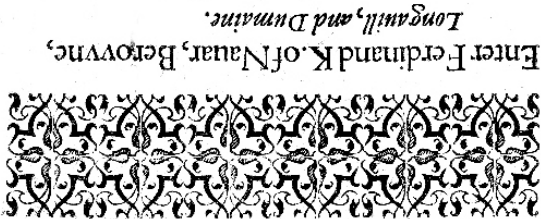


At Christinas I no more desire a Kofe,
Then with a Snow in Mayes new fangled fhoves;
But like of each thing that in feafon growes.
So you to fludie now it is too late,
Clymbe ore the houle to vnlooke the litle gate.
Ferd. Well, fir you out: go home *Berowne*: adue.
Bero. No my good Lord, I haue fworne to flay with you.
And though I haue for barbaufine fpoke more
Then for that Angell knowledge you can fay,
Yet confident he keepe what I haue fworne,
And bide the penance of each three yeeres day,
Glue me the paper, let me reade the fame,
And to the fiftelf decrees he write my name.
Fer. How well this yeclding refcues thee from fhame,
Ber. Item, That no woman fhall come within a myle of
my Court. Hath this bin proclaymed?
Long. Foure dayes ago,
Ber. Lets fee the penaltie, On payne of loofing her tung.
Who deuifd this penaltie?
Long. Marie that did I,
Bero. Swere Lord and why?
Long. To fright them hence with that dread penaltie.
A dangerous law againft gentilitie.
Item, Y fany man be fceene to talke with a woman within
the reame of three yeeres, he fhall endure fuch publike
fhame as the reft of the Court can poffible deuife.
Ber. This Article my lidge your felfe muft breake,
For well you know here comes in Embalfie,
The French kinges daughter with your felfe to fpeake:
A Maide of grace and complot maiftie,
About funder vp of *Aquitaine*,
To her decrepit, ficke, and bedred Father.
Therefore this Article is made in vaine,
Or vainely comes th admired Princefle hither.
Ferd. What fay you Lordes? why, this was quite forgot,
Ber. So Studie euermore is ouerfhot,
While it doth fludie to haue what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it fhould.

And

Ferdinand.
ET Fame, that all hunt after in their lyues,
Lies registred vpon our brezen Tombes,
And then grace vs, in the difgrace of death;
When fpyght of conmort denouring Time,
Thendour of this precent breach may buy:
That honour which fhall bate his lythes kene edges,
And make vs heires of all eternitie,
Therefore braue Conquerours, for fo you are,
That waite agaynft your owne affections,
And the huge armie of the worldes desires,
Our late edict fhall ftrongly hand in force,
Nuar fhall be the wonder of the world.
Our Court fhall be a lytle Achademe,
Still and contemptatye in lying art,
You three, *Berowne*, *Dumaine*, and *Longwill*,
Haue fworne for three yeeres teame, to lue with me:
My fellow Schollers, and to keepe thofe ftatures
That are recorded in this ledde here,
Your othes are pall, and now fubfcribe your names:
That his owne hand may ftrike his honour downe,
That violates the fmalleft branch herein,
If you are armd to do, as fwozne to do,
Subfcribe to your depe othes, and keepe it to,
Longwill. I am refoiued, tis but a three yeeres fall:
The minde fhall banquet, though the body pine,
Fat paunches haue leane pates; and daymy bis,
Make rich the ribbes, but banquet quite the wits,
Dumaine. My louing Lord, *Dumaine* is mortified,
The groffer manner of thefe worldes delighs:
He throwes vpon the groffe worldes bawler flanes

[To]



Enter Ferdinand K. of Nauar, Berowne,
Longwill, and Dumaine.

Shakespeare's Love's Labor's Lost (1598)

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Folger Copy

This edition of *Love's Labor's Lost* (1598) was created from digital images
of Folger Shakespeare Library, STC 22294 copy 1.

A Pleasant Conceited Comedie called, Loues labors lost.
Newly corrected and augmented By W. Shakespere. As it was presented
before her Highnes this last Christmas.
Imprinted at London by W[illiam]. W[hite]. for Cutbert Burby. 1598.
Signatures: A-I⁴ K².

This copy of *Love's Labor's Lost* (1598) contains manuscript notes on the
verso of the title page, small holes on leaves F3 and I2, and a tear to the
running headers on leaf B1. Some catchwords and signatures have also
been cropped. The final two leaves, K1 and K2, were printed on a half sheet
of paper. The remaining half of the sheet would have been used to print
these pages for another copy of the play.

Shakespeare in Sheets Editing

In the processes of editing this playbook, the manuscript notes have been
deleted, but the small burn holes are still visible on leaves F3 and I2. The
tear to the top of leaf B1 is also still visible. Catchwords and signatures that
were missing, cropped, or difficult to read have been replaced in a modern
typeface and placed in brackets. This edition uses a full sheet, rather than a
half sheet, for K1 and K2, so that K3 and K4 are blank. Users can choose to
cut off these blank pages at the end of the book, if they choose.

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called *Loues Labor's lost*.

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
Tis won as townes with fire, so won so lost.
Fer. We must offorce dispence with this Decree,
Shee must lie heere on meere necessitie.
Ber. Necessitie will make vs all forfworne
Three thousand times within this three yeeres space:
For euery man with his affectes is borne,
Not by might maftred, but by speciall grace.
If I breake fayth, this word shall speake for me,
I am forfworne on meere neccssitie.
So to the Lawes at large I write my name,
And he that breakes them in the least degree,
Standes in attainder of eternall shame.
Suggesstions are to other as to me:
But I belecue althoug I seeme so loth,
I am the last that will last keepe his oth.
But is there no quicke recreation graunted?
Ferd. I that there is, our Court you know is haunted
With a refined trauailer of Spaine,
A man in all the worldes new fashon planted,
That hath a mint of phrafes in his braines
On who the musique of his owne vaine tongue
Doth rauith like inchannting harmonie:
A man of complements whom right and wrong
Haue chose as vmpier of their mutenie,
This childe of Fancie that *Armado* hight,
For interim to our studies shall relate,
In high borne wordes the worth of many a Knight:
From tawnie Spaine lost in the worldes debate.
How you delight my Lords I know not I,
But I protest I loue to heare him lie,
And I will vse him for my Minstrelsie.
Bero. *Armado* is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fier new wordes, Fashions owne knight.
Lon. *Oftard* the swaine and he, shalbe our sport,
And so to studie three yeeres is but thort.

A 4

Enter

Rev.

Arm. How canst thou part fadnes and melancholy, my tender iuuenall?
Boy. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my rough signior.
Arm. Why rough signior? Why tender iuuenall?
Boy. Why tender iuuenall? Why rough signior?
Arm. I spoke it tender iuuenall, as a conuenient expectation tender.
Boy. And I rough signior, as an appetent title to your olde time, which we may name rough.
Arm. Prettie and apt.
Boy. How meane you fir, I prettie, and my laying apt?
Arm. I thin prettie because little.
Boy. Little prettie, because little: wherefore apt.
Arm. And therfore apt, because quick.
Boy. Speake you this in my praise Maister?
Arm. In thy condisigne praise.
Boy. I will praise an Ele in ingenuous.
Arm. What? that an Ele is quick.
Boy. That an Ele is quick.
Arm. I do say thou art quick in answers. Thou heast my blood.
Boy. I am answer fir.
Arm. I loue not to be croll.
Boy. He speaks the mee counter, crosses loue not him.
Arm. I haue promised to studie three yeeres with the duke.
Boy. You may do it in an houre fir.
Arm. Impossible.
Boy. How many is one three fold?
Arm. I am ill at reckning, it stretch the spirit of a Taphet.
Boy. You are a Gentleman and a Gentleman fir.
Arm. I confesse both, they are both the varnish of a court-pleas man.
Boy. Then I am sure you know how much the greffe summe of deuill-acc and honesties to.
Arm. It doth amount to one honestie, two.

[B2]

Boy.

Mad. I know where it is situate.
Ma. Lord how wide you are.
Mr. I will tell thee wonders.
Mr. With that face.
Mr. I loue thee.
Ma. So I heard you say.
Ar. And so farewell.
Ma. Faire weather after you.
Ar. Come Iniquity away.
Ar. Villaine, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.
Cl. Well fir I hope when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomack.
Ar. Thou shalt be heauely punished.
Cl. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but highly rewarded.
Ar. Take away this villaine, shut him vp.
Boy. Come you transgressing slave, away.
Cl. Let me not be pent vp fir, I will fast being loose.
Boy. No fir, that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.
Cl. Well, if euer I do see the merry dayes of desolation that I haue leene, some shall see.
Boy. What shall some see?
Cl. Nay nothing M. *Ar.* but what they looke vppon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their wordes, and therfore I will say nothing: I thanke God I haue as little patience as an other man, so therfore I can be quiet.
Arm. I do affect the vertue ground (which is bare) where her doth tread. I shall be forsworne (which is a great argument of falsehood) if I loue. And how can that be true loue, which is falsely attempted? Loue is a familiar; Loue is a Diuill. There is no euill angel but Loue, yet was *Salomon* so tempted, and he had an excellent strength: Yet was *Salomon* so reduced, and he had a very good wit. *Capids* But that is too hard for *Aluiscus* Clubb, and therfore too much odds for a Spaniards Rapier: The first and second cause will not serue [my]

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

Actus. *Acted Comedie:*
Ber. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that euer I heard.
Fer. I the best, for the worst. But firra, What say you to this?
Cl. Sir I confesse the Wench.
Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation?
Cl. I do confesse much of the hearing it, but little of the making of it.
Fer. It was proclaymed a yeeres imprisonment to be taken with a Wench.
Cl. I was taken with none fir, I was taken with a Demsel.
Fer. Well, it was proclaimed Demsel.
Cl. This was no Demsel neither fir, she was a Virgin.
Ber. It is so varried to, for it was proclaimed Virgin.
Cl. If it were, I denie her Virginitie: I was taken with a Maide.
Fer. This Maide will not serue your turne fir.
Cl. This Maide will serue my turne fir.
Fer. Sir I will pronounce your sentence: You shall fast a weeke with Branne and Water.
Cl. I had rather pray a month with Mutton & Porridge.
Fer. And *Don Armado* shall be your keeper.
My Lord Berouone, see him deliuered ore,
 And goe we Lordes to put in practise that,
 Which each to other hath so strongly sworne.
Bero. He lay my Head to any good mans Hat,
 These odies and lawes will proue an idle scorne.
Surra, Come on.
Cl. Huffer for the trueth fir: for true it is, I was taken with *Iaquenetta*, and *Iaquenetta* is a trew girle, and therefore welcome the fower Cup of prosperie, afflictio may one day smile againe, and till then sit thee downe sorrow. *Exeunt.*
Enter Armado and Moth his page.
Armado. Boy, What signe is it when a man of great spirite growes melancholy?
Boy. A great signe fir that he will looke fadd.
Ar. Why? fadnes is one & the selfe same thing deare imp.
Boy. No no, O Lord fir no.

Arm.

called Loues Labor's lost.
 my turne: the *Pasado* he respects not, the *Duella* he regards not; his disgrace is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to subdue men. Adue Valoure, rust Rapier, be still Drum, for your manager is in loue; yea he loneth. Asfill me some extemporal God of Rime, for I am sure I shall turne Sonnet. Denise Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. *Exit.*
Enter the Princeesse of Fraunce, with three attending Ladies and thre Lordes.
Boyer. Now Maddame summon vp your dearest spirits, Consider who the King your father sendes: To whom he sendes, and whats his Embasie, Your selfe, helde precious in the worldes esteeme, To parlee with the sole inheriour Of all perfections that a man may owe, Matchles *Nayar*, the plee 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 flarue the generall world beside, And prodigally gaue them all to you.
Queene. Good L. *Boyer*, my beautie though but meane, Needes not the painted florish of your prayse: Beautie is bought by iudgement of the eye, Not vitred by base tale of chapmens tongues: I am lesse proude to heare you tell my worth, Then you much willing to be counted wise, In spending your Wit in the payse of mine. But now to talke the tasker, good *Boyer*, You are not ignorant all telling fame Doth noyse abroad *Nayar* hath made a Vow, Till painefull studie shall outweare three yeeres, No Woman may approach his silent Court: Therefore to's seemeth it a needfull counse, Before we enter his forbidden gares, To know his pleasure, and in that behalfe Bold of your worthines, we single you,

[B4]

[As]

[And]

[C3]

He giue you *Aquiline*, and all that is his,
That all eyes saw his eyes in chequered with gazes,
His faces owne maragant did coate such amazes,
Did poynt you to buy them along as you pass,
Who tending their owne word from where they were
As Jewels in Chriftall for some Prince to buy,
Nec thought all his senses were lost in his eye,
To feele only looking on fairest of faire;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
Did stumbe with haste in his cy-light to bee,
His tongue all impotent to speake and not see,
Froud with his forme, in his eye pride exprest,
His hart like an Agor with your print imprest,
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough defect,
Bo. Why all his behauiours did make their recte,
Prin. Your reason,
Bo. With that what we Louers in this Affecte,
Prin. With what
Decease me not now, *Nauar* is infected,
By the hartes full rethorick, discolored with eyes,
Bo. If my oblation, which very seldom eyes
On *Nauar* and his Bookmen, for heere tis abutted,
This ciuill waite of wittes were much better vied
Prin. Good wittes will be angling, but gentles agree,
La. To my fortunes and mee,
Bo. Belonging to whom?
My lippes are no Common, though fencerall they be,
La. Not to gentle Beate,
La. So you graunt pasture for me,
La. You Sheepe and I pasture: shall that snail the felle?
No Sheepe (were Lambe) vntill we feede on your lippes,
Bo. And wherefore not Shippes?
Lady Ka. I wo hee Sheepes marie,
Bo. I was as willing to grapple as he was to boord,
Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word,
Bo. And euery iell but a word,
Not a word with him but a iell,
Lady Maria. That last is *Berowne*, the metrie made by L.
called *Lones Labor's lost*.

