bits,
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits

Dumane. My louing Lord, Dumane is mortified,
The grosser manner of these worlds delights,
He throwes vpon the grosse worlds baser slaues:
To loue, to wealth, to pompe, I pine and die,
With all these liuing in Philosophie

Berowne. I can but say their protestation ouer,
So much, deare Liege, I haue already sworne,
That is, to liue and study heere three yeeres.
But there are other strict obseruances:
As not to see a woman in that terme,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
And one day in a weeke to touch no foode:
And but one meale on euery day beside:
The which I hope is not enrolled there.
And then to sleepe but three houres in the night,
And not be seene to winke of all the day.
When I was wont to thinke no harme all night,
And make a darke night too of halfe the day:
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
O, these are barren taskes, too hard to keepe,
Not to see Ladies, study, fast, not sleepe

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

Berow. Let me say no my Liedge, and if 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 yea and nay sir, than I swore in iest.
What is the end of study, let me know?
Fer. Why that to know which else wee should not
know

Ber. Things hid & bard (you meane) fro[m] co[m]mon sense

Ferd. I, that is studies god-like recompence

Bero. Come on then, I will sweare to studie so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus, to study where I well may dine,

When I to fast expressely am forbid.
Or studie where to meete some Mistresse fine,
When Mistresses from common sense are hid.
Or hauing sworne too hard a keeping oath,
Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth.
If studies gaine be thus, and this be so,
Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know,
Sweare me to this, and I will nere say no

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

Ber. Why? all delights are vaine, and that most vaine
Which with paine purchas'd, doth inherit paine,
As painefully to poare vpon a Booke,
To seeke the light of truth, while truth the while
Doth falsely blinde the eye-sight of his looke:
Light seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So ere you finde where light in darkenesse lies,
Your light growes darke by losing of your eyes.
Studie me how to please the eye indeede,
By fixing it vpon a fairer eye,
Who dazling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And giue him light that it was blinded by.
Studie is like the heauens glorious Sunne,
That will not be deepe search'd with sawcy lookes:
Small haue continuall plodders euer wonne,
Saue base authoritie from others Bookes.
These earthly Godfathers of heauens lights,
That giue a name to euery fixed Starre,
Haue no more profit of their shining nights,
Then those that walke and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame:
And euery Godfather can giue a name

Fer. How well hee's read, to reason against reading

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding

Lon. Hee weedes the corne, and still lets grow the weeding

Ber. The Spring is neare when greene geesse are a breeding

Dum. How followes that?
Ber. Fit in his place and time

Dum. In reason nothing

Ber. Something then in rime

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

Ber. Wel, say I am, why should proud Summer boast,
Before the Birds haue any cause to sing?
Why should I ioy in any abortiue birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a Rose,
Then wish 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,
That were to clymbe ore the house to vnlocke the gate

Fer. Well, sit you out: go home Berowne: adue

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

Fer. How well this yeelding rescues thee from shame

Ber. Item. That no woman shall come within a mile
of my Court.
Hath this bin proclaimed?
Lon. Foure dayes agoe

Ber. Let's see the penaltie.
On paine of loosing her tongue.
Who deuis'd this penaltie?
Lon. Marry that did I

Ber. Sweete Lord, and why? Lon. To fright them hence with that dread penaltie, A dangerous law against gentilitie. Item, If any man be seene to talke with a woman within the tearme of three yeares, hee shall indure such publique shame as the rest of the Court shall possibly deuise

Ber. This Article my Liedge your selfe must breake,
For well you know here comes in Embassie
The French Kings daughter, with your selfe to speake:
A Maide of grace and compleate maiestie,
About surrender vp of Aquitaine:
To her decrepit, sicke, and bed-rid Father.
Therefore this Article is made in vaine,
Or vainly comes th' admired Princesse hither

Fer. What say you Lords?
Why, this was quite forgot

Ber. So Studie euermore is ouershot,
While it doth study to haue what it would,
It doth forget to doe the thing it should:
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,
She must lye here on meere necessitie

Ber. Necessity will make vs all forsworne
Three thousand times within this three yeeres space:
For euery man with his affects is borne,
Not by might mastred, but by speciall grace.
If I breake faith, this word shall breake for me,
I am forsworne on meere necessitie.
So to the Lawes at large I write my name,
And he that breakes them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternall shame.
Suggestions are to others as to me:
But I beleeue although I seeme so loth,
I am the last that will last keepe his oth.
But is there no quicke recreation granted?
Fer. I that there is, our Court you know is hanted
With a refined trauailer of Spaine,
A man in all the worlds new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his braine:
One, who the musicke of his owne vaine tongue,
Doth rauish like inchanting harmonie:
A man of complements whom right and wrong
Haue chose as vmpire of their mutinie.
This childe of fancie that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies shall relate,
In high-borne words the worth of many a Knight:
From tawnie Spaine lost in the worlds debate.
How you delight my Lords, I know not I,
But I protest I loue to heare him lie,
And I will vse him for my Minstrelsie

Bero. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire, new words, fashions owne Knight

Lon. Costard the swaine and he, shall be our sport,
And so to studie, three yeeres is but short.
Enter a Constable with Costard with a Letter.

Const. Which is the Dukes owne person

Ber. This fellow, What would'st?
Con. I my selfe reprehend his owne person, for I am his graces Tharborough: But I would see his own person in flesh and blood

Ber. This is he

Con. Signeor Arme, Arme commends you:
Ther's villanie abroad, this letter will tell you more

Clow. Sir the Contempts thereof are as touching
mee

Fer. A letter from the magnificent Armado

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

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

Ber. To heare, or forbeare hearing

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

Ber. Well sir, be it as the stile shall giue vs cause to
clime in the merrinesse

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

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

Ber. For the following sir

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

Fer. Will you heare this Letter with attention?
Ber. As we would heare an Oracle

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

Ferdinand. Great Deputie, the Welkins Vicegerent, and sole
dominator
of Nauar, my soules earths God, and bodies fostring
patrone:
Cost. Not a word of Costard yet

Ferd. So it is

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

Ferd. Peace,
Clow. Be to me, and euery man that dares not fight

Ferd. No words,
Clow. Of other mens secrets I beseech you

Ferd. So it is besieged with sable coloured melancholie, I did commend the blacke oppressing humour to the most wholesome Physicke of thy health-giuing ayre: And as I am a Gentleman, betooke my selfe to walke: the time When? about the sixt houre, When beasts most grase, birds best pecke, 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 walkt vpon, it is ycliped, Thy Parke. Then for the place Where? where I meane I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous euent that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon coloured Inke, which heere thou viewest, beholdest: suruayest, or seest. But to the place Where? It standeth North North-east and by East from the West corner of thy curious knotted garden; There did I see that low spirited Swaine, that base Minow of thy myrth, Clown. Mee? Ferd. that vnletered small knowing soule, Clow Me? Ferd. that shallow vassall Clow. Still mee?) Ferd. which as I remember, hight Costard, Clow. O me) Ferd. sorted and consorted contrary to thy established proclaymed Edict and Continent, Cannon: Which with, o with, 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 sweet understanding a woman: him, I (as my euer esteemed dutie prickes me on) haue sent to thee, to receiue the meed of punishment by the sweet Graces Officer Anthony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, & estimation

Anth. Me, an't shall please you? I am Anthony Dull

Ferd. For Iaquenetta (so is the weaker vessell called) which I apprehended with the aforesaid Swaine, I keepe her as a vessell of thy Lawes furie, and shall at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to triall. Thine in all complements of deuoted and heart-burning heat of dutie. Don Adriana de Armado

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

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

Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation?
Clo. I doe confesse much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it

Fer. It was proclaimed a yeeres imprisonment to bee taken with a Wench

Clow. I was taken with none sir, I was taken with a Damosell

Fer. Well, it was proclaimed Damosell

Clo. This was no Damosell neyther sir, shee was a Virgin

Fer. 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 Maid will not serue your turne sir

Clo. This Maide will serue my turne sir

Kin. Sir I will pronounce your sentence: You shall
fast a Weeke with Branne and water

Clo. I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton and
Porridge

Kin. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.
My Lord Berowne, see him deliuer'd ore,
And goe we Lords to put in practice that,
Which each to other hath so strongly sworne

Bero. Ile lay my head to any good mans hat,
These oathes and lawes will proue an idle scorne.
Sirra, come on

Clo. I suffer for the truth sir: for true it is, I was taken with Iaquenetta, and Iaquenetta is a true girle, and therefore welcome the sowre cup of prosperitie, affliction may one day smile againe, and vntill then sit downe sorrow. Enter.

Enter Armado and Moth his Page.

Arma. Boy, What signe is it when a man of great
spirit growes melancholy?
Boy. A great signe sir, that he will looke sad

Brag. Why? sadnesse is one and the selfe-same thing
deare impe

Boy. No no, O Lord sir no

Brag. How canst thou part sadnesse and melancholy
my tender Iuuenall?
Boy. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my
tough signeur

Brag. Why tough signeur? Why tough signeur?
Boy. Why tender Iuuenall? Why tender Iuuenall?
Brag. I spoke it tender Iuuenall, as a congruent apathaton,
appertaining to thy young daies, which we may
nominate tender

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

Brag. Pretty and apt

Boy. How meane you sir, I pretty, and my saying apt?
or I apt, and my saying prettie?
Brag. Thou pretty because little

Boy. Little pretty, because little: wherefore apt?
Brag. And therefore apt, because quicke

Boy. Speake you this in my praise Master?
Brag. In thy condigne praise

Boy. I will praise an Eele with the same praise

Brag. What? that an Eele is ingenuous

Boy. That an Eele is quicke

Brag. I doe say thou art quicke in answeres. Thou heat'st my bloud

Boy. I am answer'd sir

Brag. I loue not to be crost

Boy. He speakes the meere contrary, crosses loue not him

Br. I haue promis'd to study iij. yeres with the Duke

Boy. You may doe it in an houre sir

Brag. Impossible

Boy. How many is one thrice told?
Bra. I am ill at reckning, it fits the spirit of a Tapster

Boy. You are a gentleman and a gamester sir

Brag. 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 deus-ace amounts to

Brag. It doth amount to one more then two

Boy. Which the base vulgar call three

Br. True

Boy. Why sir is this such a peece of study? Now here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink, & how easie it is to put yeres to the word three, and study three yeeres in two words, the dancing horse will tell you

Brag. A most fine Figure

Boy. To proue you a Cypher

Brag. I will heereupon confesse I am in loue: and as it is base for a Souldier to loue; so am I in loue with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection, would deliuer mee from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransome him to any French Courtier for a new deuis'd curtsie. I thinke scorne to sigh, me thinkes I should out-sweare Cupid. Comfort me Boy, What great men haue beene in loue? Boy. Hercules Master

Brag. Most sweete Hercules: more authority deare Boy, name more; and sweet my childe let them be men of good repute and carriage

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

Brag. O well-knit Sampson, strong ioynted Sampson;
I doe excell thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst mee
in carrying gates. I am in loue too. Who was Sampsons
loue my deare Moth?
Boy. A Woman, Master

Brag. Of what complexion?
Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one
of the foure

Brag. Tell me precisely of what complexion?
Boy. Of the sea-water Greene sir

Brag. Is that one of the foure complexions?
Boy. As I haue read sir, and the best of them too

Brag. Greene indeed is the colour of Louers: but to haue a Loue of that colour, methinkes Sampson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit

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

Brag. My Loue is most immaculate white and red

Boy. Most immaculate thoughts Master, are mask'd vnder such colours

Brag. Define, define, well educated infant

Boy. My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue assist
mee

Brag. Sweet inuocation of a childe, most pretty and
patheticall

Boy. If shee be made of white and red,
Her faults will nere be knowne:
For blushin cheekes by faults are bred,
And feares by pale white showne:
Then if she feare, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know,
For still her cheekes possesse the same,

Which natiue she doth owe:
A dangerous rime master against the reason of white
and redde

Brag. Is there not a ballet Boy, of the King and the Begger? Boy. The world was very guilty of such a Ballet some three ages since, but I thinke now 'tis not to be found: or if it were, it would neither serue for the writing, nor the tune

Brag. I will haue that subiect newly writ ore, that I may example my digression by some mighty president. Boy, I doe loue that Countrey girle that I tooke in the Parke with the rationall hinde Costard: she deserues well

Boy. To bee whip'd: and yet a better loue then my
Master

Brag. Sing Boy, my spirit grows heauy in loue

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

Brag. I say sing

Boy. Forbeare till this company be past.
Enter Clowne, Constable, and Wench.

