

# Love's Labour's Lost

## ACT I

### SCENE I. The king of Navarre's park.

*Enter FERDINAND king of Navarre, BIRON, LONGAVILLE and DUMAIN*

#### FERDINAND

Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,  
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs  
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;  
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,  
The endeavor of this present breath may buy  
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge  
And make us heirs of all eternity.  
Therefore, brave conquerors,--for so you are,  
That war against your own affections  
And the huge army of the world's desires,--  
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:  
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;  
Our court shall be a little Academe,  
Still and contemplative in living art.  
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,  
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me  
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes  
That are recorded in this schedule here:  
If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,  
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

#### LONGAVILLE

I am resolved; 'tis but a three years' fast:  
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:  
Fat paunches have lean pates, and dainty bits  
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

#### DUMAIN

My loving lord, Dumain is mortified:

The grosser manner of these world's delights  
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:  
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;  
With all these living in philosophy.

**BIRON**

I can but say their protestation over;  
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,  
That is, to live and study here three years.  
But there are other strict observances;  
As, not to see a woman in that term,  
Which I hope well is not enrollèd there;  
And one day in a week to touch no food  
And but one meal on every day beside,  
The which I hope is not enrollèd there;  
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,  
And not be seen to wink of all the day--  
Which I hope well is not enrollèd there:  
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,  
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep!

**FERDINAND**

Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

**BIRON**

Let me say no, my liege, an if you please:  
I only swore to study with your grace  
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

**LONGAVILLE**

You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

**BIRON**

By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.  
What is the end of study? let me know.

**FERDINAND**

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

**BIRON**

Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?

**FERDINAND**

Ay, that is study's godlike recompense.

**BIRON**

Come on, then; I will swear to study so,  
To know the thing I am forbid to know:  
As thus,--to study where I well may dine,  
When I to feast expressly am forbid;  
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,  
When mistresses from common sense are hid;  
Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath,  
Study to break it and not break my troth.  
If study's gain be thus and this be so,  
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:  
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

**FERDINAND**

These be the stops that hinder study quite  
And train our intellects to vain delight.

**BIRON**

Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,  
Which with pain purchased doth inherit pain:  
As, painfully to pore upon a book  
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while  
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:  
Light seeking light doth light of light beguile:  
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,  
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.  
Study me how to please the eye indeed  
By fixing it upon a fairer eye,  
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed  
And give him light that it was blinded by.  
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun  
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks:  
Small have continual plodders ever won  
Save base authority from others' books.  
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights

That give a name to every fixèd star  
Have no more profit of their shining nights  
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.  
Too much to know is to know nought but fame;  
And every godfather can give a name.

**FERDINAND**

How well he's read, to reason against reading!

**DUMAIN**

Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

**LONGAVILLE**

He weeds the corn and still lets grow the weeding.

**BIRON**

The spring is near when green geese are a-breeding.

**DUMAIN**

How follows that?

**BIRON**

Fit in his place and time.

**DUMAIN**

In reason nothing.

**BIRON**

Something then in rhyme.

**FERDINAND**

Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,  
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

**BIRON**

Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast  
Before the birds have any cause to sing?  
Why should I joy in any abortive birth?  
At Christmas I no more desire a rose  
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled mirth;

But like of each thing that in season grows.  
So you, to study now it is too late,  
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

**FERDINAND**

Well, sit you out: go home, Biron: adieu.

**BIRON**

No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:  
Give me the paper; let me read the same;  
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

**FERDINAND**

How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

**BIRON**

*[Reads] Item, That no woman shall come within a  
mile of my court: Hath this been proclaimed?*

**LONGAVILLE**

Four days ago.

**BIRON**

Let's see the penalty. *[Reads] On pain of losing her tongue.* Who devised  
this penalty?

**LONGAVILLE**

Marry, that did I.

**BIRON**

Sweet lord, and why?

**LONGAVILLE**

To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

**BIRON**

A dangerous law against gentility!

*[Reads]*

*Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.*

This article, my liege, yourself must break;  
For well you know here comes in embassy  
The French king's daughter with yourself to speak--

**FERDINAND**

What say you, lords? Why, this was quite forgot.

**BIRON**

So study evermore is overshot:  
While it doth study to have what it would  
It doth forget to do the thing it should,

**FERDINAND**

We must of force dispense with this decree;  
She must lie here on mere necessity.

