Loves Labour's lost.

Actus Primus.

Enter Ferdinand, King of Navarre, Berowne, Longavill, and Dumane.

Ferdinand.
LEt *Fame,* that all hunt after in their lives,
Live registred upon our brazen Tombes,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death:
When spight of cormorant devouring Time,
Th'endeavour of this present breath may buy:
That honour which shall bate his sythes keene edge,
And make us heyres of all eternitie.
Therefore brave 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,
Navar shall be the wonder of the world.
Our Court shall be a little Achademe,
Still and contemplative in living Art.
You three, *Berowne, Dumaine, and Longaavill,*
Have sworne for three yeeres terme, to live with me:
My fellow Schollers, and to keepe those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule 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.
Longavill. I am resolv'd, 'tis but a three yeeres fast:
The minde shall banquet, though the body pine,
Fat paunches have leane pates: and dainty bits,
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.
Dumane. My loving Lord, *Dumane* is mortified,
The grosser manner of these worlds delights,
He throwes upon the grosse worlds baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pompe, I pine and die,
With all these living in Philosophie.
Berowne. I can but say their protestation over,
So much, deare Liege, I have already sworne,
That is, to live and study heere three yeeres.
But there are other strict observances:
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 every 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 yeere's space.
Longa. You swore to that *Berowne,* and to the rest.
Berow. By yea and nay sir, than I swore in jest.
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) frõ cõmon 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 meet some Mistrisse fine,
When Mistresses from common sense are hid.
Or having sworne too hard a keeping oath,
Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth.
If studies gaine be this, 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 upon a Booke,
To seeke the light of truth, while truth the while
Doth falsely blinde the eye-sight of his looke:
Light [seeeking] 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 upon a fairer eye,
Who dazling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Studie is like the heavens glorious Sunne,
That will not be deepe Search'd with sawcy lookes:
Small have continuall plodders ever wonne,
Save base authoritie from others Bookes.
These earthly Godfathers of heavens lights,
That give a name to every fixed Starre,
Have 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 every Godfather can give a name.
Fer. How well hee's read, to reason against reading.

Dum.

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 envious sneaping Frost,
That bites the first borne infants of the Spring.
Ber. Wel, say I am, why should proud Summer boast,
Before the Birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in any abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a Rose,
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 unlocke the gate.
Fer. Well, sit you out: go home *Berowne:*adue.
Ber. No my good Lord, I have sworn to stay with you.
And though I have for barbarisme spoke more,
Then for that Angell knowledge you can say,
Yet confident Ile keepe what I have sworne,
And bide the pennance of each three yeares day.
Give 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 devis'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 devise.
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 majestie,
About surrender up 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 evermore is overshot,
While it doth study to have 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 us all forsworne
Three thousand times within this three yeeres space:
For every 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 beleeve 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 travailer 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 own vaine tongue,
Doth ravish like inchanting harmonie:
A man of complements whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire 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 love to heare him lie,
And I will use 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 soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.
Lon. A high hope for a low heaven, God grant us 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 give us cause to clime in the merrinesse.
Clo. The matter is to me sir, as concerning *Jaquenetta.* 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 upon 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.

G*Reat Deputie, the Welkins Vicegerent, and sole dominator of* Navar, *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 every 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-giving 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 [*nonrishment*] *which is called supper: So much for the time When. Now for the ground Which? which I meane I walkt upon, it is ycliped, Thy Parke. Then for the place Where? where I meane I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon coloured Inke, which heere thou viewest, beholdest, survayest, 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?) *that unletered small knowing soule,(Clow* Me?) *that shallow vassall (Clow.*Still mee?) *which as I remember, hight* Costard, (*Clow.* O me) *sorted and conforted contrary to thy established proclaymed Edict and Continet, Cannon: Which with, o with, but with this I passion to say wherewith:*

Clo. With a Wench.

Ferd. With a childe of our Grandmother Eve, *a female; or for thy more sweet understanding a woman: him, I (as my ever esteemed dutie prickes me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment by thy 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 Jaquenetta*(so is the weaker vessll called) which I apprehended with the aforesaid Swaine, I keeper 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 devoted and heart-burning heat of dutie.*

Don Adriana de Armado.

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

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

Clo. Sir I confesse the Wench.

Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation?

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

Fer. It was proclaimed a yeere's imprisonment to bee taken with a Wench.

Clow. I was taken with none sir, I was taken vvith 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 Verginitie: I was taken with a Maide.

Fer. This Maid will not serve your turne sir.

Clo. This Maide will serve my turne sir.

Kin. Sir I will pronounde 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 deliver'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 prove an idle scorne.
Sirra, come on.

Clo. I suffer for the truth sir: for true it is, I was taken with *Jaquenetta,* and *Jaquenetta* is a true girle, and therefore welcome the sowre cup of prosperitie, afflicti-on may one day smile againe. and untill then sit downe sorrow. *Exit.*

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 *Juvenall?*

Boy. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough signeur.

Brag. Why tough signeur? Why tough signeur?

Boy. Why tender *Juvenall?* Why tender *Juvenall?*

Brag. I spoke it tender *Juvenall,* 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 Eeele is quicke.

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

Boy. I am answer'd sir.

Brag. I love not to be crost. (him.

Boy. He speakes the meere contrary, crosses love not

Br. I have 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

Brag. A most fine Figure.

Boy. To prove you a Cypher.

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

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 love.

Brag. O well-knit *Sampson,* strong joynted *Sampson;* I doe excell thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst mee in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was *Sampsons* love 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 have read sir, and the best of them too.

Brag. Greene indeed is the colour of Lovers: but to have a Love 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 Love is most immaculate white and red.

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

Brad. Define, define, well educated infant.

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

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

Boy. If shee be made of white and red,
Her faults will nere be knowne:
For blush-in 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 native 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 serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Brag. I will have that subject newly writ ore, that I may example my digression by some mighty president. Boy, I doe love that Countrey girle that I tooke in the Parke with the rationall hinde *Costard:* she deserves well.

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

Brag. Sing Boy, my spirit grows heavy in [iove].

Boy. And that's great marvell, loving 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. *Exit.*
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 love thee.
Mai. So I heard you say.
Brag. And so farewell.
Mai. Fair weather after you.
Clo. Come *Jaquenetta,* away. *Exeunt.*
Brag. Villaine, thou shalt fast for thy offence 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 heavily punished.
Clo. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.
[*Clo.*] Take away this villaine, shut him up.
Boy. Come you transgressing slave, away.
Clow. Let mee not bee pent up sir, I will fast being loose.
Boy. No sir, that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.
Clow. Well, if ever I do see the merry dayes of desolation that I have seene, some shall see.
Boy. What shall some see?
Clow. Nay nothing, Master *Moth,* but what they looke upon. It is not for prisoners to be silent ib their words, and therefore I will say nothing: I thanke God, I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. *Exit.*
Brag. I doe affect the very ground (which is base) where her shooe (which is baser) guided by her foot (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworn (which is a great argument of falshood) if I love. And how can that be true love, which is falsly attempted? Love is a familiar, Love is a Divell. There is not evill Angell but Love, 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 serve 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 you manager is in love; yea he loveth. Assist me some extemporall god of Rime, for I am sure I shall turne Sonnet. Devise Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. *Exit.*

Finis Actus Primus.

