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Love's Labour's Lost Act 1

[00:00:42] Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
 [00:00:46] Live register'd upon our brazen tombs
 [00:00:49] And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
 [00:00:52] When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
 [00:00:55] The endeavor of this present breath may buy
 [00:00:58] That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge
 [00:01:00] And make us heirs of all eternity.
 [00:01:07] Therefore, brave conquerors,--for so you are,
 [00:01:11] That war against your own affections
 [00:01:13] And the huge army of the world's desires,--
 [00:01:18] Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
 [00:01:22] Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
 [00:01:26] Our court shall be a little Academe,
 [00:01:30] Still and contemplative in living art.
 [00:01:36] You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
 [00:01:42] Have sworn for three years' term to live with me
 [00:01:44] My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
 [00:01:47] That are recorded in this schedule here:
 [00:01:50] Your oaths are pass'd; and now subscribe your names,
 [00:01:54] That his own hand may strike his honour down
 [00:01:56] That violates the smallest branch herein:
 [00:02:00] If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,
 [00:02:03] Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.
 [00:02:13] I am resolved; 'tis but a three years' fast:
 [00:02:15] The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
 [00:02:19] My loving lord, Dumain is mortified:
 [00:02:22] The grosser manner of these world's delights
 [00:02:24] He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
 [00:02:28] To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
 [00:02:32] With all these living in philosophy.
 [00:02:34] I can but say their protestation over;
 [00:02:36] So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
 [00:02:38] That is, to live and study here three years.
 [00:02:42] But there are other strict observances;
 [00:02:46] As, not to see a woman in that term,
 [00:02:47] Which I hope well is not enrolled there;
 [00:02:49] And one day in a week to touch no food
 [00:02:52] And but one meal on every day beside,
 [00:02:54] The which I hope is not enrolled there;
 [00:02:56] And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
 [00:02:59] And not be seen to wink of all the day--
 [00:03:01] When I was wont to think no harm all night
 [00:03:03] And make a dark night too of half the day--
 [00:03:05] Which I hope well is not enrolled there:
 [00:03:07] O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
 [00:03:10] Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep!
 [00:03:14] Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.
 [00:03:16] Let me say no, my liege, an if you please:
 [00:03:19] I only swore to study with your grace
 [00:03:21] And stay here in your court for three years' space.
 [00:03:23] You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.
 [00:03:25] By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
 [00:03:29] What is the end of study? let me know.
 [00:03:31] Why, that to know, which else we should not know.
 [00:03:34] Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?
 [00:03:36] Ay, that is study's godlike recompense.
 [00:03:38] Come on, then; I will swear to study so,
 [00:03:40] To know the thing I am forbid to know:

[00:03:42] As thus,--to study where I well may dine,
 [00:03:45] When I to feast expressly am forbid;
 [00:03:47] Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
 [00:03:49] When mistresses from common sense are hid;
 [00:03:52] Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath,
 [00:03:54] Study to break it and not break my troth.
 [00:03:58] If study's gain be thus and this be so,
 [00:04:00] Study knows that which yet it doth not know:
 [00:04:04] Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.
 [00:04:06] These be the stops that hinder study quite
 [00:04:09] And train our intellects to vain delight.
 [00:04:11] Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
 [00:04:14] Which with pain purchased doth inherit pain:
 [00:04:17] As, painfully to pore upon a book
 [00:04:19] To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
 [00:04:22] Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:
 [00:04:25] Light seeking light doth light of light beguile:
 [00:04:28] So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
 [00:04:31] Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
 [00:04:35] Study me how to please the eye indeed
 [00:04:37] By fixing it upon a fairer eye,
 [00:04:39] Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed
 [00:04:42] And give him light that it was blinded by.
 [00:04:45] These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights
 [00:04:49] That give a name to every fixed star
 [00:04:51] Have no more profit of their shining nights
 [00:04:53] Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
 [00:04:56] Too much to know is to know nought but fame;
 [00:04:59] And every godfather can give a name.
 [00:05:02] How well he's read, to reason against reading!
 [00:05:04] Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!
 [00:05:08] Well, sit you out: go home, Biron: adieu.
 [00:05:13] No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:
 [00:05:15] And though I have for barbarism spoke more
 [00:05:18] Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
 [00:05:20] Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn
 [00:05:24] And bide the penance of each three years' day.
 [00:05:26] Give me the paper; let me read the same;
 [00:05:27] And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.
 [00:05:30] How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!
 [00:05:32] 'Item, That no woman shall come within a
 [00:05:34] mile of my court:' Hath this been proclaimed?
 [00:05:37] Four days ago.
 [00:05:38] Let's see the penalty.
 [00:05:42] 'On pain of losing her tongue.' Who devised this penalty?
 [00:05:46] Marry, that did I.
 [00:05:47] Sweet lord, and why?
 [00:05:48] To fright them hence with that dread penalty.
 [00:05:50] A dangerous law against gentility!
 [00:05:52] 'Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman
 [00:05:58] within the term of three years, he shall endure such
 [00:06:03] public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.'
 [00:06:11] This article, my liege, yourself must break;
 [00:06:15] For well you know here comes in embassy
 [00:06:16] The French king's daughter with yourself to speak--
 [00:06:18] A maid of grace and complete majesty--
 [00:06:20] About surrender up of Aquitaine
 [00:06:22] To her decrepit, sick and bedrid father:
 [00:06:26] What say you, lords? Why, this was quite forgot.
 [00:06:28] So study evermore is overshot:

[00:06:32] We must of force dispense with this decree;
[00:06:34] She must lie here on mere necessity.
[00:06:36] Necessity will make us all forsworn
[00:06:37] Three thousand times within this three years' space;
[00:06:40] If I break faith, this word shall speak for me;
[00:06:43] I am forsworn on 'mere necessity.'
[00:06:47] So to the laws at large I write my name:
[00:06:52] And he that breaks them in the least degree
[00:06:54] Stands in attainder of eternal shame:
[00:06:58] Suggestions are to other as to me;
[00:06:59] But I believe, although I seem so loath,
[00:07:03] I am the last that will last keep his oath.
[00:07:07] But is there no quick recreation granted?
[00:07:11] Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted
[00:07:19] With a refined traveller of Spain;
[00:07:22] A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
[00:07:25] That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;
[00:07:28] One whom the music of his own vain tongue
[00:07:30] Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;
[00:07:33] A man of complements, whom right and wrong
[00:07:36] Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
[00:07:39] This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
[00:07:46] For interim to our studies shall relate
[00:07:47] In high-born words the worth of many a knight
[00:07:50] From tawny Spain lost in the world's debate.
[00:07:55] How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
[00:07:57] But, I protest, I love to hear him lie
[00:08:01] And I will use him for my minstrelsy.
[00:08:12] Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit
[00:08:16] grows melancholy?
[00:08:17] A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.
[00:08:19] Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.
[00:08:21] No, no; O Lord, sir, no.
[00:08:23] How canst thou part sadness and melancholy,
[00:08:26] my tender juvenal?
[00:08:28] By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.
[00:08:31] Why tough senior? why tough senior?
[00:08:33] Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?
[00:08:34] I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton
[00:08:37] appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.
[00:08:42] And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your
[00:08:45] old time, which we may name tough.
[00:08:48] Pretty and apt.
[00:08:49] How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt?
[00:08:51] or I apt, and my saying pretty?
[00:08:52] Thou pretty, because little.
[00:08:54] Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?
[00:08:55] And therefore apt, because quick.
[00:08:57] Speak you this in my praise, master?
[00:08:59] In thy condign praise.
[00:09:01] I will praise an eel with the same praise.
[00:09:03] What, that an eel is ingenious?
[00:09:05] That an eel is quick.
[00:09:06] I do say thou art quick in answers: thou heatest my blood.
[00:09:08] I am answered, sir.
[00:09:09] I love not to be crossed.
[00:09:10] You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.
[00:09:14] I confess both: they are both the varnish of a
[00:09:17] complete man.
[00:09:25] I have promised to study three years with the duke.

[00:09:35] But I hereupon confess I am in love: and as it is
 [00:09:40] base for a soldier to love,
 [00:09:42] so am I in love with a base wench.
 [00:09:47] If drawing my sword against the humour
 [00:09:50] of affection would deliver me from the reprobate
 [00:09:52] thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner,
 [00:09:56] and ransom him to any French courtier
 [00:09:58] for a new-devised courtesy.
 [00:10:02] I think scorn to sigh: methinks I should outswear Cupid.
 [00:10:12] Comfort, me, boy: what great men have been in love?
 [00:10:20] Hercules, master.
 [00:10:23] Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy,
 [00:10:27] name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good
 [00:10:31] repute and carriage.
 [00:10:33] Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage,
 [00:10:35] great carriage, for he carried the town-gates on his back
 [00:10:38] like a porter: and he was in love.
 [00:10:41] O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson!
 [00:10:46] I do excel thee in my rapier
 [00:10:48] as thou didst me in carrying gates.
 [00:10:52] I am in love too.
 [00:10:56] Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?
 [00:10:59] A woman, master.
 [00:11:01] Of what complexion?
 [00:11:03] Of the sea-water green, sir.
 [00:11:07] Is that one of the four complexions?
 [00:11:09] As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.
 [00:11:12] I do love that country girl that I took in the
 [00:11:15] park with the rational hind Costard: she deserves well.
 [00:11:26] My spirit grows heavy in love.
 [00:11:47] A letter from the magnificent Armado.
 [00:11:49] How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.
 [00:11:53] A high hope for a low heaven: God grant us patience!
 [00:11:56] To hear? or forbear hearing?
 [00:11:57] The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta.
 [00:12:00] The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.
 [00:12:03] In what manner?
 [00:12:04] In manner and form following, sir; all those three:
 [00:12:07] I was seen with her in the manor-house,
 [00:12:09] sitting with her upon the form,
 [00:12:10] and taken following her into the park;
 [00:12:12] which, put together, is in manner and form following.
 [00:12:15] Now, sir, for the manner,--
 [00:12:16] it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman:
 [00:12:19] for the form,-- in some form.
 [00:12:21] For the following, sir?
 [00:12:23] As it shall follow in my correction:
 [00:12:25] and God defend the right!
 [00:12:26] Will you hear this letter with attention?
 [00:12:28] As we would hear an oracle.
 [00:12:29] Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.
 [00:12:33] 'Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent and
 [00:12:35] sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's god,
 [00:12:39] and body's fostering patron.'
 [00:12:41] Not a word of Costard yet.
 [00:12:42] 'So it is,'--
 [00:12:43] It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is,
 [00:12:46] in telling true, but so.
 [00:12:47] Peace!
 [00:12:48] Be to me and every man that dares not fight!