**BIRON**

Necessity will make us all forsworn  
Three thousand times within this three years' space;  
For every man with his affects is born,  
Not by might master'd but by special grace:  
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me;  
I am forsworn on 'mere necessity.'  
So to the laws at large I write my name.

*[Subscribes]*

And he that breaks them in the least degree  
Stands in attainder of eternal shame:  
Suggestions are to other as to me;  
But I believe, although I seem so loath,  
I am the last that will last keep his oath.  
But is there no quick recreation granted?

**FERDINAND**

Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted  
With a refinèd traveller of Spain;  
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,  
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;  
One whom the music of his own vain tongue  
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;  
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,  
For interim to our studies shall relate  
In high-born words the worth of many a knight  
From tawny Spain lost in the world's debate.  
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;  
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie  
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

**LONGAVILLE**

Costard the swain and he shall be our sport;  
And so to study, three years is but short.

*Enter DULL with a letter, and COSTARD*

**DULL**

Which is the duke's own person?

**BIRON**

This, fellow: what wouldst?

**DULL**

I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his  
grace's tharborough: but I would see his own person  
in flesh and blood.

**BIRON**

This is he.

**DULL**

Signior Arme--Arme--commends you. There's villany  
abroad: this letter will tell you more.

**FERDINAND**

A letter from the magnificent Armado.

**BIRON**

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

**COSTARD**

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

**BIRON**

In what manner?

**COSTARD**

In manner and form following, sir; all those three:  
I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with  
her upon the form, and taken following her into the  
park; which, put together, is in manner and form  
following. Now, sir, for the manner,--it is the  
manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,--  
in some form.

**BIRON**

For the following, sir?

**COSTARD**

As it shall follow in my correction: and God defend  
the right!

**FERDINAND**

Will you hear this letter with attention?

**BIRON**

As we would hear an oracle.

**COSTARD**

Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

**FERDINAND**

*[Reads] Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent and  
sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's god,  
and body's fostering patron.*



**COSTARD**

Not a word of Costard yet.

**FERDINAND**

*[Reads] So it is,—*

**COSTARD**

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

**FERDINAND**

Peace!

**COSTARD**

Be to me and every man that dares not fight!

**FERDINAND**

No words!

**COSTARD**

Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

**FERDINAND**

*[Reads] So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when. About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper: so much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is y-cleped thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest; but to the place where; it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: there did I see that low-spirited*

*swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,—*

**COSTARD**

Me?

**FERDINAND**

*[Reads] that unlettered small-knowing soul,—*

**COSTARD**

Me?

**FERDINAND**

*[Reads] that shallow vassal,—*

**COSTARD**

Still me?

**FERDINAND**

*[Reads] which, as I remember, hight Costard,—*

**COSTARD**

O, me!

**FERDINAND**

*[Reads] sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, which with,—O, with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,—*

**COSTARD**

With a wench.

**FERDINAND**

*[Reads] with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I, as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on, have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Anthony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.*

**DULL**

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

**FERDINAND**

*[Reads] For Jaquenetta,--so is the weaker vessel called which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,--I keep her as a vessel of the law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty.*

*DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.*

**BIRON**

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

**FERDINAND**

Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

**COSTARD**

Sir, I confess the wench.

**FERDINAND**

Did you hear the proclamation?

**COSTARD**

I do confess much of the hearing it but little of the marking of it.

**FERDINAND**

It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

**COSTARD**

I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damsel.

**FERDINAND**

Well, it was proclaimed 'damsel.'

**COSTARD**

This was no damsel, neither, sir; she was a virgin.

**FERDINAND**

It is so varied, too; for it was proclaimed 'virgin.'

**COSTARD**

If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

**FERDINAND**

This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

**COSTARD**

This maid will serve my turn, sir.

**FERDINAND**

Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast  
a week with bran and water.

**COSTARD**

I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

**FERDINAND**

And Don Armado shall be your keeper.  
My Lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er:  
And go we, lords, to put in practise that  
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

*Exeunt FERDINAND, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN*

**BIRON**

I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,  
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.  
Sirrah, come on.

**COSTARD**

I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is, I was

taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again; and till then, sit thee down, sorrow!