Actus Secunda.

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

Boyet. Now Madam summon up 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 *Navarre,* 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 starve the generall world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.
Queen. Good L. *Boyet,* my beauty though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
Not uttred by base sale of chapmens tongues:
I am lesse proud to heare you tell my worth,
Then you much wiling 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 *Navar* 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 moving faire soliciter:
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
On serious businesse craving 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. *Exit.*
Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so:
Who are the Votaries my loving Lords, that are vow-
fellowes with this vertuous Duke?
Lor. Longavill is one.
Princ. Know you the man?
1 Lady. I know him Madame at a marriage feast,
Betweene L. *Perigort* and the beautious heire
Of *Jaques Fauconbridge* solemnized.
In *Normandie* saw I this *Longavill,*
A man of soveraigne 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 liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?
2. Lad. The yong *Dumaine,* a well accomplisht youth,

Of all that Vertue love, for Vertue loved.
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 to 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 have heard a truth.
Berowne they call him, but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becomming mirth,
I never spent an houres talke withall.
His eye begets occasion for his wit,
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turnes to a mirth-moving jest.
Which his faire tongue (conceits expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged eares play treuant at his tales,
And yonger hearings are quite ravished.
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.
Prin. God blesse my Ladies, are they all in love?
That every one her owne hath garnished,
With such bedecking ornaments of praise.
Ma. Heere comes *Boyet.*

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance Lord?
Boyet. Navar 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 have 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 unpeopled house.

Enter Navar, Longavill, Dumaine, and Berowne.

Heere comes *Navar.*
Nav. Faire Princesse, welcom to the Court of *Navar.*
Prin. Faire I gave you backe againe, and welcome I have not yet: the roofe of this Court is too high to bee yours, and welcome to the wide fields, too base to be mine.
Nav. You shall be welcome Madam to my Court.
Prin. I wil be welcome then, Conduct me thither.
Nav. Heare me deare Lady, I have sworne an oath.
Prin, Our Lady helpe my Lord, he'll be forsworne.
Nav. Not for the world faire Madam, by my will.
Prin, Why, will shall breake it will, and nothing els.
Nav. Your Ladiship is ignorant what it is.
Prin. Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I heare your grace hath sworne out Housekeeping:
'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 resolve me in my suite.
Nav. Madam, I will, if sodainly I may.
Prin. You will the sooner that I were away,
For you'll prove perjur'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

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 [yt] spur me with such questions.
Ber. Your wit's too hot, it speeds to fast, 'twill tire.
Rosa. Not till it leave 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 covers.
Ber. And send you many lovers.
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 have
Receiv'd that summe; yet there remaines unpaid
A hundred thousand more: in surety of the which,
One part of *Aquitaine* is bound to us,
Although not valued to the moneys worth.
If then the King your father will restore
But that one halfe which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in *Aquitaine,*
And hold faire friendship with his Majestie:
But that it seemes he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaide,
An hundred thousand Crownes, and not demands
One paiment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
To have his title live in *Aquitaine.*
Which we much rather had depart withall,
And have the money by our father lent,
Then *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 unseeming to confesse receyt
Of that which hath so faithfully beene paid.
Kin. I doe protest I never heard of it,
And if you prove it, Ile repay it backe,
Or yeeld up *Acquitaine.*
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 have a sight of them.
Kin. It shall suffice me; at which enterview,
All liberall reason would I yeeld unto:
Meane time, receive 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 receiv'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 comfort your grace.
Kin. Thy own wish wish I thee, in every place. *Exit.*

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 eie.
La.Ro. No poynt, with my knife.
Boy. Now God save thy life.
La.Ro. And yours from long living.
Ber. I cannot stay thanks-giving. *Exit.*

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 sometimes, if you saw her in the light.
Long. Perchance light in the light: I desire her name.
Boy. She hath but one for her selfe,
To desire that were a shame.
*Long.*Pray you sir, whose daughter?
Boy. Her Mothers, I have 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 unlike 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. *Exit.*
La.Ma. That last is *Beroune,* the mery mad-cap Lord.
Not a word with him, but a jest.
Boy. And every jest 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? (lips.
Boy. No Sheepe (sweet Lamb) unlesse we feed on your
La. You Sheep & I pasture: shall that finish the jest?
Boy. So you grant pasture for me.
La. Not so gentle beast.
My lips are no Common, though severall they be.
Bo. Belonging to whom?
La. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits wil be jangling, but gentles agree.
This civill warre of wits were much better used
On *Navar* and his bookemen, for heere 'tis abus'd.
Bo. If my observation (which very seldome lies
By the hearts still rhetoricke, disclosed with eyes)
Deceive me not now, *Navar* is infected.
Prin. With what?
Bo. With that which we Lovers intitle affected.
Prin. Your reason.
Bo. Why all his behaviours doe make their retire,
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire.
His hart like an Agot with your print impressed,
Proud

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 Jewels in Christall for some Prince to buy. (glast,
Who tendring their own worth from whence they were
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 give you *Aquitaine,* and all that is his,
And you give him for my sake, but one loving Kisse.

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

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

Lad.Ro. Thou art an old Love-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, give enlargement to the swaine, bring him festinatly hither: I must imploy him in a letter to my Love.

Boy. Will you win your love with a French braule?

Bra. How meanest thou, brauling in French?

Boy. No my compleat master, but to Jigge off a tune at the tongues end, canarie to it with the feete, humour it with turning up your eie: sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throate: if you swallowed love with singing, love sometime through: nose as if you snuft up love by smelling love with your hat penthouse-like 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 observation.

Brag. But O, but O.

Boy. The Hobbie-horse is forgot.

Bra. Cal'st thou my love Hobbi-horse.