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

Brag. A most acute Iuuenall, volable and free of graces,
By thy fauour sweete Welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholie, Valour giues thee place,
My Herald is returnd.

Enter Page and Clowne

Page. A wonder Maister, Heere's a *Costard* broken in a shin.

Ar. Some enigma, some riddle, come, thy *Lennyoy* begin.

Cl. No egma, no riddle, no *lennyoy*, no *salue*, in thee male fir.
O fir, Plantan, a pline Plantan: no *lennyoy*, no *lennyoy*, no *Salue*
fir, but a Plantan.

Ar. By vertue thou inforcest laughter, thy sillie thought;
my spleene, the heauing of my lunges prouokes me to redi-
culous smyling: O pardone me my starres, doth the incon-
siderate take *salue* for *lennyoy*, and the word *lennyoy* for a *salue*?

Page. Do the wise thinke them other, is not *lennyoy* a *salue*?

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

The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,

Were still at oddes being but three.

Ther's the morrall: Now the *lennyoy*.

Page. I will adde the *lennyoy*, say the morrall againe.

Ar. The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,

Were still at oddes being but three.

Page. Vntill the Goose came out of doore,

And staied the oddes by adding foure,

Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with
my *lennyoy*.

The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,

Were still at oddes being but three.

Ar. Vntill the Goose came out of doore,

Staying the oddes by adding foure.

Page. A good *Lennyoy*, ending in the Goose: woulde you
desire more?

Cl. The Boy hath sold him a bargaine, a Goose, that's flat.
Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be far.
To sell a bargaine well is as cunning as fast and loose:

Let

To morrow shall we visit you againe,
Sweete health and faire desires comfort your grace,
Prin. I my owne with I thee in euery place. Exit.
Bo. Ladie I will commend you to my moue hart.
Ref. Pray you, do my commendations, I would be glad
to see it.
Ber. I would you heard it gone.
Ref. Is the foole sicke.
Ber. Sick at the hart.
Ref. Alacke, let it blood.
Ber. Would that do it good?
Ref. My Phisicke saies I.
Ber. Will you pricke with your eye.
Ref. No, I pray you, with my knife.
Ber. Now God saue thy life.
Ref. And yours from long liuing.
Ber. I cannot stay thanke-giuing.
Exit. Dumaine.
Dum. Sir, I pray you a word, what Ladie is that same?
Ber. The heire of *Alanson*, *Rosalin* her name.
Dum. A gallant Lady *Mouysir*, fare you wel. Exit.
Longwill. I beleeue you a word, what is she in the white?
Ber. A woman sometimes, and you saw her in the light,
Long. Perchance light in the light, I desire her name?
Bo. She hath but one for her selfe, to desire that were a
Lon. Pray you fir, whose daughter?
Bo. Her mothers, I haue heard.
Lon. Good fir be not offended, she is an heire of *Falcon-
bridge*.
Lon. Nay my colier is ended, she is a most sweete Ladie.
Exit Longwill.
Bo. Not vntill fir, that may be.
Enter Berowne.
Ber. What's her name in the cap?
Bo. *Katharine* by good happ.
Ber. Is she wedded or no?
Bo. To her will fir, or so.
Ber. O you are welcome fir, adew.
Bo. Farewell to me fir, and welcome to you. Exit Ber.

called *Lones Labor's lost*.

Berowne they call him, but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I neuer spent an houres talke withall.
His eye begets occasion for his wit,
For euery obiect that the one doth catch,
The other turnes to a mirth-moouing iest,
Which his fayre tongue (conceites exposter)
Deliuers in such apt and gracious wordes,
That aged eares play treuant at his tales.
And younger hearings are quite rauished.
So sweete and voluble is his discourse.

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

Lord. Heere comes *Boyet*.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, What admittance Lord?

Boyet. *Nauar* had notice of your faire approach,
And he and his competitours in oth,
Were all adrest to meete you gentle Lady
Before I came: Marrie thus much I haue learnt,
He rather meanes to lodge you in the feelde,
Like one that comes heere to besiedge his Court,
Then seeke a dispensation for his oth:
To let you enter his vnpected house.

Enter *Nauar*, *Longwill*, *Dumaine*, & *Berowne*.

Bo. Heere comes *Nauar*.

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

Nau. You shalbe welcome Madame to my Court.

Prin. I wilbe welcome then, Conduet me thither.

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

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

Nau. Not for the worlde faire Madame, by my will,

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

Nau. Your Ladishipp is ignoraunt what it is,

C

Prin.

called Jones Labor's loss.
 And holde faire faimlandship with his Mallicie,
 But that it seemes he litle purpoeth:
 For here he doth pemaund to haue repaide,
 A hundred thousand Crownes, and not demands
 One paiment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
 To haue his title liue in *Aquitaine*,
 Which we much rather had depart withall,
 And haue the money by our father lent,
 Then *Aquitaine* so guelided as it is,
 Deare Princesse were not his requestes for farr
 From reasons yelding, your faire selfe should make
 A yelding gainst some reason in my brest,
 And go well satisfied to France againe.
Trinc. You do the King my father too much wrong,
 And wrong the reputation of your name,
 In so vnseeming to confesse receit,
 Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.
Ferd. I do protest I neuer heard of it:
 And if you proue it, the repay it backe,
 Or yelde vp *Aquitaine*.
Trinc. We arrest your worde.
 Boyer you can produce acquittances,
 For such a summe from speciall officers,
 Of *Charles* his father.
Ferd. Satisfie mee so.
 Boyer. So please your Grace, the packet is not come,
 Where that and other specialties are bound:
 To morrow you shall haue a sight of them.
Ferd. It shall suffice mee at which intewiew,
 All libertall reason I will yelde vnto.
 Meane time receiue such welcome at my hand,
 As honor (without breach of honor) may,
 Make tender of to thy more worthines,
 You may not come (fair Princeesse) within my gates,
 But here without you shall be receiued,
 As you shall deeme your selfe lodged in my hart.
 Though to denide faire harbor in my house,
 Your owne good thoughtes excuse me, and farewell.

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

Prim. Were my Lord fo his ignorance were wife,
Where now his knowledge multiplieth ignorance.
I heare your grace hath fworne our Houſe keeping;
Tis deadlie finne to keepe that oath my Lord,
And fin to breake it: but pardon me, I am too fodaine bold,
To teach a teacher ill beſeemeth mee,
Vouchſafe to read the purpoſe of my comming,
And ſodainlie reſolue mee in my ſuite.
Nay. Madame I will, if ſodainlie I may.
Prim. You will the ſooner that I were awaie,
For youle proue periurde if you make me ſtaie.
Berowne. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Kather. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Ber. I know you did.
Kath. How needies was it then to aſke the queſtion?
Ber. You muſt not be ſo quicke.
Kath. Tis long of you that ſpur me with ſuch queſtions.
Ber. Your wiſe too hot, it ſpeedes too ſall, twill tire.
Kath. Not till it leaue the rider in the mire.
Ber. What time a day?
Kath. The houre that fooles ſhould aſke.
Ber. Now faire befall your maſke.
Kath. Faire fall the face it couers.
Ber. And fend you manie louers.
Kath. Amen, ſo you be none.
Ber. Nay then will I be gone.
Ferd. Madame, your father heere doth intimate,
The payment of a hundred thouſand Crownes,
Being but the one halfe of, of an intire ſumme,
Diſturbed by my father in his warres.
But ſay that he, or we, as neither haue
Receiud that ſumme, yet there remaines vnpaid
A hundred thouſand more, in ſuretie of the which,
One part of *Aquitaine* is bound to vs,
Although not valued to the monies worth.
If then the King your father will reſtore,
But that one halfe which is vnſatisfied,
We will giue vp our right in *Aquitaine*,

And

A pleasant concerted Comedie
 And you shall pay for my sake but on loving knife
 Trim. Come, to our Pavilion, *Boyet* is disposed.
 I one he have made a mouth of his eye,
 Lad. Adding a tongue which I know will not lie.
 Lad. Thou art an old Love-monger, & speakst skillfully.
 Lad. 2. He is *Cupid's* Grandfather, and learns news
 of him.
 Lad. 3. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is
 but gillim.
 Boy. Do you heare my man w conches?
 Lad. No.
 Boy. What then, do you see?
 Lad. I, our way to be gone.
 Boy. You are too hard for mee.
Exeunt omnes.
 Enter *Brasgiant* and his Boy.
 Bra. Writable child, make passionate my sense of hearing,
 Boy. Consool not
 Bra. Sweete Ayes, go requiemes of yeres, take this Key,
 I must ingage him, in a letter to my love.
 Boy. Master, will you win your love with a second drales
 Bra. How meanest thou drawing in French.
 Boy. No my comely Master, but to jigge off a tune at
 the tongues end, carrying it to it with your feetes, hum out it
 with turning vp your eyds, sigh a note and sing a note some
 time through the thoroate, if you swallowe love with sing-
 ing love sometime through; no: as if you inust vp love by
 smelling love with your armes crost on your chinellies double
 like a Rabbet on a spit, or your handes in your pocket like a
 man after the olde paining, and keepe not too long, in one
 time, but a slip and away: these are convenientes, these
 are manners, these beerie nice wenches that would be be-
 treated without these, and make them men of note: do you
 more men that most are affected to this.
 Boy. How hast thou purchased this experience?

called Lones Labor's lost.

Boy. By my penne of obseruation.
Brag. But o but o.
Boy. The Hobbie-horse is forgot.
Brag. Callst thou my loue Hobbi-horse.
Boy. No Maister, the Hobbi-horse is but a colt, and your loue perhaps, a hacknie : But haue you forgot your Loue?
Brag. Almost I had.
Boy. Negligent student, learne her by hart.
Brag. By hart, and in hart boy.
Boy. And out of hart Maister : all those three I will proue.
Brag. What wilt thou proue?
Boy. A man, if I liue (and this) by, in, and without, vpon the instant : by hart you loue her, because your hart cannot come by her : in hart you loue her, because your hart is in loue with her : and out of hart you loue her, being out of hart that you cannot enioy her.
Brag. I am all these three.
Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.
Brag. Fetch hither the Swaine, he must carrie me a letter.
Boy. A message well simpathifull, a Horse to be embassadeur for an Ass.
Brag. Ha ha, What saiest thou?
Boy. Marrie sir, you must send the Ass vpon the Horse, for he is verie slow gated : but I go.
Brag. The way is but short, away.
Boy. As swift as Lead sir.
Brag. The meaning prettie ingenius, is not Lead a mettall heauie, dull, and slow?
Boy. Minnime honest Maister, or rather Maister no.
Brag. I say Lead is slow.
Boy. You are too swift fit to say so.
Is that Lead slow which is fierd from a Gunne?
Brag. Sweete smoke of Rhetorike,
He reputes nie a Cannon, and the Bullet thats heer I shoothe thee at the Swaine.
Boy. Thump then, and I flee.

Brag.