Const. Sir, the Dukes pleasure, is that you keepe Costard safe, and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance, but hee must fast three daies a weeke: for this Damsell, I must keepe her at the Parke, shee is alowd for the Day-woman. Fare you well. Enter.

Brag. I do betray my selfe with blushing: Maide

Maid. Man

Brag. I wil visit thee at the Lodge

Maid. That's here by

Brag. I know where it is situate

Mai. Lord how wise you are!
Brag. I will tell thee wonders

Ma. With what face?
Brag. I loue thee

Mai. So I heard you say

Brag. And so farewell

Mai. Faire weather after you

Clo. Come Iaquenetta, away.

Exeunt.

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

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

Brag. Thou shalt be heauily punished

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

Clo. Take away this villaine, shut him vp

Boy. Come you transgressing slaue, away

Clow. Let mee not bee pent vp sir, I will fast being
loose

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

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

Boy. What shall some see? Clow. Nay nothing, Master Moth, but what they looke vpon. It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing: I thanke God, I haue as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. Enter.

Brag. I doe affect the very ground (which is base) where her shooe (which is baser) guided by her foote (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworn (which is a great argument of falshood) if I loue. And how can that be true loue, which is falsly attempted? Loue is a familiar, Loue is a Diuell. There is no euill Angell but Loue, yet Sampson was so tempted, and he had an excellent strength: Yet was Salomon so seduced, and hee had a very good witte. Cupids Butshaft is too hard for Hercules Clubbe, and therefore too much ods for a Spaniards Rapier: The first and second cause will not serue my turne: the Passado hee respects not, the Duello he regards not; his disgrace is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to subdue men. Adue Valour, rust Rapier, bee still Drum, for your manager is in loue; yea hee loueth. Assist me some extemporall god of Rime, for I am sure I shall turne Sonnet. Deuise Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio.

Enter.

Finis Actus Primus.

Actus Secunda.

Enter the Princesse of France, with three attending Ladies, and
three
Lords

Boyet. Now Madam summon vp your dearest spirits,
Consider who the King your father sends:
To whom he sends, and what's his Embassie.
Your selfe, held precious in the worlds esteeme,

To parlee with the sole inheritour
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchlesse Nauarre, the plea of no lesse weight
Then Aquitaine, a Dowrie for a Queene,
Be now as prodigall of all deare grace,
As Nature was in making Graces deare,
When she did starue the generall world beside,
And prodigally gaue them all to you

Queen. Good L[ord]. Boyet, my beauty though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by iudgement of the eye,
Not vttred by base sale of chapmens tongues:
I am lesse proud to heare you tell my worth,
Then you much willing to be counted wise,
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to taske the tasker, good Boyet

Prin. You are not ignorant all-telling fame
Doth noyse abroad Nauar hath made a vow,
Till painefull studie shall out-weare three yeares,
No woman may approach his silent Court:
Therefore to's seemeth it a needfull course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure, and in that behalfe
Bold of your worthinesse, we single you,
As our best mouing faire soliciter:
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
On serious businesse crauing quicke dispatch,
Importunes personall conference with his grace.
Haste, signifie so much while we attend,
Like humble visag'd suters his high will

Boy. Proud of imployment, willingly I goe.
Enter.

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so:
Who are the Votaries my Louing Lords, that are vow-fellowes with this vertuous Duke?
Lor. Longauill is one

Princ. Know you the man?
1 Lady. I know him Madame at a marriage feast,
Betweene L[ord]. Perigort and the beautious heire
Of Iaques Fauconbridge solemnized.
In Normandie saw I this Longauill,
A man of soueraigne parts he is esteem'd:
Well fitted in Arts, glorious in Armes:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The onely soyle of his faire vertues glosse,
If vertues glosse will staine with any soile,

Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a Will:
Whose edge hath power to cut whose will still wills,
It should none spare that come within his power

Prin. Some merry mocking Lord belike, ist so?
Lad.1. They say so most, that most his humors know

Prin. such short liu'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?
2.Lad. The yong Dumaine, a well accomplisht youth,
Of all that Vertue loue, for Vertue loued.
Most power to doe most harme, least knowing ill:
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though she had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke Alansoes once,
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthinesse

Rossa. Another of these Students at that time,
Was there with him, as I haue heard a truth.
Berowne they call him, but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becomming mirth,
I neuer spent an houres talke withall.
His eye begets occasion for his wit,
For euery obiect that the one doth catch,
The other turnes to a mirth-mouing iest.
Which his faire tongue (conceits expositor)
Deliuers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged eares play treuant at his tales,
And yonger hearings are quite rauished.
So sweet and voluble is his discourse

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

Ma. Heere comes Boyet.
Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance Lord?
Boyet. Nauar had notice of your faire approach;
And he and his competitors in oath,
Were all addrest to meete you gentle Lady
Before I came: Marrie thus much I haue learnt,
He rather meanes to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes heere to besiege his Court,
Then seeke a dispensation for his oath:
To let you enter his vnpeopled house.
Enter Nauar, Longauill, Dumaine, and Berowne.

Heere comes Nauar

Nau. Faire Princesse, welcom to the Court of Nauar

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

Nau. You shall be welcome Madam to my Court

Prin. I wil be welcome then, Conduct me thither

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

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

Nau. Not for the world faire Madam, by my will

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

Nau. Your Ladiship is ignorant what it is

Prin. Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must proue ignorance.
I heare your grace hath sworne out House-keeping:
'Tis deadly sinne to keepe that oath my Lord,
And sinne to breake it:
But pardon me, I am too sodaine bold,
To teach a Teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my comming,
And sodainly resolue me in my suite

Nau. Madam, I will, if sodainly I may

Prin. You will the sooner that I were away,
For you'll proue periur'd if you make me stay

Berow. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Rosa. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Ber. I know you did

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

Rosa. 'Tis long of you y spur me with such questions

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

Rosa. Not till it leaue the Rider in the mire

Ber. What time a day?
Rosa. The howre that fooles should aske

Ber. Now faire befall your maske

Rosa. Faire fall the face it couers

Ber. And send you many louers

Rosa. Amen, so you be none

Ber. Nay then will I be gone

Kin. Madame, your father heere doth intimate,
The paiment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
Being but th' one halfe, of an intire summe,
Disbursed by my father in his warres.
But say that he, or we, as neither haue
Receiu'd that summe; yet there remaines vnpaid
A hundred thousand more: in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitaine is bound to vs,
Although not valued to the moneys worth.
If then the King your father will restore
But that one halfe which is vnsatisfied,
We will giue vp our right in Aquitaine,
And hold faire friendship with his Maiestie:
But that it seemes he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to haue repaie,
An hundred thousand Crownes, and not demands
One paiment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
To haue his title liue in Aquitaine.
Which we much rather had depart withall,
And haue the money by our father lent,
Then Aquitane, so guelded as it is.
Deare Princesse, were not his requests so farre
From reasons yeelding, your faire selfe should make
A yeelding 'gainst some reason in my brest,
And goe well satisfied to France againe

Prin. You doe the King my Father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so vnseeming to confesse receyt
Of that which hath so faithfully beene paid

Kin. I doe protest I neuer heard of it,
And if you proue it, Ile repay it backe,
Or yeeld vp Aquitaine

Prin. We arrest your word:
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a summe, from speciall Officers,
Of Charles his Father

Kin. Satisfie me so

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

Kin. It shall suffice me; at which enterview,
All liberall reason would I yeeld vnto:
Meane time, receiue such welcome at my hand,
As honour, without breach of Honour may
Make tender of, to thy true worthinesse.
You may not come faire Princesse in my gates,
But heere without you shall be so receiu'd,
As you shall deeme your selfe lodg'd in my heart,
Though so deni'd farther harbour in my house:
Your owne good thoughts excuse me, and farewell,
To morrow we shall visit you againe

Prin. Sweet health & faire desires consort your grace

Kin. Thy own wish wish I thee, in euery place.
Enter.

Boy. Lady, I will commend you to my owne heart

La.Ro. Pray you doe my commendations,
I would be glad to see it

Boy. I would you heard it grone

La.Ro. Is the soule sicke?
Boy. Sicke at the heart

La.Ro. Alacke, let it bloud

Boy. Would that doe it good?
La.Ro. My Phisicke saies I

Boy. Will you prick't with your eye

La.Ro. No poynt, with my knife

Boy. Now God saue thy life

La.Ro. And yours from long liuing

Ber. I cannot stay thanks-giuing.
Enter.

Enter Dumane.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: What Lady is that same?
Boy. The heire of Alanson, Rosalin her name

Dum. A gallant Lady, Mounsier fare you well

Long. I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?
Boy. A woman somtimes, if you saw her in the light

Long. Perchance light in the light: I desire her name

Boy. Shee hath but one for her selfe,
To desire that were a shame

Long. Pray you sir, whose daughter?
Boy. Her Mothers, I haue heard

Long. Gods blessing a your beard

Boy. Good sir be not offended,
Shee is an heyre of Faulconbridge

Long. Nay, my choller is ended:
Shee is a most sweet Lady.

Exit. Long.

Boy. Not vnlike sir, that may be.
Enter Beroune.

Ber. What's her name in the cap

Boy. Katherine by good hap

Ber. Is she wedded, or no

Boy. To her will sir, or so,
Ber. You are welcome sir, adiew

Boy. Fare well to me sir, and welcome to you.
Enter.

La.Ma. That last is Beroune, the mery mad-cap Lord.
Not a word with him, but a iest

Boy. And euery iest but a word

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

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

La.Ma. Two hot Sheepes marie:
And wherefore not Ships?
Boy. No Sheepe (sweet Lamb) vnlesse we feed on your lips

La. You Sheepe & I pasture: shall that finish the iest?
Boy. So you grant pasture for me

La. Not so gentle beast.
My lips are no Common, though seuerall they be

Bo. Belonging to whom?
La. To my fortunes and me

Prin. Good wits wil be iangling, but gentles agree.
This ciuill warre of wits were much better vsed
On Nauar and his bookemen, for heere 'tis abus'd

Bo. If my obseruation (which very seldome lies
By the hearts still rhetoricke, disclosed with eyes)
Deceiue me not now, Nauar is infected

Prin. With what?
Bo. With that which we Louers intitle affected

Prin. Your reason

Bo. Why all his behauiours doe make their retire,
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire.
His hart like an Agot with your print impressed,
Proud with his forme, in his eie pride expressed.
His tongue all impatient to speake and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eie-sight to be,
All sences to that sence did make their repaire,
To feele onely looking on fairest of faire:
Me thought all his sences were lockt in his eye,
As Iewels in Christall for some Prince to Buy.
Who tendring their own worth from whence they were glast,
Did point out to buy them along as you past.
His faces owne margent did coate such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eies inchanted with gazes.
Ile giue you Aquitaine, and all that is his,
And you giue him for my sake, but one louing Kisse

Prin. Come to our Pauillion, Boyet is disposde

Bro. But to speak that in words, which his eie hath disclos'd.
I onelie haue made a mouth of his eie,
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie

Lad.Ro. Thou art an old Loue-monger, and speakest
skilfully

Lad.Ma. He is Cupids Grandfather, and learnes news
of him

Lad.2. Then was Venus like her mother, for her father
is but grim

Boy. Do you heare my mad wenches?
La.1. No

Boy. What then, do you see?
Lad.2. I, our way to be gone

Boy. You are too hard for me.

Exeunt. omnes.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Braggart and Boy.

Song.