Boy. No Master, the Hobbie-horse is but a Colt, and and your Love perhaps, a Hacknie:

But have you forgot your Love?
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 prove.
Brag. What wilt thou prove?
Boy. A man, if I live (and this) by, in, and without, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her: and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.
Brag. I am all these three.
Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.
Brag. Fetch hither the Swaine, he must carrie 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 upon 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 heavie, dull, and slow?
Boy. Minnime honest Master, or rather Master no.
Brad. 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 Juvenall, voluble and free of grace,
By thy favour sweet Welkin, I must sigh in thy face.
Most rude melancholie, Valour gives 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 *Lenvoy* begin.
Clo. No egma, no riddle, no *lenvoy,* no salve, in thee male sir. Or sir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan: no *lenvoy,* no *lenvoy,* no Salue sir, but a Plantan.
Ar. By vertue thou inforcest laughter, thy sillie thought, my spleene, the heaving of my lunges provokes me to rediculous smyling: O pardon me my stars, doth the inconsiderate take *salve* for lenvoy, and the word *lenvoy* for a *salve?*
Pag. Doe the wife thinke them other, is not *lenvoy* a *salve?* (plaine,
Ar. No *Page,* it is an epilogue or discourse to make
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore bin faine.
Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with my *lenvoy.*
The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes, being but three.
Arm. Untill the Goose came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding foure.
Pag. A good *Lenvoy.* 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 *Lenvoy,* 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 *Lenvoy.*
*Clow.*True, and I for a Plantan:
Thus came your argument in:
Then the Boyes fat *Lenvoy,* 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 *Lenvoy.*
I *Costard* running out, that was safely within,
Fel over 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 *Lenvoy,* some Goose in this.
Arm. By my sweete soule, I meane, setting thee at libertie. Enfreedoming thy person; thou wert emured, restrained, captivated, bound.
Clow. True, true, and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.
Arm. I give thee thy libertie, set thee from durance, and in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: Beare this significant to the countrey Maide *Jaquenetta:* there is remuneration, for the best ward of mine honours is rewarding my dependants. *Moth,* follow.
Pag. Like the sequell I.
Signeur *Costard* adew. *Exit.*
Clow. My sweet ounce of mans fleh, my in-conie Jew: Now will I looke to his remuneration. Remuneration, O, that's the Latine word for three-farthings: Three-farthings remuration, What's the price of this yncle? i.d.no, Ile give you a remuneration: Why? It carries it remuneration: Why? It is a fairer name then a French-Crowne. I will never buy and sell our of this word.

Enter Berowne.

Ber. O my good knave *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 by wy you.
Ber. O stay slave, I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Doe one thing for me that I shall intreate.
Clow. When would you have 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 have 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 slave, 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-up counsaile. Ther's thy guerdon: goe.
Clo. Gardon, O sweete gardon, better then remune-
ration, a levenpence-farthing better: most sweete gar-
don. I will doe it sir in print: gardon, remuneration.
Exit.
Ber. O, and I forsooth in love,
I that have beene loves whip?
A verie Beadle to a humeroous 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 *Junios* gyant [drawfe], don *Cupid,*
Regent of Love-rimes, Lord of folded armes,
Th'annointed soveraigne 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 love, I sue, I seeke a wife,
A woman that is like a Germane Cloake,
Still a repairing: ever out of frame,
And never going a right, being a Watch:
But being watcht, that it may still goe right.
Nay, to be perjurde, which is worst of all:
And among three, to love the worst of all,
A whitly wanton, with a velvet brow.
With two pitch bals stucke in her face for eyes.
I, and by heaven, one that will doe the deede,
Though *Argus* were her Eunich 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 love, write, sigh, pray, shue, grone,
Some men must love my Lady, and some Jone.

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 uprising 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 have 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 upon 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 liv'd pride. Not faire? alacke for woe.
For. Yes

For. Yes Madam faire.
Qu. Nay, never 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 sav'd by merit.
O heresie in faire, fit for these dayes,
A giving hand, though foule, shall have faire praise.
But come, the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill,
And shooting well, is then accounted ill:
Thus will I save 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 wives hold that selfe-soveraigntie
Onely for praise sake, when they strive 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 have 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 you not the chiefe [woman]? You ar the thickest here?
Qu. What's your will sir? What's your will?
Clo. I have 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 carve,
Breake up this Capon.
Boyet. I am bound to serve.
This Letter is mistooke: it importeth none here:
It is writ to *Jaquenetta.*
Qu. We will reade it, I sweare.
Breake the necke of the Waxe, and every one give eare.

Boyet reades.

BY heaven, that thou art faire, is most infallible: true that thou art beauteous, truth it selfe that thou art lovely: more fairer then faire, beautifull then beautious, truer then truth it selfe: have comiseration on thy heroicall Vassall. The magnanimous and most illustrate King *Cophetua* set eie upon 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 overcame: he came one; see, two; [c]overcame three: Who came? the King. Why did he come? to see. Why

did he see? to overcome. To whom came he? to the Begger. What saw he? the Begger. Who overcame he? the Begger. The conclusion is victorie: On whose side? the King: the captive 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 love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreate thy love? 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 everie 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 pary:
Submissive fall his princely feete before,
And he from forrage will incline to play.
But if thou strive (poore soule) what art thou then?
Foode for his rage, repasture for his den.

Qu. What a plume of feathers is hee that indited this Letter? What veine? What Wethercocke? Did you ever heare better?
Boy. I am much deceived, 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 gave thee this Letter?
Clow. I told you, my Lord.
Qu. To whom should'st thou give 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 up 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. Whe 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 she strikes at the brow.
Boyet. But she her selfe is hit lower: Have I hit her now.
Rosa. Shall I come upon 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 *Guinover* of *Brittaine* was a little wench, as touching the hit it.
Rosa. Thou

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 cannnot, another can. *Exit.*
Clo. By my troth most pleasant, how both did fit it.
Mar. A marke marveilous well shot, for they both did hit.
Boy. A mark, O marke but that marke: a marke saies my Lady.
Let the mark have a pricke in't, to meat at, if it may be.
Mar. Wide a'th bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.
Clo. Indeed 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 upshoot by cleaving 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 have put him downe.
O my troth most sweete jests, 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 heavens, it is most patheticall nit.
Sowla, sowla. *Exeunt.*
Shoote within.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant, and Nathaniel.

Nat. Very reverent sport truly, and done in the testimony of a good conscience.
Ped. The Deare was (as you know) sanguis in blood, ripeas a Pomwater, who now hangeth like a Jewell in the eare of *Celo* the skie; the welken the heaven, and anon falleth like a Crab on the face of *Terra,* the soyle, the land, the earth.
Curat. Nath. Truly M. *Holofernes,* the epythithes are sweetly varied like a scholler at the least: but sir I assure ye, it was a Bucke of the first head.
Hol. Sir *Nathanie., haud credo.*
Dul. 'Twas not a *haud credo,*'twas s 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 undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or rather unconfirmed fashion, to insert again my *baud credo* for a Deare.
Dul. I said the Deare was not a *baud credo,* 'twas a Pricket.
Hol. Twice sod simplicitie, *bis coctus,* o thou monster Ignorance, how deformed doost thou looke.
Nath. Sir hee hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a booke.
He hath not eat 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 us, that we thankfull should be: which we taste and feeling, are for those parts that doe fructifie in us 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 love 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 five weekes old as yet?

Hol. *Dictisima* goodman *Dull*,*dictisima* goodman *Dull.*

Dull. What is *dictisima?*

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

Hol. The Moone was a month old when *Adam* was no more. (score.
And wrought not to five-weekes when he came to five-
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 never 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. *Holofernes, perge,* so it shall please you to abrogate scurilitie.

Hol. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facilitie.