A pleasant conceited Comedie:
Que. What, what first praise mee, and againe say no.
Que. What, what first praise mee, and againe say no.
For. Yes Madam faire.
Que. Nay, neuer paint me now,
 Where faire is not, faire cannot mend the brow.
Here (good my glasse) take this for telling crew:
 Faire payment for foule wordes, is more then dew.
For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherite.
Que. See, see, my beaute will be laud by merite.
 O herely in faire, fit for these dayes,
 A giuing hand, though fowle, shall haue faire praise.
 But come, the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill.
 And shooting well, is then accounted ill:
 Thus will I haue my Credite in the shoote,
 Not wounding, pittie would not let me doote.
 It wounding then it was to shew my skill,
 That more for praise, then purpose meant to kill.
 And out of question to it is sometimes:
 Glorie goes wyes guytic 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 Deares blood, that my hart meanes no ill.
 Boy. Do not curst wyes hold that selfe-inuengne
 Onely for praise sake, when they sturue to be
 Lords ore their Lordes?
Que. Onely for praise, and praise we may afford,
 To any Lady that subdewes a Lord.
Enter Clowne.
 Boyer, Here comes a member of the common wealth.
Que. God dig-you-den al, pray you which is the head lady?
Clow. Thou shalt know her fellow by the rest that haue no
 Crow. Which is the greatest Ladie, the highest? (heads.
Que. The thickest, and the tallest.
 And your walle Mistris were as slender as my wit,
 One a thecke Maides girdles for your walle should be fit.
 Are not you the thicke woman? You are the thickest here.

called Loues Labor's lost.
 Let me see a fat *Lennoy*, I thais a fat Goofe. (begin?
Ar. Come hither, come hither: How did this argument
 Boy. By saying that a *Cistard* was broken in a shin.
 Then cald you for the *Lennoy*. (in,
Clow. True, and I for a Plantan, thus came your argument
 Then the boyes fat *Lennoy*, the Goofe that you bought,
 and he ended the market.
Ar. But tel me, How was there a *Cistard* broken in a shin?
Pag. I will tell you senciably.
Clow. Thou hast no feeling of it *Moth*, I will speake that
 I *Cistard* running out, that was safely within, (Lennoy.
 Fell ouer the threshold, and broke my shin.
Arm. We will talke no more of this matter.
Clow. Till there be more matter in the shin.
Arm. Sirra *Cistard*, I will infranchise thee.
Clow. O marrie me to one Francis, I smell some *Lennoy*,
 some Goofe in this.
Arm. By my sweete soule, I meane, setting thee at libertie,
 Enfreedoming thy person: thou wert emured, restrained,
 captiuated, bound.
Clown. True, true, and now you wilbe my purgation,
 and let me loose.
Arm. I giue thee thy libertie, set thee from durance, and in
 lewe thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: Beare this
 significant to the countrey Maide *Iaquenetta*: there is remun-
 eration, for the best ward of mine honour, is rewarding
 my dependants. *Moth*, follow.
Pag. Like the sequell I. Signeur *Cistard* adew. Exit.
Clow. My sweete ounce of mans flesh, my in-conie lew:
 Now will I looke to his remuneration.
 Remuneration, O that's the latine word for three-farthings:
 Three-farthings remuneration, What's the price of this synic?
 i.d. no, Ile giue you a remuneration: Why? it carries it re-
 muneration: Why? it is a fayrer name then French-Crowne.
 I will neuer buy and sell out of this word,
Enter Berowne.
Ber. O my good knaue *Cistard*, exceedingly well met.
Clow. Pray you sir, How much Carnation Ribbon may
 a man

called Loues Labor's lost.
Que. What, what first praise mee, and againe say no?
Que. What, what first praise mee, and againe say no?
For. Yes Madam faire.
Que. Nay, neuer paint me now,
 Where faire is not, faire cannot mend the brow.
Here (good my glasse) take this for telling crew:
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Que. See, see, my beaute will be laud by merite.
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 Are not you the thicke woman? You are the thickest here.

A pleasant conceited Comedie:
Holo. Sir *Nathaniel* haud credo.
Dul. T was not a *haud credo*, t was a Pricket.
Holo. Most barbarous intimation: yet a kind of insinua-
 tion, as it were in *via*, in way of explication *saere*: as it were
 replication, or rather *estentare*, to show as it were his inclina-
 tion after his vndressed, vnpolished, vneducated, vnpruned,
 vntrained, or rather vnlettered, or rather vnconfirmed fa-
 shion, to insert again my *haud credo* for a Deare.
Dul. I said the Deare was not a *haud credo*, t was a Pricket.
Holo. Twice fodd simplicitie, bis coctus, O thou monstier
 ignorance, How deformed doost thou looke.
Nath. Sir he hath neuer fed of the dainties that are bred
 in a booke.
 He hath not eate paper as it were: he hath not drunke inck.
 His intellect is not replenished, he is only an annimall, only
 sensible in the duller partes: and such barren planties are
 set before vs, that we thankful should be: which we taste,
 and feeling, are for those partes that doe fructifie in vs
 more then he. (foole,
 For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indistrecell, or a
 So were there a patch set on Learning, to see him in a schole.
 But *omne bene* say I, being of an olde Fathers minde,
 Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde.
Dul. You two are book-men, Can you tel me by your wit,
 What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not fise weeks
 old as yet?
Holo. *Distissima* Goodman *Dull*, *distissima* Goodman *Dull*.
Dul. What is *distima*?
Nath. A title to *Phebe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moone*. (more.
Holo. The Moone was a month old when *Adam* was no
 And rought not to fise-weeks when he came to fise score..
 Th'allusion holdes in the Exchange. (change.
Dul. Tis true in decde, the Collusion holdes in the Ex-
Hob. God comfort thy capacitie, I say th'allusion holdes
 in the Exchange.
Dul. And I say the polusion holdes in the Exchange: for
 the Moone is neuer but a month olde: and I say beside
 that, t was a Pricket that the Princeffe kild.

Sir.

[D]

Que. Was that the king that found his horse so hard,
 Against the flepe vp riding of the hills?
For. I know now, but I think it was not he.
Que. Who ere a was, a shoud a mounting minde.
 Well Lords, to day we shall haue our dispartch,
 Oue Saturday we will returne to France.
 Then Fortell me my friend, Where is the Bush
 That we must stand and play the murtherer in?
For. Heereby vpon the edge of yonder Coppice,
 A Stand where you may make the fairest shoote.
Que. I thanke my Beautie, I am faire that shoote,
 And thereupon thou speakest the fairest shoote.
For. Pardon me Madam, for I meant not so.
Que.

Enter the Princeesse, a Forger, her Ladies,
and her Ladies

Some men must loue my Ladies, and some Loue,
 Well, I will loue, write, sigh, pray, lute, grome,
 Of his almightie dreadfull little might,
 That Cupid will impose for my neglect,
 To pray for her, go to; it is a plague
 And I to sigh for her, to watch for her,
 Though *Argus* were her eunuch and her garde,
 I and by heauen, one that will do the dede,
 With two pitch ballies stucke in her face for eyes,
 A whitty wanton, with a velvet brow,
 And among three to loue the world of all,
 May to be perjur'd, which is worst of all:
 But being watcht, that it may still go right,
 And neuer going a right, being a Watch:
 Still a repairing: neuer out of frame,
 A woman that is like a Iernian Cloake,
 What? I loue, I sue, I seeke a wife,
 And weare his coloures like a Tumbler's hoope,
 And I to be a Corporall of his fildes,
 Of wronging Paratours (O my little hart)
 Sole Emperour and great general
called Loues Labor's loss.

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

a man buy for a remuneration?

Ber. O what is a remuneration?

Cof. Marie sir, halfpennie farthing.

Ber. O why then threefarthing worth of Silke.

Cof. I thanke your worship, God be wy you.

Ber. O stay slaue, I must employ thee.

As thou wilt win my fauour, good my knaue,

Do one thing for me that I shall intreate.

Clow. When would you haue it done sir?

Ber. O this after-noone.

Clow. Well, I will do it sir: Fare you well.

Ber. O thou knowest not what it is.

Clow. I shall know sir when I haue done it.

Ber. Why villaine, thou must know first.

Clow. I will come to your worship to morrow morning.

Ber. It must be done this after noone,

Harke slaue, it is but this:

The Princeesse comes to hunt here in the Parke,

And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:

When tongues speake sweetely, then they name her name,

And *Rosaline* they call her, aske for her:

And to her white hand see thou do commend

This seald-up counsaile. Ther's thy guerdon: goe.

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

Exit.

Ber. O and I forsoth in loue, I that haue been loues whip?

A verie Bedell to a humerous sigh, a Cricke, nay a night-
 watch Constable,

A domineering pedant ore the Boy, then whom no mor-
 tall so magnificent.

This wimpled whyning purblind wayward Boy,

This signior *Iunio* gyant dwarfie, dan *Cupid*,

Regent of Love-rimes, Lord of folded armes,

Th'annoynted soueraigne of sighes and groones;

Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents:

Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeces.

Sole

[was]

Rosa. Shall I come vpon thee with an olde saying, that
Boyer. But shee selfe is hit lower: Haue I hit her now?

At the brow.
Maia. You still wrangle with her *Boyer*, and she strikes
 neare. Finely put on in dede.

Rosa. If we chiole by the hornes, your selfe come not
 neare. And who is your Deare?

Rosa. Well then I am the shoote.
 Finely put on.

hang me by the necke, if horns that yecere misticarie,
Boyer. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie

Rosa. Why shee beates the Bow. Finely put off.
Boyer. I my contentment of beautie.

Rosa. Shall I teach you to know.
Boyer. Who is the shoote? Who is the shoote?

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

To a Ladie of France, that he calde *Rosaline*,
Clow. From my Lord *Brevin*, a good Maister of mine,

Que. From which Lord, to which Ladie?
Clow. From my Lord to my Ladie.

Que. To whom shouldst thou giue it?
Clow. I ride you my Lord.

Who gaue thee this letter?
Que. Thou fellow, a word.

To the Prince and his Booke-mates,
A Phantome a Monarch, and one that makes sport

Boyer. This *Armando* is a Spaniard that keeps here in court.
Que. His your memorie is bad, going ore it ere while.

Boyer. I am much deceiued, but I remember the stile.
 What vaine? What *Wethercock*? Did you euer hear better?

Que. What plume of feathers is he that indred this letter?
 Food for his rage, repaire for his den.

But it thou fitt (poore soule) what art thou then?
 And he from forrage will incline to play.

Submisie fall his princely seere before,
 Gaine thee thou Lamb, that standest as his pray:

Thus dost thou heare the meane Lion roare,
A pleasant conceited Comedie.

called Loues Labor's loss.

was a man when King *Pippen* of Franncce was a litle boy, as
 touching the hit it.

Boyer. So I may answere thee with one as olde that was a
 woman when queene *Gumoner* of Brittainne was a litle wench
 as toching the hit it.

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

Boyer. And I cannot, cannot, cannot: and I cannot, an other
Clow. By my troth most pleasant, how both did fit it. *Can.*

Mar. A marke marueilous wel shot, for they both did hit.
Bo. A mark, O mark but that mark: a mark saies my Lady.

Let the mark haue a prick in't, to meate at, if it may be.
Mar. Wide a'the bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.

Clow. Indeed a'must thooor neare, or hele neare hit the clout.
Boyer. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Clow. Then will she get the vpshoot by cleauing the is in.
Ma. Come come, you talke greasely, your lips grow fowle.

Cl. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir challenge her to bowle.
Bo. I feare too much rubbing: good night my good owle.

Clow. By my soule a Swaine, a most simple Clowne.
 Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I haue put him downe.

O my troth most sweete iestes, most inconie vulgar wit,
 When it comes so smoothly off, so obsecly as it were, so fit.

Armathe ad toother side, o a most daintie man,
 To see him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fann.

To see him kisse his hand, & how most sweetly a wil sweare:
 And his Page at other side, that handfull of wit,

Ah heauens, it is most patheticall nire.
 Sowla, fowla. *Exeunt.* Shoot within.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant and Nathaniel.
Nat. Very reuerent sport truly, and done in the testimonie
 of a good conscience.

Ped. The Deare was (as you know) sanguis in blood, tipe
 as the Pomwater, who now hangeth like a Iewel in the care

of *Celo* the skie, the welken the heauen, & anon falleth like
 a Crab on the face of *Terra*, the soyle, the land, the earth.

Curat Nath. Truly M. *Holofernes*, the cpythithes are
 sweetly varried like a scholler at the least: but sir I assure ye
 it was a Bucke of the first head.

Hol.

But do not loue thy selfe, then thou wilt keepe
My teares for glasses, and still make me weepe.
O Queene of queenes, how faire doest thou excell,
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell.
How shall she know my griefes? He drop the paper:
Sweete leaues shade folie, Who is he comes hither?
Enter Longanill. The King steps aside.
What Longanill, and reading: listen care,
Berow. Now in thy likeness, one more foole appeare.
Long. Ay mee! I am forlorne.
Berow. Why he comes in like a periure, wearing papers.
Long. In loue I hope, swete fellow ship in shame.
Ber. One drunkard loues an other of the name.
Long. Am I the first that haue been periurd for?
Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I know,
Thou makest the triumph, the corner cap of societie,
The shape of Loues Tiburne, that hangs vp Simplicitie.
Long. I feare these Hubbardines lacke power to moue.
O swete *Maria*, Emperesse of my Loue,
Thee numbers will I reare, and write in prose,
Ber. O Rimes are gardes on wanton Cupids hole,
Disfigure not his Shop.
Long. This same shall go.
Ber. The reader the Sinner.
Did not the heauenly Rhetorique of thine eye,
Gaine whom the world cannot holde argument,
Perfwade my hart to this false perurie?
Vowes for thee broke deserue not punishment.
A Woman I forswore, but I will proue,
Thou being a Goddesse, I forswore not thee.
My Vow was earthly, thou a heauenly Loue.
Thy grace being gainde, cures all digrace in mee.
Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is.
Then thou faire Sunne, which on my earth doost shine,
Exhalt this vapour-vow in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by mee broke, What foole is not to wise,
To looke an oth, to win a Parradise?
Ber. This is the lyner veine, which makes flesh a deitie.

called Loues Labor's lost.