Bra. Warble childe, make passionate my sense of hearing

Boy. Concolinel

Brag. Sweete Ayer, go tendernesse of yeares: take this Key, giue enlargement to the swaine, bring him festinatly hither: I must imploy him in a letter to my Loue

Boy. Will you win your loue with a French braule? Bra. How meanest thou, brauling in French? Boy. No my compleat master, but to Iigge off a tune at the tongues end, canarie to it with the feete, humour it with turning vp your eie: sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throate: if you swallowed loue with singing, loue sometime through: nose as if you snuft vp loue by smelling loue with your hat penthouselike ore the shop of your eies, with your armes crost on your thinbellie doublet, like a Rabbet on a spit, or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting, and keepe not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: these are complements, these are humours, these betraie nice wenches that would be betraied without these, and make them men of note: do you note men that most are affected to these? Brag. How hast thou purchased this experience? Boy. By my penne of obseruation

Brag. But O, but O

Boy. The Hobbie-horse is forgot

Bra. Cal'st thou my loue Hobbi-horse

Boy. No Master, the Hobbie-horse is but a Colt, and
and your Loue perhaps, a Hacknie:
but haue you forgot your Loue?
Brag. Almost I had

Boy. Negligent student, learne her by heart

Brag. By heart, and in heart Boy

Boy. And out of heart Master: all those three I will proue

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

Brag. I am all these three

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

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

Boy. A message well simpathis'd, a Horse to be embassadour for an Asse

Brag. Ha, ha, What saiest thou?
Boy. Marrie sir, you must send the Asse vpon the Horse for he is verie slow gated: but I goe

Brag. The way is but short, away

Boy. As swift as Lead sir

Brag. Thy meaning prettie ingenious, is not Lead a mettall heauie, dull, and slow?
Boy. Minnime honest Master, or rather Master no

Brag. I say Lead is slow

Boy. You are too swift sir to say so.
Is that Lead slow which is fir'd from a Gunne?
Brag. Sweete smoke of Rhetorike,
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's he:
I shoote thee at the Swaine

Boy. Thump then, and I flee

Bra. A most acute Iuuenall, voluble and free of grace,
By thy fauour sweet Welkin, I must sigh in thy face.
Most rude melancholie, Valour giues thee place.
My Herald is return'd.
Enter Page and Clowne.

Pag. A wonder Master, here's a Costard broken in a shin

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

Clo. No egma, no riddle, no lenuoy, no salue, in thee male sir. Or sir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan: no lenuoy, no lenuoy, no Salue sir, but a Plantan

Ar. By vertue, thou inforcest laughter, thy sillie thought, my spleene, the heauing of my lunges prouokes me to rediculous smyling: O pardon me my stars, doth the inconsiderate take salue for lenuoy, and the word lenuoy for a salue?
Pag. Doe the wise thinke them other, is not lenuoy a salue?
Ar. No Page, it is an epilogue or discourse to make plaine,
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore bin faine.
Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with my lenuoy.
The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes, being but three

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

Pag. A good Lenuoy, ending in the Goose: would you
desire more?
Clo. The Boy hath sold him a bargaine, a Goose, that's flat.
Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat.
To sell a bargaine well is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see a fat Lenuoy, I that's a fat Goose

Ar. Come hither, come hither:
How did this argument begin?
Boy. By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin.
Then cal'd you for the Lenuoy

Clow. True, and I for a Plantan:
Thus came your argument in:
Then the Boyes fat Lenuoy, the Goose that you bought,
And he ended the market

Ar. But tell me: How was there a Costard broken in
a shin?
Pag. I will tell you sencibly

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

Arm. We will talke no more of this matter

Clow. Till there be more matter in the shin

Arm. Sirra Costard, I will infranchise thee

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

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

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

Arm. I giue thee thy libertie, set thee from durance, and in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: Beare this significant to the countrey Maide Iaquenetta: there is remuneration, for the best ward of mine honours is rewarding my dependants. Moth, follow

Pag. Like the sequell I.
Signeur Costard adew.
Enter.

Clow. My sweete ounce of mans flesh, my inconie
Iew: Now will I looke to his remuneration.
Remuneration, O, that's the Latine word for three-farthings:

Three-farthings remuneration, What's the price
of this yncle? i.d. no, Ile giue you a remuneration: Why?
It carries it remuneration: Why? It is a fairer name then
a French-Crowne. I will neuer buy and sell out of this
word.
Enter Berowne.

Ber. O my good knaue Costard, exceedingly well met

Clow. Pray you sir, How much Carnation Ribbon
may a man buy for a remuneration?
Ber. What is a remuneration?
Cost. Marrie sir, halfe pennie farthing

Ber. O, Why then threefarthings worth of Silke

Cost. I thanke your worship, God be wy you

Ber. O stay slaue, I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my fauour, good my knaue,
Doe one thing for me that I shall intreate

Clow. When would you haue it done sir?
Ber. O this after-noone

Clo. Well, I will doe it sir: Fare you well

Ber. O thou knowest not what it is

Clo. I shall know sir, when I haue done it

Ber. Why villaine thou must know first

Clo. I wil come to your worship to morrow morning

Ber. It must be done this after-noone,
Harke slaue, it is but this:
The Princesse comes to hunt here in the Parke,
And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her, aske for her:
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-vp counsaile. Ther's thy guerdon: goe

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

Ber. O, and I forsooth in loue,
I that haue beene loues whip?
A verie Beadle to a humerous sigh: A Criticke,
Nay, a night-watch Constable.

A domineering pedant ore the Boy,
Then whom no mortall so magnificent,
This wimpled, whyning, purblinde waiward Boy,
This signior Iunios gyant dwarfe, don Cupid,
Regent of Loue-rimes, Lord of folded armes,
Th' annointed soueraigne of sighes and groanes:
Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents:
Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeces.
Sole Emperator and great generall
Of trotting Parrators (O my little heart.)
And I to be a Corporall of his field,
And weare his colours like a Tumblers hoope.
What? I loue, I sue, I seeke a wife,
A woman that is like a Germane Cloake,
Still a repairing: euer out of frame,
And neuer going a right, being a Watch:
But being watcht, that it may still goe right.
Nay, to be periurde, which is worst of all:
And among three, to loue the worst of all,
A whitly wanton, with a veluet brow.
With two pitch bals stucke in her face for eyes.
I, and by heauen, one that will doe the deede,
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 dreadfull little might.
Well, I will loue, write, sigh, pray, shue, grone,
Some men must loue my Lady, and some Ione.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Princesse, a Forrester, her Ladies, and her Lords.

Qu. Was that the King that spurd his horse so hard,
Against the steepe vprising of the hill?
Boy. I know not, but I thinke it was not he

Qu. Who ere a was, a shew'd a mounting minde:
Well Lords, to day we shall haue our dispatch,
On Saterday we will returne to France.
Then Forrester my friend, Where is the Bush
That we must stand and play the murtherer in?
For. Hereby vpon the edge of yonder Coppice,
A stand where you may make the fairest shoote

Qu. I thanke my beautie, I am faire that shoote,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoote

For. Pardon me Madam, for I meant not so

Qu. What, what? First praise me, & then again say no.
O short liu'd pride. Not faire? alacke for woe

For. Yes Madam faire

Qu. Nay, neuer paint me now,
Where faire is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here (good my glasse) take this for telling true:
Faire paiment for foule words, is more then due

For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherit

Qu. See, see, my beautie will be sau'd by merit.
O heresie in faire, fit for these dayes,
A giuing hand, though foule, 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 credit in the shoote,
Not wounding, pittie would not let me do't:
If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,
That more for praise, then purpose meant to kill.
And out of question, so it is sometimes:
Glory growes guiltie of detested crimes,
When for Fames sake, for praise an outward part,
We bend to that, the working of the hart.
As I for praise alone now seeke to spill
The poore Deeres blood, that my heart meanes no ill

Boy. Do not curst wiues hold that selfe-soueraigntie
Onely for praise sake, when they striue to be
Lords ore their Lords?
Qu. Onely for praise, and praise we may afford,
To any Lady that subdewes a Lord.
Enter Clowne.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth

Clo. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head
Lady?
Qu. Thou shalt know her fellow, by the rest that haue
no heads

Clo. Which is the greatest Lady, the highest?
Qu. The thickest, and the tallest

Clo. The thickest, & the tallest: it is so, truth is truth.
And your waste Mistris, were as slender as my wit,
One a these Maides girdles for your waste should be fit.
Are not you the chiefe woma[n]? You are the thickest here?
Qu. What's your will sir? What's your will?
Clo. I haue a Letter from Monsier Berowne,
To one Lady Rosaline

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

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

Qu. We will read it, I sweare.
Breake the necke of the Waxe, and euery one giue eare

Boyet reades. By heauen, that thou art faire, is most infallible: true that thou art beauteous, truth it selfe that thou art louely: more fairer then faire, beautifull then beautious, truer then truth it selfe: haue comiseration on thy heroicall Vassall. The magnanimous and most illustrate King Cophetua set eie vpon the pernicious and indubitate Begger Zenelophon: and he it was that might rightly say, Veni, vidi, vici: Which to annothanize in the vulgar, O base and obscure vulgar; videliset, He came, See, and ouercame: hee came one; see, two; ouercame three: Who came? the King. Why did he come? to see. Why did he see? to ouercome. To whom came he? to the Begger. What saw he? the Begger. Who ouercame he? the Begger. The conclusion is victorie: On whose side? the King: the captiue is inricht: On whose side? the Beggers. The catastrophe is a Nuptiall: on whose side? the Kings: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the King (for so stands the comparison) thou the Begger, for so witnesseth thy lowlinesse. Shall I command 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 titles, for thy selfe mee. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy euerie part. Thine in the dearest designe of industrie, Don Adriana de Armatho. Thus dost thou heare the Nemean Lion roare, Gainst thee thou Lambe, that standest as his pray: Submissiue fall his princely feete before, And he from forrage will incline to play. But if thou striue (poore soule) what art thou then? Foode for his rage, repasture for his den

Qu. What plume of feathers is hee that indited this
Letter? What veine? What Wethercocke? Did you
euer heare better?
Boy. I am much deceiued, but I remember the stile

Qu. Else your memorie is bad, going ore it erewhile

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

Qu. Thou fellow, a word.
Who gaue thee this Letter?
Clow. I told you, my Lord

Qu. To whom should'st thou giue it?
Clo. From my Lord to my Lady

Qu. From which Lord, to which Lady?
Clo. From my Lord Berowne, a good master of mine,
To a Lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline

Qu. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come Lords away.
Here sweete, put vp this, 'twill be thine another day.

Exeunt.

Boy. Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter?
Rosa. Shall I teach you to know

Boy. I my continent of beautie

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

Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,
Hang me by the necke, if hornes that yeare miscarrie.
Finely put on

Rosa. Well then, I am the shooter

Boy. And who is your Deare?
Rosa. If we choose by the hornes, your selfe come not
neare. Finely put on indeede

Maria. You still wrangle with her Boyet, and shee
strikes at the brow

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

Rosa. Shall I come vpon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King Pippin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it

Boyet. So I may answere thee with one as old that was a woman when Queene Guinouer of Brittaine was a little wench, as touching the hit it

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

Boy. I cannot, cannot, cannot:
And I cannot, another can.
Enter.

Clo. By my troth most pleasant, how both did fit it

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

Boy. A mark, O marke but that marke: a marke saies
my Lady.
Let the mark haue a pricke in't, to meat at, if it may be

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

Clo. Indeede a' must shoote nearer, or heele ne're hit
the clout

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

Clo. Then will shee get the vpshoot by cleauing the is in

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

Clo. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir challenge her to boule

Boy. I feare too much rubbing: good night my good Oule

Clo. By my soule a Swaine, a most simple Clowne.
Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I haue put him downe.
O my troth most sweete iests, most inconie vulgar wit,
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.
Armathor ath to the side, O a most dainty man.
To see him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fan.
To see him kisse his hand, and how most sweetly a will sweare:
And his Page atother side, that handfull of wit,
Ah heauens, it is most patheticall nit.
Sowla, sowla.

Exeunt. Shoote within.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant and Nathaniel.