[00:12:50] No words!
 [00:12:51] Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.
 [00:12:56] 'So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy,
 [00:13:00] I did commend the black-oppressing humour
 [00:13:02] to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air;
 [00:13:05] and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk.
 [00:13:11] The time when. About the sixth hour;
 [00:13:13] when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down
 [00:13:16] to that nourishment which is called supper:
 [00:13:19] so much for the time when. Now for the ground which;
 [00:13:23] which, I mean, I walked upon: it is y-cleped thy park.
 [00:13:30] Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter
 [00:13:33] that obscene and preposterous event, that draweth
 [00:13:35] from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink,
 [00:13:37] which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest;
 [00:13:42] but to the place where; it standeth north-north-east
 [00:13:45] and by east from the west corner of thy curious-
 [00:13:49] knotted garden: there did I see that low-spirited
 [00:13:53] swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,'--
 [00:13:56] Me?
 [00:13:57] 'that unlettered small-knowing soul,'--
 [00:14:00] Me?
 [00:14:01] 'that shallow vassal,'--
 [00:14:02] Still me?
 [00:14:03] 'which, as I remember, hight Costard,'--
 [00:14:05] O, me!
 [00:14:07] 'sorted and consorted, contrary to thy
 [00:14:10] established proclaimed edict and continent canon,
 [00:14:13] which with,--O, with--
 [00:14:15] but with this I passion to say wherewith,--
 [00:14:17] With a wench.
 [00:14:19] 'with a child of our grandmother Eve,
 [00:14:23] a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman.
 [00:14:32] Him I, as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on,
 [00:14:34] have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment,
 [00:14:37] by thy sweet grace's officer, Anthony Dull;
 [00:14:39] a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.'
 [00:14:42] 'Me, an't shall please you; I am Anthony Dull.
 [00:14:45] 'For Jaquenetta,--so is the weaker vessel
 [00:14:49] called which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,--
 [00:14:51] I keep her as a vessel of the law's fury;
 [00:14:54] and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice,
 [00:14:56] bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted
 [00:15:00] and heart-burning heat of duty.
 [00:15:02] ADRIANO DE ARMADO.'
 [00:15:05] This is not so well as I looked for, but the best
 [00:15:06] that ever I heard.
 [00:15:08] Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah,
 [00:15:10] what say you to this?
 [00:15:12] Sir, I confess the wench.
 [00:15:14] Did you hear the proclamation?
 [00:15:15] I do confess much of the hearing it but little of
 [00:15:17] the marking of it.
 [00:15:19] It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment,
 [00:15:21] to be taken with a wench.
 [00:15:22] I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damsel.
 [00:15:25] Well, it was proclaimed 'damsel.'
 [00:15:26] This was no damsel, neither, sir; she was a virgin.
 [00:15:29] It is so varied, too; for it was proclaimed 'virgin.'
 [00:15:31] If it were, I deny her virginity:

[00:15:33] I was taken with a maid.
 [00:15:35] This maid will not serve your turn, sir.
 [00:15:37] This maid will serve my turn, sir.
 [00:15:40] Sir, I will pronounce your sentence:
 [00:15:42] you shall fast a week with bran and water.
 [00:15:44] I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.
 [00:15:47] And Don Armado shall be your keeper.
 [00:15:52] My Lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er:
 [00:16:13] Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe:
 [00:16:22] and you must suffer him to take no delight
 [00:16:25] nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a week.
 [00:16:29] For this damsel, I must keep her at the park:
 [00:16:32] she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.
 [00:16:35] I do betray myself with blushing. Maid!
 [00:16:46] Man?
 [00:16:48] I will visit thee at the lodge.
 [00:16:51] I know where it is situate.
 [00:16:53] Lord, how wise you are!
 [00:16:55] I will tell thee wonders.
 [00:16:58] With that face?
 [00:17:00] I love thee.
 [00:17:01] So I heard you say.
 [00:17:03] And so, farewell.
 [00:17:06] Fair weather after you!
 [00:17:09] Come, Jaquenetta, away!
 [00:17:10] Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences
 [00:17:13] ere thou be pardoned.
 [00:17:14] Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a
 [00:17:16] full stomach.
 [00:17:17] Thou shalt be heavily punished.
 [00:17:18] I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they
 [00:17:20] are but lightly rewarded.
 [00:17:23] Take away this villain; shut him up.
 [00:17:28] Come, you transgressing slave; away!
 [00:17:30] Let me not be pent up, sir: I will fast, being loose.
 [00:17:34] No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.
 [00:17:37] Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation
 [00:17:41] that I have seen, some shall see.
 [00:17:42] What shall some see?
 [00:17:44] Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon.
 [00:17:46] It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words;
 [00:17:49] and therefore I will say nothing: I thank
 [00:17:52] God I have as little patience as another man;
 [00:17:55] and therefore I can be quiet.
 [00:17:59] I do affect the very ground, which is base,
 [00:18:02] where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot,
 [00:18:06] which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn,
 [00:18:11] which is a great argument of falsehood, if I love.
 [00:18:15] And how can that be true love which is falsely attempted?
 [00:18:18] Love is a familiar; Love is a devil:
 [00:18:20] there is no evil angel but Love. Yet was Samson so tempted,
 [00:18:26] and he had an excellent strength;
 [00:18:30] yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit.
 [00:18:36] Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club;
 [00:18:40] and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier.
 [00:18:45] Adieu, valour! rust rapier!
 [00:18:49] be still, drum! for your manager is in love;
 [00:18:56] yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme,
 [00:19:06] for I am sure I shall turn sonnet. Devise, wit;
 [00:19:15] write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio.

Love's Labour's Lost Act 2

[00:19:34] Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:
[00:19:38] Consider who the king your father sends,
[00:19:40] To whom he sends, and what's his embassy:
[00:19:43] Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
[00:19:45] To parley with the sole inheritor
[00:19:47] Of all perfections that a man may owe,
[00:19:49] Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
[00:19:51] Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen.
[00:19:53] Be now as prodigal of all dear grace
[00:19:57] As Nature was in making graces dear
[00:19:59] When she did starve the general world beside
[00:20:01] And prodigally gave them all to you.
[00:20:04] Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
[00:20:07] Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
[00:20:10] Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
[00:20:12] Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:
[00:20:16] I am less proud to hear you tell my worth
[00:20:18] Than you much willing to be counted wise
[00:20:20] In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
[00:20:30] But now to task the tasker: good Boyet,
[00:20:34] You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
[00:20:36] Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
[00:20:39] Till painful study shall outwear three years,
[00:20:41] No woman may approach his silent court:
[00:20:46] Therefore to's seemeth it a needful course,
[00:20:47] Before we enter his forbidden gates,
[00:20:50] To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
[00:20:53] Bold of your worthiness, we single you
[00:20:58] As our best-moving fair solicitor.
[00:21:00] Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
[00:21:02] On serious business, craving quick dispatch,
[00:21:04] Importunes personal conference with his grace:
[00:21:09] Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
[00:21:12] Like humble-visaged suitors, his high will.
[00:21:15] Proud of employment, willingly I go.
[00:21:17] All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.
[00:21:21] Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
[00:21:23] That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?
[00:21:25] Lord Longaville is one.
[00:21:26] Know you the man?
[00:21:27] I know him, madam: at a marriage-feast,
[00:21:30] Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
[00:21:32] Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
[00:21:33] In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:
[00:21:37] Well, a man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
[00:21:42] Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms:
[00:21:44] Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
[00:21:48] The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
[00:21:52] If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,
[00:21:55] Is a sharp wit matched with too blunt a will;
[00:21:58] Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
[00:22:01] It should none spare that come within his power.
[00:22:04] Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?
[00:22:06] They say so most that most his humours know.
[00:22:09] Such short-lived wits do wither as they grow.
[00:22:11] Who are the rest?
[00:22:12] The young Dumain, a well-accomplished youth,
[00:22:14] Of all that virtue love for virtue loved:

[00:22:17] Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
[00:22:19] For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
[00:22:22] And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
[00:22:24] Another of these students at that time
[00:22:26] Was there with him, if I have heard a truth.
[00:22:28] Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
[00:22:31] Within the limit of becoming mirth,
[00:22:32] I never spent an hour's talk withal:
[00:22:34] His eye begets occasion for his wit;
[00:22:37] For every object that the one doth catch
[00:22:39] The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
[00:22:41] Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
[00:22:43] Delivers in such apt and gracious words
[00:22:46] That aged ears play truant at his tales
[00:22:48] And younger hearings are quite ravished;
[00:22:51] So sweet and voluble is his discourse.
[00:22:54] God bless my ladies! are they all in love,
[00:22:57] That every one her own hath garnished
[00:22:59] With such bedecking ornaments of praise?
[00:23:01] Here comes Boyet.
[00:23:04] Now, what admittance, lord?
[00:23:06] Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
[00:23:08] And he and his competitors in oath
[00:23:09] Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
[00:23:11] Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt:
[00:23:14] He rather means to lodge you in the field,
[00:23:18] Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
[00:23:19] Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
[00:23:21] To let you enter his unpeopled house.
[00:23:22] Here comes Navarre.
[00:23:27] Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.
[00:23:30] 'Fair' I give you back again; and 'welcome'
[00:23:31] I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours;
[00:23:35] and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.
[00:23:37] You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.
[00:23:39] I will be welcome, then: conduct me thither.
[00:23:41] Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.
[00:23:43] Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.
[00:23:46] Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.
[00:23:48] Why, will shall break it; will and nothing else.
[00:23:51] Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.
[00:23:52] Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
[00:23:54] Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
[00:23:57] I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping:
[00:23:59] Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
[00:24:01] And sin to break it.
[00:24:04] But pardon me. I am too sudden-bold:
[00:24:07] To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.
[00:24:09] Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
[00:24:12] And suddenly resolve me in my suit.
[00:24:15] Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.
[00:24:17] You will the sooner, that I were away;
[00:24:19] For you'll prove perjured if you make me stay.
[00:24:21] Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
[00:24:24] Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
[00:24:27] I know you did.
[00:24:28] How needless was it then to ask the question!
[00:24:29] You must not be so quick.
[00:24:31] 'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such questions.
[00:24:33] Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

[00:24:36] Not till it leave the rider in the mire.
 [00:24:38] What time o' day?
 [00:24:39] The hour that fools should ask.
 [00:24:41] Now fair befall your mask!
 [00:24:42] Fair fall the face it covers!
 [00:24:44] And send you many lovers!
 [00:24:45] Amen, so you be none.
 [00:24:47] Nay, then will I be gone.
 [00:24:51] Madam, your father here doth intimate
 [00:24:52] The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
 [00:24:55] Being but the one half of an entire sum
 [00:24:57] Disbursed by my father in his wars.
 [00:24:59] But say that he or we, as neither have,
 [00:25:04] Received that sum, yet there remains unpaid
 [00:25:07] A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
 [00:25:08] One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,
 [00:25:11] Although not valued to the money's worth.
 [00:25:14] If then the king your father will restore
 [00:25:17] But that one half which is unsatisfied,
 [00:25:19] We will give up our right in Aquitaine,
 [00:25:21] And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
 [00:25:23] But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
 [00:25:27] For here he doth demand to have repaid
 [00:25:32] A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
 [00:25:35] On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
 [00:25:36] To have his title live in Aquitaine;
 [00:25:38] Which we much rather had depart withal
 [00:25:39] And have the money by our father lent
 [00:25:42] Than Aquitaine so gelded as it is.
 [00:25:45] Dear Princess, were not his requests so far
 [00:25:49] From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
 [00:25:52] A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast
 [00:25:54] And go well satisfied to France again.
 [00:25:57] You do the king my father too much wrong
 [00:25:59] And wrong the reputation of your name,
 [00:26:01] In so unseeming to confess receipt
 [00:26:02] Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.
 [00:26:04] I do protest I never heard of it;
 [00:26:06] And if you prove it, I'll repay it back
 [00:26:08] Or yield up Aquitaine.
 [00:26:10] We arrest your word.
 [00:26:11] Boyet, you can produce acquittances
 [00:26:12] For such a sum from special officers
 [00:26:14] Of Charles his father.
 [00:26:15] Satisfy me so.
 [00:26:17] So please your grace, the packet is not come
 [00:26:19] Where that and other specialties are bound:
 [00:26:24] To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.
 [00:26:27] It shall suffice me: at which interview
 [00:26:30] All liberal reason I will yield unto.
 [00:26:33] Meantime receive such welcome at my hand
 [00:26:36] As honour without breach of honour may
 [00:26:39] Make tender of to thy true worthiness:
 [00:26:41] You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;
 [00:26:43] But here without you shall be so received
 [00:26:46] As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,
 [00:26:49] Although so denied fair harbour in my house.
 [00:26:52] Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
 [00:26:58] To-morrow shall we visit you again.
 [00:27:01] Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!