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

Fayth infringed, which such zeale did sweare.
How will he scorne, how will he spende his wit?
How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that euer I did see,
I would not haue him know so much by mee.
Ber. Now step I forth to whip hipocrisie.
Ah good my Leidge, I pray thee pardon mee.
Good hart, What grace hast thou thus to reprove
These Wormes for louing, that art most in loue?
Your eyes do make no couches in your teares.
There is no certaine Princeesse that appeares.
Youle not be periurde, tis a hatefull thing:
Tush, none but Minstrels like of Sonnetting,
But are you not a shamed? nay, are you not
All three of you, to be thus much ore'shot?
You found his Moth, the King your Moth did see:
But I a Beame do finde in each of three.
O what a Scene of foolrie haue I seene,
Of sighes, of grones, of sorrow, and of teene:
O mee, with what strickt patience haue I sat,
To see a King transformed to a Gnat.
To see great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,
And profound *Sallomon* to tune a ligge.
And *Nestor* play at push-pin with the boyes,
And *Critrick Tymon* laugh at idle royes.
Where lies thy griefe, o tell me good *Dumaine*?
And gentle *Longanill*, where lies thy paine?
And where my Liedges? all about the brest.
A Caudle hou!
King. Too bitter is thy iest.
Are we betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?
Ber. Not you by mee, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honest, I that holde it sinne
To breake the vow I am engaged in.
I am betrayed by keeping companie
With men like men of inconstancie.
When shall you see mee write a thing in rime?
Or grone for Ione? or spende a minutes time,

In

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But do not loue thy selfe, then thou wilt keepe
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called Loues Labor's lost.

Holo. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you heare an extemporall Epy-
taph on the death of the Deare, and to humour the igno-
rault cald the Deare: the Princeesse kild a Pricket.
Nath. Perge, good M. *Holofernes* perge, so it shall please
you to abrogate Iquirilitie.
Holo. I wil something affect the letter, for it argues facilitie.

The prayfull Princeesse 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-fore, or els Sorell,
the people fall a hooting.
If Sore be fore, then el to Sore,
makes fittie sores o forell:
Of one fore I an hundred make
by adding but one more I.

Nath. A rare talent.

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

Nath. This is a gyft that I haue simple: simple, a foolish
extrauagant spirit, full of formes, figures, shapes, obieets,
Ideas, apprehensions, motions, reuolutions. These are begot
in the ventricle of Memorie, nourisht in the wombe of prima-
ter, and deliuered vpon the mellowing of occasion: But the
gyft is good in those whom it is acute, and I am thankfull
for it.

Holo. Sir, I prayse the L. for you, and so may my paria-
ners, for their Sonnes are well tuterd by you, and their
Daughters profite very greatly vnder you: you are a good
member of the common wealth.

Nath. Me hercle, yf their Sonnes be ingenuous, they shal
want no instruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will
put it to them. But *Vir sapi qui pauca loquitur*, a soule Fem-
mine saluteth vs.

Enter

A pleasant conceited Comedie:
Agreene Google, a Goddiffe, pure pureydorarie.
God amende vs, God amende, we are much out a thy way.
Enter Dumaine.
Long. By whom shall I send this (company?) Stay.
Berow. All hid all hid, an olde infant play,
Like a demie God, here he I in the skie,
And wreched foules fecers heedfully ore ey,
More Sacks to the myll. O heauens I haue my wyll,
Dumaine transformed, foure Woodcocks in a dyll,
Dumaine. O most deuine Kait,
Berow. O most prophane coxcombe,
Dumaine. By heauen the wonder in a mortall eye,
Ber. By earth he is not, corporall, there you ly.
Dumaine. Her Amber heires for foule hath amber coted.
Ber. An amber coloure Rauen was well nored,
Dumaine. As pright as the Cedar,
Ber. Stope I say, her shoulder is with child,
Dumaine. As faire as day,
Ber. I as some dayes, but then no Sonne must shine,
Dumaine. O that I had my wylth?
Long. And I had mine,
King. And mine too good Lord,
Ber. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?
Dumaine. I would forget her, but a Feuer shee
Raignes in my blood, and will remembred be.
Ber. A Feuer in your blood, why then incision
Would let her out in Sawcers, sweete mispition,
Dumaine. Once more he mark how Loue can varrie Wit.
Ber. Once more he mark how Loue can varrie Wit.
Dumaine reads his Sonnet.
On a day, alacke the day:
Long, whole Month is euer May:
Spied a blisfome passing faire,
Playing in the waeton aire:
Through the V eluer, causes the wind,
All vnto, can passage finde:
That the Louer sicke to deary,
[Wish]

called Lones Labor's loff:
gancie, facillitie, and golden cadence of poetic carer: *Quidius*
Nath. Was the man. And why in deed *Nath.* But for find-
ling out the odoriferous flowers of fancie? the ierkes of in-
uention imitarie is nothing: So doth the Hound his master,
the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horie his rider: But *Damocella*
wyngin, Was this directed to you?
Laq. I fir from one mountier *Berowne*, one of the strange
Queenes Lordes.
Nath. I will ouerstaunce the supercrip.
To the snow-white hand of the most bewtious Lady Rosaline.
I will looke againe on the intellect of the letter, for the no-
mination of the partie written to the person written vnto.
Teur Ladieships in all desired imployment, *Berowne.*
Red. Sir *Holofornes*, this *Berowne* is one of the Voraries
with the King, and here he hath framed a letter to a frequent
of the stranger Queenes: which accidentally, or by the way,
of progression, hath miscarried. I rip and goe my sweete,
deliuer this paper into the royall hand of the King, it may
concerne much: stay not thy complement, I forgiue thy
deuote, adue,
Mayd. Good *Costard* go with me: fir God saue your life.
Cost. Haue with thee my girl.
Holo. Sir you haue done this in the feare of God verie rel-
giously: and as a certaine Father faith
Red. Sir tell not mee of the Father, I do feare colourable
colours. But to retaine to the Veries, Did they please you
fir *Nathaniel*?
Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.
Red. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine pupill of
mine, where if (before repa) it shall please you to gratifie
the table with a Grace, I will on my priuiledge I haue with
the parentes of the forsaide child or pupill, undertake you
bien uenue, where I will proue those Veries to be very vn-
learned, neither sauntering of Poetrie, wit, nor inuention.
I beseech your societie.
Nath. And thanke you to: for societie (saith the text)
is the happines of life.
Red. And certes the text most infallibly concludes it.
[E2]

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

Enter Iaquetta and the Clowne.

Iaquetta. God giue you good morrow M. Person.
Nath. Maister Person, *quasi* Person? And if one shoulde
be perist, Which is the one? (head,
Clo. Marrie M. Scholemaster, he that is likleest to a hoggs-
Nath. Of perising a Hoggshead, a good lutter of conceit
in a turph of Earth, Eier enough for a Flint, Pearle enough
for a Swine: tis prettie, it is well,
Iaque. Good M. Parson be so good as read me this letter,
it was geuen me by *Costard*, and sent me from *Don Armatho*:
I beseech you read it.
Nath. *Facile precor, gellida, quando pecas omnia sub umbra ru-*
minat, and so foorth. Ah good olde *Mantuan*, I may speake
of thee as the traueiler doth of *Venice*, *venchie, venchia, que non*
te unde, que non te perreche. Olde *Mantuan*, olde *Mantuan*,
Who vnderstandeth thee not, loues thee not, *ut va sol la mi fa*:
Vnder pardon fir, What are the contentes, for rather as *Her-*
race sayes in his, What my soule verifes.
Holo. I fir, and very learned.
Nath. Let me heare a staffe, a stauze, a verse, *Lege domine.*
If Loue make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to loue?
Ah neuer sayth could hold, yf not to beautie vowed.
Though to my selfe forsworne, to thee Ile saythfull proue.
Those thoughts to me were Okes, to thee like Officers bowed
Studie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes.
Where all those pleasures liue, that Art would comprehend.
If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice.
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.
All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder.
Which is to mee some prayse, that I thy partes admire,
Thy eye *Lones* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadful thüder
Which not to anger bent, is musique, and sweete fier:
Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon loue this wrong,
That singes heauens prayse, with such an earthly tong.
Pedan. You finde not the apostrophas, and so misse the
accent. Let me superuise the cangenet.
Nath. Here are onely numbers rated, but for the ele-
gancie,

called Lones Labor's loff.

Wish himselfe the heauens breath.
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blow,
Ayre would I might triumph so,
But alacke my hand is sworne,
Nere to plucke thee from thy throne:
Vow alacke for youth vnmeete,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweete.
Do not call it sinne in me,
That I am forsworne for thee:
Thou for whom *Ioue* would sweare,
Inno but an *Ethiop* were,
And denie himselfe for *Ioue*,
Turning mortall for thy loue.
This will I send, and something els more plaine,
That shall expresse my trueloues fasting paine.
O would the *King*, *Berowne*, and *Longanill*,
Were Louers too, ill to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a periurde noter:
For none offende, where all alike do dote.
Long. *Dumaine* thy Loue is farre from charitie,
That in loues grieve desirist societie:
You may looke pale, but I should blush I know,
To be ore-hard and taken napping so.
King. Come fir, you blush: as his, your case is such.
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You do not loue *Maria*? *Longanille*,
Did neuer Sonnet for her sake compile,
Nor neuer lay his wreathed armes athwart
His louing bosome, to keepe downe his hart,
I haue been closely shrowded in this bush,
And marke you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guyltie Rimes, obserude your fashion:
Saw sighes reeke from you, noted well your passion.
Ay mee sayes one! O *Ioue* the other cryes!
One her haire was Golde, Christal the others eyes.
You would for Parradise breake Fayth and troth,
And *Ioue* for your Loue would infringe an oth.
What will *Berowne* say when that he shall heare
Fayth
E 4

But Loue first learned in a Ladies eyes,
 Lies 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 adds a precious feeling to the eyes;
 A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde.
 A Louers care will heare the lowest founde.
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd,
 Loues feeling is more soft and sensible,
 Then are the tender horns of Cuckold Snayles.
 Loues tongue proues daintie, *Bacchus* grolle in ralls,
 For Valoure, is not Loue a *Hercules*?
 Still climbing trees in the *Hesperides*.
 Subit as *Sphinxes* sweete and musically,
 As bright *Appols* Lure, (tuning with his haire,
 And when Loue speaks, the voyce of all the Goddes;
 Make heauen drowne with the harmonie,
 Neuer durst Poet touch a pen to write,
 Vntill his Incke were tempered with Loues sighes:
 O then his Incke would traueill lavage cares,
 And plant in Iyrons milde humilitie.
 From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue,
 They are the Bookes, the Armes, the Achademes,
 That shew, containe, and nourish all the world.
 His none at all in ought proues excellent.
 Then fooles you were, these women to forsweare:
 Or keeping what is sworne, you will proue fooles;
 For Wisdomes sake, a worde that all men loue;
 Or for Loues sake, a worde that Loues all men.
 Or for Mens sake, the author of these Women;
 Lets vs once looke our othes to kinde our felues,
 Or els we looke our felues, to kinde our othes.
 Its Religion to be thus forsworne.

called Loues Labor's lost.

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

sweete tutch, a quicke vene we of wit, snip snap, quicke and home, it reioy ceth my intellect, true wit.

Page. Offerd by a childe to an old 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 Gigg.

Page. Lende me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Infamie *unū cūa* a gigge of a Cuckolds horne.

Clow. And I had but one peny in the world thou shouldst haue it to buy Ginger bread: Holde, there is the verie Remuneration I had of thy Maister, thou halfe penny purse of wit, thou Pidgin-egge of discretion. O and the heauens were so pleased, that thou wart but my Bastard; What a ioyfull father wouldst thou make me? Go to, thou hast it *ad dungul* at the fingers ends, as they say.

Peda. Oh I smell false Latine, *dungul* for *unguem*.

Brag. *Art-man preambulat*, we will be singuled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charr-house on the top of the Mountaine?

Peda. Or *Mons* the hill.

Brag. At your sweete pleasure, for the Mountaine.

Peda. I do *sans question*.

Brag. Sir, it is the Kings most sweete pleasur & affection, to congratulate the Princess at her Paulion, in the *posterior* of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noonne.

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

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my tamlie, I do assure ye, every good friende: for what is inwarde betweene vs, let it passe. I do beseech thee remember thy curtesie. I beseech thee appanell thy head: and among other important and most serious designs, and of great import in deede too: but let that passe for I must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the worlde) sometime to leane vpon my poore shoulder, and with his royall finger thus *salie* with my excrement, with my mustachie: but sweete hart let that passe. By the world I recount no fable, some certaine

Special

Consider what you first did sweare vnto:
 I o faith, to Ruddy, and to see no woman:
 That treason gainst the kingly state of youth.
 Say, Can you fast? your stomacks are too young:
 And abstinence ingenders maladies.
 In that each of you haue forsworne his Booke.
 Can you still dreame and poare and thereon looke.
 For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,
 Haue found the ground of Studies excellencie,
 Without the beaute of a womans face?
 From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue,
 They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achademes,
 From whence doth spring the true *Trombet* fire.
 Why vniuersall plodding poysons vp
 The nimble spirits in the arteries,
 As motion and long during action tyres
 The sinnowy vigour of the trauayler.
 Now for not looking on a womans face,
 You haue in that forsworne the vse of eyes:
 And studie too, the cause of your vow.
 For where is any Authour in the worlde,
 Teaches such beautes as a womans eyes:
 Learning is but an adiunct to our selfe,
 And where we are, our Learning likewise is.
 Then when our felues we see in Ladies eyes,
 With our felues.
 Do we not likewise see our learning there?
 O we haue made a Vow to studie, Lordes,
 And in that Vow we haue forsworne our Bookes:
 For when would you (my Leedg) or you, or you?
 In leaden contemplation haue found out
 Such sterie Numbers as the prompting eyes,
 Of beaues tutors haue intichit you with:
 Other flow Artes intichit keepe the braine:
 And therefore finding barren prattlers,
 Since theyew a harne of their heauie toyle.

called Loues Labor's lost.

called Loues Labor's lost.