Nat. Very reuerent sport truely, and done in the testimony of a good conscience

Ped. The Deare was (as you know) sanguis in blood, ripe as a Pomwater who now hangeth like a Iewell in the eare of Celo the skie; the welken the heauen, and anon falleth like a Crab on the face of Terra, the soyle, the land, the earth

Curat.Nath. Truely M[aster]. Holofernes, the epythithes are sweetly varied like a scholler at the least: but sir I assure ye, it was a Bucke of the first head

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, haud credo

Dul. 'Twas not a haud credo, 'twas a Pricket

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

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

Hol. Twice sod simplicitie, bis coctus, O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed doost thou looke

Nath. Sir hee hath neuer fed of the dainties that are bred in a booke.
He hath not eate paper as it were:
He hath not drunke inke.
His intellect is not replenished, hee is onely an animall, onely sensible in the duller parts: and such barren plants are set before vs, that we thankfull should be: which we taste and feeling, are for those parts that doe fructifie in vs more then he.
For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indiscreet, or a foole;
So were there a patch set on Learning, to see him in a Schoole.
But omne bene say I, being of an old Fathers minde,
Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde

Dul. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit, What was a month old at Cains birth, that's not fiue weekes old as yet?

Hol. Dictisima goodman Dull, dictisima goodman Dull

Dul. What is dictima?

Nath. A title to Phebe, to Luna, to the Moone

Hol. The Moone was a month old when Adam was no more.
And wrought not to fiue-weekes when he came to fiuescore.
Th' allusion holds in the Exchange

Dul. 'Tis true indeede, the Collusion holds in the Exchange

Hol. God comfort thy capacity, I say th' allusion holds in the Exchange

Dul. And I say the polusion holds in the Exchange: for the Moone is neuer but a month old: and I say beside that, 'twas a Pricket that the Princesse kill'd

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you heare an extemporall Epytaph on the death of the Deare, and to humour the ignorant call'd the Deare, the Princesse kill'd a Pricket

Nath. Perge, good M[aster]. Holofernes, perge, so it shall please you to abrogate scurilitie

Hol. I will something affect a letter, for it argues facilitie. The prayfull Princesse pearst and prickt a prettie pleasing Pricket, Some say a Sore, but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting. The Dogges did yell, put ell to Sore, then Sorrell iumps from thicket: Or Pricket-sore, or else Sorell, the people fall a hooting. If Sore be sore, than ell to Sore, makes fiftie sores O sorell: Of one sore I an hundred make by adding but one more L

Nath. A rare talent

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

Nath. This is a gift that I haue simple: simple, a foolish extrauagant spirit, full of formes, figures, shapes, obiects, Ideas, apprehensions, motions, reuolutions. These are begot in the ventricle of memorie, nourisht in the wombe of primater, and deliuered vpon the mellowing of occasion: but the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankfull for it

Hol. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners, for their Sonnes are well tutor'd by you, and their Daughters profit very greatly vnder you: you are a good member of the common-wealth

Nath. Me hercle, If their Sonnes be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But Vir sapis qui pauca loquitur, a soule Feminine saluteth vs. Enter Iaquenetta and the Clowne.

Iaqu. God giue you good morrow M[aster]. Person

Nath. Master Person, quasi Person? And if one should be perst, Which is the one?
Clo. Marry M[aster]. Schoolemaster, hee that is likest to a hogshead

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

Iaqu. Good Master Parson be so good as reade mee this Letter, it was giuen mee by Costard, and sent mee from Don Armatho: I beseech you read it

Nath. Facile precor gellida, quando pecas omnia sub vmbra ruminat, and so forth. Ah good old Mantuan, I may speake of thee as the traueiler doth of Venice, vemchie, vencha, que non te vnde, que non te perreche. Old Mantuan, old Mantuan. Who vnderstandeth thee not, vt re sol la mi fa: Vnder pardon sir, What are the contents? or rather as Horrace sayes in his, What my soule verses

Hol. I sir, and very learned

Nath. Let me heare a staffe, a stanze, a verse, Lege domine.
If Loue make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to loue?
Ah neuer faith could hold, if not to beautie vowed.
Though to my selfe forsworn, to thee Ile faithfull proue.
Those thoughts to mee were Okes, to thee like Osiers bowed.
Studie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes.
Where all those pleasures liue, that Art would comprehend.
If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice.
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee co[m]mend.

All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder.
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;
Thy eye Ioues lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull
thunder.
Which not to anger bent, is musique, and sweete fire.
Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon loue this wrong,
That sings heauens praise, with such an earthly tongue

Ped. You finde not the apostraphas, and so misse the
accent. Let me superuise the cangenet

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facility, & golden cadence of poesie caret: Ouiddius Naso was the man. And why in deed Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the ierkes of inuention imitarie is nothing: So doth the Hound his master, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horse his rider: But Damosella virgin, Was this directed to you? Iaq. I sir from one mounsier Berowne, one of the strange Queenes Lords

Nath. I will ouerglance the superscript.
To the snow-white hand of the most beautious Lady Rosaline.
I will looke againe on the intellect of the Letter, for
the nomination of the partie written to the person written
vnto.
Your Ladiships in all desired imployment, 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 Queens: which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and goe my sweete, deliuer this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concerne much: stay not thy complement, I forgiue thy duetie, adue

Maid. Good Costard go with me:
Sir God saue your life

Cost. Haue with thee my girle.
Enter.

Hol. Sir you haue done this in the feare of God very
religiously: and as a certaine Father saith
Ped. Sir tell not me of the Father, I do feare colourable
colours. But to returne to the Verses, Did they please
you sir Nathaniel?
Nath. Marueilous well for the pen

Peda. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pupill of mine, where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priuiledge I haue with the parents of the foresaid Childe or Pupill, vndertake your bien venuto, where I will proue those Verses to be very vnlearned, neither sauouring of Poetrie, Wit, nor Inuention. I beseech your Societie

Nat. And thanke you to: for societie (saith the text)
is the happinesse of life

Peda. And certes the text most infallibly concludes it.
Sir I do inuite you too, you shall not say me nay: pauca
verba.
Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our
recreation.

Exeunt.

Enter Berowne with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Bero. The King he is hunting the Deare, I am coursing my selfe. They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toyling in a pytch, pitch that defiles; defile, a foule word: Well, set thee downe sorrow; for so they say the foole said, and so say I, and I the foole: Well proued wit. By the Lord this Loue is as mad as Aiax, it kils sheepe, it kils mee, I a sheepe: Well proued againe a my side. I will not loue; if I do hang me: yfaith I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye, and lye in my throate. By heauen I doe loue, and it hath taught mee to Rime, and to be mallicholie: and here is part of my Rime, and heere my mallicholie. Well, she hath one a'my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the Foole sent it, and the Lady hath it: sweet Clowne, sweeter Foole, sweetest Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God giue him grace to grone.

He stands aside. The King entreth.

Kin. Ay mee!
Ber. Shot by heauen: proceede sweet Cupid, thou hast
thumpt him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left pap: in faith
secrets

King. So sweete a kisse the golden Sunne giues not,
To those fresh morning drops vpon the Rose,
As thy eye beames, when their fresh rayse haue smot.
The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes.
Nor shines the siluer Moone one halfe so bright,
Through the transparent bosome of the deepe,
As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light:
Thou shin'st in euery teare that I doe weepe,
No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee:
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the teares that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my griefe will show:
But doe not loue thy selfe, then thou wilt keepe
My teares for glasses, and still make me weepe.
O Queene of Queenes, how farre dost thou excell,
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell.
How shall she know my griefes? Ile drop the paper.
Sweete leaues shade folly. Who is he comes heere?
Enter Longauile. The King steps aside.

What Longauill, and reading: listen eare

Ber. Now in thy likenesse, one more foole appeare

Long. Ay me, I am forsworne

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

Long. In loue I hope, sweet fellowship in shame

Ber. One drunkard loues another of the name

Lon. Am I the first y haue been periur'd so?
Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I know,
Thou makest the triumphery, the corner cap of societie,
The shape of Loues Tiburne, that hangs vp simplicitie

Lon. I feare these stubborn lines lack power to moue.
O sweet Maria, Empresse of my Loue,
These numbers will I teare, and write in prose

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

Lon. This same shall goe.

He reades the Sonnet.

Did not the heauenly Rhetoricke of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Perswade my heart to this false periurie?
Vowes for thee broke deserue 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 gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is.
Then thou faire Sun, which on my earth doest shine,
Exhalest this vapor-vow, in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, What foole is not so wise,
To loose an oath, to win a Paradise?
Ber. This is the liuer veine, which makes flesh a deity.
A greene Goose, a Goddesse, pure pure Idolatry.
God amend vs, God amend, we are much out o'th' way.
Enter Dumaine.

Lon. By whom shall I send this (company?) Stay

Bero. All hid, all hid, an old infant play,
Like a demie God, here sit I in the skie,
And wretched fooles secrets heedfully ore-eye.
More Sacks to the myll. O heauens I haue my wish,
Dumaine transform'd, foure Woodcocks in a dish

Dum. O most diuine Kate

Bero. O most prophane coxcombe

Dum. By heauen the wonder of a mortall eye

Bero. By earth she is not, corporall, there you lye

Dum. Her Amber haires for foule hath amber coted

Ber. An Amber coloured Rauen was well noted

Dum. As vpright as the Cedar

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

Dum. As faire as day

Ber. I as some daies, but then no sunne must shine

Dum. O that I had my wish?
Lon. And I had mine

Kin. And mine too good Lord

Ber. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?
Dum. I would forget her, but a Feuer she
Raignes in my bloud, and will remembred be

Ber. A Feuer in your bloud, why then incision
Would let her out in Sawcers, sweet misprision

Dum. Once more Ile read the Ode that I haue writ

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

Dumane reades his Sonnet.

On a day, alack the day:
Loue, whose Month is euery May,
Spied a blossome passing faire,
Playing in the wanton ayre:
Through the Veluet, leaues the winde,
All vnseene, can passage finde.
That the Louer sicke to death,
Wish himselfe the heauens breath.
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blowe,
Ayre, would I might triumph so.
But alacke my hand is sworne,
Nere to plucke thee from thy throne:
Vow alacke for youth vnmeete,
youth so apt to plucke a sweet.
Doe not call it sinne in me,
That I am forsworne for thee.
Thou for whom Ioue would sweare,
Iuno but an aethiop were,

And denie himselfe for Ioue.
Turning mortall for thy Loue.
This will I send, and something else more plaine.
That shall expresse my true-loues fasting paine.
O would the King, Berowne and Longauill,
Were Louers too, ill to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a periur'd note:
For none offend, where all alike doe dote

Lon. Dumaine, thy Loue is farre from charitie,
That in Loues griefe desir'st societie:
You may looke pale, but I should blush I know,
To be ore-heard, and taken napping so

Kin. Come sir, you blush: as his, your case is such,
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You doe not loue Maria? Longauile,
Did neuer Sonnet for her sake compile;
Nor neuer lay his wreathed armes athwart
His louing bosome, to keepe downe his heart.
I haue beene closely shrowded in this bush,
And markt you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty Rimes, obseru'd your fashion:
Saw sighes reeke from you, noted well your passion.
Aye me, sayes one! O Ioue, the other cries!
On her haires were Gold, Christall the others eyes.
You would for Paradise breake Faith and troth,
And Ioue for your Loue would infringe an oath.
What will Berowne say when that he shall heare
Faith infringed, which such zeale did sweare.
How will he scorne? how will he spend his wit?
How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that euer I did see,
I would not haue him know so much by me

Bero. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisie.
Ah good my Liedge, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, What grace hast thou thus to reproue
These wormes for louing, that art most in loue?
Your eyes doe make no couches in your teares.
There is no certaine Princesse that appeares.
You'll not be periur'd, 'tis a hatefull thing:
Tush, none but Minstrels like of Sonnetting.
But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not
All three of you, to be thus much ore'shot?
You found his Moth, the King your Moth did see:
But I a Beame doe finde in each of three.
O what a Scene of fool'ry haue I seene.
Of sighes, of grones, of sorrow, and of teene:
O me, with what strict patience haue I sat,

To see a King transformed to a Gnat?
To see great Hercules whipping a Gigge,
And profound Salomon tuning a Iygge?
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boyes,
And Critticke Tymon laugh at idle toyes.
Where lies thy griefe? O tell me good Dumaine;
And gentle Longauill, where lies thy paine?
And where my Liedges? all about the brest:
A Candle hoa!

Kin. Too bitter is thy iest.
Are wee betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?