The praysfull Princesse pearst and prickt
a prettie pleasing Pricket,
Some say a Sore, but not a fore
till now made sore with shooting.
The Dogges did yell, put ell to Sore,
then Sorell jumps from thicket:
Or Pricket-sore, or else Sorell,
the people fall ahooting.
If Sore be sore, then ell to Sore,
makes fiftie sores O sorell:
Of one sore I an hundred make
by adding but one more L.

Nath. A raretalent.

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

Nath. This is a gift that I have simple: simple, a foolish extravagant spirit, full of formes, figures, shapes, objects, Ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions. These are begot in the ventricle of memorie, nourisht in the wombe of primater, and delivered upon 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 under you: you are a good member of the common-wealth.

Nath. Me hercle, If there Sonnes be ingennous, they
shall

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 us.

Enter Jacquenetta and the Clowne.

Jaqu. God give you good morrow M.*Person.*
Nath. Master Person, *quasi* Person? And if one should
be perft, Which is the one?
Clo. Marry M. Schoolmaster, hee that is likest to a
hogshead.
Nath. Of persing a Hogshead, a good luster of con-
ceit in a turph of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle
enough for a Swine: 'tis prettie, it is well.
Jaqu. Good Master Parson be so good as reade mee
this Letter, it was given mee by *Costard,* and sent mee
from *Don Armatho:* I beseech you reade it.
*Nath. Facile precor gellida, quando pecas omnia sub um-
bra ruminat,* and so forth. Ah good old *Mantuan,* I
may speake of thee as the traveiler doth of *Venice, ven-
chie, vencha, que non the[vnde], que non te perreche.* Old *Man-
tuam,* old *Mantuan.* Who understandeth 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 do-
mine.*
If Love make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to love?
Ah never faith could hold, if not to beautie vowed.
Though to my selfe forsworn, to thee Ile faithfull prove.
Those thoughts to mee were Okes, to thee like Osiers
bowed.
Studie his byas leaves, and makes his booke thine eyes.
Where all those pleasures live, that Art would compre-
hend.
If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice.
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee [comend].
All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder.
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;
Thy eye *Joves* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull
thunder.
Which not to anger bent, is musique, and sweet fire.
Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon love this wrong,
That sings heavens praise, with such an earthly tongue.
Ped. You finde not the apostraphas, and so misse the
accent. Let me supervise the cangenet.
Nath. Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the
elegancy, facility, & goldern cadence of poesie *caret: O-
viddius Naso* was the man. And why in deed *Naso,* but
for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the
jerkes of invention 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?
Jaq. I sir from one monsier *Berowne,* onf of the
strange Queenes Lords.
Nath. I will overglance the superscript.
To the snow-white hand of the most beautious Lady Rosaline.
I will looke again on the intellect of the Letter, for
the nomination of the partie written to the person writ-
ten unto.
Your Ladiships in all desired imployment, Berowne.
Per. Sir *Holofernes,* this *Berowne* is one of the Votaries
with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a se-
quent of the stranger Queenes: which accidentally, or
by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and

goe my sweete, deliver this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concerne much: stay not thy complement, I forgive thy duetie, adue.

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

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

Hol. Sir you have done this in the feare of God very religiouosly: and as a certaine Father faith

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. Marvellouos 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 priviledge I have with the parents of the foresaid Childe or Pupill, undertake your *bien vonuto,* where I will prove those Verses to be very unlearned, neither favouring of Poetrie, Wit, nor Invention. I beseech your Societie.

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

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

Enter Berowne with a Paper in his hand, alone.

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

They have 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 proved wit. By the Lord this Love is as mad as *Ajax,* it kils sheepe, it kils mee, I a sheepe: Well proved again a my side. I will not love; if I do hang me: yfaith I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye, and lye in my throate. By heaven I doe love, 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 give him grace to grone.

He stands aside. *The King entreth.*

Kin. Ay mee!

Ber. Shot by heaven: proceede sweet *Cupid,* thou hast thumpt him with thy Birdbolt under the left pap: I faith secrets.

*King.*So sweete a kisse the golden Sunne gives not,
To those fresh morning drops upon the Rose,
As thy eye beames, when their fresh rayse have smot.
The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes.
Nor shines the silver Moone one halfe so bright,
Through the transparent bosome of the deepe,
As doth thy face through teares of mine give light:
Thou shin'st in every 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

But doe not love 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.
Sweet leaves shade folly. Who is he comes heere?

Ente Longavile. The King steps aside.

What *Longavill,* 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 perjure, wearing papers.
Long. In love I hope, sweet fellowship in shame.
Ber. One drunkard loves another of the name.
Lon. Am I the first [yt] have been perjur'd so? (know,
Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I
Thou makest the triumphery, the corner cap of societie,
The shape of Loves Tiburne, that hangs up simplicitie.
Lon. I feare these stubborn lines lack power to move.
O sweet *Maria,* Empresse of my Love,
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 heavenly Rhetoricke of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Perswade my heart to this false perjurie?
Vowes for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A Woman I for swore, but I will prove,
Thou being a Goddesse, I forswore not thee.
My Vow was earthly, thou a heavenly Love.
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 liver veine, which makes flesh a deity.
A greene Goose, a [Coddesse,] pure pure Idolatry.
God amend us, 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 heavens I have my wish,
Dumaine transform'd, foure Woodcocks in a dish.
Dum. O most divine *Kate.*
Bero. O most prophane coxcombe.
Dum. By heaven 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 Raven was well noted.
Dum. As upright 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 Fever she
Raignes in my bloud, and will remembred be.
Ber. A Fever in your bloud, why then incision

Would let her out in Sawcers, sweet misprision.
Dum. Once more Ile read the Ode that I have writ.
Ber. Once more Ile marke how Love can varry Wit.

Dumaine reades his Sonnet.

On a day, alack the day:
Love, whose Month is every May,
Spied a blossome passing faire,
Playing in the wanton ayre:
Through the Velvet, leaves the winde,
All unseene, can passage finde.
That the Lover sicke to death,
Wish himselfe the heavens 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 unmeete,
Youth so apt to plucke a sweet.
Doe not call it sinne in me,
That I am forsworne for thee.
Thou for whom Jove *would sweare,*
Juno *but an Aethiop were,*
And denie himselfe for Jove.
Turning mortall for thy Love.