*Exeunt*

**SCENE II. The same.**

*Enter DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO and MOTH*

**ARMADO**

Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

**MOTH**

A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

**ARMADO**

I will hereupon confess I am in love: and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard. Comfort me, boy: what great men have been in love?

**MOTH**

Hercules, master.

**ARMADO**

Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

**MOTH**

Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter: and he was in love.

**ARMADO**

O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

**MOTH**

A woman, master.

**ARMADO**

Of what complexion?

**MOTH**

Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

**ARMADO**

Tell me precisely of what complexion.

**MOTH**

Of the sea-water green, sir.

**ARMADO**

Is that one of the four complexions?

**MOTH**

As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

**ARMADO**

Green indeed is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

**MOTH**

It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

**ARMADO**

My love is most immaculate white and red.

**MOTH**

Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

**ARMADO**

Define, define, well-educated infant.

**MOTH**

If she be made of white and red,  
Her faults will ne'er be known,  
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred  
And fears by pale white shown:  
Then if she fear, or be to blame,  
By this you shall not know,  
For still her cheeks possess the same  
Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of  
white and red.

**ARMADO**

Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

**MOTH**

The world was very guilty of such a ballad some  
three ages since: but I think now 'tis not to be  
found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for  
the writing nor the tune.

**ARMADO**

I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may  
example my digression by some mighty precedent.

*Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA*

**DULL**

Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard  
safe: and you must suffer him to take no delight  
nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a week.  
For this damsel, I must keep her at the park. Fare you well.

**ARMADO**

I do betray myself with blushing. Maid!



**JAQUENETTA**

Man.

**ARMADO**

I will visit thee at the lodge.

**JAQUENETTA**

That's hereby.

**ARMADO**

I know where it is situate.

**JAQUENETTA**

Lord, how wise you are!

**ARMADO**

I will tell thee wonders.

**JAQUENETTA**

With that face?

**ARMADO**

I love thee.

**JAQUENETTA**

So I heard you say.

**ARMADO**

And so, farewell.

**JAQUENETTA**

Fair weather after you!

**DULL**

Come, Jaquenetta, away!

*Exeunt DULL and JAQUENETTA*

**ARMADO**

Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

**COSTARD**

Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

**ARMADO**

Take away this villain; shut him up.

**MOTH**

Come, you transgressing slave; away!

**COSTARD**

Let me not be pent up, sir: I will fast, being loose.

**MOTH**

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

*Exeunt MOTH and COSTARD*

**ARMADO**

I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, which is a great argument of falsehood, if I love. And how can that be true love which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; Love is a devil: there is no evil angel but Love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength; yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club; and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his

glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust rapier!  
be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea,  
he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme,  
for I am sure I shall turn sonnet. Devise, wit;  
write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio.

*Exit*

## ACT II

### SCENE I. The same.

*Enter the PRINCESS of France, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET*

#### BOYET

Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:  
Consider who the king your father sends,  
To whom he sends, and what's his embassy:  
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,  
To parley with the sole inheritor  
Of all perfections that a man may owe,  
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight  
Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen.  
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace  
As Nature was in making graces dear  
When she did starve the general world beside  
And prodigally gave them all to you.

#### PRINCESS

Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,  
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:  
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,  
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:  
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth  
Than you much willing to be counted wise  
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.  
But now to task the tasker: good Boyet,  
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame  
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,  
Till painful study shall outwear three years,  
No woman may approach his silent court:  
Therefore to's seemeth it a needful course,  
Before we enter his forbidden gates,  
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,  
Bold of your worthiness, we single you  
As our best-moving fair solicitor.

**BOYET**

Proud of employment, willingly I go.

**PRINCESS**

All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.

*Exit BOYET*

Who are the votaries, my loving friends,  
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

**MARIA**

Lord Longaville is one.

**PRINCESS**

Know you the man?

**MARIA**

I know him, madam: at a marriage-feast,  
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:  
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;  
Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms:  
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.  
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,  
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,  
Is a sharp wit matched with too blunt a will;  
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills  
It should none spare that come within his power.

**PRINCESS**

Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?

**MARIA**

They say so most that most his humours know.

**PRINCESS**

Such short-lived wits do wither as they grow.  
Who are the rest?

**KATHARINE**

The young Dumain, a well-accomplished youth,  
Of all that virtue love for virtue loved:  
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;  
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,  
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.  
I saw him at the Duke Alencon's once;  
And much too little of that good I saw  
Is my report to his great worthiness.