Ber. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honest, I that hold it sinne
To breake the vow I am ingaged in.
I am betrayed by keeping company
With men, like men of inconstancie.
When shall you see me write a thing in rime?
Or grone for Ioane? or spend a minutes time,
In pruning mee, when shall you heare that I will praise a
hand, a foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a state, a brow, a brest,
a waste, a legge, a limme

Kin. Soft, Whither away so fast?
A true man, or a theefe, that gallops so

Ber. I post from Loue, good Louer let me go.
Enter Iaquenetta and Clowne.

Iaqu. God blesse the King

Kin. What Present hast thou there?
Clo. Some certaine treason

Kin. What makes treason heere?
Clo. Nay it makes nothing sir

Kin. If it marre nothing neither,
The treason and you goe in peace away together

Iaqu. I beseech your Grace let this Letter be read,
Our person mis-doubts it: it was treason he said

Kin. Berowne, read it ouer.

He reades the Letter.

Kin. Where hadst thou it?
Iaqu. Of Costard

King. Where hadst thou it?
Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio

Kin. How now, what is in you? why dost thou tear it?
Ber. A toy my Liedge, a toy: your grace needes not feare it

Long. It did moue him to passion, and therefore let's heare it

Dum. It is Berowns writing, and heere is his name

Ber. Ah you whoreson loggerhead, you were borne to doe me shame.
Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confesse, I confesse

Kin. What?
Ber. That you three fooles, lackt mee foole, to make vp the messe.
He, he, and you: and you my Liedge, and I,
Are picke-purses in Loue, and we deserue to die.
O dismisse this audience, and I shall tell you more

Dum. Now the number is euen

Berow. True true, we are fowre: will these Turtles be gone?
Kin. Hence sirs, away

Clo. Walk aside the true folke, & let the traytors stay

Ber. Sweet Lords, sweet Louers, O let vs imbrace,
As true we are as flesh and bloud can be,
The Sea will ebbe and flow, heauen will shew his face:
Young bloud doth not obey an old decree.
We cannot crosse the cause why we are borne:
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworne

King. What, did these rent lines shew some loue of thine?
Ber. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heauenly Rosaline,
That (like a rude and sauage man of Inde.)
At the first opening of the gorgeous East,
Bowes not his vassall head, and strooken blinde,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory Eagle-sighted eye
Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,
That is not blinded by her maiestie?
Kin. What zeale, what furie, hath inspir'd 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 cul'd soueraignty,

Doe meet as at a faire in her faire cheeke,
Where seuerall Worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants, that want it selfe doth seeke.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,
Fie painted Rethoricke, O she needs it not,
To things of sale, a sellers praise belongs:
She passes prayse, then prayse too short doth blot.
A withered Hermite, fiuescore winters worne,
Might shake off fiftie, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish Age, as if new borne,
And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie.
O 'tis the Sunne that maketh all things shine

King. By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie

Berow. Is Ebonie like her? O word diuine?
A wife of such wood were felicite.
O who can giue an oth? Where is a booke?
That I may sweare Beauty doth beauty lacke,
If that she learne not of her eye to looke:
No face is faire that is not full so blacke

Kin. O paradoxe, Blacke is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night:
And beauties crest becomes the heauens well

Ber. Diuels soonest tempt resembling spirits of light.
O if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt,
It mournes, that painting vsurping haire
Should rauish doters with a false aspect:
And therfore is she borne to make blacke, faire.
Her fauour turnes the fashion of the dayes,
For natiue bloud is counted painting now:
And therefore red that would auoyd dispraise,
Paints it selfe blacke, to imitate her brow

Dum. To look like her are Chimny-sweepers blacke

Lon. And since her time, are Colliers counted bright

King. And Aethiops of their sweet complexion crake

Dum. Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light

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

Kin. 'Twere good yours did: for sir to tell you plaine,
Ile finde a fairer face not washt to day

Ber. Ile proue her faire, or talke till dooms-day here

Kin. No Diuell will fright thee then so much as shee

Duma. I neuer knew man hold vile stuffe so deere

Lon. Looke, heer's thy loue, my foot and her face see

Ber. O if the streets were paued with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread

Duma. O vile, then as she goes what vpward lyes?
The street should see as she walk'd ouer head

Kin. But what of this, are we not all in loue?
Ber. O nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworne

Kin. Then leaue this chat, & good Berown now proue
Our louing lawfull, and our fayth not torne

Dum. I marie there, some flattery for this euill

Long. O some authority how to proceed,
Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the diuell

Dum. Some salue for periurie,
Ber. O 'tis more then neede.
Haue at you then affections men at armes,
Consider what you first did sweare vnto:
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 ingenders maladies.
And where that you haue vow'd to studie (Lords)
In that each of you haue forsworne his Booke.
Can you still dreame and pore, and thereon looke.
For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,
Haue found the ground of studies excellence,
Without the beauty of a womans face;
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue,
They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achadems,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
Why, vniuersall plodding poysons vp
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long during action tyres
The sinnowy vigour of the trauailer.
Now for not looking on a womans face,
You haue in that forsworne the vse of eyes:
And studie too, the causer of your vow.
For where is any Author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a womans eye:
Learning is but an adiunct to our selfe,
And where we are, our Learning likewise is.
Then when our selues we see in Ladies eyes,

With our selues.
Doe we not likewise see our learning there?
O we haue made a Vow to studie, Lords,
And in that vow we haue forsworne our Bookes:
For when would you (my Leege) or you, or you?
In leaden contemplation haue found out
Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes,
Of beauties tutors haue inrich'd you with:
Other slow Arts intirely keepe the braine:
And therefore finding barraine practizers,
Scarce shew a haruest of their heauy toyle.
But Loue first learned in a Ladies eyes,
Liues not alone emured in the braine:
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in euery power,
And giues to euery power a double power,
Aboue their functions and their offices.
It addes a precious seeing to the eye:
A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde.
A Louers eare will heare the lowest sound.
When the suspicious head of theft is stopt.
Loues feeling is more soft and sensible,
Then are the tender hornes of Cockle Snayles.
Loues tongue proues dainty, Bachus grosse in taste,
For Valour, is not Loue a Hercules?
Still climing trees in the Hesperides.
Subtill as Sphinx, as sweet and musicall,
As bright Apollo's Lute, strung with his haire.
And when Loue speakes, the voyce of all the Gods,
Make heauen drowsie with the harmonie.
Neuer durst Poet touch a pen to write,
Vntill his Inke were tempred with Loues sighes:
O then his lines would rauish sauage eares,
And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue.
They sparcle still the right promethean fire,
They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Achademes,
That shew, containe, and nourish all the world.
Else none at all in ought proues excellent.
Then fooles you were these women to forsweare:
Or keeping what is sworne, you will proue fooles,
For Wisedomes sake, a word that all men loue:
Or for Loues sake, a word that loues all men.
Or for Mens sake, the author of these Women:
Or Womens sake, by whom we men are Men.
Let's once loose our oathes to finde our selues,
Or else we loose our selues, to keepe our oathes:

It is religion to be thus forsworne.
For Charity it selfe fulfills the Law:
And who can seuer loue from Charity

Kin. Saint Cupid then, and Souldiers to the field

Ber. Aduance your standards, & vpon them Lords,
Pell, mell, downe with them: but be first aduis'd,
In conflict that you get the Sunne of them

Long. Now to plaine dealing, Lay these glozes by,
Shall we resolue to woe these girles of France?
Kin. And winne them too, therefore let vs deuise,
Some entertainment for them in their Tents

Ber. First from the Park let vs conduct them thither,
Then homeward euery man attach the hand
Of his faire Mistresse, in the afternoone
We will with some strange pastime solace them:
Such as the shortnesse of the time can shape,
For Reuels, Dances, Maskes, and merry houres,
Fore-runne faire Loue, strewing her way with flowres

Kin. Away, away, no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by vs be fitted

Ber. Alone, alone sowed Cockell, reap'd no Corne,
And Iustice alwaies whirles in equall measure:
Light Wenches may proue plagues to men forsworne,
If so, our Copper buyes no better treasure.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Pedant, Curate and Dull.

Pedant. Satis quid sufficit

Curat. I praise God for you sir, your reasons at dinner haue beene sharpe & sententious: pleasant without scurrillity, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresie: I did conuerse this quondam day with a companion of the Kings, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armatho

Ped. Noui hominum tanquam te, His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptorie: his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate maiesticall, and his generall behauiour vaine, ridiculous, and thrasonicall. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odde, as it were, too peregrinat, as I may call it

Curat. A most singular and choise Epithat,

Draw out his Table-booke.

Peda. He draweth out the thred of his verbositie, finer then the staple of his argument. I abhor such phanaticall phantasims, such insociable and poynt deuise companions, such rackers of ortagriphie, as to speake dout fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he shold pronounce debt; debt, not det: he clepeth a Calf, Caufe: halfe, haufe: neighbour vocatur nebour; neigh abreuiated ne: this is abhominable, which he would call abhominable it insinuateth me of infamie: ne inteligis domine, to make franticke, lunaticke? Cura. Laus deo, bene intelligo

Peda. Bome boon for boon prescian, a little scratcht, 'twil serue.

Enter Bragart, Boy.

Curat. Vides ne quis venit?
Peda. Video, & gaudio

Brag. Chirra

Peda. Quari Chirra, not Sirra?
Brag. Men of peace well incountred

Ped. Most millitarie sir salutation

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

Clow. O they haue liu'd long on the almes-basket of words. I maruell thy M[aster]. hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitu%dinitatibus: Thou art easier swallowed then a flapdragon

Page. Peace, the peale begins

Brag. Mounsier, are you not lettred?
Page. Yes, yes, he teaches boyes the Horne-booke:
What is Ab speld backward with the horn on his head?
Peda. Ba, puericia with a horne added

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

Peda. Quis quis, thou Consonant?
Pag. The last of the fiue Vowels if You repeat them, or the fift if I

Peda. I will repeat them: a e I

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

Brag. Now by the salt waue of the mediteranium, a sweet tutch, a quicke venewe of wit, snip snap, quick & home, it reioyceth my intellect, true wit

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

Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure?
Page. Hornes

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

Pag. Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Infamie vnum cita a gigge of a Cuckolds horne

Clow. And I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst haue it to buy Ginger bread: Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Maister, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou Pidgeon-egge of discretion. O & the heauens were so pleased, that thou wert but my Bastard; What a ioyfull father wouldst thou make mee? Goe to, thou hast it ad dungil, at the fingers ends, as they say

Peda. Oh I smell false Latine, dunghel for vnguem

Brag. Arts-man preambulat, we will bee singled from
the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charghouse
on the top of the Mountaine?
Peda. Or Mons the hill

Brag. At your sweet pleasure, for the Mountaine

Peda. I doe sans question

Bra. Sir, it is the Kings most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the Princesse at her Pauilion, in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noone

Ped. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the after-noone: the word is well culd, chose, sweet, and apt I doe assure you sir, I doe assure

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar, I doe assure ye very good friend: for what is inward betweene vs, let it passe. I doe beseech thee remember thy curtesie. I beseech thee apparell thy head: and among other importunate & most serious designes, and of great import indeed too: but let that passe, for I must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the world) sometime to leane vpon my poore shoulder, and with his royall finger thus dallie with my excrement, with my mustachio: but sweet heart let that passe. By the world I recount no fable, some certaine speciall honours it pleaseth his greatnesse to impart to Armado a Souldier, a man of trauell, that hath seene the world: but let that passe; the very all of all is: but sweet heart I do implore secrecie, that the King would haue mee present the Princesse (sweet chucke) with some delightfull ostentation, or show, or pageant, or anticke, or fire-worke: Now, vnderstanding that the Curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sodaine breaking out of myrth (as it were) I haue acquainted you withall, to the end to craue your assistance

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

Curat. Where will you finde men worthy enough to
present them?
Peda. Iosua, your selfe: my selfe, and this gallant gentleman
Iudas Machabeus; this Swaine (because of his
great limme or ioynt) shall passe Pompey the great, the
Page Hercules

Brag. Pardon sir, error: He is not quantitie enough for that Worthies thumb, hee 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 bee strangling a Snake; and I will haue an Apologie for that purpose

Pag. 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 doe it

Brag. For the rest of the Worthies?
Peda. I will play three my selfe

Pag. Thrice worthy Gentleman

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing?
Peda. We attend

Brag. We will haue, if this fadge not, an Antique. I beseech you follow

Ped. Via good-man Dull, thou hast spoken no word all this while

Dull. Nor vnderstood none neither sir

Ped. Alone, we will employ thee

Dull. Ile make one in a dance, or so: or I will play on the taber to the Worthies, & let them dance the hey

Ped. Most Dull, honest Dull, to our sport away. Enter.