This will I send, and something else more plaine.
That shall expresse my true-loves fasting paine.
O would the *King, Berowne,* and *Longavill,*
Were Lovers too, ill to example ill.
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note:
For none offend, where all alike doe dote.
Lon. Dumaine, thy Love is farr from charitie,
That in Loves 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 love *Maria? Longavile,*
Did never Sonnet for her sake compile;
Nor never lay his wreathed armes athwart
His loving bosome, to keepe downe his heart.
I have beene closely shrowded in this bush,
And markt you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty Rimes. observ'd your fashion:
Saw sighes reeke from you, noted well your passion.
Aye me, sayes one! O *Jove,* the other cries!
On her haires were Gold, Christall the others eyes.
You would for Paradise breake Faith and troth,
And *Jove* for your Love 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 ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.
Bero. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisie.
Ah good my Liedge, I pray the pardon me.
Good heart, What grace hast thou thus to reprove
These wormes for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes doe make no couches in your teares.
There is no certaine Princesse that appears.
You'll not be perjur'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 have I seene.
Of sighes, of grones, of sorrow, and of teene:
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a King transformed to a Gnat?
To see great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,
And profound *Salomon* tuning a Jygge?
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 *Longavill,* where lies thy paine?
And where my Liedges? all about the brest.
A Candle hoa!
Kin. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are wee betrayed thus to thy over-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 *Joane*? 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 a-way so fast?
A true man, or a theefe, that gallops so.
Ber. I post from Love, good Lover let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta and Clowne.
Jaqu. 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.
Jaqu. I beseech your Grace let this Letter be read,
Our person mis-doubts it: it was treason he said.
Kin. Berowne, read it over. *He reads the Letter.*
Kin. Where hadst thou it?
Jaqu. 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 not move 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 up the messe.
He, he, and you: and you my Liedge, and I.
Are picke-purses in Love, and we deserve to die.
O dismisse this audience, and I shall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is even.
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 Lovers, O let us imbrace,
As true we are as flesh and bloud can be,
The Sea will ebbe and flow, heaven 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 love of thine? (*Rosaline,*
Ber. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly
That (like a rude and savage 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 upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majestie?
Kin. What zeale, what furie, hath inspir'd thee now?
My Love (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 Love, day would turne to night,
Of all complexions the cul'd soveraignty,
Doe meet as at a faire in her faire cheeke,
Where severall 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, fivescore winters worne,
Might shake off fiftie, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish Age, as if new borne,
And gives the Crutch the Cradles infancie.
O 'tis the Sunne that maketh all things shine.
King. By heaven, thy Love is blacke as Ebonie.
Berow. Is Ebonie like her? O word divine?
A wife of such wood were felicitie.
O who can give 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 heavens well.
Ber. Divels soonest tempt resembling spirits of light.
O if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt,
It mournes, that painting usurping haire
Should ravish doters with a false aspect:
And therefore is she borne to make blacke, faire.
Her favour turnes the fashion of the dayes,
For native bloud is counted painting now:
And therefore red that would avoyd 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 never 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.
Bir. Ile prove her faire, or talke till dooms-day here.
Kin. No Divell will fright thee then so much as she.
Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuffe so deere.
Lon. Looke, heer's thy love, my foot and her face see.
Bir. O if the streets were paved with thine eyes,

Her

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.
Duma. O vile, then as she goes what upward lyes?
The street should see as she walk'd over head.
Kin. But what of this, are we not all in love?
Ber. O nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworne.
Kin. Then leave this chat, & good *Berown* now prove
Our loving lawfull, and our fayth not torne.
Dum. I marie there, some flattery for this evill.
Long. O some authority how to proceed,
Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the divell.
Dum. Some salve for perjurie.
Ber. O 'tis more then neede.
Have at you then affections men at armes,
Consider what you first did sweare unto:
To fast, to study, and to see no woman:
Flat treason against the Kingly state of youth.
Say, Can you fast? your stomacks are too young:
And abstinence ingenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to studie (Lords)
In that each of you have forsworne his Booke.
Can you still dreame and pore, and thereon looke.
For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of studies excellence,
Without the beauty of a womans face;
From womens eyes this doctrine I derive,
They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achadems,
From whence doth spring the true *Promethean* fire.
Why, universall plodding poysons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long during action tyres
The sinnowy vigour of the travailer.
Now for not looking on a womans face,
You have in that forsworne the use 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 adjunct to our selfe.
And where we are, our Learning likewise is:
Then when our selves we see in Ladies eyes,
With our selves.
Doe we not likewise see our learning there?
O we have made a Vow to studie, Lords,
And in that vow we have forsworne our Bookes:
For when would you my Leege) or you, or you?
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes,
Of beauties tutors have inrich'd you with:
Other slow Arts intirely keepe the braine:
And therefore finding barraine practizers,
Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toyle.
But Love first learned in a Ladies eyes,
Lives not alone emured in the braine:
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It addes a precious seeing to the eye:
A lovers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde.
A Lovers eare will heare the lowest sound:
When the suspicious head of theft is stopt.
Loves feeling is more soft and sensible,
Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snayles.
Loves tongue proves dainty, *Bachus* grosse in taste,
For Valour, is not Love 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 Love speakes, the voyce of all the Gods,
Make heaven drowsie with the harmonie.
Never durst Poet touch a pen to write,
Untill his Inke were tempred with Loves sighes:
O then his lines would ravish savage eares,
And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.
From womens eyes this doctrine I derive.
They sparcle still the right promethian fire,
They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Achademes,
That shew, containe, and nourish all the world.
Else none at all in ought proves excellent.
Then fooles you were these women to forsweare:
Or keeping what is sworne, you will prove fooles,
For Wisedomes sake, a word that all men love:
Or for Loves sake, a word that loves 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 selves,
Or else we loose our selves, to keepe our oathes:
It is religion to be thus forsworne.
For Charity it selfe fulfills the Law:
And who can sever love from Charity.
Kin. Saint *Cupid* then, and Souldiers to the field.
Ber. Advance your standards, & upon them Lords.
Pell, mell, downe with them: but be first advis'd,
In conflict that you get the Sunne of them.
Long. Now to plaine dealing, Lay these glozes by,
Shall we resolve to woe these girles of France?
Kin. And winne them too, therefore let us devise,
Some entertainment for them in their Tents.
Ber. First from the Park let us conduct them thither,
Then homeward every 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 Revels, Dances, Maskes, and merry houres,
Fore-runne faire Love, strewing her way with flowres.
Kin. Away, away, no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.
Ber. Alone, alone sowed Cockell, reap'd no Corne,
And Justice alwaies whirles in equall measure:
Light Wenches may prove 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 have beene sharpe & sententious: pleasant withour scurrillity, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresie: I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the Kings, who is intitled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano de Armatho.*
Ped. Novi hominum tanquam te, His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptorie: his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate majesticall, and his generall behaviour 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 point devise companions, such rackers of ortagriphie, as to speake dout fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he shold pronounce debt; d e b t, not det: he clepeth a Calf, Caufe: halfe, haufe: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abreviated 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 serve.

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 have beene at a great feast of Languages, and stolne the scraps.

Clow. O they have liv'd long on the almes-basket of words. I marvell thy M. hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: 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 horne added.

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

Peda. Quis quis, thou Consonant?

Pag. The last of the five 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 wave of the mediteranium, a sweete tutch, a quicke venewe of wit, snip snap, quick & home it rejoyceth 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.