**ROSALINE**

Another of these students at that time  
Was there with him, if I have heard a truth.  
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,  
Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
I never spent an hour's talk withal:  
His eye begets occasion for his wit;  
For every object that the one doth catch  
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,  
Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,  
Delivers in such apt and gracious words  
That aged ears play truant at his tales  
And younger hearings are quite ravishèd;  
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

**PRINCESS**

God bless my ladies! are they all in love,  
That every one her own hath garnishèd  
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

**KATHERINE**

Here comes Boyet.

*Re-enter BOYET*

**PRINCESS**

Now, what admittance, lord?

**BOYET**

Navarre had notice of your fair approach;

And he and his competitors in oath  
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,  
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt:  
He rather means to lodge you in the field,  
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,  
Than seek a dispensation for his oath.

*Enter FERDINAND, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON*

**FERDINAND**

Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

**PRINCESS**

'Fair' I give you back again; and 'welcome' I have  
not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be  
yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

**FERDINAND**

You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

**PRINCESS**

I will be welcome, then: conduct me thither.

**FERDINAND**

Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.

**PRINCESS**

Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

**FERDINAND**

Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

**PRINCESS**

Why, will shall break it; will and nothing else.

**FERDINAND**

Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

**PRINCESS**

Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,  
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.  
I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping:  
Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,  
And sin to break it.  
But pardon me. I am too sudden-bold:  
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.  
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,  
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

**FERDINAND**

Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

**PRINCESS**

You will the sooner, that I were away;  
For you'll prove perjured if you make me stay.

**BIRON**

Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

**ROSALINE**

Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

**BIRON**

I know you did.

**ROSALINE**

How needless was it then to ask the question!

**BIRON**

You must not be so quick.

**ROSALINE**

'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such questions.

**BIRON**

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



**ROSALINE**

Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

**BIRON**

What time o' day?

**ROSALINE**

The hour that fools should ask.

**BIRON**

Now fair befall your mask!

**ROSALINE**

Fair fall the face it covers!

**BIRON**

And send you many lovers!

**ROSALINE**

Amen, so you be none.

**BIRON**

Nay, then will I be gone.

**FERDINAND**

Madam, your father here doth intimate  
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;  
Being but the one half of an entire sum  
Disbursèd by my father in his wars.  
But say that he or we, as neither have,  
Received that sum, yet there remains unpaid  
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,  
One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,  
Although not valued to the money's worth.  
If then the king your father will restore  
But that one half which is unsatisfied,  
We will give up our right in Aquitaine,  
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.

**PRINCESS**

You do the king my father too much wrong  
And wrong the reputation of your name,  
In so unseeming to confess receipt  
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

**FERDINAND**

I do protest I never heard of it;  
And if you prove it, I'll repay it back  
Or yield up Aquitaine.

**PRINCESS**

We arrest your word.  
Boyet, you can produce acquittances  
For such a sum from special officers  
Of Charles his father.

**FERDINAND**

Satisfy me so.

**BOYET**

So please your grace, the packet is not come  
Where that and other specialties are bound:  
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

**FERDINAND**

It shall suffice me: at which interview  
All liberal reason I will yield unto.  
Meantime receive such welcome at my hand  
As honour without breach of honour may  
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:  
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;  
But here without you shall be so received  
As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,  
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.  
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:  
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

**PRINCESS**

Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!

**FERDINAND**

Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!

*Exit*

**BIRON**

Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.

**ROSALINE**

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

**BIRON**

I would you heard it groan.

**ROSALINE**

Is the fool sick?

**BIRON**

Sick at the heart.

**ROSALINE**

Alack, let it blood.

**BIRON**

Would that do it good?

**ROSALINE**

My physic says 'ay.'

**BIRON**

Will you prick't with your eye?

**ROSALINE**

No point, with my knife.

**BIRON**

Now, God save thy life!

**ROSALINE**

And yours from long living!

**BIRON**

I cannot stay thanksgiving.

*Retiring*

**DUMAIN** (*to Boyet*)

Sir, I pray you, a word: what lady is that same?

**BOYET**

The heir of Alencon, Katharine her name.

**DUMAIN**

A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well.

*Exit*

**LONGAVILLE**

I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?

**BOYET**

A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

**LONGAVILLE**

Perchance light in the light. I desire her name.