Enter Ladies.

Qu. Sweet hearts we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in.
A Lady wal'd about with Diamonds: Look you, what I haue from the louing King

Rosa. Madam, came nothing else along with that?
Qu. Nothing but this: yes as much loue in Rime,
As would be cram'd vp in a sheet of paper
Writ on both sides the leafe, margent and all,
That he was faine to seale on Cupids name

Rosa. That was the way to make his god-head wax:
For he hath beene fiue thousand yeeres a Boy

Kath. I, and a shrewd vnhappy gallowes too

Ros. You'll nere be friends with him, a kild your sister

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heauy, and so she died: had she beene Light like you, of such a merrie nimble stirring spirit, she might a bin a Grandam ere she died. And so may you: For a light heart liues long

Ros. What's your darke meaning mouse, of this light word?
Kat. A light condition in a beauty darke

Ros. We need more light to finde your meaning out

Kat. You'll marre the light by taking it in snuffe:
Therefore Ile darkely end the argument

Ros. Look what you doe, you doe it stil i'th darke

Kat. So do not you, for you are a light Wench

Ros. Indeed I waigh not you, and therefore light

Ka. You waigh me not, O that's you care not for me

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

Qu. Well bandied both, a set of Wit well played.
But Rosaline, you haue a Fauour too?
Who sent it? and what is it?
Ros. I would you knew.
And if my face were but as faire as yours,
My Fauour were as great, be witnesse this.
Nay, I haue Verses too, I thanke Berowne,
The numbers true, and were the numbring too.
I were the fairest goddesse on the ground.
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O he hath drawne my picture in his letter

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

Qu. Beauteous as Incke: a good conclusion

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

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

Qu. A Pox of that iest, and I beshrew all Shrowes:
But Katherine, what was sent to you
From faire Dumaine?
Kat. Madame, this Gloue

Qu. Did he not send you twaine?
Kat. Yes Madame: and moreouer,
Some thousand Verses of a faithfull Louer.

A huge translation of hypocrisie,
Vildly compiled, profound simplicitie

Mar. This, and these Pearls, to me sent Longauile.
The Letter is too long by halfe a mile

Qu. I thinke no lesse: Dost thou wish in heart
The Chaine were longer, and the Letter short

Mar. I, or I would these hands might neuer part

Quee. We are wise girles to mocke our Louers so

Ros. They are worse fooles to purchase mocking so.
That same Berowne ile torture ere I goe.
O that I knew he were but in by th' weeke,
How I would make him fawne, and begge, and seeke,
And wait the season, and obserue the times,
And spend his prodigall wits in booteles rimes,
And shape his seruice wholly to my deuice,
And make him proud to make me proud that iests.
So pertaunt like would I o'resway his state,
That he shold be my foole, and I his fate

Qu. None are so surely caught, when they are catcht,
As Wit turn'd foole, follie in Wisedome hatch'd:
Hath wisedoms warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,
And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole?
Ros. The bloud of youth burns not with such excesse,
As grauities reuolt to wantons be

Mar. Follie in Fooles beares not so strong a note,
As fool'ry in the Wise, when Wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To proue by Wit, worth in simplicitie.
Enter Boyet.

Qu. Heere comes Boyet, and mirth in his face

Boy. O I am stab'd with laughter, Wher's her Grace?
Qu. Thy newes Boyet?
Boy. Prepare Madame, prepare.
Arme Wenches arme, incounters mounted are,
Against your Peace, Loue doth approach, disguis'd:
Armed in arguments, you'll be surpriz'd.
Muster your Wits, stand in your owne defence,
Or hide your heads like Cowards, and flie hence

Qu. Saint Dennis to S[aint]. Cupid: What are they,
That charge their breath against vs? Say scout say

Boy. Vnder the coole shade of a Siccamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some halfe an houre:
When lo to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addrest,
The King and his companions: warely
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And ouer-heard, what you shall ouer-heare:
That by and by disguis'd they will be heere.
Their Herald is a pretty knauish Page:
That well by heart hath con'd his embassage,
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 maiesticall would put him out:
For quoth the King, an Angell shalt thou see:
Yet feare not thou, but speake audaciously.
The Boy reply'd, An Angell is not euill:
I should haue fear'd her, had she beene a deuill.
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wagg by their praises bolder.
One rub'd his elboe thus, and fleer'd, and swore,
A better speech was neuer spoke before.
Another with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd via, we will doo't, come what will come.
The third he caper'd and cried, 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 a zelous laughter so profound,
That in this spleene ridiculous appeares,
To checke their folly passions solemne teares

Que. But what, but what, come they to visit vs?
Boy. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,
Like Muscouites; or Russians, as I gesse.
Their purpose is to parlee, to court, and dance,
And euery one his Loue-feat will aduance,
Vnto his seuerall mistresse: which they'll know
By fauours seuerall, which they did bestow

Queen. And will they so? the Gallants shall be taskt:
For Ladies; we will euery one be maskt,
And not a man of them shall haue the grace
Despight of sute, to see a Ladies face.
Hold Rosaline, this Fauour thou shalt weare,
And then the King will court thee for his Deare:
Hold, take thou this my sweet, and giue me thine,
So shall Berowne take me for Rosaline.
And change your Fauours too, so shall your Loues
Woo contrary, deceiu'd by these remoues

Rosa. Come on then, weare the fauours most in sight

Kath. But in this changing, What is your intent?
Queen. The effect of my intent is to crosse theirs:
They doe it but in mocking merriment,
And mocke for mocke is onely my intent.
Their seuerall counsels they vnbosome shall,
To Loues mistooke, and so be mockt withall.
Vpon the next occasion that we meete,
With Visages displayd to talke and greete

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire vs too't?
Quee. No, to the death we will not moue a foot,
Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace:
But while 'tis spoke, each turne away his face

Boy. Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,
And quite diuorce his memory from his part

Quee. Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,
The rest will ere come in, if he be out.
Theres no such sport, as sport by sport orethrowne:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So shall we stay mocking entended game,
And they well mockt, depart away with shame.

Sound.

Boy. The Trompet sounds, be maskt, the maskers
come.
Enter Black moores with musicke, the Boy with a speech, and the
rest of
the Lords disguised.

Page. All haile, the richest Beauties on the earth

Ber. Beauties no richer then rich Taffata

Pag. A holy parcell of the fairest dames that euer turn'd their backes to mortall viewes.

The Ladies turne their backes to him.

Ber. Their eyes villaine, their eyes

Pag. That euer turn'd their eyes to mortall viewes.
Out
Boy. True, out indeed

Pag. Out of your fauours heauenly spirits vouchsafe
Not to beholde

Ber. Once to behold, rogue

Pag. Once to behold with your Sunne beamed eyes,
With your Sunne beamed eyes

Boy. They will not answer to that Epythite,
you were best call it Daughter beamed eyes

Pag. They do not marke me, and that brings me out

Bero. Is this your perfectnesse? be gon you rogue

Rosa. What would these strangers?
Know their mindes Boyet.
If they doe speake our language, 'tis our will
That some plaine man recount their purposes.
Know what they would?
Boyet. What would you with the Princes?
Ber. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation

Ros. What would they, say they?
Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation

Rosa. Why that they haue, and bid them so be gon

Boy. She saies you haue it, and you may be gon

Kin. Say to her we haue measur'd many miles,
To tread a Measure with you on the grasse

Boy. They say that they haue measur'd many a mile,
To tread a Measure with you on this grasse

Rosa. It is not so. Aske them how many inches
Is in one mile? If they haue measur'd manie,
The measure then of one is easlie told

Boy. If to come hither, you haue measur'd miles,
And many miles: the Princesse bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill vp one mile?
Ber. Tell her we measure them by weary steps

Boy. She heares her selfe

Rosa. How manie wearie steps,
Of many wearie miles you haue ore-gone,
Are numbred in the trauell of one mile?
Bero. We number nothing that we spend for you,
Our dutie is so rich, so infinite,
That we may doe it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,
That we (like sauages) may worship it

Rosa. My face is but a Moone and clouded too

Kin. Blessed are clouds, to doe as such clouds do.
Vouchsafe bright Moone, and these thy stars to shine,
(Those clouds remooued) vpon our waterie eyne

Rosa. O vaine peticioner, beg a greater matter,
Thou now requests but Mooneshine in the water

Kin. Then in our measure, vouchsafe but one change.
Thou bidst me begge, this begging is not strange

Rosa. Play musicke then: nay you must doe it soone.
Not yet no dance: thus change I like the Moone

Kin. Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?
Rosa. You tooke the Moone at full, but now shee's changed?
Kin. Yet still she is the Moone, and I the Man

Rosa. The musick playes, vouchsafe some motion to it: Our eares vouchsafe it

Kin. But your legges should doe it

Ros. Since you are strangers, & come here by chance,
Wee'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance

Kin. Why take you hands then?
Rosa. Onelie to part friends.
Curtsie sweet hearts, and so the Measure ends

Kin. More measure of this measure, be not nice

Rosa. We can afford no more at such a price

Kin. Prise your selues: What buyes your companie?
Rosa. Your absence onelie

Kin. That can neuer be

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

Kin. If you denie to dance, let's hold more chat

Ros. In priuate then

Kin. I am best pleas'd with that

Be. White handed Mistris, one sweet word with thee

Qu. Hony, and Milke, and Suger: there is three

Ber. Nay then two treyes, an if you grow so nice
Methegline, Wort, and Malmsey; well runne dice:
There's halfe a dozen sweets

Qu. Seuenth sweet adue, since you can cogg,
Ile play no more with you

Ber. One word in secret

Qu. Let it not be sweet

Ber. Thou greeu'st my gall

Qu. Gall, bitter

Ber. Therefore meete

Du. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it

Dum. Faire Ladie:
Mar. Say you so? Faire Lord:
Take you that for your faire Lady

Du. Please it you,
As much in priuate, and Ile bid adieu

Mar. What, was your vizard made without a tong?
Long. I know the reason Ladie why you aske

Mar. O for your reason, quickly sir, I long

Long. You haue a double tongue within your mask,
And would affoord my speechlesse vizard halfe

Mar. Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is not Veale a
Calfe?
Long. A Calfe faire Ladie?
Mar. No, a faire Lord Calfe

Long. Let's part the word

Mar. No, Ile not be your halfe:
Take all and weane it, it may proue an Oxe

Long. Looke how you but your selfe in these sharpe
mockes.
Will you giue hornes chast Ladie? Do not so

Mar. Then die a Calfe before your horns do grow

Lon. One word in priuate with you ere I die

Mar. Bleat softly then, the Butcher heares you cry

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the Razors edge, inuisible:
Cutting a smaller haire then may be seene,
Aboue the sense of sence so sensible:

Seemeth their conference, their conceits haue wings,
Fleeter then arrows, bullets wind, thoght, swifter things
Rosa. Not one word more my maides, breake off,
breake off

Ber. By heauen, all drie beaten with pure scoffe

King. Farewell madde Wenches, you haue simple wits.

Exeunt.

Qu. Twentie adieus my frozen Muscouits.
Are these the breed of wits so wondred at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweete breathes
puft out

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

Qu. O pouertie in wit, Kingly poore flout.
Will they not (thinke you) hang themselues to night?
Or euer but in vizards shew their faces:
This pert Berowne was out of count'nance quite

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

Qu. Berowne did sweare himselfe out of all suite

Mar. Dumaine was at my seruice, and his sword:
No point (quoth I:) my seruant straight was mute

Ka. Lord Longauill said I came ore his hart:
And trow you what he call'd me?
Qu. Qualme perhaps

Kat. Yes in good faith

Qu. Go sicknesse as thou art

Ros. Well, better wits haue worne plain statute caps,
But will you heare; the King is my loue sworne

Qu. And quicke Berowne hath plighted faith to me

Kat. And Longauill was for my seruice borne

Mar. Dumaine is mine as sure as barke on tree

Boyet. Madam, and prettie mistresses giue eare,
Immediately they will againe be heere
In their owne shapes: for it can neuer be,
They will digest this harsh indignitie

Qu. Will they returne?
Boy. They will they will, God knowes,
And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes:
Therefore change Fauours, and when they repaire,
Blow like sweet Roses, in this summer aire

Qu. How blow? how blow? Speake to bee vnderstood

Boy. Faire Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud:
Dismaskt, their damaske sweet commixture showne,
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roses blowne

Qu. Auant perplexitie: What shall we do,
If they returne in their owne shapes to wo?
Rosa. Good Madam, if by me you'l be aduis'd.
Let's mocke them still as well knowne as disguis'd:
Let vs complaine to them what fooles were heare,
Disguis'd like Muscouites in shapelesse geare:
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow showes, and Prologue vildely pen'd:
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our Tent to vs

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand

Quee. Whip to our Tents, as Roes runnes ore Land.