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

Clow. And I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have 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 heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my Bastard; What a joyfull 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 *unguem.*

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 Pavilion, 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 us, 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 upon 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 travell, 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 have mee present the Princesse (sweet chucke) with some delightfull ostentation, or show, or pageant, or anticke, or fire-worke: Now, understanding that the Curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sodaine breaking out of myrth (as it were) I have acquainted you withall, to the end to crave your assistance.

Peda. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir *Holofernes,* as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to 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. Josua, your selfe: my selfe, and this gallant gentleman *Judas Machabeus ;* this Swaine (because of his great limme or joynt) shall pass *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 have audience? he shall present *Hercules* in minoritie: his *enter* and *exit* shall bee strangling a Snake; and I will have an Apologie for that purpose.

Page. An excellent device: 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 have 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 have, 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 understood none neither sir.

Ped. Alone, we will employ thee.

Dull. Ile make one in a dance, or so: or I will play

on

on the taber to the Worthies, & let them dance the hey.
Ped. Most *Dull,* honest *Dull,* to our sport away. *Exit.*

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
have from the loving King.
Rosa. Madam, came nothing else along with that?
Qu. Nothing but this: yes as much love in Rime,
As would be cram'd up 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 five thousand yeeres a Boy.
Kath. I, and a shrewd unhappy gallowes too.
Ros. You'll nere be friends with him, a kild your sister.
Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy, and
so she died: had shee beene Light like you, of such a mer-
rie nimble stirring spirit, she might a bin a Grandam ere
she died. And so may you: For a light heart lives 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 have a Favour too?
Who sent it? and what is it?
Ros. I would you knew.
And if my face were but as faire as yours,
My Favour were as great, be witnesse this.
Nay, I have 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 jest, and I beshrew all Shrowes:
But *Katherine,* what was sent to you
From faire *Dumaine?*
Kat. Madam, this Glove.
Qu. Did he not send you twaine?
Kat. Yes Madame: and moreover,
Some thousand Verses of a faithfull Lover.
A huge translation of hypocrisie,
Vildly compiled, profound simplicitie.
Mar. This and these Pearls, to me sent *Longavile.*
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 never part.
Quee. We are wise girles to mocke our Lovers 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 observe the times,
And spend his prodigall wits in booteles rimes.
And shape his service wholly to my device,
And make him proud to make me proud that jests.
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 wisdoms 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 gravities revolt 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 prove 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, Love 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. *Cupid:* What are they,
That charge their breath against us? Say scout say.
Boy. Under 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 over-heard, what you shall over-heare:
That by and by disguis'd they will be heere.
Their Herald is a pretty knavish 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 ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence majesticall 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 evill:
I should have fear'd her, had she beene a devill.
With that all laught'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 never 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 appears,
To checke their folly passions solemne teares.
Quee. But what, but, what, come they to visit us?
Boy. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,
Like *Muscovites,* or *Russians* as I gesse:
Their purpose is to parlee, to court, and dance,

And every one his Love-feat will advance,
Unto his severall Mistresse: which they'll know
By favours severall, which they did bestow.
Queen. And will they so? the Gallants shall be taskt:
For Ladies; we will every one be maskt,
And not a man of them shall have the grace
Despight of sute, to see a Ladies face.
Hold *Rosaline,* this Favour thou shalt weare,
And then the King will court thee for his Deare:
Hold, take thou this my sweet, and give me thine,
So shall *Berowne* take me for *Rosaline.*
And change your Favours too, so shall your Loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.
Rosa. Come on then, weare the favours 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 severall counsels they unbosome shall,
To Loves mistooke, and so be mockt withall.
Upon the next occasion that we meete,
With Visages displayd to talke and greete.
Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us too't?
Quee. No, to the death we will not move 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 divorce 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 ever turn'd
their backes to mortall viewes.
The Ladies turne their backes to him.
Ber. Their eyes villaine, their eyes.
Pag. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortall viewes.
Out
Boy. True, out indeed.
Pag. Out of your favours heavenly 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 gone you rogue.
Rosa. What would these strangers?
Know their mndes *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 have, and bid them so be gon.
Boy. She saies you have it, and you may be gon.
Kin. Say to her we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a Measure with you on the grasse.
Boy. They say that they have 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 have measur'd manie,
The measure then of one is easlie told.
Boy. If to come hither, you have measur'd miles,
And many miles: the Princesse bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill up 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 have ore-gone,
Are numbred in the travell 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 savages) may worship it.
Rosa. My face is but a Moone, and clouded too.
Kin. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do.
Vouchsafe bright Moone, and these thy stars to shine,
(Those clouds remooved) upon 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 e-
stranged.
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 selves: What buyes your companie?
Rosa. Your absence onelie.
Kin. That can never 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 private 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, and if you grow so nice
Methegline, Wort, and Malmsey; well runne dice:
There's halfe a dozen sweets.
Prin. Seventh sweet adue, since you can cog,
Ile play no more with you.
Bir. One word in secret.
Prin. Let it not be sweet.
Bir. Thou greev'st my gall.

Queen.

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 private, 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 have 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 prove an Oxe.
Long. Looke how you but your selfe in these sharpe
mockes.
Will you give hornes chast Ladie? Do not so.
Mar. Then die a Calfe before your horns do grow.
Lon. One word in private 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, invisible:
Cutting a smaller haire then may be seene,
Above the sense of sence so sensible:
Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings,
Fleeter then arrows, bullets wind, thoght, swifter things
Rosa. Not one word more my maides, breake off,
breake off.
Ber. By heaven, all drie beaten with pure scoffe.
King. Farewell madde Wenches, you have simple
wits. *Exeunt.*
Qu. Twentie adieus my frozen Muscovits.
Are these the breed of wits so wondred at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweete breathes
puft out.
Rosa. Wel-liking wits they have, grosse, grosse, fat, fat.
Qu. O povertie in wit, Kingly poore flout.
Will they not (thinke you) hand themselves to night?
Or ever 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 vveeping ripe for a good word.
Qu.Berowne did sweare himselfe out of all suite.
Mar. Dumaine was at my service, and his sword:
No point (quoth I:) my servant straight vvas mute.
Ka. Lord *Longavill* said I came ore his hart:
And trow you vvhat he call'd me?
Qu. Qualme perhaps.
Kat. Yes in good faith.
Qu. Go sicknesse as thou art.
Ros. Well, better wits have [worue] plain statute caps,
But vvil you heare; the King is my love sworne.
Qu. And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted faith to me.
Kat. And *Longavill* was for my service borne.
Mar. Dumaine is mine as sure as barke on tree.
Boyet. Madam, ad prettie mistresses give eare,
Immediately they will againe be heere
In their owne shapes: for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignitie.