In pruning mee when shall you heare that I will prayse a hand, a foote, a face, an eye: a gate, a llate, a brow, a brest, a wast, a legge, a limme.

King. Soft, Whither away so fast?

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

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

Iaqui. God blese the King. Enter Iaquerista and Clowne.

King. What present hast thou there?

Clow. Some certaine treason.

King. What makes treason heere?

Clow. Nay it makes nothing sir.

King. Yf it mair nothing neither,

Th treason and you goe in peace away together.

Iaque. I beseech your Grace let this Letter be read,

Our person misdoubts it: twas treason he said.

King. Berowne read it ouer, *Here reads the letter.*

King. Where hadst thou it?

Iaqui. Of *Custard*.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of *Dum Adramadio*, *Dum Adramadio*.

King. How now, What is in you? Why dost thou teare it?

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

Long. It did moue him to passion, & therefore lets heare it.

Dum. It is *Berownes* writing, and heere is his name.

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

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

King. What? (messe)

Ber. That you three fooles, lackt me foole, to make vp the

Hee, hee, and you: and you my Lege, and I,

Are pick-purses in Loue, and we deserue to die.

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

Duma. Now the number is euen.

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

King. Hence firs, away.

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

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

As true we are as flesh and blood can be,

King. O paradox, blacke is the badge of Hell,
The hug of dungeons, and the Schoole of night;
And beauties crest becomes the heauens well.
Br. Dukes soonest tempt reftembling fpirites of light,
O if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt,
It mountes, that painting vnrping haire
Should rauish dooers with a false aspect;
And therefore is the borne to make blacke fayre.
Her fauour turnes the falfion of the dayes,
For native blood is counted payning now;
And therefore red that would auoyde difpryfe,
Paintes it felfe blacke, to imitate her brow.
Dum. To looke like her are Chimmie-fweepers blacke,
Long. And fince her time are Colliers counted bright,
King. And *Elphops* of their fwete complexion crake,
Dum. Darke needes no Candles now, for darke is light,
For fcarce their colours fhould be wafte away.
King. Were good yours did for fit to tell you plaine,
He fande a fayrer face not wafte to day.
Br. He proue her faire, or talke till doome-day heere,
King. No Diuel will fighit thee then fo much as heere.
Dum. I neuer knew man holde vile fuffe fo deare,
Long. Look, heere's thy loue, my foore and her face fee.
Br. O if the ftreets were paved with thine eyes,
Her fteere were much too daintie for fuch tread.
Dum. O while, then as she goes what upward lyes?
The ftreets fhould fee as she walkt ouer head.
King. But what of this, are we not all in loue?
Br. O nothing fo fure, and thereby all forworne.
Long. I then leane this chate, and good *Berowne* now proue
Our louing lawfull, and our fayth not torne.
Dum. I marie there, fome flatterie for this cnyll.
Long. O fome authoritie how to proceede,
Some tricks, fome quilliers, how to cheate the diuell.
Br. O tis more then needed,
Hue at you then affections men at armes,
F 2

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The hug of dungeons, and the Schoole of night;
And beauties crest becomes the heauens well.
Br. Dukes soonest tempt reftembling fpirites of light,
O if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt,
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Some tricks, some quilliers, how to cheate the diuell.
Br. O tis more then needed,
Hue at you then affections men at armes,
F 2

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

For Charitie it felfe fuffices the Law:
And who can feneur Loue from Charitie,
King. Saint Cupid then and Souldiers to the felds,
Br. Aduaunce your ftandards, and vpon *Sign* Lords,
Pell, melle, downe with them: but be firft aduaid,
In confult that you get the Sunne of them.
Long. Now to plaine dealing, Lay thefe glazes by,
Shall we refolue to woe thefe gyrls of France?
King. And with them too, therefore let vs deuife,
Some enterement for them in their T enies.
Br. Firft from the Parke let vs conduct them thither,
Then homeward euey man attach the hand
Of his faire Miftres, in the afternoone
We will with fome ftrange paffime folace them:
Such as the fhorenelle of the time can fhape,
For Rucels, Daunces, Malkes, and merrie houres,
Fortune faire Loue, fteering her way with flowes.
King. Away, away, no time fhall be omitted,
That will be time and may by vs be fitted.
Br. Alone alone fowed Cockell, reape no Corne,
And fuffice alwayes whittes in equall meafure:
Light Wenches may proue plagues to men for forme,
If to our Copper byes no better treafure.
Enter the Pedant, the Curat, and Dum.
Pedant. *Sans quid fufficit.*
Curat. I praye God for you fir, your reafons at Dinner
haue beene fhape & fententious; pleafant without curtilite,
wittie without affectiion, audacious without impudence,
learned without opinion, and ftrange without hereticke: I did
conuerfe this quondam day with a companion of the kings,
who is intituled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano de Ar-*
Ped. *Non hominum tantumum re.* His humour is lofite, his
difcourfe peremptorie: his tongue fyled, his eye ambitious,
his gate mifticall, and his general behauiour vaine, ridiculous,
as it were, too peremptorie as I may call it.
Curat. *A pleasant conceited Comedie.*

called Loues Labor's loft.

Curat. A most singular and choyce Epithat,
Draw-out his Table-booke.
Peda. He draweth out the third of his verbotie, finer
then the ftaple of his argument. Tabhorre fuch phanatticall
phantafims, fuch infociable and poynt deuife companions,
fuch rackers of ortagriphe, as to fpeake dout fine, when he
fhould fay doubtydet, when he fhould pronounce debtyd e b r,
not der: he clepeth a Calf, Cause: halfe, haufe: neighbour
vocatur nebour; neigh abrecuiated ne: this is abhominable,
which he would call abbominable, it infinuateth me of in-
famie: *ne intelligis domine*, to make frantique lunatique?
Curat. *Laus deo, bene intelligo.*
Peda. *Bonne boon for boon prefiant, a litle scratcht, twil ferue,*
Enter Bragart, Boy.
Curat. *Vides ne quis venit?*
Peda. *Video, et gaudio.*
Brag. Chirra.
Peda. *Quari Chirra, not Sirra?*
Brag. Men of peace well incontrred.
Ped. Most millitarie fir falutation,
Boy. They haue been at a great feaft of Languages, and
ftolne the feraps.
Clow. O they haue lyud long on the almsbafket of wordes,
I maruaile thy M.hath not eaten thee for a worde, for thou
art not fo long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus:
Thou art eafier fwallowed then a flapdragon.
Page. Peace, the peale begins.
Brag. Mounfier, are you not lettred?
Page. Yes yes, he teaches boyes the Horne-booke: What
is Ab fpeld backward with the horne on his head?
Poda. Ba, *puericia* with a horne added. (learning.)
Page. Ba most fecly Sheepe, with a horne: you heare his
Peda. *Quis quis* thou Confonant?
Page. The laft of the fue Vowels if You repeate them,
or the fift if I,
Peda. I will repeate them: a e I,
Page. The Sheepe, the other two concludes it ou.
Brag. Now by the fault wane of the meditaranium, a
sweete

For quoth the King, an Angell that thou seest
Yet feare not thou but speake audaciously.
The Boy replied, An Angell is not euill:
I should haue feared her had shee been a deuill.
With that all laught, and clapt him on the shoulder.
Making the bolde wags by their prayles bolde.
One rubbd his elbow thus, and heere, and there,
A better speech was neuer spoke before.
Another with his finger and his thumpe,
Cried *uia* we will doe't come what will come.
The third he caperd and cryed, All goes well.
The fourth turnd on the toe, and downe he fell:
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter so profound,
That in this spleene ridiculous apperes,
To checke their folie passions solembe reares.
Que. But what, but what, come they to visite vs?
Boy. They do, they do; and are appalled thus,
Like *Muscouets*, or *Russums*, as I gesse.
Their purpose is to partee, to court, and danee,
And euery one his Loue-feat will aduance,
Vnto his feuerall Mistres: which they le know
By fauours seueral, which they did bestow.
Que. And will they for the Gallants shalbe taskt:
For Ladies; we will cuary one be maskt,
And not a man of them shall haue the grace
Despight of iustice, to see a Ladies face.
Holde *Rogalline*, this fauour thou shalt wear,
And then the King will court thee for his Deare;
Holde take thou this my sweete, and giue mee chine,
So shall *Berowne* take me for *Rogalline*.
And change you fauours two, so shall your Loues
Woe contrarie, deceyued by these remoues.
Rosa. Come on then, weare the fauours most in sight.
Kath. But in this changing, What is your intent?
Que. The effect of my intent is to crolle theirs:
They do it but in mockerie merement,
And mocke for mocke is onely my intent.

called *Loues Labor's lost*.

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

Thou bidst me begge, this begging is not strange.
Rosa. Play Musique then: say you must do it soone.
Not yet no daunce: thus change I like the Moone.
King. Will you not daunce? How come you thus estranged?
Rosa. You tooke the moone at full, but now shee's changed?
King. Yet still she is the Moone, and I the Man.
Rosa. The musique playes, vouchsafe some motion to it,
Our eares vouchsafe it.
King. But your legges should do it.
Rosa. Since you are strangers, and come here by change,
Weele not be nice, take handes, we will not daunce.
King. Why take we handes then?
Rosa. Onely to part friendes.
Curthe sweete hartes, and so the Measure endes.
King. More measure of this measure be not nice.
Rosa. We can affoord no more at such a price.
King. Prise you your selues: What buyes your company?
Rosa. Your absence onely.
King. That can neuer be.
Rosa. Then cennor we be bought: and so adue,
Twice to your Visore, and halfe once to you.
King. If you denie to daunce, lets holde more chat.
Rosa. In priuat then.
King. I am best pleas'd with that.
Berow. White handed Mistres, one sweet word with thee.
Que. Honie, and Milke, and Suger: there is three.
Ber. Nay then two treyes, an if you grow so nice,
Methegline, Wort, and Malmsey; well runne dicet:
There's halfe a dosen sweetes,
Que. Seuenth sweete adue, since you can cogg,
He play no more with you.
Ber. One word in secret.
Que. Let it not be sweete.
Berow. Thou greeneft my gall.
Que. Gall; bitter,
Berow. Therefore meete.
Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Alma. Name it,

Dum.

A pleasant conceited Comedie:
So pertinant like would I ore way his fate,
That he should be my foole, and I his fate.
Que. None are so surely caught, when they are catcht,
As Wit turne Foole, folle in Wit, done hatcht:
Hath Wit done warant, and the helpe of Schoole,
And Wit owne grace to grace a learned Foole.
Rosa. The blood of youth burnes not with such excellie,
As grauitie reuolt to wantons be.
Alma. Folle in Foole, beares not so strong a note,
As folle in the Wit, when Wit doth dore:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To proue by Wit, worth in simplicitie.
Enter Boy.
Que. Heere comes *Boyer*, and myrth is in his face.
Boyer. O I am stable with laughter, What's her Grace?
Que. Thy newes *Boyer*?
Boyer. Repare Madam, prepare.
Arme Wenches arme, incounters mounted are,
Aginst your Peace Loue doth approch, disguised:
Armed in argumntes, you'll be surpris'd.
Mistress your Wits, stande in your owne defence,
Or hide your heades like Cowardes, and flie hence.
Que. Saint *Dennis* to S. *Cupid*: What are they,
That charge their breath aginst vs? Say scour say.
Boyer. Vnder the coole shade of a Siccamone,
I thought to close mine eyes some halfe an houre:
When to interrupt my purposed rest,
Toward that shade I might beholde addrest,
The King and his companions warily,
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And ouer hard, what you shall ouer heare:
That by and by disguised they will be heere.
Their Herald is a prettie knauish Page:
That well by hart hath conde his embassage
Action and accent did they teach him there.
And ouer and anon they made a doubt,
Preferre maistieall would put him out:

called *Loues Labor's lost*.

special honours it pleaseth his greatnes to impart to *Armado*
a Souldier, a man of trauayle, that hath seene the worlde: but
let that passe; the very all of all is: but sweet hart, I do implore
secrete, that the King would haue me present the Princeesse
(sweete chuck) with some delightfull ostentation, or show,
or pageant, or antique, or fierworke: Now vnderstanding
that the Curate and your sweete selfe, are good at such eruptions,
and sodaine breaking out of myrth (as it were) I haue
acquainted you withall, to the ende to craue your assistance.
Peda. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies,
Sir *Holofernes*, as concerning some entertainment of time,
some show in the posterior of this day, to be rended by our
assitants the Kinges commaund, and this most gallant il-
lustrate and learned Gentleman, before the Princeesse: I say
none so fit as to present the nine Worthies.
Curat. Where will you finde men worthie enough to pre-
sent them?
Peda. *Iofua*, your selfe, my selfe, and this gallant Gentle-
man *Iudas Machabens*; this Swaine (because of his great lim
or ioynt) shall passe *Pompey* the great, the Page *Hercules*.
Brag. Pardon sir, error: He is not quantitie enough for
that worthies thumbe, he is not so big as the end of his Club.
Peda. Shall I haue audience? He shall present *Hercules*
in minoritie: his enter and exit shalbe strangling a Snake;
and I will haue an Apologie for that purpose.
Page. An excellent deuice: so if any of the audience hisse,
you may cry, Well done *Hercules*, now thou crushest the
Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, though
few haue the grace to do it.
Brag. For the rest of the Worthies?
Peda. I will play three my selfe.
Page. Thrice worthie Gentleman.
Brag. Shall I tell you a thing?
Peda. We attende.
Brag. We will haue, if this fadge not, an Antique. I be-
seech you follow.
Peda. *Via* good-man *Dull*, thou hast spoken no worde all
this while.