**BOYET**

She hath but one for herself; to desire that were a shame.

**LONGAVILLE**

Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

**BOYET**

Her mother's, I have heard.

**LONGAVILLE**

God's blessing on your beard!

**BOYET**

Good sir, be not offended.  
She is an heir of Falconbridge.

**LONGAVILLE**

Nay, my choler is ended.  
She is a most sweet lady.

**BOYET**

Not unlike, sir, that may be.

*Exit LONGAVILLE*

**BIRON**

What's her name in the cap?

**BOYET**

Rosaline, by good hap.

**BIRON**

Is she wedded or no?

**BOYET**

To her will, sir, or so.

**BIRON**

You are welcome, sir: adieu.

**BOYET**

Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

*Exit BIRON*

**BOYET**

If my observation, which very seldom lies,  
By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed wi' th' eyes,  
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

**PRINCESS**

With what?

**BOYET**

With that which we lovers entitle “affected.”

**PRINCESS**

Your reason?

**BOYET**

Why, all his behaviors did make their retire  
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:  
His heart, like an agate, with your print impress'd,  
Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd:  
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,  
Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;  
All senses to that sense did make their repair,  
To feel only looking on fairest of fair.  
I'll give you Aquitaine and all that is his,  
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

**PRINCESS**

Come to our pavilion: Boyet is disposed.

**BOYET**

But to speak that in words which his eye hath  
disclosed.  
I only have made a mouth of his eye,  
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

*Exeunt*

## **ACT III**

### **SCENE I. The same.**

*Enter DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO and MOTH. MOTH is singing.*

#### **ARMADO**

Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years; take this key,  
give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately  
hither: I must employ him in a letter to my love.

The way is but short: away!

#### **MOTH**

As swift as lead, sir.

#### **ARMADO**

The meaning, pretty ingenious?  
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

#### **MOTH**

Minime, honest master; or rather, master, no.

#### **ARMADO**

I say lead is slow.

#### **MOTH**

You are too swift, sir, to say so:  
Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?

#### **ARMADO**

Sweet smoke of rhetoric!  
He reposes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:  
I shoot thee at the swain.

#### **MOTH**

Thump then and I flee.

*Exit*

**ARMADO**

A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!  
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:  
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.  
My herald is return'd.

*Re-enter MOTH with COSTARD*

**MOTH**

A wonder, master! here's a costard broken in a shin.

**ARMADO**

Some enigma, some riddle: come, thy *l'envoy*; begin.

**COSTARD**

No enigma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*; no salve in the  
mail, sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain! no  
*l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*; no salve, sir, but a plantain!

**ARMADO**

By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly  
thought my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes  
me to ridiculous smiling. O, pardon me, my stars!  
Doth the inconsiderate take *salve* for *l'envoy*, and  
the word *l'envoy* for a *salve*?

**MOTH**

Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a *salve*?

**ARMADO**

No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain  
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been said.  
I will example it:

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three.  
There's the moral. Now the *l'envoy*.



**MOTH**

I will add the *l'envoy*. Say the moral again.

**ARMADO**

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three.

**MOTH**

Until the goose came out of door,  
And stay'd the odds by adding four.  
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with  
my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three.

**ARMADO**

Until the goose came out of door,  
Staying the odds by adding four.

**MOTH**

A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose: would you  
desire more?

**COSTARD**

The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's flat.  
Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.  
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose:  
Let me see; a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that's a fat goose.

**ARMADO**

Come hither, come hither. How did this argument begin?

**MOTH**

By saying that a costard was broken in a shin.  
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

**COSTARD**

True, and I for a plantain: thus came your  
argument in;  
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought;  
And he ended the market.

**ARMADO**

But tell me; how was there a costard broken in a shin?

**MOTH**

I will tell you sensibly.

**COSTARD**

Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth: I will speak that *l'envoy*:  
I Costard, running out, that was safely within,  
Fell over the threshold and broke my shin.

**ARMADO**

We will talk no more of this matter.

**COSTARD**

Till there be more matter in the shin.

**ARMADO**

Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

**COSTARD**

O, marry me to one Frances: I smell some *l'envoy*,  
some goose, in this.

**ARMADO**

By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at liberty,  
enfreedoming thy person; thou wert immured,  
restrained, captivated, bound.