Qu. Will they returne?
Boy. They will they will, God knowes,
And leape for joy, though they are lame with blowes:
Therefore change Favours, and when they repaire,
Blow like sweet Roses, in this summer aire.
Qu. How blovv? how blovv? Speake to bee understood.
Boy. Faire Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud:
Dismaskt, their damaske sweet commixture showne,
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roses blowne.
Qu. Avant perplexitie: What shall vve do,
If they returne in their owne shapes to wo?
Rosa. Good Madam, if by me you'l be advis'd,
Let's mocke them still as well knowne as disguis'd:
Let us complaine to them vvhat fooles were heare,
Disguis'd like Muscovites 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 us.
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 save you. Wher's the Princesse?
Boy. Gone to her Tent.
Please it your Majestie command me any service to her?
King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.
Boy. I will, and so will she, I know my Lord. *Exit.*
Ber. This fellow pickes up wit as Pigeons pease,
And utters it againe, when *Jove* 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,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his sleeve.
Had he bin *Adam,* he had tempted *Eve.*
He can carve 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 Ushering
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 everie 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. Behaviour 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 conceive.
King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.
Qu. Then wish me better, I wil give you leave.
King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To leade you to our Court, vouchafe it then.
Qu. This field shal hold me, and so hold your vow;
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjur'd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:
The

The vertue of your eie must breake my oth.
Q. You nickname vertue: vice you should have spoke:
For vertues office never breakes men troth.
Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure
As the unsallied 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 heavenly oathes, vow'd with integritie.
Kin. O you have liv'd in desolation heere,
Unseene, unvisited, much to our shame.
Qu. Not so my Lord, it is not so I sweare,
We have had pastimes heere, and pleasant game,
A messe of Russians left us 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 gives undeserving 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 us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fooles; but this I thinke,
When they are thirstie, fooles would faine have drinke.
Ber. This jest is drie to me. Gentle sweete,
Your wits makes wise things foolish when we greete
With eies best seeing, heavens fierie eie:
By lights 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 proves you wise and rich: for in my eie
Ber. I am a foole, and full of povertie.
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 give 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 us now downeright.
Du.. Let us confesse, and turne it to a jest.
Que. Amaz'd my Lord? Why lookes hour Highnes
sadde?
Rosa. Helpe hold his browes, hee'l soun: why looke
you pale?
Sea-sicke I think comming from Muskovie.
Ber. Thus poure the stars down plagues for perjury.
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 never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit waite.
O! never will I trust to speeches pen'd,
Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boies tongue.
Nor never come in vizard to my friend,
Nor woo in rime like a bline-harpers songue,
Taffata phrases, silken tearmes precise,
Three-pil'd Hyperboles, spruce affection;

Figures pedanticall, these summer flies,
Have blowne me full of maggot ostentation.
I do forsweare them, and I heere protest,
By this white Glove (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 love to thee is sound, *sans* cracke or flaw.
Rosa. Sans, sans, I pray you.
*Ber.*Yet I hve a tricke
Of the old rage: beare with me, I am sicke.
Ile leave it by degrees: soft, let us see,
Write *Lord have mercie on us,* on those three,
They are infected, in their hearts it lies:
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
These Lords are visited, you are not free:
For the Lords tokens on you do I see.
Qu. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.
Ber. Our states are forfeit, seeke not to undo us.
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 have to do with you.
Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.
Ber. Speake for your selves, my wit is at an end.
King. Teach us sweete Madame, for our rude trans-
gression, some faire excuse.
Qu. The fairest is confession.
Were you not heere but even now, disguis'd?
Kin. Madam, I was.
Qu. And were you well advis'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 respet her
Qu. When shee shall challenge this, you will reject
her.
King. Upon mine Honor no.
Qu. Peace, peace forbeare:
your oath once broke, your 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
Above this World: adding thereto moreover,
That he vvould Wed me, or else die my Lover.
Qu. God give thee joy of him: the Noble Lord
Most honorably doth uphold his word.
King. What meane you Madame?
By my life, my troth,
I never swore this Ladie such an oth.
Ros. By heaven you did; and to confirme it plaine,
you gave me this: But take it sir againe.
King. My faith and this, the Princesse I did give,
I knew her by this Jewell on her sleeve.
Qu. Pardon me sir, this Jewell did she weare,
And Lord *Berowne* (I thanke him) is my deare.
What? Will you have me, or your Pearle againe?
Ber. Neither of either, I remit both twaine.
I see the trick 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 Favours; and then we
Following the signes, woo'd but the signe of she.
Now to our perjurie, to adde more terror,
We are againe forsworne in will and error.
Much upon this tis: and might not you
Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my Ladies foot by'th squier?
And laugh upon the apple of her eie?
And stand betweene her backe sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrilie?
You put our Page out: go, you are alowd.
Die when you will, a smocke shall be your shrowd.
You leere upon me, do you? There's an eie
Wounds like a Leaden sword.

Boy. Full merrily hath this brave manager, this car-
reere bene run.

Ber. Loe, he is tilting straight. Peace, I have 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 everie one pursents three.

Ber. And three times thrice is nine.

Clo. Not so sir, under correction sir, I hope it is not so. You cannot beg us sir, I can assure you sir, we know what we know: I hope sir three times thrice sir.

Ber. Is not nine.

Clo. Under correction sir, wee know where-untill it doth amount.

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

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

Ber. How much is it?

Clow. O Lord sir, the parties themselves, the actors sir will shew where-untill 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. *Exit.,*

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

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

Ber. We are shame-proofe my Lord: and 'tis some policie, to have 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 strives 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 utter a brace of words.
Qu. Doth this man serve God?
Ber. Why aske you?
Qu. He speak'st 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* [ye] great,
the Parish Curate *Alexander, Armadoes* Page *Hercules,*
the Pedant *Judas Machabeus:* And if these foure Worthies in their first shew thrive, these foure will change
habites, and present the other five.
Ber. There is five in the first shew.
Kin. You are deceived, 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 five such, take each one in's vaine.
Kin. The ship is under 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 travailing 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 prooves the
best Worthie.

Enter Curate for Alexander.

Curat. When in the world I liv'd, I was the worldes Com-
mander:
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 smels no, in this most tender smelling Knight.
Qu. The Conqueror is dismaid:
Proceede good *Alexander.*
Cur. When in the world I lived, I was the worldes Commander.
Boiet. Most true, 'tis right: you were so *Alisander.*
Ber. Pompey the great.
Clo. your servant and *Costard.*
Ber. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Alisander*
Clo. O sir, you have overthrowne *Alisander* the conqueror: you will be scrap't out of the painted cloth for
this.

this: your Lion that holds his Pollax, sitting on a close stoole, will be given to Ajax. 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 marvellous 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 Judas, 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 child, 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. Judas *I am.*

Dum. A Judas?

Ped. Not Iscariot sir.
Judas I am, ycliped Machabeus.

Dum. Judas Machabeus clipt, is plaine Judas.

Ber. A kissing traitor. How art thou prov'd *Judas?*

Ped. Judas I am.

Dum. The more shame for you *Judas.*

Ped. What meane you sir?

Boi. To make *Judas* hang himselfe.

Ped. Begin sir, you are my elder.

Ber. Well follow'd, *Judas* 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 *Caesar's* Faulchion.