G

Dull

A pleasant conceited Comedie.
 Their leuerall countailes they vnbodosome shall,
 To Loues mistooke, and to be mockt withall,
 Vpon the next occasion that we meete,
 With Viages displayde to talke and greet.
 Boy. But shall we dance, if they desire vs too?
 Que. No, to the death we will not moue a foot.
 Nor to their pend speech render we no grace:
 But while tis spoke each turne away his face.
 Boy. Why that contempt will kill the speakers hart.
 And quite diuorce his memorie from his part.
 Que. Therefore I do, and I make no doubt,
 The rest will ere come in, if he be out.
 Theres no such sport, as sport by sport orchowme:
 To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
 So shall we lay mocking contended game,
 And they wel mock depart away with shame. *Sound Trom.*
 Boy. The Trompett soundes, be markt, the markers come.
Enter Black-moouers with musike, the Boy with a
speech, and the rest of the Lordes dispyssal.
 Page. All haile, the richest Beauties on the earth.
 Berow. Beauties no richer then rich Taffara.
 Page. A holy parcell of the fayrest damnes that euer turnd their
 backs to mortall viwes.
 The Ladies turne their backs to him.
 Berow. Their eyes villaine, their eyes.
 Page. That euen turne their eyes to mortall viwes.
 Boy. True, out in dedde.
 Page. Out of your stannours heauenly spirtes vouchsafe
 Not to beholde.
 Berow. Once to beholde, rogue.
 With your Summe beamed eyes.
 Boy. They will not answere to that Epythar.
 Page. They do not make me, and that brings me out.
 Ber. Is this your perfectness? begon you rogue.

called Lones Labor's lost.
 Rosal. What would these stranges?
 Know their mindes Boyer.
 If they do speake our language, tis our will
 That some plaine man recount their purposes.
 Know what they would?
 Boyer. What would you with the Princes?
 Berow. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
 Rosal. What would they, say they?
 Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
 Rosal. Why that they haue, and bid them so be gon.
 Boy. She saies you haue it, and you may be gon.
 King. Say to her we haue measurd many miles,
 To tread a Measure with her on this grasse.
 Boy. They say that they haue measurd many a mile,
 To tread a Measure with you on this grasse.
 Rosal. It is not so. Aske them how manie inches
 Is in one mile? If they haue measured manie,
 The measure then of one is easlie tolde.
 Boy. If to come hither, you haue measurd miles,
 And manie miles; the Princeesse bids you tell,
 How manie inches doth fill vp one mile?
 Berow. Tell her we measure them by weerie steps.
 Boy. She heares her selfe.
 Rosal. How manie weerie steps,
 Of manie weerie miles you haue ore gone,
 Are numbred in the trauaile of one Mile?
 Berow. We number nothing that we spend for you,
 Our duetie is so rich, so infinite,
 That we may do it still without accompt.
 Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,
 That we (like sauages) may worship it.
 Rosal. My face is but a Moone, and clouded too.
 King. Blessed are cloudes, to do as such cloudes do.
 Vouchsafe bright Moone, and these thy Starrs to shine,
 (Those cloudes remooued) vpon our waterie eyne.
 Rosal. O vaine petitioner, begg a greater matter,
 Thou now requests but Moone shine in the water.
 King. Then in our measure, do but vouchsafe one change,
 Thou

called Lones Labor's lost.
 Ros. I would you knew.
 And if my face were but as faire as yours,
 My Faouour were as great, be witnesse this.
 Nay I haue Vcaries too, I thanke Berow.
 The numbers true, and were the numbring too,
 I were the fayrest Goddesse on the ground.
 I am comparde to twentie thousand fairs.
 O he hath drawen my picture in his letter.
 Que. Any thing like?
 Ros. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.
 Que. Be cautious as Incke: a good conclusion.
 Kath. Faire as a text B in a Copie booke.
 Ros. Ware penalls, How? Let me not die your debtor,
 My red Dominical, my golden letter,
 O that your face were not so full of Oes.
 Que. A Poxe of that selfe, and I be throw all Shrowes,
 But Katherine what was sent to you
 From faire Dinnam?
 Kath. Madame, this Cloue.
 Que. Did he not send you twaine?
 Kath. Yes Madame: and moreouer,
 Some thousand Verses of a faithfull Louer.
 A huge compyled, profound simplicitie.
 Vildy compyled, profound simplicitie.
 Mary. This, and these I carie, to me sent Longuill.
 The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.
 Que. I thinke no lesse: Dost thou not wish in hart
 The Chaine were longer, and the Letter shorter.
 Mary. I, or I would these handes might neuer part,
 Que. We are wile girtes to mocke our Louers so.
 Ros. They are worse fooles to purchase mocking so.
 That I knowe he were but in by th weeke,
 O that I knew he were but in by th weeke,
 How I would make him fawne, and begge, and secke.
 And wayre the season, and obserue the times,
 And spend his prodigall wittes in beoetles times,
 And shap his seruice wholly to my deuice,
 And make him proude to make me proude that I se.

A pleasant conceited Comedie.
 Dull. Nor vnderstooode none neither fir.
 Ped. Alone, we will employ thee.
 Dull. Ile make one in a daunce, or so: or I will play on
 the Taber to the worthies, and let them dance the hey.
 Ped. Most Dull, honest Dull, to our sport: away. *Exeunt.*
Enter the Ladies.
 Que. Sweete hartes we shal be rich ere we depart,
 Yf Fayrings come thus plentifully in.
 A Ladie walde about with Diamondes: Looke you, what I
 haue from the louing King.
 Rosal. Madame, came nothing els along with that?
 Que. Nothing but this: yes as much loue in Rime,
 As would be crambd vp in asheete of paper
 Writ a both sides the leafe, margent and all,
 That he was faine to seale on Cupids name.
 Rosal. That was the way to make his god-head Waxe:
 For he hath been siue thousand yeere a Boy.
 Kath. I and a throwde vnhappie gallowes too.
 Ros. Youle neare be friendes with him, a kild your sister.
 Kath. He made her melancholic, sad, and heauie,
 And so she died: had she bin Light like you, of such a mery
 nimble stirring spint, she might a bin Grandam ere she died.
 And so may you: For a light hart liues long.
 Ros. Whats your darke meaning mouce, of this light word?
 Kath. A light condition in a beutie darke.
 Ros. We neede more light to finde your meaning out.
 Kath. Yole marre the light by taking it in insuffe:
 Therefore Ile darkly ende the argument.
 Ros. Looke what you do, you do it still i'th darke,
 Kath. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.
 Ros. In dedde I waigh not you, and therefore light,
 Kath. You waigh me not, O thats you care not for me.
 Ros. Great reason: for past care, is still past cure.
 Que. Well bandied both, a set of Wit well played.
 But Rosaline, you haue a Faouour too?
 Who sent it? and what is it?

Rosal.

called Loues Labor's loss.

Reas. But that you take what doth to you belong,
 It were a fault to match wordes from my tongue.
Ber. O, I am yours and all that I possesse.
Rosa. All the foole mine.
Ber. I cannot give you lesse.
Ros. Which of the Vizards was it that you wore?
Rea. Where, when, what Vizard, what shewst thou this?
Rosa. There, then, what Vizard, what shewst thou this?
 That hid the worse, and shewed the better face.
King. We were detected, they mock vs now downright.
Queen. Let vs confesse and turne it to a jest.
Rea. Amaze me my Lord? Why lookest thou thus?
Rosa. Helpe holde his browes, hee looke found: why looke
 you pale?
Rea. I think comming from *Muscov.*
Rea. Thus pounce the Scares downe playes for pernitie,
 Can awe face of b. all hold longer out?
 Here stand, Ladie darst thou shew me,
 Brule me with flame, confound me with a flout.
 Truth thy sharpe wit quite through my ignorance,
 Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit.
 And I will with thee neuer more to daunce,
 Nor neuer more in Russian habite waite.
 O neuer will I trust to speaches pend,
 Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boys tongues:
 Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend,
 Nor woo in time like a blind harpers songes.
 Taffata phraes, liken tearmes precise,
 Three pildes Hibetboles, pruce affection:
 Figures pedantical, these somner flies,
 Have blowne me full of mages of ostentation.
 I do forswear them, and I here protest,
 By this white Glove (how white the hand God knowes)
 Henceforth my wooing minde shall be exprest
 In rusticyes, and honest kerne moes.
 And to begin Wench, so God helpe me law,
 My loue to thee is sound, *smile cracke or law.*
Rosa. *Smile, I pray you.*

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no?
Ber. What, are there but three?
Clow. No sir, but it is vana fine,
 For euerie one pursents three.
Rea. And three times three is nine.
Clow. Not so sir, vnder correction sir, I hope it is not so.
 You cannot beg vs sir, I can assure you sir, we know what
 we know: I hope sir three times duice sir.
Rea. Is not nine.
Clow. Vnder correction sir we know where-vntill it doth
 amount.
Rea. By Ioue, I all wayes tooke three threes for nine.
Clow. O Lord sir, it were pittie you should get your liuing
 by reckning sir.
Rea. How much is it?
Clow. O Lord sir, the parties themselves, the actors sir
 will shew wher-vntill it doth amount: for mine owne part, I
 am (as thy lay, but to perfect one man in one poore man)
Pompon the great sir.
Rea. Art thou one of the Worthies?
Clow. It pleased them to thinke me worthie of *Pompey*
 the great: for mine owne part I know not the degree of the
 Worthy, but I am to stand for him.
Rea. Goe bid them prepare. *(Exit)*
Clow. We wil turne it finely off sir, we wil take some care.
King. Berowne, they will shame vs: let them not approch.
Rea. We are shame prooue my Lord: & tis some policie
 To haue one shew worse then the Kings and his company.
King. I say they shall not come.
Queen. Nay my good Lord let me ore-rule you now,
 That sport best pleases, that doth best know how:
 Where zeale strues to content, and the contentes
 Dies in the zeale of that which it presentes:
 Their forme confounded, makes most forme in myrth.
 When great things labouing perish in their byrth.
Rea. A right description of our sport my Lord.
Enter Bragart.
Brag. Annoynted, I implore so much expence of thy royal
 sweere

called Loues Labor's loss.

Rea. I am a foole, and full of pouertie.
Rosa. This proues you wife and rich: for in my cic.
 Wife things seeme foolish, and rich things seeme poore.
 Is of that nature, that to your huge floote,
 By light we loose high, your capacite
 With eyes best seeing, heauens fierie cic:
 Your wits makes wile things foolish when we greete
Rea. This test is drie to me, gentle sweere,
 When they are thine, fools would faine haue drinke.
 I dare not call them fool: but this I thinke,
 They did not blest vs with one happy word.
 And take apace: and in that houre (my Lord)
 In *Argian* habite: heere they layed an houre,
 We foure in dede conforted were with foure,
 In curthee giues vndercunning praise.
 My Ladie (to the manner of the dayes)
Rosa. Madam, speake true: it is not to my Lords
 Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state,
Queen. I in much My Lord.
King. How Madam? *Ros.*
 A mistle of *Ros.* lest vs but of state.
 We haue had pastimes here and pleasant game,
Queen. Not to my Lord, it is not to I sweere,
 Vntill you haue much to our shame.
King. O you haue had in desolation heere,
 Of heauenly Oches vowed with integrity.
 So much I haue a breaking cause to be
 I would not yeelde to be your houses guests:
 A world of tormentes though I should endure,
 As the vnassild Lilly I protest,
 Now by my maiden honour yet as pure,
 For vertues office neuer breakes mens troth.
Queen. You nickname vertue, vice you should haue spoket
 The vertue of your cic must breake my oth.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you prouoke:
 Nor God nor I deligh in perur men.
Queen. This Feede shall holde me, and to hold your vowe
 To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.
A pleasant conceited Comedie:

called Loues Labor's loss.