**COSTARD**

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

**ARMADO**

I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and,

in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this:  
bear this significant

*Giving a letter*

to the country maid Jaquenetta:  
there is remuneration; for the best ward of mine  
honour is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow.

*Exit*

**MOTH**

Like the sequel, I, Signior Costard, adieu.

**COSTARD**

My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew!

*Exit MOTH*

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration!  
O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three  
farthings--remuneration.--'What's the price of this  
inkle?'--'One penny.'--'No, I'll give you a  
remuneration:' why, it carries it. Remuneration!  
why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will  
never buy and sell out of this word.

*Enter BIRON*

**BIRON**

O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

**COSTARD**

Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man  
buy for a remuneration?

**BIRON**

What is a remuneration?

**COSTARD**

Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

**BIRON**

Why, then, three-farthing worth of silk.

**COSTARD**

I thank your worship: God be wi' you!

**BIRON**

Stay, slave; I must employ thee:  
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,  
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

**COSTARD**

When would you have it done, sir?

**BIRON**

This afternoon.

**COSTARD**

Well, I will do it, sir: fare you well.

**BIRON**

Thou knowest not what it is.

**COSTARD**

I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

**BIRON**

Why, villain, thou must know first.

**COSTARD**

I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

**BIRON**

It must be done this afternoon.  
Hark, slave, it is but this:  
The princess comes to hunt here in the park,  
And in her train there is a gentle lady;

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,  
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;  
And to her white hand see thou do commend  
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.

*Giving him a shilling*

**COSTARD**

Gardon, O sweet gardon! better than remuneration,  
a'leven-pence farthing better: most sweet gardon! I  
will do it sir, in print. Gardon! Remuneration!

*Exit*

**BIRON**

And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;  
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;  
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable;  
A domineering pedant o'er the boy;  
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!  
This whimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;  
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;  
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,  
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,  
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,  
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,  
Sole imperator and great general  
Of trotting 'paritors:--O my little heart:--  
And I to be a corporal of his field,  
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!  
What, I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!  
A woman, that is like a German clock,  
Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,  
And never going aright, being a watch,  
But being watch'd that it may still go right!  
Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all;  
And, among three, to love the worst of all;  
A wightly wanton with a velvet brow,  
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;  
Ay, and by heaven, one that will do the deed

Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:  
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!  
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague  
That Cupid will impose for my neglect  
Of his almighty dreadful little might.  
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and groan:  
Some men must love my lady and some Joan.

*Exit*

## **ACT IV**

### **SCENE I. The same.**

*Enter the PRINCESS, a Forester, BOYET, ROSALINE, MARIA, and KATHARINE*

#### **PRINCESS**

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch:  
On Saturday we will return to France.  
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush  
That we must stand and play the murderer in?

#### **Forester**

Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;  
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.

#### **PRINCESS**

I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,  
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

#### **Forester**

Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

#### **PRINCESS**

What, what? first praise me and again say no?  
O short-lived pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

#### **Forester**

Yes, madam, fair.

#### **PRINCESS**

Nay, never paint me now:  
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.  
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true:  
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

#### **Forester**

Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

**PRINCESS**

See see, my beauty will be saved by merit!  
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!  
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.  
But come, the bow: now mercy goes to kill,  
And shooting well is then accounted ill.  
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:  
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;  
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,  
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.  
And out of question so it is sometimes,  
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,  
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,  
We bend to that the working of the heart;  
As I for praise alone now seek to spill  
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

**BOYET**

Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty  
Only for praise sake, when they strive to be  
Lords o'er their lords?

**PRINCESS**

Only for praise: and praise we may afford  
To any lady that subdues a lord.

**BOYET**

Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

*Enter COSTARD*

**COSTARD**

God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the head lady?

**PRINCESS**

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

**COSTARD**

Which is the greatest lady, the highest?



**PRINCESS**

The thickest and the tallest.

**COSTARD**

The thickest and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.  
An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,  
One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.  
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

**PRINCESS**

What's your will, sir? what's your will?

**COSTARD**

I have a letter from Monsieur Biron to one Lady Rosaline.

**PRINCESS**

O, thy letter, thy letter! he's a good friend of mine:  
Stand aside, good bearer. Boyet, you can carve;  
Break up this capon.