Exeunt.

Enter the King and the rest.

King. Faire sir, God saue you. Wher's the Princesse?
Boy. Gone to her Tent.
Please it your Maiestie command me any seruice to her?
King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word

Boy. I will, and so will she, I know my Lord.
Enter.

Ber. This fellow pickes vp wit as Pigeons pease,
And vtters it againe, when Ioue doth please.
He is Wits Pedler, and retailes his Wares,
At Wakes, and Wassels, Meetings, Markets, Faires.
And we that sell by grosse, the Lord doth know,
Haue not the grace to grace it with such show.
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his sleeue.
Had he bin Adam, he had tempted Eue.
He can carue too, and lispe: Why this is he,
That kist away his hand in courtesie.
This is the Ape of Forme, Monsieur the nice,
That when he plaies at Tables, chides the Dice
In honorable tearmes: Nay he can sing

A meane most meanly, and in Vshering
Mend him who can: the Ladies call him sweete.
The staires as he treads on them kisse his feete.
This is the flower that smiles on euerie one,
To shew his teeth as white as Whales bone.
And consciences that wil not die in debt,
Pay him the dutie of honie-tongued Boyet

King. A blister on his sweet tongue with my hart,
That put Armathoes Page out of his part.
Enter the Ladies.

Ber. See where it comes. Behauiour what wer't thou,
Till this madman shew'd thee? And what art thou now?
King. All haile sweet Madame, and faire time of day

Qu. Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceiue

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may

Qu. Then wish me better, I wil giue you leaue

King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then

Qu. This field shal hold me, and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in periur'd men

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

Q. You nickname vertue: vice you should haue spoke:
For vertues office neuer breakes men troth.
Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure
As the vnsallied Lilly, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yeeld to be your houses guest:
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heauenly oaths, vow'd with integritie

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

Qu. Not so my Lord, it is not so I sweare,
We haue had pastimes heere, and pleasant game,
A messe of Russians left vs but of late

Kin. How Madam? Russians?
Qu. I in truth, my Lord.
Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state

Rosa. Madam speake true. It is not so my Lord:
My Ladie (to the manner of the daies)
In curtesie giues vndeseruing praise.
We foure indeed confronted were with foure
In Russia habit: Heere they stayed an houre,
And talk'd apace: and in that houre (my Lord)
They did not blesse vs with one happy word.
I dare not call them fooles; but this I thinke,
When they are thirstie, fooles would faine haue drinke

Ber. This iest is drie to me. Gentle sweete,
Your wits makes wise things foolish when we greete
With eies best seeing, heauens fierie eie:
By light we loose light; your capacitie
Is of that nature, that to your huge stoore,
Wise things seeme foolish, and rich things but poore

Ros. This proues you wise and rich: for in my eie
Ber. I am a foole, and full of pouertie

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

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

Ros. All the foole mine

Ber. I cannot giue you lesse

Ros. Which of the Vizards what it that you wore?
Ber. Where? when? What Vizard?
Why demand you this?
Ros. There, then, that vizard, that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face

Kin. We are discried,
They'l mocke vs now downeright

Du. Let vs confesse, and turne it to a iest

Que. Amaz'd my Lord? Why lookes your Highnes sadde?
Rosa. Helpe hold his browes, hee'l sound: why looke you pale?
Sea-sicke I thinke comming from Muscouie

Ber. Thus poure the stars down plagues for periury.
Can any face of brasse hold longer out?
Heere stand I, Ladie dart thy skill at me,
Bruise me with scorne, confound me with a flout.
Thrust thy sharpe wit quite through my ignorance.
Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit:
And I will wish thee neuer more to dance,

Nor neuer more in Russian habit waite.
O! neuer will I trust to speeches pen'd,
Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boies tongue.
Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend,
Nor woo in rime like a blind-harpers songue,
Taffata phrases, silken tearmes precise,
Three-pil'd Hyperboles, spruce affection;
Figures pedanticall, these summer flies,
Haue blowne me full of maggot ostentation.
I do forsweare them, and I heere protest,
By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knows)
Henceforth my woing minde shall be exprest
In russet yeas, and honest kersie noes.
And to begin Wench, so God helpe me law,
My loue to thee is sound, sans cracke or flaw,
Rosa. Sans, sans, I pray you

Ber. Yet I haue a tricke
Of the old rage: beare with me, I am sicke.
Ile leaue it by degrees: soft, let vs see,
Write Lord haue mercie on vs, on those three,
They are infected, in their hearts it lies:
They haue the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
These Lords are visited, you are not free:
For the Lords tokens on you do I see

Qu. No, they are free that gaue these tokens to vs

Ber. Our states are forfeit, seeke not to vndo vs

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

Ber. Peace, for I will not haue to do with you

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

Ber. Speake for your selues, my wit is at an end

King. Teach vs sweete Madame, for our rude transgression,
some faire excuse

Qu. The fairest is confession.
Were you not heere but euen now, disguis'd?
Kin. Madam, I was

Qu. And were you well aduis'd?
Kin. I was faire Madam

Qu. When you then were heere,
What did you whisper in your Ladies eare?
King. That more then all the world I did respect her

Qu. When shee shall challenge this, you will reiect her

King. Vpon mine Honor no

Qu. Peace, peace, forbeare:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forsweare

King. Despise me when I breake this oath of mine

Qu. I will, and therefore keepe it. Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your eare?
Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me deare
As precious eye-sight, and did value me
Aboue this World: adding thereto moreouer,
That he would Wed me, or else die my Louer

Qu. God giue thee ioy of him: the Noble Lord
Most honorably doth vphold his word

King. What meane you Madame?
By my life, my troth
I neuer swore this Ladie such an oth

Ros. By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine,
You gaue me this: But take it sir againe

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

Qu. Pardon me sir, this Iewell did she weare.
And Lord Berowne (I thanke him) is my deare.
What? Will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?
Ber. Neither of either, I remit both twaine.
I see the tricke on't: Heere was a consent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas Comedie.
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight Zanie,
Some mumble-newes, some trencher-knight, som Dick
That smiles his cheeke in yeares, and knowes the trick
To make my Lady laugh, when she's dispos'd;
Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,
The Ladies did change Fauours; and then we
Following the signes, woo'd but the signe of she.
Now to our periurie, to adde more terror,
We are againe forsworne in will and error.
Much vpon this tis: and might not you
Forestall our sport, to make vs thus vntrue?
Do not you know my Ladies foot by'th squier?
And laugh vpon the apple of her eie?
And stand betweene her backe sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, iesting merrilie?

You put our Page out: go, you are alowd.
Die when you will, a smocke shall be your shrowd.
You leere vpon me, do you? There's an eie
Wounds like a Leaden sword

Boy. Full merrily hath this braue manager, this carreere
bene run

Ber. Loe, he is tilting straight. Peace, I haue don.
Enter Clowne.

Welcome pure wit, thou part'st a faire fray

Clo. O Lord sir, they would kno,
Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no

Ber. What, are there but three?
Clo. No sir, but it is vara fine,
For euerie one pursents three

Ber. And three times thrice is nine

Clo. Not so sir, vnder correction 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

Clo. Vnder correction sir, wee know where-vntill it doth amount

Ber. By Ioue, I alwaies tooke three threes for nine

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

Ber. How much is it? Clo. O Lord sir, the parties themselues, the actors sir will shew where-vntill it doth amount: for mine owne part, I am (as they say, but to perfect one man in one poore man) Pompion the great sir

Ber. Art thou one of the Worthies?
Clo. It pleased them to thinke me worthie of Pompey
the great: for mine owne part, I know not the degree of
the Worthie, but I am to stand for him

Ber. Go, bid them prepare.
Enter.

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

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

Ber. We are shame-proofe my Lord: and 'tis some policie, to haue one shew worse then the Kings and his companie

Kin. I say they shall not come

Qu. Nay my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now;
That sport best pleases, that doth least know how.
Where Zeale striues to content, and the contents
Dies in the Zeale of that which it presents:
Their forme confounded, makes most forme in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth

Ber. A right description of our sport my Lord.
Enter Braggart.

Brag. Annointed, I implore so much expence of thy
royall sweet breath, as will vtter a brace of words

Qu. Doth this man serue God?
Ber. Why aske you?
Qu. He speak's not like a man of God's making

Brag. That's all one my faire sweet honie Monarch: For I protest, the Schoolmaster is exceeding fantasticall: Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we wil put it (as they say) to Fortuna delaguar, I wish you the peace of minde most royall cupplement

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies; He presents Hector of Troy, the Swaine Pompey y great, the Parish Curate Alexander, Armadoes Page Hercules, the Pedant Iudas Machabeus: and if these foure Worthies in their first shew thriue, these foure will change habites, and present the other fiue

Ber. There is fiue in the first shew

Kin. You are deceiued, tis not so

Ber. The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge-Priest, the
Foole, and the Boy,
Abate throw at Novum, and the whole world againe,
Cannot pricke out fiue such, take each one in's vaine

Kin. The ship is vnder saile, and here she coms amain.
Enter Pompey.

Clo. I Pompey am

Ber. You lie, you are not he

Clo. I Pompey am

Boy. With Libbards head on knee

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

Clo. I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big

Du. The great

Clo. It is great sir: Pompey surnam'd the great:
That oft in field, with Targe and Shield,
did make my foe to sweat:
And trauailing along this coast, I heere am come by chance,
And lay my Armes before the legs of this sweet Lasse of
France.
If your Ladiship would say thankes Pompey, I had done

La. Great thankes great Pompey

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

Ber. My hat to a halfe-penie, Pompey prooues the
best Worthie.
Enter Curate for Alexander.

Curat. When in the world I liu'd, I was the worldes Commander:
By East, West, North, & South, I spred my conquering might
My Scutcheon plaine declares that I am Alisander

Boiet. Your nose saies no, you are not:
For it stands too right

Ber. Your nose smells no, in this most tender smelling
Knight

Qu. The Conqueror is dismaid:
Proceede good Alexander

Cur. When in the world I liued, I was the worldes Commander

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

Ber. Pompey the great

Clo. your seruant and Costard

Ber. Take away the Conqueror, take away Alisander Clo. O sir, you haue ouerthrowne Alisander the conqueror: you will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for this: your Lion that holds his Pollax sitting on a close stoole, will be giuen to Aiax. He will be the ninth worthie. A Conqueror, and affraid to speake? Runne away for shame Alisander. There an't shall please you: a foolish milde man, an honest man, looke you, & soon dasht. He is a maruellous good neighbour insooth, and a verie good Bowler: but for Alisander, alas you see, how 'tis a little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a comming, will speake their minde in some other sort.

Exit Cu.

Qu. Stand aside good Pompey.
Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great Hercules is presented by this Impe,
Whose Club kil'd Cerberus that three-headed Canus,
And when he was a babe, a childe, a shrimpe,

Thus did he strangle Serpents in his Manus:
Quoniam, he seemeth in minoritie,
Ergo, I come with this Apologie.
Keepe some state in thy exit, and vanish.