[00:27:03] Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!
 [00:27:14] Sir, I pray you, a word: what lady is that same?
 [00:27:18] The heir of Alencon, Katharine her name.
 [00:27:22] A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well.
 [00:27:27] I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?
 [00:27:30] A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.
 [00:27:33] Perchance light in the light. I desire her name.
 [00:27:36] She is an heir of Falconbridge.
 [00:27:41] What's her name in the cap?
 [00:27:43] Rosaline, by good hap.
 [00:27:45] Is she wedded or no?
 [00:27:47] To her will, sir, or so.
 [00:27:49] You are welcome, sir: adieu.
 [00:27:52] Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.
 [00:27:56] That last is Biron, the merry madcap lord:
 [00:27:59] Not a word with him but a jest.
 [00:28:01] And every jest but a word.
 [00:28:02] It was well done of you to take him at his word.
 [00:28:04] I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.
 [00:28:06] Two hot sheeps, marry.
 [00:28:09] And wherefore not ships?
 [00:28:10] No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.
 [00:28:15] You sheep, and I pasture: shall that finish the jest?
 [00:28:17] So you grant pasture for me.
 [00:28:19] Not so, gentle beast:
 [00:28:21] My lips are no common, though several they be.
 [00:28:23] Belonging to whom?
 [00:28:25] To my fortunes and me.
 [00:28:26] Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree:
 [00:28:30] This civil war of wits were much better used
 [00:28:32] On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abused.
 [00:28:35] If my observation, which very seldom lies,
 [00:28:39] By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes,
 [00:28:42] Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.
 [00:28:45] With what?
 [00:28:47] With that which we lovers entitle affected.
 [00:28:49] Your reason?
 [00:28:50] Why, all his behaviors did make their retire
 [00:28:54] To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
 [00:28:56] His heart, like an agate, with your print impress'd,
 [00:29:00] Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd:
 [00:29:04] His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
 [00:29:06] Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;
 [00:29:09] All senses to that sense did make their repair,
 [00:29:12] To feel only looking on fairest of fair:
 [00:29:15] Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
 [00:29:19] As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
 [00:29:23] Who, tendering their own worth from where they were glass'd,
 [00:29:26] Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd:
 [00:29:29] His face's own margent did quote such amazes
 [00:29:33] That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.
 [00:29:37] I'll give you Aquitaine and all that is his,
 [00:29:42] An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.
 [00:29:47] Thou art an old love-monger and speakest skilfully.
 [00:29:51] He is Cupid's grandfather and learns news of him.
 [00:29:53] Then was Venus like her mother, for her father is but grim.
 [00:30:03] If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
 [00:30:07] Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd!
 [00:30:13] Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove:
 [00:30:17] Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.

[00:30:24] Study his bias leaves and makes his book thine eyes,

[00:30:29] Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend:

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[00:31:34] Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years; take this key,
 [00:31:43] give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither:
 [00:31:47] He must carry me a letter to my love.
 [00:31:49] A message well sympathized;
 [00:31:51] Horse to be ambassador for an ass.
 [00:31:52] Ha, ha! what sayest thou?
 [00:31:55] Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse,
 [00:31:58] for he is very slow-gaited. But I go sir.
 [00:32:00] As swift as lead.
 [00:32:02] The meaning, pretty ingenious?
 [00:32:04] Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?
 [00:32:08] Minime, honest master; or rather, master, no.
 [00:32:12] I say lead is slow.
 [00:32:15] You are too swift, sir, to say so:
 [00:32:17] Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?
 [00:32:24] A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!
 [00:32:29] By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
 [00:32:35] Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
 [00:32:41] A wonder, master! here's a costard broken in a shin.
 [00:32:46] Some enigma, some riddle: come, thy l'envoy; begin.
 [00:32:49] No enigma, no riddle, no l'envoy; no salve in the mail,
 [00:32:51] O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain!
 [00:32:54] no l'envoy, no l'envoy; no salve, sir, but a plantain!
 [00:32:59] By virtue, thou enforcest laughter;
 [00:33:02] thy silly thought my spleen; the heaving of my lungs
 [00:33:06] provokes me to ridiculous smiling.
 [00:33:09] O, pardon me, my stars!
 [00:33:11] Doth the inconsiderate take salve for l'envoy, for a salve?
 [00:33:14] Do the wise think them other? is not l'envoy a salve?
 [00:33:18] No, page: it is some epilogue or discourse, to make plain
 [00:33:22] Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.
 [00:33:26] I will example it:
 [00:33:28] The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
 [00:33:31] Were still at odds, being but three.
 [00:33:33] There's the moral. Now the l'envoy.
 [00:33:35] I will add the l'envoy. Say the moral again.
 [00:33:38] The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
 [00:33:40] Were still at odds, being but three.
 [00:33:43] Until the goose came out of door,
 [00:33:44] And stay'd the odds by adding four.
 [00:33:47] Now will I begin your moral,
 [00:33:48] and do you follow with my l'envoy.
 [00:33:49] The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
 [00:33:50] Were still at odds, being but three.
 [00:33:52] Until the goose came out of door,
 [00:33:53] Staying the odds by adding four.
 [00:33:55] A good l'envoy, ending in the goose:
 [00:33:56] would you desire more?
 [00:34:00] How did this argument begin?
 [00:34:03] By saying here's a costard broken in a shin.
 [00:34:07] Then call'd you for the l'envoy.
 [00:34:09] True, and I for a plantain:
 [00:34:11] But tell me; how was there a costard broken in a shin?
 [00:34:15] I will tell you sensibly.
 [00:34:16] Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth:
 [00:34:18] I will speak that l'envoy:
 [00:34:19] I Costard, running out, that was safely within,
 [00:34:21] Fell over the threshold and broke my shin.

[00:34:23] We will talk no more of this matter.
 [00:34:26] Till there be more matter in the shin.
 [00:34:28] Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.
 [00:34:33] O, marry me to one Frances:
 [00:34:34] I smell some l'envoy, some goose, in this.
 [00:34:37] By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at liberty,
 [00:34:41] enfreedoming thy person; thou wert immured,
 [00:34:45] restrained, captivated, bound.
 [00:34:48] True, true; and now you will be my purgation
 [00:34:50] and let me loose.
 [00:34:51] I will give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance;
 [00:34:56] and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this:
 [00:35:06] bear this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta:
 [00:35:15] there is remuneration; for the best ward of mine
 [00:35:21] honour is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow.
 [00:35:33] Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration!
 [00:35:37] O, that's the Latin word for three farthings:
 [00:35:39] three farthings-- remuneration.--
 [00:35:42] 'What's the price of this inkle?'
 [00:35:44] --'One penny.'--'No, I'll give you a remuneration:'
 [00:35:46] why, it carries it. Remuneration!
 [00:35:49] why, it is a fairer name than French crown.
 [00:35:51] I will never buy and sell out of this word.
 [00:35:54] O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.
 [00:35:56] Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man
 [00:35:59] buy for a remuneration?
 [00:36:01] What is a remuneration?
 [00:36:02] Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.
 [00:36:03] Why, then, three-farthing worth of silk.
 [00:36:05] I thank your worship: God be wi' you!
 [00:36:07] Stay, slave; I must employ thee:
 [00:36:09] As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
 [00:36:10] Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.
 [00:36:12] When would you have it done, sir?
 [00:36:14] This afternoon.
 [00:36:15] Well, I will do it, sir: fare you well.
 [00:36:16] Thou knowest not what it is.
 [00:36:18] I shall know, sir, when I have done it.
 [00:36:19] Why, villain, thou must know first.
 [00:36:20] I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.
 [00:36:22] It must be done this afternoon.
 [00:36:26] Hark, slave, it is but this:
 [00:36:34] The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
 [00:36:37] And in her train there is a gentle lady;
 [00:36:38] When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
 [00:36:40] And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
 [00:36:45] And to her white hand see thou do commend
 [00:36:47] This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.
 [00:36:55] Gardon, O sweet gardon! better than remuneration,
 [00:36:59] a'leven-pence farthing better: most sweet gardon!
 [00:37:02] I will do it sir, in print. Gardon! Remuneration!
 [00:37:10] And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
 [00:37:18] A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
 [00:37:19] A critic, nay, a night-watch constable;
 [00:37:22] A domineering pedant o'er the boy;
 [00:37:24] Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
 [00:37:27] This whimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;
 [00:37:31] This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
 [00:37:36] Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
 [00:37:38] The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,

[00:37:40] Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
[00:37:43] Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
[00:37:45] Sole imperator and great general
[00:37:47] Of trotting 'paritors:--O my little heart:--
[00:37:55] And I to be a corporal of his field,
[00:37:57] And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!
[00:38:00] What, I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
[00:38:06] A woman, that is like a German clock,
[00:38:09] Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,
[00:38:11] And never going aright, being a watch,
[00:38:12] But being watch'd that it may still go right!
[00:38:15] Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all;
[00:38:20] And, among three, to love the worst of all;
[00:38:22] A wightly wanton with a velvet brow,
[00:38:23] With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;
[00:38:24] Ay, and by heaven, one that will do the deed
[00:38:29] Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
[00:38:32] And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
[00:38:35] To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
[00:38:39] That Cupid will impose for my neglect
[00:38:42] Of his almighty dreadful little might.
[00:38:49] Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and groan:
[00:38:56] Some men must love my lady and some Joan.

Love's Labour's Lost Act 4

[00:39:04] Was that the king, that spurred his horse so hard
 [00:39:07] Against the steep uprising of the hill?
 [00:39:08] I know not; but I think it was not he.
 [00:39:11] Whoe'er a' was, a' show'd a mounting mind.
 [00:39:17] Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch:
 [00:39:20] On Saturday we will return to France.
 [00:39:22] Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush
 [00:39:25] That we must stand and play the murderer in?
 [00:39:28] Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
 [00:39:30] A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.
 [00:39:32] But come, the bow: now mercy goes to kill,
 [00:39:34] The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.
 [00:39:38] Here comes a member of the commonwealth.
 [00:39:40] God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the head lady?
 [00:39:45] Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the others that have no heads.
 [00:39:47] Which is the greatest lady, the highest?
 [00:39:50] The thickest and the tallest.
 [00:39:52] The thickest and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.
 [00:40:00] An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
 [00:40:02] One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.
 [00:40:05] Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.
 [00:40:09] What's your will, sir? what's your will?
 [00:40:11] I have a letter from Monsieur Biron to one Lady Rosaline.
 [00:40:14] O, thy letter, thy letter! he's a good friend of mine:
 [00:40:16] Stand aside, good bearer. Boyet, you can carve;
 [00:40:20] Break up this capon.
 [00:40:21] I am bound to serve.
 [00:40:24] This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
 [00:40:27] It is writ to Jaquenetta.
 [00:40:29] We will read it, I swear.
 [00:40:30] Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.
 [00:40:36] 'By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible;
 [00:40:39] true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself,
 [00:40:41] that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair,
 [00:40:43] beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself,
 [00:40:46] have commiseration on thy heroical vassal!
 [00:40:49] The magnanimous and most illustrate king Cophetua set
 [00:40:54] eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon;
 [00:40:58] and he it was that might rightly say,
 [00:41:00] Veni, vidi, vici; which to annothimize in the vulgar,
 [00:41:08] --O base and obscure vulgar!--videlicet,
 [00:41:10] He came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw two;
 [00:41:13] overcame, three. Who came? the king:
 [00:41:17] why did he come? to see: why did he see? to overcome:
 [00:41:22] to whom came he? to the beggar: what saw he?
 [00:41:24] the beggar: who overcame he? the beggar.
 [00:41:27] The conclusion is victory: on whose side? the king's.
 [00:41:32] The captive is enriched: on whose side?
 [00:41:34] the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side?
 [00:41:38] the king's: no, on both in one, or one in both.
 [00:41:50] I am the king; for so stands the comparison:
 [00:41:56] thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness.
 [00:41:58] What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes;
 [00:42:01] for tittles? titles; for thyself? me.
 [00:42:08] Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot,
 [00:42:14] my eyes on thy picture. and my heart on thy every part.
 [00:42:21] Thine, in the dearest design of industry,
 [00:42:24] DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.'