Dum. Faire Ladie.
Mar. Say you so? Faire Lord, take that for your faire Lady
Dum. Please it you, as much in priuat, & ile bid adieu.
Maria. What, was your vizard made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reason (Lady) why you aske,
Mari. O for your reason, quickly sir, I long?
Long. You haue a double tongue within your Maske,
 And would afforde my speachles vizard halfe,
Mar. Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is not veale a Calfe?
Long. A Calfe faire Ladie.
Mar. No, a faire Lorde Calfe.
Long. Let's part the word?
Mar. No, Ile not be your halfe:
 Take all and weane it, it may proue an Oxe.
Lon. Loke how you butt your selfe in these sharpemocks,
 Will you giue hornes chaff Lady? do not so.
Mar. Then die a Calfe, before your hornes do grow.
Long. One word in priuate with you ere I die.
Mar. Bleat softly then, the Butcher heares you crie,
Boyet. The tongues of mocking Wenches are as keene
 As is the Rasors edge inuisible:
 Cutting a smaller haire then may be seene,
 About the fence of fence so sensibile,
 Seemeth their conference, their conceites haue winges,
 Flceter then Arrowes, buliets wind thought swift things.
Rosa. Not one word more my Maides, break off, break off.
Rea. By heauen, all drie beaten with pure scoffe.
King. Farewel mad Wenches, you haue simple wits. *Exe.*
Queen. Twentie adieus my frozen Muskouits,
 Are these the breede of Wits so wondered at?
Boye. Tapers they are with your sweete breaths puff out.
Rosa. Wel-likeing Wits they haue grosse grosse, fat fat,
Queen. O pouertie in wit, Kingly poore flour,
 Will they not (thinke you) hange them selues to nyght?
 Or euer but in vizards shew their faces.
 This pert *Berowne* was out of countenance quite,
Rosa. They were all in lamentable caks,
 The King was weeping ripe for a good word.

Enter the King and the rest.
King. Faire Sir, God haue you: Where's the Princeesse?
Boyer. Gone to her Tent. Please it your Maiestie com-
King. That the vouchsafe me audience for one word.
Boyer. I will, and so will she, I know my Lord.
Boyer. This fellow peckes vp Wit as Pidgeons Pease,
 And vnder it againe when God dooth please.
He is Wits Pedler, and retales his wares:
At Wakes and Wakes, meetings, markets, faires,
 And we that sell by grolle, the Lord doth know,
 Hee not the grace to grace it with such know,
 This Gallant giues the Wench on his leene,
 Had he bin *Adam* he had reimpred *Eve*.
A can canue to, and lippe: Why this is hee
 That kist his hand, a way in courtisie,
 This is the Ape of Fortune, Mounther the nice,
 That when he playes at Tables chides the Dice
 In honorable reueries; may he can sing
 A meane most meane, and in hushling,
 Mende him who can, the Ladies call him sweete,
 The Maies as hee trades on them kisse his face,
 This is the floure that anyes on euerie one,
 To shew his teeth as white as Whales bone,
 And confidences that will not die in debt,
 Pay him the due of honest-congeed *Boyer*.
King. A blither on his sweete tongue with my hart,
 That put *Amwhores* Page out of his part.
Enter the Ladies.
Bero. See where it comes. Behauiour what were thou?
King. Till this mad man shewed thee, and what art thou now?
Quee. All haile sweete Madam, and faire time of day.
Quee. Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceane.
King. Consiure my speeches better, if you may.
Quee. Then with me better, I will giue you leane.
King. We came to visite you, and purpose now,
 To

called Lones Labor's loss.

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

Quee. Beroine did sweare him selfe out of all suite,
Mar. Dumaine was at my seruice, and his sword,
 No poyn(t) quoth I my seruant, straight was mute,
Kath. Lord Longanill said I came ore his hart:
 And trow you what he calde me?
Quee. Qualme perhapt,
Kath. Yes in good faith,
Quee. Goe sicknes as thou art.
Ros. Well, better wits haue worne plaine statute Caps,
 But will you heare; the King is my Loue sworne,
Quee. And quicke Beroine hath plighted Fayth to me.
Kath. And Longanill was for my seruice borne.
Mar. Dumaine is mine as sure as barke on tree.
Boyet. Madame, and prettie mistresses giue care,
 Immediarly they will againe be heere,
 In their owne shapes: for it can neuer be,
 They will digest this harsh indignitie.
Quee. Will they returne?
Boy. They will they will, God knowes,
 And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes:
 Therefore change Fauours, and when they repaire,
 Blow like sweete Rosés, in this sommer aire.
Quee. How blow? how blow? Speake to be vnderstood.
Boy. Faire Ladies maskt, are Rosés in their bud:
 Dismaskt, their dammaske sweete commixture showne,
 Are Angels varling cloudes, or Rosés blowne.
Quee. Auaunt perplexitie, What shall we do,
 If they returne in their owne shapes to woe?
Ros. Good Madame, if by me youle be aduisde,
 Lets mocke them still as well knowne as disguyfde:
 Let vs complaine to them what foolcs were heare,
 Disguyfde like *Muscouites* in shapeles gear:
 And wonder what they were, and to what ende
 Their shallow shewes, and Prologue vildly pende,
 And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
 Should be presented at our Tent to vs,
Boyer. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand,
Quee. Whip to our Tents as Roes runs ore land, *Exeunt.*
Enter

King.
 Most honourable doth vphold his word,
Quee. God giue thee ioy of him: the Noble Lord
 That he would wed me, or els die my Louer.
 About this world: adding thereto more ouer,
 As precious ey-fight, and did value me
Ros. Madame, hee swore that he did hold me deare,
 What did the *Argus* whisper in your care?
Quee. I will, and therefore keepe it. *Rosaline,*
King. Despit me when I breake this oth of mine.
 force not to forswere.
Quee. I see peace, for care: your Oth once broke, you
King. Vpon mine honour no.
Quee. When she shall challenge this, you will reiect her.
King. That more then all the world, I did respect her.
 What did you whisper in your Ladies eare?
Quee. When you then were heere,
King. I was faire Madame.
Quee. And were you well aduisde?
King. Madame, I was.
 Were not you here but euen now, disguyfde?
Quee. The fairest is confession,
 Some faire excuse.
King. Teach vs sweet Madame, for our rude translation
Bero. Speake for your felices, my wit is at an ende.
Ros. Nor shall nor I do as I intende.
Bero. Peace, for I will not haue to doe with you.
 That you stand forsaie, being those that sue.
Ros. It is not so, for how can this be true,
Bero. Our hares are forsaie, seeke not to vndoo vs.
Quee. No, they are hee that gaue these tokens to vs,
 For the Lords tokens on you do lye.
 These Lordes are visited, you are not free,
 They haue the Plague, and caught it of your eyes,
 They are infected, in their hares it lyes:
 Write Lord *banmeris* on vs, on those three,
 He leane it by degrees, for let vs see,
 Of the olde rage: beare with me, I am sicke.
Bero. Yet I haue a tricke,
A pleasant conceited Comedie.

called Lones Labor's loss.

King. What meane you Madame: by my life my troth,
 I neuer swore this Lady such an oth,
Ros. By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine,
 You gaue me this: but take it fir againe.
King. My faith and this, the Princeesse I did giue,
 I knew her by this Jewell on her sleene.
Quee. Pardon me fir, this Jewell did she weare,
 And Lord Beroine (I thanke him) is my deare.
 What? will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?
Bero. Neither of either: I remit both twaine.
 I see the tricke ant: here was a consent,
 Knowing aforehand of our meriment,
 To dash it lik a Christmas Comedie:
 Some carry tale, some please-man, some sleight saine:
 Some mumble newes, some trencher Knight, some Dick
 That smyles, his cheek in yeeres, and knowes the trick
 To make my Lady laugh, when shees disposd:
 Tolde our intentes before: which once disclosed,
 The Ladies did change Fauours; and then wee
 Following the signes, wood but the signe of shee,
 Now to our periurie, to add more terror,
 We are againe forsworne in will and error.
 Much vpon this tis: and might not you
 Forrestall our sport, to make vs thus vntrue?
 Do not you know my Ladies soote by th squier?
 And laugh vpon the apple of her eie?
 And stand betweene her backe fir and the fier,
 Holding a trencher, iesting merrilie?
 You put our Page out: goe, you are aloude.
 Die when you will, a Smocke shall be your shroude.
 You leere vpon me, do you: ther's an eie
 Woundes like a leaden sword.
Boyer. Full merely hath this braue nuage, this carriere
 bin run.
Bero. Lo, he is tilting straight. Peace, I haue don.
Enter Clowne.
Bero. Welcome pure wit, thou partst a faire fray.
Clow. O Lord sir, they would know,
 Whether

A pleasant concerted Comedie:

Beer. Hide thy head *Achilles*, here comes *Hector* in Arms.
Duma. Though my mockes come home by me, I will
 now be merrie.
King. *Hector* was but a *Troyan* in respect of this.
Boyer. But is this *Hector*?
King. I thinke *Hector* was not so cleane timberd.
Dum. His Legges is too bigge for *Hectors*.
Long. More Caſe certaine.
Boye. No, he is beſt indued in the ſmall.
Boye. This cannot be *Hector*.
Duma. Hee's a God or a Painter: for he makes faces.
Bray. The *Amiripotent Mars*, of *Lamunes* the almighty,
 gave *Hector* a gift.
Duma. A gift Nutmeggs.
Boye. A Lemon.
Long. Stucke with Cloues.
Dum. No clouen.
Bray. Peace. The *Amiripotent Mars*, of *Lamunes* the almighty,
 gave *Hector* a gift, the heere of *Illon*.
A man ſo breath'd, that certaine he would fight, yea,
 From morne till night out of his *Ranlong*.
 I am that Flower.
Dum. That Mint.
Long. That Cullamblinc.
Bray. Sweete Lord *Long* will raine thy tongue.
Long. I muſt rather giue it the raine: for it ruines againſt
Hector.
Dum. I and *Hector*'s a Greyhound.
Bray. The ſweete War-man is dead and rotten,
 Sweete chucks beat not the bones of the buried:
 When he breathed he was a man:
 But I will forward with my deuices, ſweete royallie beſlow
 on me the ſence of hearing.
Boye. Brown ſteps foot.
Que. Speake braue *Hector*, we are much delighted.
Bray. I do adore thy ſweete *Greeces Shipper*.
Boye.

called Lones Labor's lost.

swete breath, as will vttet a brace of wordes.
Quee. Doth this man serue God?
Bero. Why aske you?
Quee. A speakes not like a man of God his making.
Brag. That is al one my faire swete honie monarch,
 For I protest, the Schoolemaister is exceeding fantastlicall,
 Too too vaine, too too vainer but we will put it (as they say)
 to *Fortuna delaguar*, I wish you the peace of mind most royall
 supplement. *Exit.*
King. Heere is like to be a good presence of Worthiest:
 He presents *Hector* of *Troy*, the Swaine *Pompey* the great, the
 parish Curate *Alexander*, *Armadoes* Page *Hercules*, the *Pedant*
Judas Machabews: And if these foure Worthies in their
 first shew thriue, these foure will change habites, and present
 the other five.
Bero. There is siue in the first shew.
King. You are deceiued, tis not so.
Bero. The Pedant, the Bragart, the Hedge-Priest, the
 Foole, and the Boy,
 Abate throw at Nouum, and the whole world againe,
 Cannot picke out siue such, take each one in his vaine.
Kim. The Ship is vnder sayle, and heere she coms amaine.
Enter Pompey.
Clowne. I Pompey am.
Bero. You lie, you are not he.
Clow. I Pompey am,
Boyet. With Libbards head on knee. (thee,
Ber. Well said old mocker, I must needes be friendes with
Clow. I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the bigge.
Duma. The great.
Clow. It is great sir, Pompey surnamd the great,
 That oft in fiedle with Targ and Shield did make my foe to sweate,
 And trauiailing along this coast I heere am come by chaunce,
 And lay my Armes before the Legs of this swete Lasse of France.
 If your Ladyshipp would say thanks Pompey, I had done.
Lady. Great thanks great Pompey.
Clo. Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect. I
 made a litle fault in great,

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

I 3

Bravo. Sweete bloodes, I both may and will.
Dum. You may not deny it, *Pompey* hath made the chal-
lenge.
Brig. Gentlemen and Souldiers, pardon me, I will not
combar in my thyrt.
Pag. Maister, let me take you a button hole lower. Do
you not see, *Pompey* is vncalling for the Combar: What
meane you you will loose your reputation.
Dum. Most resolute *Pompey*,
Clow. He do it in my thyrt.
Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies.
row my Armes againe.
Clow. I will not fight with a Pole like a Northern mans
The slash, He do it by the Sword: I bepray you let me bor-
row my Armes againe.
Brig. By the North Pole I do challenge thee,
Dum. *Hector* will challenge him.
suppe a Flea.
Brig. I, it a haue no more mans blood in his belly then w
or stir them on.
Dum. *Hector* is moued more Armes stir them
Bero. *Pompey* is moued more Armes stir them
py the hudge.
Brig. Greater then great, great, great, great *Pompey*: *Pom-*
Brig. Renowned *Pompey*.
Dum. Most rare *Pompey*.
quick by him, and hauged for *Pompey* that is dead by him.
Clow. Then shall *Hector* be whipt for *Iniquities* that is
Thou shalt die.
Brig. Dost thou inflamozize me among potentates:
Beliee already: tis yours.
wrench is cast away: thees quick, the childe brages in her
Brig. Faith valieff you play the honest *Trojan*, the poore
her way.
Clow. Fellow *Hector*, he is gone; he is two months on
I he partie is gone.
Brig. This *Hector* far surpassed Hanniball.
Dum. He may not by the yarde:
Boyet Loues her by the foote.
called Loues Labor's loss.