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

Ber. S. 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 have put thee in countenance.

Ped. You have put me out of countenance.

Ber. False, we have given thee faces.

Ped. But you have 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 *Jude.* Nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Ber. For the *Asse* to the *Jude*: give it him. *Jud-as* away.

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

Boy. A light for monsieur *Judas,* 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, gave Hector *a gift.*
Dum. A gilt Nutmegge.
Ber. A Lemmon.
Lon. Stucke with Cloves.
Dum. No cloven.
Brag. The Armipotent Mars of Launces the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heire of Illion;
A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight: yea
From morne till night, out of his Pavillion.
I am that Flower.
Dum. That Mint.
Long. That Cullambine.
Brag. Sweet Lord *Longavill* reine thy tongue.
Lon. I must rather give it the reine: for it runes 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 device;
Sweet Royaltie bestow on me the sence of hearing.

Berowne steppes forth.

Qu. Speake brave Hector, we are much delighted.
Brag. I do adore thy sweet Graces slipper.
Boy. Loves her by the foot.
Dum. He may not by the yard.
Brag. Thus 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 unlesse 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 *Jacquenetta* 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 moved, more Atees more Atees stirre them, or stirre them on.
Dum. Hector will challenge him.
Ber. I, if a'have no more mans blood in's belly, then will sup a Flea.
Brag. By the North-pole I do challenge thee.
Clo. I will not fight with a pole like a Northern man; Ile flash, 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 uncasing for the combat: what meane

meane you? you will lose your reputation.

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

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

Brag. Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.

Ber. What reason have you for't?

Brag. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt, I go woolward for penance.

Boy. True, and it was injoyned him in *Rome* for want of Linnen: since when, Ile be sworne he wore none, but a dishclout of *Jaquenettas,* and that hee weares next his heart for a favour.

Enter a Messenger, Monsieur Marcade.

Mar. God save you Madame.

Qu. Welcome *Marcade,* but that thou interruptest our merriment.

Marc. I am sorrie Madam, for the newes I bring is heavie in my tongue. The King your father

Qu. Dead for my life.

Mar. Even so: My tale is told.

Ber. Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.

Brag. For mine owne part, I breath free breath: I have 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 Majestie?

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 endeavours 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 over-boldly we have borne our selves,
In the converse of breath (your gentlenesse
Was guiltie of it.) Farewell worthie Lord:
A heavie heart beares not a humble tongue.
Excuse me so, coming 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 Love:
The holy suite which faine it would convince,
Yet since loves argument was first on foote,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purpos'd: since to waile friends lost,
Is not by much so wholsome profitable,
As to rejoyce at friends but newly found.

Qu. I understand you not, my greefes are double.

Ber. Honest plain words, best pierce the eares of griefe
And by these badges understand the King,
For your faire sakes have we neglected time,
Plaid foule play with our oaths: your beautie Ladies
Hath much deformed us, fashioning our humors
Even to the opposed end of our intents.
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous:
As Love is full of unbefitting 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 subjects as the eie doth roule,
To everie varied object in his glance:
Which partie-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if in your heavenly eies,
Have misbecom'd our oathes and gravities.
Those heavenlie eies that looke into these faults,
Suggested us to make: therefore Ladies
Our love being yours, the error that Love makes
Is likewise [yonrs.] We to our selves prove false,
By being once false, for ever to be true
To those that make us both, faire Ladies you.
And even that falshood in it selfe a sinne,
Thus purifies it selfe, and turnes to grace.
Qu. We have receiv'd your Letters, full of Love:
Your Favours, the Ambassadors of Love.
And in our maiden counsaile rated them,
At courtship, pleasant jest, and curtesie,
As bumbast and as lining to the time:
But more devout then these are our respects
Have we not bene, and therefore met your loves
In their owne fashion, like a merriment.
Du. Our letters Madam, shew'd much more then jest.
Lon. So did our lookes.
Rosa. We did not coat them so.
Kin. Now at the latest minute of the houre,
Grant us your loves.
Qu. A time me thinkes too short,
To make a world-without-end bargaine in;
No, no my Lord, your Grace is perjur'd much,
Full of deare guiltinesse, and therefore this:
If for my Love (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, untill the twelve Celestiall Signes
Have 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 Love,
But that it beare this triall, and last love:
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 up 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 up these powers of mine with rest,
The sodaine hand of death close up mine eie.
Hence ever then, my heart is in thy brest.
Ber. And what to me my Love? and what to me?
Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd.
You are attaint with faults and perjurie:
Therefore if you my favor meane to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seeke the wearie beds of people sicke.
Du. But what to me my love? but what to me?
Kat. A wife? a beard, faire health, and honestie,
With three-fold love, I wish you all these three.
Du. O shall I say, I thanke you gentle wife?
Kat. Not so my Lord, a twelvemonth and a day,

Ile marke no words that smoothfac'd wooers say.
Come when the King doth to my Ladie come:
Then if I have much love, Ile give you some.
Dum. Ile serve thee true and faithfully till then.
Kath. Yet sweare not, least ye be forsworne agen.
Lon. What saies *Maria?*
Mari. At the twelvemonths 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? Mistress, looke on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eie:
What humble suite attends thy answer there,
Impose some service on me for my love.
Ros. Oft have 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 twelvemonth terme from day to day,
Visite the speechlesse sicke, and still converse
With groaning wretches: and your taske shall be,
With all the fierce endevour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.
Ber. To move wilde laughter in the throate of death?
It cannot be, it is impossible.
Mirth cannot move 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 give to fooles:
A jests prosperitie, lies in the eare
Of him that heares it, never 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 have you, and that fault withall.
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shal finde you emptie of that fault,
Right joyfull of your reformation.
Ber. A twelvemonth? Well: befall what will befall,
Ile jest a twelvemonth in an Hospitall.
Qu. I sweet my Lord, and so I take my leave.
King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way.
Ber. Our woing doth not end like an old Play:
Jacke hath not Gill: these Ladies courtesie
Might wel have made our sport a Comedie.
Kin. Come sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twil end.
Ber. That's too long for a play.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweet Majestie vouchsafe me.
Qu. Was not that Hector?
Dum. The worthie Knight of Troy.
Brag. I wil kisse thy royal finger, and take leave.
I am a Votarie, I have vow'd to *Jaquenetta* to holde the

Plough for her sweet love three yeares. But most esteemed greatnesse, wil you heare the Dialogue that the two Learned men have compiled, in praise of the Owle and the Cuckow? It should have 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 silver white,
Do paint the Medowes with delight.
The Cucow then on everie tree,
Mockes married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Unpleasing 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 everie tree
Mockes married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Unpleasing to a married eare.

Winter.

When Isicles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the [Sphepheard] 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
Tu-whit to-who.
A merrie note,
While greasie Jone 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,
Tu-whit to who:
A merrie note,
While greasie Jone doth keel the pot.

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

Exeunt omnes.

F I N I S.