[00:42:32] What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?
 [00:42:37] What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?
 [00:42:40] I am much deceived but I remember the style.
 [00:42:43] Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.
 [00:42:46] This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;
 [00:42:50] A phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
 [00:42:55] To the prince and his bookmates.
 [00:42:57] Thou fellow, a word:
 [00:43:01] Who gave thou this letter?
 [00:43:02] I told you; my lord.
 [00:43:04] To whom shouldst thou give it?
 [00:43:06] From my lord to my lady.
 [00:43:07] From which lord to which lady?
 [00:43:10] From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
 [00:43:12] To a lady of France that he call'd Rosaline.
 [00:43:15] Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.
 [00:43:21] Here, sweet, put up this: 'twill be thine another day.
 [00:43:29] Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?
 [00:43:32] Shall I teach you to know?
 [00:43:34] Ay, my continent of beauty.
 [00:43:35] Why, she that bears the bow.
 [00:43:39] Finely put off!
 [00:43:40] My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,
 [00:43:43] Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.
 [00:43:45] Finely put on!
 [00:43:46] Well, then, I am the shooter.
 [00:43:49] And who is your deer?
 [00:43:50] If we choose by the horns, yourself come not near.
 [00:43:53] Finely put on, indeed!
 [00:43:55] You still wrangle with her, Boyet,
 [00:43:57] and she strikes at the brow.
 [00:43:59] But she herself is hit lower: have I hit her now?
 [00:44:02] Shall I come upon thee with an old saying,
 [00:44:05] that was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy,
 [00:44:08] as touching the hit it?
 [00:44:10] So I may answer thee with one as old,
 [00:44:11] that was a woman when Queen Guinover of Britain was
 [00:44:13] a little wench, as touching the hit it.
 [00:44:16] Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
 [00:44:19] Thou canst not hit it, my good man.
 [00:44:22] An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
 [00:44:24] An I cannot, another can.
 [00:44:28] O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!
 [00:44:32] When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely,
 [00:44:36] as it were, so fit.
 [00:44:40] Very reverend sport, truly;
 [00:44:42] and done in the testimony of a good conscience.
 [00:44:45] The deer was, as you know, sanguis, in blood;
 [00:44:48] ripe as the pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in
 [00:44:52] the ear of caelo, the sky, the welkin, the heaven;
 [00:44:55] and anon falleth like a crab on the face of terra,
 [00:44:59] the soil, the land, the earth.
 [00:45:02] Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly
 [00:45:04] varied, like a scholar at the least:
 [00:45:07] but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.
 [00:45:10] Sir Nathaniel, haud credo.
 [00:45:12] 'Twas not a haud credo; 'twas a pricket.
 [00:45:16] Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation,
 [00:45:22] as it were, in via, in way, of explication;
 [00:45:25] facere, as it were, replication, or rather,

[00:45:28] ostentare, as it were, to show, his inclination,
 [00:45:32] after his undressed, unpolished,
 [00:45:35] uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather,
 [00:45:38] unlettered, or ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,
 [00:45:41] to insert again my haud credo for a deer.
 [00:45:45] I said the deer was not a haud credo; twas a pricket.
 [00:45:49] Twice-sod simplicity, his coctus!
 [00:45:52] O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!
 [00:45:54] Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred
 [00:45:58] in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were;
 [00:46:02] he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished;
 [00:46:05] he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts:
 [00:46:08] And such barren plants are set before us,
 [00:46:10] that we thankful should be,
 [00:46:12] Which we of taste and knowledge are, for those parts which
 [00:46:16] do fructify in us more than he.
 [00:46:19] For as it would ill become me to be vain,
 [00:46:21] indiscreet, or a fool,
 [00:46:23] So were there a patch set on learning,
 [00:46:25] to see him in a school: But omne bene, say I;
 [00:46:29] being of an old father's mind,
 [00:46:32] Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.
 [00:46:36] You two are book-men: can you tell me by your wit
 [00:46:39] What was a month old at Cain's birth,
 [00:46:41] that's not five weeks old as yet?
 [00:46:44] Dictynna, goodman Dull; Dictynna, goodman Dull.
 [00:46:47] What is Dictynna?
 [00:46:48] A title to Phoebe, to Luna, to the moon.
 [00:46:52] The moon was a month old when Adam was no more,
 [00:46:57] And raught not to five weeks when he came to five-score.
 [00:47:01] The allusion holds in the exchange.
 [00:47:04] 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.
 [00:47:07] God comfort thy capacity! I say,
 [00:47:09] the allusion holds in the exchange.
 [00:47:11] And I say, the pollution holds in the exchange;
 [00:47:14] for the moon is never but a month old:
 [00:47:16] and I say beside that,
 [00:47:18] 'twas a pricket that the princess killed.
 [00:47:21] Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph
 [00:47:25] on the death of the deer?
 [00:47:28] And, to humour the ignorant,
 [00:47:29] call I the deer the princess killed a pricket.
 [00:47:33] Perge, good Master Holofernes, perge;
 [00:47:36] so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.
 [00:47:40] I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.
 [00:47:45] The preylful princess prick'd and pierced
 [00:47:49] a pretty pleasing pricket;
 [00:47:51] Some say a sore; but not a sore,
 [00:47:53] till now made sore with shooting.
 [00:47:56] The dogs did yell: put L to sore,
 [00:47:59] then sorel jumps from thicket;
 [00:48:02] Or pricket sore, or else sorel; the people fall a-hooting.
 [00:48:06] If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores one sorel.
 [00:48:11] Of one sore I an hundred make by adding but one more L.
 [00:48:17] A rare talent!
 [00:48:21] This is a gift that I have, simple, simple;
 [00:48:24] a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures,
 [00:48:27] shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions,
 [00:48:33] revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory,
 [00:48:37] nourished in the womb of pia mater,

[00:48:39] and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion.
 [00:48:41] But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute,
 [00:48:43] and I am thankful for it.
 [00:48:46] Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may my parishioners;
 [00:48:50] for their sons are well tutored by you,
 [00:48:52] and their daughters profit very greatly under you:
 [00:48:55] you are a good member of the commonwealth.
 [00:48:57] Mehercle, if their sons be ingenuous,
 [00:49:00] they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable,
 [00:49:05] I will put it to them: but vir sapit qui pauca loquitur;
 [00:49:14] Good master Parson, be so good as read me this letter:
 [00:49:16] it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado:
 [00:49:20] I beseech you, read it.
 [00:49:22] Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra
 [00:49:29] Ruminat,--and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan!
 [00:49:34] I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice;
 [00:49:36] Venetia, Venetia,
 [00:49:38] Chi non ti vede non ti pretia.
 [00:49:40] Old Mantuan, old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not,
 [00:49:44] loves thee not. Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.
 [00:49:51] Under pardon, sir, what are the contents?
 [00:49:53] or rather, as Horace says in his--What, my soul, verses?
 [00:49:57] Ay, sir, and very learned.
 [00:50:00] Let me hear a staff, a stanze, a verse; lege, domine.
 [00:50:06] If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
 [00:50:11] Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend,
 [00:50:15] All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
 [00:50:22] Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire:
 [00:50:27] Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
 [00:50:31] Which not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
 [00:50:35] Celestial as thou art, O, pardon, love, this wrong,
 [00:50:39] That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.
 [00:50:43] You do not find the apostraphas, and so miss the accent:
 [00:50:45] let me supervise the canzonet.
 [00:50:52] Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy,
 [00:50:56] facility, and golden cadence of poesy, caret.
 [00:51:00] Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso,
 [00:51:09] Don't know.
 [00:51:10] For smelling out the odouriferous flowers of fancy,
 [00:51:14] the jerks of invention? Imitari is nothing:
 [00:51:19] so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper,
 [00:51:22] the tired horse his rider. But, damosella virgin,
 [00:51:25] was this directed to you?
 [00:51:27] Ay, sir.
 [00:51:28] I will overglance the superscript:
 [00:51:30] 'To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.'
 [00:51:37] I will look again on the intellect of the letter,
 [00:51:38] for the nomination of the party writing
 [00:51:41] to the person written unto:
 [00:51:43] 'Your ladyship's in all desired employment, '
 [00:51:46] Biron.
 [00:51:48] Ohhh
 [00:51:51] Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king;
 [00:51:54] and here he hath framed a letter
 [00:51:56] to a sequent of the stranger queen's,
 [00:51:58] which accidentally, or by the way of progression,
 [00:52:00] hath miscarried. Trip and go, my sweet;
 [00:52:04] deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king:
 [00:52:07] it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment;
 [00:52:09] I forgive thy duty; adieu.

[00:52:11] Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously;
 [00:52:16] and, as a certain father saith,--
 [00:52:17] Sir tell me not of the father;
 [00:52:18] But to return to the verses:
 [00:52:20] Sir Nathaniel. Did they please you?
 [00:52:24] Marvellous well for the pen.
 [00:52:26] I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine;
 [00:52:30] where, if, before repast, it shall please
 [00:52:32] you to gratify the table with a grace,
 [00:52:34] I will undertake,
 [00:52:36] on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child
 [00:52:39] or pupil, your ben venuto;
 [00:52:42] where I will show those verses to be very unlearned,
 [00:52:45] savouring neither of poetry, wit, nor invention:
 [00:52:50] I beseech your society.
 [00:52:54] And thank you too; for society, saith the text,
 [00:53:00] is the happiness of life.
 [00:53:16] I will not love:
 [00:53:18] if I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye,
 [00:53:24] --by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her;
 [00:53:28] yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing
 [00:53:33] in the world but lie, and lie in my throat.
 [00:53:37] By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme
 [00:53:42] and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme,
 [00:53:44] and here my melancholy. Here comes one with a paper:
 [00:53:54] Ay me!
 [00:53:57] Shot, by heaven!
 [00:53:58] So sweet a kiss the golden sun
 [00:54:01] gives not to those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
 [00:54:05] As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
 [00:54:09] The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:
 [00:54:14] Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
 [00:54:18] Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
 [00:54:20] As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
 [00:54:26] What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.
 [00:54:30] Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!
 [00:54:33] Ay me, I am forsworn!
 [00:54:36] In love, I hope: sweet fellowship in shame!
 [00:54:38] O sweet Maria, empress of my love!
 [00:54:55] Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
 [00:54:57] 'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
 [00:54:59] Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
 [00:55:02] Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
 [00:55:07] A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
 [00:55:09] Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
 [00:55:20] My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
 [00:55:24] Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
 [00:55:29] Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
 [00:55:33] Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
 [00:55:36] Exhalest this vapour-vow; in thee it is:
 [00:55:40] If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
 [00:55:45] If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
 [00:55:49] To lose an oath to win a paradise?
 [00:55:56] This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity,
 [00:55:58] A green goose a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
 [00:56:02] By whom shall I send this?--Company! stay.
 [00:56:12] All hid, all hid; an old infant play.
 [00:56:14] O most divine Kate!
 [00:56:16] O most profane coxcomb!
 [00:56:18] O that I had my wish!