Exit Boy

Ped. Iudas I am

Dum. A Iudas?
Ped. Not Iscariot sir.
Iudas I am, ycliped Machabeus

Dum. Iudas Machabeus clipt, is plaine Iudas

Ber. A kissing traitor. How art thou prou'd Iudas?
Ped. Iudas I am

Dum. The more shame for you Iudas

Ped. What meane you sir?
Boi. To make Iudas hang himselfe

Ped. Begin sir, you are my elder

Ber. Well follow'd, Iudas was hang'd on an Elder

Ped. I will not be put out of countenance

Ber. Because thou hast no face

Ped. What is this?
Boi. A Citterne head

Dum. The head of a bodkin

Ber. A deaths face in a ring

Lon. The face of an old Roman coine, scarce seene

Boi. The pummell of C├Žsars Faulchion

Dum. The caru'd-bone face on a Flaske

Ber. S[aint]. Georges halfe cheeke in a brooch

Dum. I, and in a brooch of Lead

Ber. I, and worne in the cap of a Tooth-drawer.
And now forward, for we haue put thee in countenance
Ped. You haue put me out of countenance

Ber. False, we haue giuen thee faces

Ped. But you haue out-fac'd them all

Ber. And thou wer't a Lion, we would do so

Boy. Therefore as he is, an Asse, let him go:
And so adieu sweet Iude. Nay, why dost thou stay?
Dum. For the latter end of his name

Ber. For the Asse to the Iude: giue it him. Iudas away

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

Boy. A light for monsieur Iudas, it growes darke, he may stumble

Que. Alas poore Machabeus, how hath hee beene baited.
Enter Braggart.

Ber. Hide thy head Achilles, heere comes Hector in Armes

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

King. Hector was but a Troyan in respect of this

Boi. But is this Hector?
Kin. I thinke Hector was not so cleane timber'd

Lon. His legge is too big for Hector

Dum. More Calfe certaine

Boi. No, he is best indued in the small

Ber. This cannot be Hector

Dum. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces

Brag. The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the almighty, gaue Hector a gift

Dum. A gilt Nutmegge

Ber. A Lemmon

Lon. Stucke with Cloues

Dum. No clouen

Brag. The Armipotent Mars of Launces the almighty,
Gaue Hector a gift, the heire of Illion;
A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight: yea
From morne till night, out of his Pauillion.
I am that Flower

Dum. That Mint

Long. That Cullambine

Brag. Sweet Lord Longauill reine thy tongue

Lon. I must rather giue it the reine: for it runnes against Hector

Dum. I, and Hector's a Grey-hound

Brag. The sweet War-man is dead and rotten,
Sweet chuckes, beat not the bones of the buried:
But I will forward with my deuice;
Sweete Royaltie bestow on me the sence of hearing.

Berowne steppes forth.

Qu. Speake braue Hector, we are much delighted

Brag. i do adore thy sweet Graces slipper

Boy. Loues her by the foot

Dum. He may not by the yard

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

Clo. Fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two moneths on her way

Brag. What meanest thou?
Clo. Faith vnlesse you play the honest Troyan, the poore Wench is cast away: she's quick, the child brags in her belly alreadie: tis yours

Brag. Dost thou infamonize me among Potentates?
Thou shalt die

Clo. Then shall Hector be whipt for Iaquenetta that is quicke by him, and hang'd for Pompey, that is dead by him

Dum. Most rare Pompey

Boi. Renowned Pompey

Ber. Greater then great, great, great, great Pompey:
Pompey the huge

Dum. Hector trembles

Ber. Pompey is moued, more Atees more Atees stirre them, or stirre them on

Dum. Hector will challenge him

Ber. I, if a'haue no more mans blood in's belly, then will sup a Flea

Brag. By the North-pole I do challenge thee

Clo. I wil not fight with a pole like a Northern man; Ile slash, Ile do it by the sword: I pray you let mee borrow my Armes againe

Dum. Roome for the incensed Worthies

Clo. Ile do it in my shirt

Dum. Most resolute Pompey

Page. Master, let me take you a button hole lower: Do you not see Pompey is vncasing for the combat: what meane you? you will lose your reputation

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

Du. You may not denie it, Pompey hath made the challenge

Brag. Sweet bloods, I both may, and will

Ber. What reason haue you for't?
Brag. The naked truth of it is, I haue no shirt, I go woolward for penance

Boy. True, and it was inioyned him in Rome for want of Linnen: since when, Ile be sworne he wore none, but a dishclout of Iaquenettas, and that hee weares next his heart for a fauour. Enter a Messenger, Monsieur Marcade.

Mar. God saue you Madame

Qu. Welcome Marcade, but that thou interruptest our merriment

Marc. I am sorrie Madam, for the newes I bring is heauie in my tongue. The King your father
Qu. Dead for my life

Mar. Euen so: My tale is told

Ber. Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud

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 right my selfe like a Souldier.

Exeunt. Worthies

Kin. How fare's your Maiestie?
Qu. Boyet prepare, I will away to night

Kin. Madame not so, I do beseech you stay

Qu. Prepare I say. I thanke you gracious Lords
For all your faire endeuours and entreats:
Out of a new sad-soule, that you vouchsafe,
In your rich wisedome to excuse, or hide,
The liberall opposition of our spirits,
If ouer-boldly we haue borne our selues,
In the conuerse of breath (your gentlenesse
Was guiltie of it.) Farewell worthie Lord:
A heauie heart beares not a humble tongue.
Excuse me so, comming so short of thankes,
For my great suite, so easily obtain'd

Kin. The extreme parts of time, extremelie formes
All causes to the purpose of his speed:
And often at his verie loose decides
That, which long processe could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of progenie
Forbid the smiling curtesie of Loue:
The holy suite which faine it would conuince,
Yet since loues argument was first on foote,
Let not the cloud of sorrow iustle it
From what it purpos'd: since to waile friends lost,
Is not by much so wholsome profitable,
As to reioyce at friends but newly found

Qu. I vnderstand you not, my greefes are double

Ber. Honest plain words, best pierce the ears of griefe
And by these badges vnderstand the King,
For your faire sakes haue we neglected time,
Plaid foule play with our oaths: your beautie Ladies
Hath much deformed vs, fashioning our humors
Euen to the opposed end of our intents.
And what in vs hath seem'd ridiculous:
As Loue is full of vnbefitting straines,
All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine.
Form'd by the eie, and therefore like the eie.
Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of formes
Varying in subiects as the eie doth roule,
To euerie varied obiect in his glance:
Which partie-coated presence of loose loue
Put on by vs, if in your heauenly eies,
Haue misbecom'd our oathes and grauities.
Those heauenlie eies that looke into these faults,
Suggested vs to make: therefore Ladies
Our loue being yours, the error that Loue makes
Is likewise yours. We to our selues proue 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 sinne,
Thus purifies it selfe, and turnes to grace

Qu. We haue receiu'd your Letters, full of Loue:
Your Fauours, the Ambassadors of Loue.
And in our maiden counsaile rated them,
At courtship, pleasant iest, and curtesie,
As bumbast and as lining to the time:
But more deuout then these are our respects
Haue we not bene, and therefore met your loues
In their owne fashion, like a merriment

Du. Our letters Madam, shew'd much more then iest

Lon. So did our lookes

Rosa. We did not coat them so

Kin. Now at the latest minute of the houre,
Grant vs your loues

Qu. A time me thinkes too short,
To make a world-without-end bargaine in:
No, no my Lord, your Grace is periur'd much,
Full of deare guiltinesse, and therefore this:
If for my Loue (as there is no such cause)
You will do ought, this shall you do for me.
Your oth I will not trust: but go with speed
To some forlorne and naked Hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world:
There stay, vntill the twelue Celestiall Signes
Haue brought about their annuall reckoning.
If this austere insociable life,
Change not your offer made in heate of blood:
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudie blossomes of your Loue,
But that it beare this triall, and last loue:
Then at the expiration of the yeare,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,
And by this Virgin palme, now kissing thine,
I will be thine: and till that instant shut
My wofull selfe vp in a mourning house,
Raining the teares of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my Fathers death.
If this thou do denie, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the others hart

Kin. If this, or more then this, I would denie,
To flatter vp these powers of mine with rest,
The sodaine hand of death close vp mine eie.

Hence euer then, my heart is in thy brest

Ber. And what to me my Loue? and what to me?
Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd.
You are attaint with faults and periurie:
Therefore if you my fauor meane to get,
A tweluemonth shall you spend, and neuer rest,
But seeke the wearie beds of people sicke

Du. But what to me my loue? but what to me?
Kat. A wife? a beard, faire health, and honestie,
With three-fold loue, I wish you all these three

Du. O shall I say, I thanke you gentle wife?
Kat. Not so my Lord, a tweluemonth and a day,
Ile marke no words that smoothfac'd wooers say.
Come when the King doth to my Ladie come:
Then if I haue much loue, Ile giue you some

Dum. Ile serue thee true and faithfully till then

Kath. Yet sweare not, least ye be forsworne agen

Lon. What saies Maria?
Mari. At the tweluemonths end,
Ile change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend

Lon. Ile stay with patience: but the time is long

Mari. The liker you, few taller are so yong

Ber. Studies my Ladie? Mistresse, looke on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eie:
What humble suite attends thy answer there,
Impose some seruice on me for my loue

Ros. Oft haue I heard of you my Lord Berowne,
Before I saw you: and the worlds large tongue
Proclaimes you for a man repleate with mockes,
Full of comparisons, and wounding floutes:
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercie of your wit.
To weed this Wormewood from your fruitfull braine,
And therewithall to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won:
You shall this tweluemonth terme from day to day,
Visit the speechlesse sicke, and still conuerse
With groaning wretches: and your taske shall be,
With all the fierce endeuour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile

Ber. To moue wilde laughter in the throate of death?
It cannot be, it is impossible.
Mirth cannot moue a soule in agonie

Ros. Why that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers giue to fooles:
A iests prosperitie, lies in the eare
Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly eares,
Deaft with the clamors of their owne deare grones,
Will heare your idle scornes; continue then,
And I will haue you, and that fault withall.
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shal finde you emptie of that fault,
Right ioyfull of your reformation

Ber. A tweluemonth? Well: befall what will befall,
Ile iest a tweluemonth in an Hospitall

Qu. I sweet my Lord, and so I take my leaue

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

Ber. Our woing doth not end like an old Play:
Iacke hath not Gill: these Ladies courtesie
Might wel haue made our sport a Comedie

Kin. Come sir, it wants a tweluemonth and a day,
And then 'twil end

Ber. That's too long for a play.
Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweet Maiesty vouchsafe me

Qu. Was not that Hector?
Dum. The worthie Knight of Troy

Brag. I wil kisse thy royal finger, and take leaue. I am a Votarie, I haue vow'd to Iaquenetta to holde the Plough for her sweet loue three yeares. But most esteemed greatnesse, wil you heare the Dialogue that the two Learned men haue compiled, in praise of the Owle and the Cuckow? It should haue followed in the end of our shew

Kin. Call them forth quickely, we will do so

Brag. Holla, Approach.
Enter all.

This side is Hiems, Winter.
This Ver, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owle,
Th' other by the Cuckow.
Ver, begin.

The Song.

When Dasies pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew:
And Ladie-smockes all siluer white,
Do paint the Medowes with delight.
The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
Mockes married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleasing to a married eare.
When Shepheards pipe on Oaten strawes,
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:
When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their summer smockes:
The Cuckow then on euerie tree
Mockes married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleasing to a married eare

Winter. When Isicles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Shepheard blowes his naile;
And Tom beares Logges into the hall,
And Milke comes frozen home in paile:
When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle,
Then nightly sings the staring Owle
Tuwhit towho.
A merrie note,
While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.
When all aloud the winde doth blow,
And coffing drownes the Parsons saw:
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marrians nose lookes red and raw:
When roasted Crabs hisse in the bowle,
Then nightly sings the staring Owle,
Tuwhit towho:
A merrie note,
While greasie Ione doth keele the pot

Brag. The Words of Mercurie,
Are harsh after the songs of Apollo:
You that way; we this way.

Exeunt. omnes.

FINIS.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.
START: FULL LICENSE

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG™ LICENSE

PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

> This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.
1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg.
1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg License.
1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.
1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.
1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg electronic works provided that:

- • You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- • You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- • You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- • You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.
1.F.
1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.
1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.
1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give

you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS', WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg

Project Gutenberg is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg's goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg collection will remain freely available for generations to come.

In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 41 Watchung Plaza #516, Montclair NJ 07042, USA, +1 (862) 621-9288. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations ($1 to $5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate.

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any

particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.