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

As bombast and as lyning to the time:
But more deuout then this our respectes,
Haue we not been, and therefore met your Loues,
In their owne fashyon like a merriment.
Dum. Our letters madame, shewed much more then iest.
Long. So did our looks.
Rosa. We did not cote them so.
King. Now at the latest minute of the houre,
Graunt vs your loues,
Quee. A time me thinkes too short,
To make a world-without-end bargain in:
No no my Lord, your Grace is periurde much,
Full of deare guiltines, and therefore this,
If for my Loue (as there is no such cause)
You will do ought, this shall you do for me:
Your oth I will not trust, but goe with speede
To some forlorne and naked Hermytage,
Remote from all the pleasurs of the world:
There stay vntill the twelue Celestiall Signes
Haue brought about the annuall reckoning.
If this Austere insociable life,
Change not your offer made in heate of blood.
If frostes and fastes, hard lodging, and thin weedes,
Nip not the gaudie blossomes of your Loue:
But that it beare this tryall, and last Loue,
Then at the expiration of the yecre,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these desertes:
And by this Virgin palme now kissing thine,
I will be thine: and till that instance shutt
My wofull selfe vp in a mourning house,
Rayning the teares of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my Fathers death.
If this thou do deny, let our handes part,
Neither intiled in the others hart.
King. If this, or more then this, I would denie,
To flatter vp these powers of mine with rest,
The sodaine hand of death close vp mine eye,
Hence hence then my hart, is in thy brest,

Quec. Alas poore *Machabenus*, how hath he bin bayced.
May humble.
Boyer. A light for *Machabenus*, it grows darke, he
Bedam. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
Bero. For the *Ass* to the *Jude*: give it him, *Judas* away!
Duma. For the latter end of his name.
And to adue sweere Jude. May, Why dost thou stay?
Boyer. Therefore as he is, an *Ass*, let him go:
Bero. And thou weare a *Lyon*, we would do so.
Peda. But you haue outface them all.
Bero. Faine, we haue given them faces.
Peda. You haue put me out of countenance,
And now forward, for we haue put thee in countenance.
Bero. I and worne in the cappe of a *Tooth-drawer*.
Duma. I and in a *Brood* of *Lead*.
Bero. Saint *Georges* halfe cheeke in a *Brood*.
Duma. The carud-bone face on a *Fliske*.
Boyer. The pummel of *Casars* Fauchion.
Long. The face of an olde *Roman* coyne, scarce scene,
Bero. A death face in a *King*.
Duma. The head of a *Bodkin*.
Boyer. A *Cyterne* head.
Peda. What is this?
Bero. Because thou hast no face,
Peda. I will not be put out of countenance.
Bero. Well folowed, *Judas* was hangd on an *Filder*.
Peda. Begin sir, you are my elder.
Boyer. To make *Judas* hang him selfe.
Peda. What meane you sir?
Duma. The more shame for you *Judas*.
Peda. *Judas* I am.
Bero. A kissing traytour, How art thou proud *Judas*?
Dum. *Judas Machabenus* elipt, *plaine Judas*.
Peda. I am, echepd *Machabenus*.
Dum. A *Judas*.
Peda. Yet *Iscairiot* sir.
Dum. *Judas*.
called Loues Labor's lost.

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

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

Enter Curate for Alexander.

Curat. When in the world I liud, I was the worldes commander:
 By East, West, North, and South, I spred my conquering might:
 My *Scutcheon* plaine declares that I am *Alexander*. (right,

Boyer. Your Nose saies no, you are not: for it stands too
 Be. Your nose sinels no in his most tender sinelling knight.

Qu. The conqueror is dismaid: proceed good *Alexander*.

Curat. When in the world I liued, I was the worldes commander.

Boy. Most true, tis right: you were so *Alexander*.

Bero. *Pompey* the great.

Chw. Your seruant and *Costard*.

Bero. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Alexander*.

Chw. O sir, you haue ouerthrowne *Alexander* the Conqueror: you will be scrapt out of the painted cloth for this. Your *Lion* that holdes his *Polax* sitting on a close stoole, will be geuen to *Ajax*. He wilbe the ninth Worthie: a Conquerour, and a feard to speake? Run away for shame *Alexander*. There ant shall please you a foolish mylde man, an honest man; looke you, and soone dasht, He is a marueylous good neighbour fayth, and a very good Bowler: but for *Alexander*, alas you see how tis a little oreparted, but there are Worthies a comming will speake their minde in some other fort. Exit *Curat*.

Quec. Stand aside good *Pompey*.

Enter Pedant for Judas, and the Boy for Hercules,

Peda. Great *Hercules* is presented by this *Impe*,
 Whose Clubb kilde *Cerberus* that thre headed *Canus*,
 And when he was a babe, a childe, a *shrimpe*,
 Thus did he strangle *Serpents* in his *Manus*,
 Quoniam, he someth in *minoritie*,
 Ergo, I come with this *Appologie*.

Keepe some state in thy exit, and vanish.

Peda. *Judas* I am.

Exit Boy.

Dum.

And often at his very loose decides
 All causes to the purpose of his speed:
King. The extreme partes of time extremely formes,
 For my great sure, so easily obtainde,
 Excuse me to comming too short of thanks,
 A heauie hart beares not a humble tongue,
 Was guytte offit. Farewell worthy *Lords*:
 In the conuence of breath your gentleness
 If querboldly we haue borne our selues,
 The liberrall opposition of our spiritues,
 In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,
 Our of a new sad-soule, that you vouchsafe,
 For all your faire endeuours and intreat:
Quec. Prepare I say: I thanke you gracious *Lords*.
King. Madame Nor, I do beseech you stay.
Quec. Boyet prepare, I will away to myght.
King. How fares your *Maitresse*?
 and I will right my selfe like a *Souldier*.
Scene the day of wrong through the hile hole of discretion,
Boy. For mine owne part I breath free breath: I haue
 Ber. Worthies away, the scene begins to cloude.
Marcad. Euen so: my tale is tolde.
Quec. Dead for my life.
 is heauie in my tongue, The *King* your father
Marcad. I am forrie Madame for the newes I bring
 interment.
Quec. Welcome *Marcad*, but that thou interruptest our
Marcad. God saue you Madame.
 Enter a Messenger Monsieur *Marcad*:
 Faunour,
 cloude of *Jaquenettes*, and that a weares next his hart for a
 Iinnen: since when, he be sworne he wore none, but a dish-
 Boy. True, and it was inoynd him in *Rome* for want of
 I goe Woolward for penance.
 Ber. The naked truth of it is, I haue no Shirt.
 Zoro. What reason haue you fort.
 A pleasant conceited Comedie.

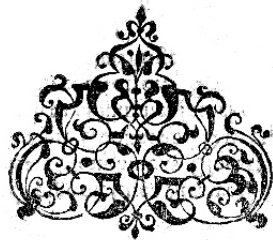
called Loues Labor's lost.

That, which long proceffe could not arbitrate,
 And though the mourning brow of progenie
 Forbid the smyling courtie of *Loue*,
 The holy suite which faine it would conuince,
 Yet since *Loues* argument was first on foote,
 Let not the cloude of Sorrow iustle it
 From what it purposd, since to wayle friendes lost,
 Is not by much so holdsome profitable,
 As to reioyce at friendes but newly found.

Quec. I vnderstand you not, my griefes are double.

Bero. Honest plaine words, best pearce the care of griefe,
 And by these badges vnderstand the *King*,
 For your faire sakes, haue we neglected time.
 Plaide fouleplay with our othes, your beautie *Ladies*
 Hath much deformed vs, fashioning our humours
 Euen to the opposed ende of our ententes.
 And what in vs hath seemed ridiculous:
 As *Loue* is full of vnbesitting straines,
 All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine.
 Formd by the eye, and therefore like the eye.
 Full of straying shapes, of habites and of formes:
 Varying in subiectes as the eye doth roule,
 To euery varied object in his glaunce:
 Which partie coted preface of loose loue
 Put on by vs, if in your heauenly eyes,
 Haue misbecombd our othes and grauities.
 Those heauenly eyes that looke into these faulter,
 Suggested vs to make, therefore *Ladies*
 Our loue being yours, the error that *Loue* makes
 Is likewise yours: we to our selues proue false,
 By being once false, for euer to be true
 To those that make vs both faire *Ladies* you.
 And euen that falshood in it selfe a sinne,
 Thus purifies it selfe and turns to grace.

Quec. We haue receiud your Letters, full of *Loue*:
 Your Fauours, embassadours of *Loue*.
 And in our mayden counsaile rated them,
 At courtshyp pleasant iest and courtie,



FINIS

The wordes of Mercury, are harsh after the
longes of Apollo.

When all aboute the winde doth blow,
And copping drownes the Partons faw;
And Birdes sit brooding in the Snow,
And Martians nose lookes red and raw:
When roasted Crabbs hiss in the bowle;
Then nightly sings the staring Owle,
Tu-whit to-who,
A merrie note,
While greacie Ione doth keele the poe,
A pleasant conceited Comedie.

called *Loues Labor's lost*.

Berow. And what to me my Loue? and what to me?

Rosal. You must be purged to, your finnes are rackt.
You are attaint with faultes and periuries:
Therefore if you my fauour meane to get,
A tweluemonth shall you spende and neuer rest,
But seeke the weery beddes of people sicke.

Duma. But what to me my Loue? but what to me?

Kath. A wife? a beard, faire health, and honestie,
With three folde loue I wish you all these three.

Duma. O shall I say, I thanke you gentle Wife?

Kath. Not so my Lord, a tweluemonth and a day,
He marke no wordes that smoothfast wooers say,
Come when the King doth to my Lady come:
Then if I haue much loue, He giue you some.

Duma. He serue thee true and faythfully till then.

Kath. Yet sweare not, least ye be forsworne agen.

Longanill. What saies *Maria*?

Mari. At the tweluemonths ende,
He change my blacke Gowne for a faithfull frend.

Long. He stay with patience, but the time is long.

Mari. The liker you, few taller are so young.

Berow. Studdies my Ladie? Mistres looke on me,

Beholde the window of my hart, mine eye:
What humble suite attendes thy answere there,
Impose some seruice on me for thy Loue.

Rosal. Oft haue I heard of you my Lord *Berowne*,
Before I saw you: and the worldes large tongue
Proclaymes you for a man repleat with mockes,
Full of comparifons and wounding floutes:
Which you on all estetes will execute,
That lie within the mercie of your wit
To weede this wormewood from your fruitfull braine,
And therewithall to winne me, yf you please,
Without the which I am not to be wont:
You shall this tweluemonth terme from day to day,
Visite the speachlesse sicke, and still conuerse,
With groning wretches: and your taske shall be,
With all the fierce endeuour of your wit,

Then

When Blood is ripe, and waves be full,
And Milke comes frozen home in pail;
And Thom beares Logges into the hall,
And Dicken the Sheeph heard blowes his nailes
When Iacles hang by the wall,
Winter.

Vnpleasing to a married care,
Cuckow, cuckow: O word of feare,
Cuckow.
Mockes married men, for thus singes he,
The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
And Maidens bleach their summer smockes;
When Turtles tread and Rookes and Dawes,
And merrie Larkes are Plooughmens Clockes;
When Shepheards pipe on Oen Strawes,
Vnpleasing to a married care,

Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Cuckow.
Mockes married men, for thus singes he,
The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
Do paint the Medowes with delighe,
And Ladi-smockes all filuer white,
And Cuckow-budds of yellow hew;
When Daisies pied, and Violets blew,
The Song.

B. Our begin.

Brag. This side is *Hiems*, Winter,
This *Ver*, the Spring: The one maynreined by the *Owle*,
The other by the Cuckow.

Enter all.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.
Brig. Holla, Approch.
ende of our shew.
called Loues Labor's lost.

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

To enforce the pained impotent to smile,
Berow. To moue wilde laughter in the throate of death,
It cannot be, it is impossible.
Mirth cannot moue a soule in agonie.
Rosal. Why thats the way to choake a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers giue to fooles,
A iestes prosperitie lies in the care,
Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then if sickly cares
Deaft with the clamours of their owne deare grones,
Will heare your idle scornes; continue then,
And I will haue you, and that fault withall.
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall finde you emptie of that fault,
Right ioyfull of your reformation.
Berow. A tweluemonth? well; befall what will befall,
He iest a tweluemonth in an Hospitall.
Queen. I sweete my Lord, and so I take my leaue.
King. No Madame, we will bring you on your way.
Berow. Our wooing doth not ende like an olde Playe
Iacke had not Gill: these Ladies courtesie
Might well haue made our sport a Comedie.
King. Come sir, it wants a tweluemonth an'aday,
And then twill ende.
Berow. That's too long for a Play.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweete Maieslie vouchsafe me.
Queen. Was not that *Hector*?
Dum. The worthie Knight of *Troy*.
Brag. I will kisse thy royall finger, and take leaue.
I am a Votarie; I haue vowde to *Iaquenetta*
To holde the Plough for her sweete loue three yeere,
But most esteemed greatnes, will you heare the Dialogue
that the two Learned men haue compiled, in prayse of the
Owle and the Cuckow; it should haue followed in the
ende