[00:56:20] And I had mine!
[00:56:21] And I mine too, good Lord!
[00:56:24] Amen, so I had mine: is not that a good word?
[00:56:26] Like a fever she reigns in my blood
[00:56:28] and will remember'd be.
[00:56:33] Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.
[00:56:36] Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.
[00:56:42] On a day--alack the day!--
[00:56:44] Love, whose month is ever May,
[00:56:46] Spied a blossom passing fair
[00:56:48] Playing in the wanton air:
[00:56:51] Through the velvet leaves the wind,
[00:56:54] All unseen, can passage find;
[00:56:57] That the lover, sick to death,
[00:56:58] Wish himself the heaven's breath.
[00:57:02] Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
[00:57:05] Air, would I might triumph so!
[00:57:09] But, alack, my hand is sworn
[00:57:11] Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;
[00:57:14] Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
[00:57:16] Youth so apt to pluck a sweet!
[00:57:20] Do not call it sin in me,
[00:57:22] That I am forsworn for thee;
[00:57:24] Thou for whom Jove would swear
[00:57:27] Juno but an Ethiopie were;
[00:57:30] And deny himself for Jove,
[00:57:33] Turning mortal for thy love.
[00:57:39] This will I send, and something else more plain,
[00:57:44] That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
[00:57:48] O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,
[00:57:51] Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
[00:57:55] Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note;
[00:57:58] For none offend where all alike do dote.
[00:58:02] Dumain, thy love is far from charity
[00:58:06] that in love's grief desires a society.
[00:58:10] You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
[00:58:13] To be o'erheard and taken napping so.
[00:58:16] You blush; as his your case is such;
[00:58:23] You chide at him, offending twice as much;
[00:58:27] You do not love Maria; Longaville
[00:58:30] Did never sonnet for her sake compile,
[00:58:31] Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
[00:58:33] His loving bosom to keep down his heart.
[00:58:36] I have been closely shrouded in this book
[00:58:40] And mark'd you both and for you both did look:
[00:58:43] I heard your guilty rhymes, noted well your fashion,
[00:58:52] Saw sighs reek from you, observed your passion:
[00:58:56] Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
[00:58:59] One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:
[00:59:05] You would for paradise break faith, and troth;
[00:59:10] And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.
[00:59:13] What will Biron say when that he shall hear
[00:59:15] Faith so infringed, which such zeal did swear?
[00:59:18] How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
[00:59:21] How will he triumph, leap and laugh at it!
[00:59:24] For all the wealth that ever I did see,
[00:59:26] I would not have him know so much by me.
[00:59:29] Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.
[00:59:32] Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me!
[00:59:35] Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove

[00:59:38] These worms for loving, that art most in love?
[00:59:43] Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears
[00:59:46] There is no certain princess that appears;
[00:59:48] You'll not be perjured, 'tis a hateful thing;
[00:59:50] Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting!
[00:59:54] But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,
[00:59:58] All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
[01:00:01] You found his mote; the king your mote did see;
[01:00:04] But I a beam do find in each of three.
[01:00:08] O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,
[01:00:11] Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow and of teen!
[01:00:13] O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
[01:00:17] To see a king transformed to a gnat!
[01:00:21] To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
[01:00:23] And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
[01:00:24] And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
[01:00:26] And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
[01:00:29] Where lies thy grief, O, tell me, good Dumain?
[01:00:31] And gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
[01:00:34] And where my liege's? all about the breast:
[01:00:37] A caudle, ho!
[01:00:39] Too bitter is thy jest.
[01:00:40] Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?
[01:00:42] Not you to me, but I betray'd by you:
[01:00:47] I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
[01:00:53] To break the vow I am engaged in;
[01:00:55] I am betray'd, by keeping company
[01:00:58] With moon like men, men of inconstancy.
[01:01:04] When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
[01:01:07] Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time
[01:01:09] In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
[01:01:12] Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
[01:01:15] A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
[01:01:17] A leg, a limb?
[01:01:18] Soft! whither away so fast?
[01:01:20] A true man or a thief that gallops so?
[01:01:21] I post from love: good lover, let me go.
[01:01:24] God bless the king!
[01:01:28] What present hast thou there?
[01:01:29] Some certain treason.
[01:01:31] What makes treason here?
[01:01:32] I beseech your grace, let this letter be read:
[01:01:35] Our parson misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.
[01:01:40] Biron, read it over.
[01:01:41] Where hadst thou it?
[01:01:42] Of Costard.
[01:01:45] How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?
[01:01:50] A toy, my liege, a toy: your grace needs not fear it.
[01:01:52] It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.
[01:01:54] It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.
[01:01:58] Ah, you whoreson loggerhead!
[01:01:59] you were born to do me shame.
[01:02:03] Guilty, my liege, guilty! I confess, I confess.
[01:02:07] What?
[01:02:09] That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess:
[01:02:11] He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,
[01:02:15] Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
[01:02:19] O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.
[01:02:22] Now the number is even.
[01:02:23] True, true; we are four.

[01:02:24] Will these turtles be gone?
[01:02:26] Hence, sirs; away!
[01:02:28] Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.
[01:02:45] Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace!
[01:02:51] As true we are as flesh and blood can be:
[01:02:54] The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;
[01:02:57] Young blood can not obey an old decree:
[01:03:00] What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?
[01:03:03] Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
[01:03:08] That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
[01:03:10] At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
[01:03:12] Bows not his vassal head and stricken blind
[01:03:14] Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
[01:03:18] What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
[01:03:21] Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
[01:03:22] That is not blinded by her majesty?
[01:03:24] What zeal, what fury hath inspired thee now?
[01:03:27] My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
[01:03:29] She an attending star, scarce seen a light.
[01:03:31] My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:
[01:03:33] O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
[01:03:36] O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine.
[01:03:38] By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
[01:03:40] Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
[01:03:43] A wife of such wood were felicity.
[01:03:45] O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
[01:03:48] That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
[01:03:50] If that she learn not of her eye to look:
[01:03:52] No face is fair that is not full so black.
[01:03:55] O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
[01:03:58] The hue of dungeons and the school of night;
[01:04:00] And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.
[01:04:02] To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.
[01:04:05] And since her time are colliers counted bright.
[01:04:07] And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion crack.
[01:04:10] Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.
[01:04:13] Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
[01:04:16] For fear their colours should be wash'd away.
[01:04:17] 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,
[01:04:20] I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.
[01:04:22] I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.
[01:04:24] No devil will fright thee then so much as she.
[01:04:27] I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.
[01:04:30] Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see.
[01:04:34] O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
[01:04:37] Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!
[01:04:39] O, vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies
[01:04:43] The street should see as she walk'd overhead.
[01:04:47] But what of this? are we not all in love?
[01:04:52] Nothing so sure; and therefore all forsworn.
[01:04:58] Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove
[01:05:01] Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
[01:05:04] Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.
[01:05:07] O, some authority how to proceed;
[01:05:09] Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the devil.
[01:05:12] Some salve for perjury.
[01:05:14] 'Tis more than need.
[01:05:19] Have at you, then, affection's men at arms.
[01:05:29] Consider what you first did swear unto,
[01:05:30] To fast, to study, and to see no woman;

[01:05:34] Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
 [01:05:36] Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
 [01:05:40] And abstinence engenders maladies.
 [01:05:43] O, we have made a vow to study, lords,
 [01:05:44] And in that vow we have forsworn our books.
 [01:05:47] For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
 [01:05:50] In leaden contemplation have found out
 [01:05:52] Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
 [01:05:54] Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?
 [01:05:58] Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
 [01:06:01] And therefore, finding barren practisers,
 [01:06:03] Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:
 [01:06:05] But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
 [01:06:09] Lives not alone immured in the brain;
 [01:06:14] But, with the motion of all elements,
 [01:06:16] Courses as swift as thought in every power,
 [01:06:18] And gives to every power a double power,
 [01:06:20] Above their functions and his offices.
 [01:06:23] It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
 [01:06:26] A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
 [01:06:29] A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
 [01:06:33] When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:
 [01:06:35] Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
 [01:06:38] Than are the tender horns of cockl'd snails;
 [01:06:41] Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
 [01:06:46] For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
 [01:06:49] Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
 [01:06:51] Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical
 [01:06:55] As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair:
 [01:06:58] And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
 [01:07:03] Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
 [01:07:09] Never durst poet touch a pen to write
 [01:07:10] Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs;
 [01:07:13] O, then his lines would ravish savage ears
 [01:07:17] And plant in tyrants mild humility.
 [01:07:20] From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
 [01:07:23] They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
 [01:07:28] They are the books, the arts, the academes,
 [01:07:30] That show, contain and nourish all the world:
 [01:07:34] Else none at all in ought proves excellent.
 [01:07:39] Then fools you were these women to forswear,
 [01:07:41] Or keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
 [01:07:46] For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,
 [01:07:49] Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men,
 [01:07:51] Or for men's sake, the authors of these women,
 [01:07:54] Or women's sake, by whom we men are men,
 [01:07:57] Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
 [01:08:06] Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
 [01:08:10] It is religion to be thus forsworn,
 [01:08:13] For charity itself fulfills the law,
 [01:08:17] And who can sever love from charity?
 [01:08:26] Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!
 [01:08:29] Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;
 [01:08:30] Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advised,
 [01:08:32] In conflict that you get the sun of them.
 [01:08:35] Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes by:
 [01:08:37] Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?
 [01:08:40] And win them too: therefore let us devise
 [01:08:43] Some entertainment for them in their tents.
 [01:08:45] First, from the park let us conduct them thither;

[01:08:47] Then homeward every man attach the hand
[01:08:49] Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
[01:08:52] We will with some strange pastime solace them,
[01:08:56] Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
[01:08:59] For revels, dances, masks and merry hours
[01:09:02] Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

Love's Labour's Lost Act 5

[01:09:10] Satis quod sufficit.
 [01:09:13] I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner
 [01:09:16] have been sharp and sententious;
 [01:09:20] pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection,
 [01:09:24] audacious without impudency, learned without opinion,
 [01:09:28] and strange with- out heresy.
 [01:09:34] I did converse this quondam day
 [01:09:37] with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated,
 [01:09:41] or called, Don Adriano de Armado.
 [01:09:45] Novi hominem tanquam te: his humour is lofty,
 [01:09:51] his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed,
 [01:09:55] his eye ambitious, his gait majestic,
 [01:09:58] and his general behavior vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical.
 [01:10:02] He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd,
 [01:10:05] as it were, too peregrinate, as I may say.
 [01:10:09] A most singular and choice epithet.
 [01:10:13] He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer
 [01:10:17] than the staple of his argument.
 [01:10:21] I abhor such fanatical phantasies, such insociable
 [01:10:25] and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography,
 [01:10:29] as to speak dout, fine, when he should say doubt;
 [01:10:33] det, when he should pronounce debt,
 [01:10:37] --d, e, b, t, not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf;
 [01:10:44] half, hauf; neighbour vocatur nebor; neigh abbreviated ne.
 [01:10:54] This is abhominable, --which he would call abbominable:
 [01:10:58] it insinuateth me of insanie:
 [01:11:01] anne intelligis, domine? to make frantic, lunatic.
 [01:11:04] Laus Deo, bene intelligo.
 [01:11:08] Bon, bon, fort bon, Priscian! a little scratch'd, 'twill serve.
 [01:11:18] Videsne quis venit?
 [01:11:20] Video, et gaudeo.
 [01:11:22] Men of peace, well encountered.
 [01:11:25] Most military sir, salutation.
 [01:11:28] Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure
 [01:11:30] and affection to congratulate the princess at her
 [01:11:32] pavilion in the posteriors of this day,
 [01:11:36] which the rude multitude call the afternoon.
 [01:11:38] The posterior of the day, most generous sir,
 [01:11:41] is liable, congruent and measurable for the afternoon:
 [01:11:45] the word is well chosen, culled, sweet and apt,
 [01:11:47] I do assure you, sir, I do assure.
 [01:11:50] Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar,
 [01:11:54] I do assure ye, very good friend:
 [01:11:56] for what is inward between us, let it pass.
 [01:11:59] But I must tell thee, it will please his grace,
 [01:12:02] by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder,
 [01:12:07] and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement,
 [01:12:13] with my mustachio; but, sweet heart, let that pass.
 [01:12:19] By the world, I recount no fable:
 [01:12:21] some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness
 [01:12:25] to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel,
 [01:12:33] that hath seen the world; but let that pass.
 [01:12:38] The very all of all is,--but, sweet heart,
 [01:12:41] I do implore secrecy,--that the king would have me
 [01:12:45] present the princess, sweet chuck,
 [01:12:47] with some delightful ostentation, or show,
 [01:12:52] or pageant, or antique, or firework.
 [01:12:57] Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self

[01:13:00] are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking out of mirth,
 [01:13:03] as it were, I have acquainted you to the end withal,
 [01:13:08] to crave your assistance.
 [01:13:15] They have been at a great feast of languages,
 [01:13:18] and stolen the scraps.
 [01:13:20] O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words.
 [01:13:23] I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word;
 [01:13:26] Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies.
 [01:13:32] Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time,
 [01:13:35] some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered
 [01:13:39] by our assistants, at the king's command,
 [01:13:42] and this most gallant, illustrate,
 [01:13:44] and learned gentleman, before the princess;
 [01:13:48] I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.
 [01:13:52] Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?
 [01:13:56] Joshua, yourself; myself, Alexander,
 [01:14:01] this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabaeus;
 [01:14:04] the swain, by reason of his great limb or joint,
 [01:14:07] shall pass Pompey the Great;
 [01:14:09] the page, Hercules,--
 [01:14:10] Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity
 [01:14:13] for that Worthy's thumb:
 [01:14:15] he is not so big as the end of his club.
 [01:14:18] Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority:
 [01:14:22] his enter and exit shall be strangling a snake;
 [01:14:25] and I will have an prologue to their purpose.
 [01:14:27] An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss,
 [01:14:29] you may cry 'Well done, Hercules!
 [01:14:32] now thou crushest the snake!'
 [01:14:35] For the rest of the Worthies?--
 [01:14:37] I will play three myself.
 [01:14:38] Thrice-worthy gentleman!
 [01:14:42] Shall I tell you a thing?
 [01:14:43] We attend.
 [01:14:45] We will have, if this fadge not, an antique.
 [01:14:51] I beseech you, follow.
 [01:14:57] Via, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this time.
 [01:15:01] Nor understood none neither, sir.
 [01:15:03] Allons! we will employ thee.
 [01:15:07] I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play
 [01:15:10] On the tabour to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.
 [01:15:14] Most dull, honest Dull! To our sport, away!
 [01:15:29] Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
 [01:15:32] If fairings come thus plentifully in:
 [01:15:35] A lady wall'd about with diamonds!
 [01:15:38] Look you what I have from the loving king.
 [01:15:40] Madame, came nothing else along with that?
 [01:15:43] Nothing but this! yes, as much love in rhyme
 [01:15:48] As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
 [01:15:49] Writ o' both sides the leaf, margent and all,
 [01:15:52] That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.
 [01:15:55] That was the way to make his godhead wax,
 [01:15:59] For he hath been five thousand years a boy.
 [01:16:01] Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.
 [01:16:04] You'll ne'er be friends with him; a' kill'd your sister.
 [01:16:06] He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
 [01:16:08] And so she died: had she been light, like you,
 [01:16:11] Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
 [01:16:13] She might ha' been a grandam ere she died:
 [01:16:16] And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

[01:16:19] What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?
[01:16:22] A light condition in a beauty dark.
[01:16:24] We need more light to find your meaning out.
[01:16:26] You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;
[01:16:28] Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.
[01:16:30] See what you do, you do it still i' the dark.
[01:16:31] So do not you, for you are a light wench.
[01:16:33] I weigh not you, and therefore light.
[01:16:34] You weigh me not? O, that's you care not for me.
[01:16:36] Great reason; for 'past cure is still past care.'
[01:16:39] Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.
[01:16:43] But Rosaline, you have a favour too:
[01:16:45] Who sent it? and what is it?
[01:16:48] I would you knew:
[01:16:49] An if my face were but as fair as yours,
[01:16:51] My favour were as great; be witness this.
[01:16:54] Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:
[01:16:57] The numbers true; and, were the numbering too,
[01:16:59] I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
[01:17:01] I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.
[01:17:05] O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!
[01:17:08] Any thing like?
[01:17:09] Much in the letters; nothing in the praise.
[01:17:12] Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.
[01:17:14] But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumain?
[01:17:18] Madam, this glove.
[01:17:20] Did he not send you twain?
[01:17:22] Yes, madam, and moreover
[01:17:25] Some thousand verses of a faithful lover,
[01:17:27] A huge translation of hypocrisy,
[01:17:28] Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.
[01:17:31] This and these pearls to me sent Longaville:
[01:17:34] The letter is too long by half a mile.
[01:17:38] I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart
[01:17:40] The chain were longer and the letter short?
[01:17:42] Ay, or I would these hands might never part.
[01:17:46] We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.
[01:17:49] They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
[01:17:53] That same Biron I'll torture ere I go:
[01:17:58] O that I knew he were but in by the week!
[01:18:02] How I would make him fawn and beg and seek
[01:18:05] And wait the season and observe the times
[01:18:08] And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes
[01:18:12] And shape his service wholly to my hests
[01:18:15] And make him proud to make me proud that jests!
[01:18:19] So perttaunt-like would I o'ersway his state
[01:18:23] That he should be my fool and I his fate.
[01:18:27] None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
[01:18:29] As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
[01:18:32] Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school
[01:18:35] And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.
[01:18:37] The blood of youth burns not with such excess
[01:18:39] As gravity's revolt to wantonness.
[01:18:41] O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace?
[01:18:45] Thy news Boyet?
[01:18:46] Prepare, madam, prepare!
[01:18:48] Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
[01:18:51] Against your peace: Love doth approach disguised,
[01:18:54] Armed in arguments; you'll be surprised:
[01:18:57] Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;

[01:18:58] Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.
[01:19:01] Saint Denis to Saint Cupid! What are they
[01:19:03] That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.
[01:19:08] Under the cool shade of a sycamore
[01:19:09] I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;
[01:19:11] When, lo! to interrupt my purposed rest,
[01:19:14] Toward that shade I might behold address
[01:19:16] The king and his companions:
[01:19:19] warily I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
[01:19:22] And overheard what you shall overhear,
[01:19:25] That, by and by, disguised they will be here.
[01:19:28] But what, but what, come they to visit us?
[01:19:31] They do, they do: and are apparell'd thus.
[01:19:33] Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.
[01:19:36] Their purpose is to parle, to court and dance;
[01:19:41] And every one his love-feat will advance
[01:19:42] Unto his several mistress, which they'll know
[01:19:45] By favours several which they did bestow.
[01:19:47] And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd;
[01:19:52] For, ladies, we shall every one be mask'd;
[01:19:54] And not a man of them shall have the grace,
[01:19:56] Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.
[01:20:00] Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,
[01:20:04] And then the king will court thee for his dear;
[01:20:07] Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,
[01:20:10] So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.
[01:20:14] And change your favours too; so shall your loves
[01:20:16] Woo contrary, deceived by these removes.
[01:20:20] Come on, then; wear the favours most in sight.
[01:20:23] But in this changing what is your intent?
[01:20:25] The effect of my intent is to cross theirs:
[01:20:28] They do it but in mocking merriment;
[01:20:31] And mock for mock is only my intent.
[01:20:33] Their several counsels they unbosom shall
[01:20:35] To loves mistook, and so be mock'd withal
[01:20:38] Upon the next occasion that we meet,
[01:20:39] With visages displayed, to talk and greet.
[01:20:42] But shall we dance, if they desire to't?
[01:20:44] No, to the death, we will not move a foot;
[01:20:48] Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace,
[01:20:50] But while 'tis spoke each turn away her face.
[01:20:54] Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
[01:20:57] And quite divorce his memory from his part.
[01:21:00] Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt
[01:21:03] The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out
[01:21:07] There's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown,
[01:21:10] To make theirs ours and ours none but our own:
[01:21:14] So shall we stay, mocking intended game,
[01:21:16] And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.
[01:21:21] The trumpet sounds: be mask'd; the maskers come.
[01:21:31] All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!--
[01:21:34] A holy parcel of the fairest dames.
[01:21:38] That ever turn'd their--backs--to mortal views!
[01:21:43] Their eyes, villain, their eyes!
[01:21:45] That ever turn'd their eyes on mortal views! --Out--
[01:21:50] True; out indeed.
[01:21:52] Boyet: What would these strangers? know their minds,
[01:21:55] If they do speak our language, 'tis our will:
[01:21:58] That some plain man recount their purposes
[01:22:00] Know what they would.

[01:22:02] What would you with the princess?
[01:22:04] Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.
[01:22:07] What would they, say they?
[01:22:09] Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.
[01:22:11] Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.
[01:22:14] She says, you have it, and you may be gone.
[01:22:16] Say to her, we have measured many miles
[01:22:18] To tread a measure with her on this grass.
[01:22:22] They say, that they have measured many a mile
[01:22:25] To tread a measure with you on this grass.
[01:22:27] It is not so. Ask them how many inches
[01:22:31] Is in one mile: if they have measured many,
[01:22:33] The measure then of one is easily told.
[01:22:37] If to come hither you have measured miles,
[01:22:39] And many miles, the princess bids you tell
[01:22:41] How many inches doth fill up one mile.
[01:22:44] Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.
[01:22:48] She hears herself.
[01:22:50] How many weary steps,
[01:22:51] Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
[01:22:54] Are number'd in the travel of one mile?
[01:22:56] We number nothing that we spend for you:
[01:22:59] Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
[01:23:02] That we may do it still without accompt.
[01:23:04] Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
[01:23:07] That we, like savages, may worship it.
[01:23:10] My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
[01:23:13] Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
[01:23:19] Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine,
[01:23:24] Those clouds removed, upon our watery eyne.
[01:23:27] O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
[01:23:31] Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.
[01:23:34] Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe one change.
[01:23:38] Thou bid'st me beg: this begging is not strange.
[01:23:42] Play, music, then! Nay, you must do it soon.
[01:23:46] Not yet! no dance! Thus change I like the moon.
[01:23:51] Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?
[01:23:55] You took the moon at full, but now she's changed.
[01:23:59] Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
[01:24:07] The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.
[01:24:12] Our ears vouchsafe it.
[01:24:14] But your legs should do it.
[01:24:18] Since you are strangers and come here by chance,
[01:24:20] We'll not be nice:
[01:24:30] Take hands.
[01:24:37] We will not dance.
[01:24:38] If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.
[01:24:44] In private, then.
[01:24:47] I am best pleased with that.
[01:24:54] White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.
[01:24:57] Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.
[01:25:01] Nay then, two treys, and if you grow so nice,
[01:25:03] Metheglin, wort, and malmsey: well run, dice!
[01:25:06] There's half-a-dozen sweets.
[01:25:08] Seventh sweet, adieu:
[01:25:09] Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.
[01:25:11] One word in secret.
[01:25:14] Let it not be sweet.
[01:25:15] Thou grievest my gall.
[01:25:16] Gall! bitter.

[01:25:18] Therefore meet.
 [01:25:20] Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
 [01:25:24] Name it.
 [01:25:25] Fair lady,--
 [01:25:26] Say you so? Fair lord,--
 [01:25:29] Take that for your fair lady.
 [01:25:31] Please it you,
 [01:25:33] As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.
 [01:25:39] What, was your vizard made without a tongue?
 [01:25:41] I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
 [01:25:43] O for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.
 [01:25:46] You have a double tongue within your mask,
 [01:25:48] And would afford my speechless vizard half.
 [01:25:52] Veal, quoth the Dutchman. Is not 'veal' a calf?
 [01:25:56] A calf, fair lady!
 [01:25:57] No, a fair lord calf.
 [01:25:58] Let's part the word.
 [01:25:59] No, I'll not be your half
 [01:26:01] Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.
 [01:26:04] Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!
 [01:26:06] Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.
 [01:26:09] Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.
 [01:26:12] One word in private with you, ere I die.
 [01:26:15] Bleat softly then; the butcher hears you cry.
 [01:26:21] The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
 [01:26:23] As is the razor's edge invisible,
 [01:26:26] Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,
 [01:26:29] Above the sense of sense; so sensible
 [01:26:31] Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings
 [01:26:36] Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.
 [01:26:40] Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.
 [01:26:44] By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!
 [01:26:48] Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.
 [01:26:51] Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits.
 [01:27:00] Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?
 [01:27:04] Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.
 [01:27:06] Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.
 [01:27:10] O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!
 [01:27:16] Will they not, think you, hang themselves tonight?
 [01:27:19] Or ever, but in vizards, show their faces?
 [01:27:21] This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.
 [01:27:25] O, they were all in lamentable cases!
 [01:27:27] The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.
 [01:27:30] Biron did swear himself out of all suit.
 [01:27:33] Dumain was at my service, and his sword:
 [01:27:36] No point, quoth I; my servant straight was mute.
 [01:27:41] Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
 [01:27:42] And trow you what he called me?
 [01:27:44] Qualm, perhaps.
 [01:27:45] Yes, in good faith.
 [01:27:46] Go, sickness as thou art!
 [01:27:48] Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.
 [01:27:51] But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.
 [01:27:55] And quick Biron hath plighted troth to me.
 [01:27:58] And Longaville was for my service born.
 [01:28:00] Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.
 [01:28:05] Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
 [01:28:08] Immediately they will again be here
 [01:28:09] In their own shapes; for it can never be
 [01:28:11] They will digest this harsh indignity.

[01:28:13] Will they return?
 [01:28:14] They will, they will, God knows,
 [01:28:16] And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
 [01:28:19] Therefore change favours; and, when they repair,
 [01:28:23] Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.
 [01:28:26] What shall we do,
 [01:28:27] If they return in their own shapes to woo?
 [01:28:29] Good madam, if by me you'll be advised,
 [01:28:33] Let's, mock them still, as well known as disguised:
 [01:28:35] Let us complain to them what fools were here,
 [01:28:38] Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
 [01:28:41] And wonder what they were and to what end
 [01:28:43] Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd
 [01:28:48] Fair sir, God save you! Where's the princess?
 [01:28:51] Gone to her tent. Please it your majesty
 [01:28:53] Command me any service to her thither?
 [01:28:55] That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.
 [01:28:57] I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.
 [01:29:03] This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons pease,
 [01:29:05] And utters it again when God doth please:
 [01:29:07] He is wit's pedler, and retails his wares
 [01:29:09] At wakes and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs;
 [01:29:12] And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
 [01:29:14] Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
 [01:29:16] This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
 [01:29:18] That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
 [01:29:20] In honourable terms: O, he can sing
 [01:29:22] A mean most meanly; and in ushering
 [01:29:25] Mend him who can: the ladies call him sweet;
 [01:29:29] The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:
 [01:29:31] This is the flower that smiles on every one,
 [01:29:33] To show his teeth as white as whale's bone;
 [01:29:36] And consciences, that will not die in debt,
 [01:29:38] Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.
 [01:29:40] A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
 [01:29:43] That put Armado's page out of his part!
 [01:29:44] See where it comes! Behavior, what wert thou
 [01:29:46] Till this madman show'd thee? and what art thou now?
 [01:29:50] All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!
 [01:29:52] 'Fair' in 'all hail' is foul, as I conceive.
 [01:29:55] Construe my speeches better, if you may.
 [01:29:57] Then wish me better; I will give you leave.
 [01:29:59] We came to visit you, and purpose now
 [01:30:02] To lead you to our court; vouchsafe it then.
 [01:30:06] This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:
 [01:30:10] Nor God, nor I, delights in perjured men.
 [01:30:12] Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:
 [01:30:14] The virtue of your eye must break my oath.
 [01:30:16] You nickname virtue; vice you should have spoke;
 [01:30:19] For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
 [01:30:22] Now by my maiden honour, yet as pure
 [01:30:24] As the unsullied lily, I protest,
 [01:30:26] A world of torments though I should endure,
 [01:30:28] I would not yield to be your house's guest;
 [01:30:30] So much I hate a breaking cause to be
 [01:30:33] Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.
 [01:30:36] O, you have lived in desolation here,
 [01:30:39] Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.
 [01:30:43] Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;
 [01:30:46] We have had pastimes here and pleasant game:

[01:30:49] A mess of Russians left us but of late.
 [01:30:53] How, madam! Russians!
 [01:30:54] Ay, in truth, my lord;
 [01:30:56] Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.
 [01:31:00] Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord:
 [01:31:03] My lady, to the manner of the days,
 [01:31:04] In courtesy gives undeserving praise.
 [01:31:07] We four indeed confronted were with four
 [01:31:09] In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,
 [01:31:12] And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
 [01:31:14] They did not bless us with one happy word.
 [01:31:16] I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
 [01:31:20] When fools are thirsty, they would fain have drink.
 [01:31:22] This jest is dry to me. Fair gentle sweet,
 [01:31:25] Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet,
 [01:31:28] With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,
 [01:31:31] By light we lose light: your capacity
 [01:31:34] Is of that nature that to your huge store
 [01:31:36] Wise things seem foolish and rich things but poor.
 [01:31:40] This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,--
 [01:31:43] I am a fool, and full of poverty.
 [01:31:45] But that you take what doth to you belong,
 [01:31:47] It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.
 [01:31:49] O, I am yours, and all that I possess!
 [01:31:52] All the fool mine?
 [01:31:54] I cannot give you less.
 [01:31:55] Which of the vizards was it that you wore?
 [01:31:58] Where? when? what vizard? why demand you this?
 [01:32:01] There, then, that vizard; that superfluous case
 [01:32:03] That hid the worse and show'd the better face.
 [01:32:06] We are descried; they'll mock us now downright.
 [01:32:09] Let us confess and turn it to a jest.
 [01:32:12] Amazed, my lord? why looks your highness sad?
 [01:32:15] Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon! Why look you pale?
 [01:32:19] Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.
 [01:32:21] Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
 [01:32:23] Can any face of brass hold longer out?
 [01:32:26] Here stand I, Lady, dart thy skill at me;
 [01:32:29] Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;
 [01:32:31] Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;
 [01:32:34] Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
 [01:32:38] And I will wish thee never more to dance,
 [01:32:40] Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
 [01:32:42] O, never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
 [01:32:45] Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue,
 [01:32:48] Nor never come in vizard to my friend,
 [01:32:49] Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song!
 [01:32:54] Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
 [01:32:57] Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
 [01:32:59] Figures pedantical; these summer-flies
 [01:33:02] Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
 [01:33:07] I do forswear them; and I here protest,
 [01:33:10] By this white glove;--how white the hand, God knows!--
 [01:33:14] Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
 [01:33:19] In russet yeas and honest kersey noes:
 [01:33:22] And, to begin, wench,--so God help me, la!--
 [01:33:27] My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.
 [01:33:33] Sans sans, I pray you.
 [01:33:35] Yet I have a trick
 [01:33:36] Of the old rage: bear with me, I am sick;

[01:33:38] I'll leave it by degrees.
 [01:33:39] These lords are visited; you are not free,
 [01:33:44] For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.
 [01:33:47] No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.
 [01:33:49] Our states are forfeit: seek not to undo us.
 [01:33:52] It is not so; for how can this be true,
 [01:33:54] That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?
 [01:33:57] Peace! for I will not have to do with you.
 [01:33:59] Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.
 [01:34:02] Speak for yourselves; my wit is at an end.
 [01:34:05] Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
 [01:34:08] Some fair excuse.
 [01:34:11] The fairest is confession.
 [01:34:17] Were not you here but even now disguised?
 [01:34:20] Madam, I was.
 [01:34:23] And were you well advised?
 [01:34:26] I was, fair madam.
 [01:34:28] When you then were here,
 [01:34:31] What did you whisper in your lady's ear?
 [01:34:34] That more than all the world I did respect her.
 [01:34:37] When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.
 [01:34:40] Upon mine honour, no.
 [01:34:42] Peace, peace! forbear:
 [01:34:44] Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.
 [01:34:47] Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.
 [01:34:49] I will: and therefore keep it. Rosaline,
 [01:34:54] What did the Russian whisper in your ear?
 [01:34:58] Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
 [01:35:01] As precious eyesight, and did value me
 [01:35:04] Above this world; adding thereto moreover
 [01:35:08] That he would wed me, or else die my lover.
 [01:35:11] God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
 [01:35:15] Most honourably doth unhold his word.
 [01:35:18] What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
 [01:35:20] I never swore this lady such an oath.
 [01:35:22] By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
 [01:35:25] You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.
 [01:35:29] My faith and this the princess I did give:
 [01:35:32] I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.
 [01:35:36] Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
 [01:35:39] And Lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.
 [01:35:45] What, will you have me, or your pearl again?
 [01:35:48] Neither of either; I remit both twain.
 [01:35:54] I see the trick on't: here was a consent,
 [01:35:57] Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
 [01:35:59] The ladies did change favours: and then we,
 [01:36:01] Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
 [01:36:05] Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
 [01:36:06] We are again forsworn, in will and error.
 [01:36:09] Much upon this it is: and might not you
 [01:36:12] Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?
 [01:36:15] Full merrily
 [01:36:16] Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.
 [01:36:18] Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace! I have done.
 [01:36:25] Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.
 [01:36:27] O Lord, sir, they would know
 [01:36:29] Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.
 [01:36:31] Go, bid them prepare.
 [01:36:33] We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care.
 [01:36:36] Biron, they will shame us: let them not approach.

[01:36:39] We are shame-proof, my lord: and tis some policy
[01:36:41] To have one show worse than the king's and his company.
[01:36:44] I say they shall not come in.
[01:36:46] Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now:
[01:36:49] That sport best pleases that doth least know how:
[01:36:52] Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
[01:36:55] Dies in the zeal of that which it presents:
[01:36:58] Their form confounded makes most form in mirth,
[01:37:01] When great things labouring perish in their birth.
[01:37:05] A right description of our sport, my lord.
[01:37:09] Anointed, I implore so much of your
[01:37:12] royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.
[01:37:15] Doth this man serve God?
[01:37:17] Why ask you?
[01:37:18] He speaks not like a man of God's making.
[01:37:20] That is all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for,
[01:37:23] I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical;
[01:37:25] too, too vain, too too vain: but we will put it,
[01:37:29] as they say, to fortuna de la guerra.
[01:37:31] I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement!
[01:37:41] Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies.
[01:37:44] He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the Great;
[01:37:49] the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page,
[01:37:53] Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabaeus:
[01:38:03] I Pompey am,--
[01:38:05] You lie, you are not he.
[01:38:06] I Pompey am,--
[01:38:07] With libbard's head on knee.
[01:38:09] Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.
[01:38:12] I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the Big--
[01:38:16] The Great.
[01:38:19] It is, 'Great,' sir:--
[01:38:21] Pompey surnamed the Great;
[01:38:24] That oft in field, with targe and shield,
[01:38:26] did make my foe to sweat: And travelling along this coast,
[01:38:31] I here am come by chance, And lay my arms
[01:38:34] before the legs of this sweet lass of France,
[01:38:43] If your ladyship would say, 'Thanks, Pompey,' I had done.
[01:38:46] Great thanks, great Pompey.
[01:38:48] 'Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect:
[01:38:50] I made a little fault in 'Great.'
[01:38:53] My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.
[01:39:07] When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander;
[01:39:13] Louder.
[01:39:16] Shhh.
[01:39:18] By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:
[01:39:26] My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander,--
[01:39:31] Your nose says, no, you are not for it stands too right.
[01:39:34] Your nose smells 'no' in this, most tender-smelling knight.
[01:39:37] The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alexander.
[01:39:42] When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander,--
[01:39:47] Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander.
[01:39:50] Pompey the Great,--
[01:39:52] Your servant, and Costard.
[01:39:53] Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.
[01:39:56] O, sir, you have overthrown
[01:39:59] Alisander the conqueror!
[01:40:01] A conqueror, and afeard to speak!
[01:40:03] Run away for shame, Alisander.
[01:40:08] There, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man;

[01:40:10] an honest man, look you, and soon dashed.
 [01:40:13] He is a marvellous good neighbour, faith,
 [01:40:15] and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander,
 [01:40:19] --alas, you see how 'tis,--a little o'erparted.
 [01:40:24] But there are Worthies a-coming
 [01:40:26] will speak their mind in some other sort.
 [01:40:27] Stand aside good Pompey.
 [01:40:37] Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
 [01:40:40] Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canis;
 [01:40:46] And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
 [01:40:50] Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.
 [01:40:55] Quoniam he seemeth in minority,
 [01:40:57] Ergo I come with this apology.
 [01:41:11] Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.
 [01:41:23] I, Judas am,--
 [01:41:24] A Judas!
 [01:41:27] Not Iscariot, sir.
 [01:41:29] Judas, ycliped Maccabaeus.
 [01:41:31] Judas Maccabaeus clipt is plain Judas.
 [01:41:34] I, Judas am,--
 [01:41:36] The more shame for you, Judas.
 [01:41:38] What mean you, sir?
 [01:41:39] To make Judas hang himself.
 [01:41:42] Begin, sir; you are my elder.
 [01:41:44] Well followed: Judas was hanged on an elder.
 [01:41:47] I will not be put out of countenance.
 [01:41:48] Because thou hast no face.
 [01:41:50] What is this?
 [01:41:52] A cittern-head.
 [01:41:54] The head of a bodkin.
 [01:41:55] A Death's face in a ring.
 [01:41:57] The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.
 [01:42:01] And now forward; for we have put thee in countenance.
 [01:42:03] You have put me out of countenance.
 [01:42:05] False; we have given thee faces.
 [01:42:07] But you have out-faced them all.
 [01:42:08] An thou wert a lion, we would do so.
 [01:42:09] Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.
 [01:42:11] And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?
 [01:42:16] For the latter end of his name.
 [01:42:19] For the ass to the Jude; give it him:--Jud-as, away!
 [01:42:23] This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
 [01:42:29] A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble.
 [01:42:34] Alas, poor Maccabaeus, how hath he been baited!
 [01:42:38] Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms.
 [01:42:41] But is this Hector?
 [01:42:43] I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.
 [01:42:45] His leg is too big for Hector's.
 [01:42:48] More calf, certain.
 [01:42:49] No; he is best endued in the small.
 [01:42:53] This cannot be Hector.
 [01:42:54] He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.
 [01:42:58] The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
 [01:43:10] Gave Hector a gift,--
 [01:43:13] A gilt nutmeg.
 [01:43:14] A lemon.
 [01:43:15] Stuck with cloves.
 [01:43:16] No, cloven.
 [01:43:18] Peace!--
 [01:43:22] The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty

[01:43:28] Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
[01:43:34] A man so breathed, that certain he would fight; yea
[01:43:39] From morn till night, from out of his pavilion.
[01:43:44] I am that flower,--
[01:43:46] That mint.
[01:43:47] That columbine.
[01:43:49] Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.
[01:43:51] I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.
[01:43:53] Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.
[01:43:55] The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks,
[01:44:00] beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed,
[01:44:03] he was a man. But I will forward with my device.
[01:44:08] Sweet royalty, bestow on me the benefit of hearing.
[01:44:13] Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.
[01:44:16] This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,--
[01:44:19] The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone;
[01:44:22] she is two months on her way.
[01:44:25] Faith, unless you play the honest Troyan,
[01:44:27] the poor wench is cast away: she's quick;
[01:44:29] the child brags in her belly already: tis yours.
[01:44:32] Dost thou infamozize me among potentates?
[01:44:34] thou shalt die.
[01:44:35] Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is
[01:44:37] quick by him and hanged for Pompey that is dead by him.
[01:44:40] Most rare Pompey!
[01:44:42] Renowned Pompey!
[01:44:43] Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey!
[01:44:46] Pompey the Huge!
[01:44:48] Hector trembles.
[01:44:49] By the north pole, I do challenge thee.
[01:44:51] I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man:
[01:44:54] I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword. I bepray you,
[01:44:57] let me borrow my arms again.
[01:45:00] Room for the incensed Worthies!
[01:45:02] I'll do it in my shirt.
[01:45:04] Most resolute Pompey!
[01:45:06] Master, let me take you a buttonhole lower.
[01:45:07] Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat?
[01:45:10] What mean you? You will lose your reputation.
[01:45:17] Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me;
[01:45:20] I will not combat in my shirt.
[01:45:22] What reason have you for't?
[01:45:26] The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt;
[01:45:31] I go woolward for penance.
[01:45:48] God save you, madam!
[01:45:51] Welcome, Mercade;
[01:45:52] But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.
[01:45:54] I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring
[01:45:57] Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father--
[01:46:04] Dead, for my life!
[01:46:05] Even so; my tale is told.
[01:46:38] Worthies, away! the scene begins to cloud.
[01:46:43] For mine own part, I breathe free breath.
[01:46:46] I have seen the day of wrong
[01:46:47] through the little hole of discretion,
[01:46:49] and I will right myself like a soldier.
[01:46:57] How fares your majesty?
[01:46:59] Boyet, prepare; I will away tonight.
[01:47:03] Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.
[01:47:05] Prepare, I say. I thank you, gracious lords,

[01:47:12] For all your fair endeavors; and entreat,
[01:47:16] Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
[01:47:18] In your rich wisdom to excuse or hide
[01:47:21] The liberal opposition of our spirits,
[01:47:25] If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
[01:47:27] In the converse of breath:
[01:47:29] Your gentleness was guilty of it. Farewell worthy lord!
[01:47:38] A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue:
[01:47:42] Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks
[01:47:44] For my great suit so easily obtain'd.
[01:47:48] The extreme parts of time extremely forms
[01:47:50] All causes to the purpose of his speed,
[01:47:52] And often at his very loose decides
[01:47:54] That which long process could not arbitrate:
[01:47:58] And though the mourning brow of progeny
[01:48:01] Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
[01:48:02] The holy suit which fain it would convince,
[01:48:05] Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
[01:48:10] Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
[01:48:13] From what it purposed; since, to wail friends lost
[01:48:15] Is not by much so wholesome-profitable
[01:48:18] As to rejoice at friends but newly found.
[01:48:22] I understand you not: my griefs are double.
[01:48:25] Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;
[01:48:30] For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
[01:48:33] Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,
[01:48:38] Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
[01:48:40] Even to the opposed end of our intents:
[01:48:44] And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,--
[01:48:47] As love is full of unbecoming strains,
[01:48:50] All wanton as a child, skipping and vain,
[01:48:53] Form'd by the eye and therefore, like the eye,
[01:48:55] Full of strange shapes, of habits and of forms,
[01:48:59] Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
[01:49:02] To every varied object in his glance:
[01:49:06] Which parti-coated presence of loose love
[01:49:09] Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
[01:49:12] Have misbecomed our oaths and gravities,
[01:49:15] Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
[01:49:17] Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,
[01:49:21] Our love being yours, the error that love makes
[01:49:23] Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
[01:49:28] By being once false for ever to be true
[01:49:33] To those that make us both,--fair ladies, you:
[01:49:37] We have received your letters full of love;
[01:49:40] Your favours, the ambassadors of love;
[01:49:43] And, in our maiden council,
[01:49:45] rated them at courtship, pleasant jest and courtesy,
[01:49:48] As bombast and as lining to the time:
[01:49:52] But more devout than this in our respects
[01:49:54] Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
[01:49:57] In their own fashion, like a merriment.
[01:50:03] Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.
[01:50:06] So did our looks.
[01:50:08] We did not quote them so.
[01:50:10] Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
[01:50:13] Grant us your loves.
[01:50:16] A time, methinks, too short
[01:50:17] To make a world-without-end bargain in.
[01:50:20] No, no, my lord, your grace is perjured much,

[01:50:26] Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this:
 [01:50:32] If for my love, as there is no such cause,
 [01:50:35] You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
 [01:50:39] Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
 [01:50:43] To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
 [01:50:46] Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
 [01:50:49] There stay until the twelve celestial signs
 [01:50:52] Have brought about the annual reckoning.
 [01:50:55] If this austere insociable life
 [01:50:59] Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
 [01:51:03] If frosts and fests, hard lodging and thin weeds
 [01:51:07] Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
 [01:51:11] But that it bear this trial and last love;
 [01:51:15] Then, at the expiration of the year,
 [01:51:18] Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,
 [01:51:24] And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine
 [01:51:28] I will be thine; and till that instant shut
 [01:51:33] My woeful self up in a mournful house,
 [01:51:37] Raining the tears of lamentation
 [01:51:40] For the remembrance of my father's death.
 [01:51:43] If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
 [01:51:50] Neither entitled in the other's heart.
 [01:51:53] If this, or more than this, I would deny,
 [01:51:55] To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
 [01:51:58] The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
 [01:52:03] Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.
 [01:52:13] But what to me, my love? but what to me? A wife?
 [01:52:18] A beard, fair health, and honesty;
 [01:52:21] With three-fold love I wish you all these three.
 [01:52:24] O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?
 [01:52:28] Not so, my lord; a twelvemonth and a day
 [01:52:31] I'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say:
 [01:52:34] Come when the king doth to my lady come;
 [01:52:36] Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.
 [01:52:42] I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.
 [01:52:46] Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again.
 [01:52:50] What says Maria?
 [01:52:54] At the twelvemonth's end
 [01:52:55] I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.
 [01:52:59] Studies my lady? mistress, look on me;
 [01:53:04] Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
 [01:53:07] What humble suit attends thy answer there:
 [01:53:11] Impose some service on me for thy love.
 [01:53:14] Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron,
 [01:53:16] Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
 [01:53:19] Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
 [01:53:22] Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
 [01:53:25] Which you on all estates will execute
 [01:53:27] That come within the mercy of your wit.
 [01:53:31] To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
 [01:53:35] And therewithal to win me, if you please,
 [01:53:38] Without the which I am not to be won,
 [01:53:40] You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
 [01:53:43] Visit the speechless sick and still converse
 [01:53:46] With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
 [01:53:50] With all the fierce endeavor of your wit
 [01:53:54] To enforce the pained impotent to smile.
 [01:53:57] To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
 [01:53:59] It cannot be; it is impossible:
 [01:54:01] Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

[01:54:03] Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
[01:54:06] Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
[01:54:07] Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
[01:54:11] A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
[01:54:13] Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
[01:54:15] Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
[01:54:17] Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,
[01:54:19] Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
[01:54:22] And I will have you and that fault withal;
[01:54:25] But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
[01:54:27] And I shall find you empty of that fault,
[01:54:29] Right joyful of your reformation.
[01:54:32] A twelvemonth! well; befall what will befall,
[01:54:39] I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.
[01:54:42] And so I take my leave.
[01:54:48] No, madam; we will bring you on your way.
[01:54:54] Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
[01:54:56] Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesies
[01:54:58] Might well have made our sport a comedy.
[01:55:00] Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
[01:55:03] And then 'twill end.
[01:55:05] That's too long for a play.
[01:55:08] Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,--
[01:55:10] Was not that Hector?
[01:55:11] The worthy knight of Troy.
[01:55:13] I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave.
[01:55:16] I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta
[01:55:19] to hold the plough for her sweet love three years.
[01:55:24] But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue
[01:55:27] that the two learned men have compiled in praise
[01:55:30] of the owl and the cuckoo?
[01:55:32] It should have followed in the end of our show.
[01:55:34] Call them forth quickly; we will do so.
[01:55:46] And lady-smocks all silver-white
[01:55:49] And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
[01:55:54] Do paint the meadows with delight,
[01:56:04] The cuckoo then, on every tree,
[01:56:07] Mocks married men; for thus sings he, Cuckoo;
[01:56:17] Mocks married men; for thus sings he, Cuckoo;
[01:56:28] Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
[01:56:34] Unpleasing to a married ear!
[01:56:46] When icicles hang by the wall
[01:56:51] And Dick the shepherd blows his nail
[01:56:58] And Tom bears logs into the hall
[01:57:07] And milk comes frozen home in pail,
[01:57:19] When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
[01:57:23] Then nightly sings the staring owl, Tu-whit;
[01:57:35] Tu-who, a merry note,
[01:57:43] While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.
[01:58:02] The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo.
[01:58:08] You that way: we this way.