**BOYET**

I am bound to serve.  
This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;  
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

**PRINCESS**

We will read it, I swear.  
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

*Reads*

**BOYET**

*By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible;  
true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that  
thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful  
than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have  
commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The  
magnanimous and most illustrious king Cophetua set  
eye upon the pernicious and indubitable beggar  
Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say,*

*Veni, vidi, vici; which to annothanize in the vulgar, --O base and obscure vulgar!--videlicet, He came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw two; overcame, three. Who came? the king: why did he come? to see: why did he see? to overcome: to whom came he? to the beggar: what saw he? the beggar: who overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory: on whose side? the king's. The captive is enriched: on whose side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side? the king's: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: shall I enforce thy love? I could: shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles; for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture. and my heart on thy every part. Thine, in the dearest design of industry,*  
*DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.*

**PRINCESS**

What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?  
What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

**BOYET**

This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court.

**PRINCESS**

Thou fellow, a word:  
Who gave thee this letter?

**COSTARD**

I told you; my lord.

**PRINCESS**

To whom shouldst thou give it?

**COSTARD**

From my lord to my lady.

**PRINCESS**

From which lord to which lady?

**COSTARD**

From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,  
To a lady of France that he call'd Rosaline.

**PRINCESS**

Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.

*To ROSALINE*

Here, sweet, put up this: 'twill be thine another day.

*Exeunt PRINCESS*

**BOYET**

Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?

**ROSALINE**

Shall I teach you to know?

**BOYET**

Ay, my continent of beauty.

**ROSALINE**

Why, she that bears the bow.  
Finely put off!

**BOYET**

My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,  
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.  
Finely put on!

**ROSALINE**

Well, then, I am the shooter.

**BOYET**

And who is your deer?

**ROSALINE**

If we choose by the horns, yourself come not near.  
Finely put on, indeed!

**MARIA**

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

**BOYET**

But she herself is hit lower: have I hit her now?

**ROSALINE**

Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was  
a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy, as  
touching the hit it?

**BOYET**

So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a  
woman when Queen Guinover of Britain was a little  
wench, as touching the hit it.

**ROSALINE**

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

**BOYET**

An I cannot, cannot, cannot,  
An I cannot, another can.

*Exeunt ROSALINE and KATHARINE*

**COSTARD**

By my troth, most pleasant: how both did fit it!

**MARIA**

A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did hit it.

**BOYET**

A mark! O, mark but that mark! A mark, says my lady!  
Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

**MARIA**

Wide o' the bow hand! i' faith, your hand is out.

**COSTARD**

Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

**BOYET**

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

**COSTARD**

Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the pin.

**MARIA**

Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips grow foul.

**COSTARD**

She's too hard for you at pricks, sir: challenge her to bowl.

**BOYET**

I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl.

*Exeunt BOYET and MARIA*

**COSTARD**

By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!  
Lord, Lord, how the ladies and I have put him down!  
O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony  
vulgar wit!  
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it  
were, so fit.  
Sola, sola!

*Exit COSTARD, running*

**SCENE II. The same.**

*Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL*

**SIR NATHANIEL**

Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

**HOLOFERNES**

The deer was, as you know, sanguis, in blood; ripe as the pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of caelo, the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of terra, the soil, the land, the earth.

**SIR NATHANIEL**

Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

**HOLOFERNES**

Sir Nathaniel, haud credo.

**DULL**

'Twas not a haud credo; 'twas a pricket.

**HOLOFERNES**

Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, in via, in way, of explication; facere, as it were, replication, or rather, ostentare, to show, as it were, his inclination, after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather, unlettered, or ratherest, unconfirmed fashion, to insert again my haud credo for a deer.

**DULL**

I said the deer was not a haud credo; twas a pricket.

**HOLOFERNES**

Twice-sod simplicity, his coctus!  
O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

**SIR NATHANIEL**

Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred  
in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he  
hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not  
replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in  
the duller parts.

**HOLOFERNES**

Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph  
on the death of the deer? And, to humour the  
ignorant, call I the deer the princess killed a pricket.

**SIR NATHANIEL**

Perge, good Master Holofernes, perge; so it shall  
please you to abrogate scurrility.

**HOLOFERNES**

I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.  
The preyful princess pierced and prick'd  
    a pretty pleasing pricket;  
Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made  
    sore with shooting.  
The dogs did yell: put L to sore, then sorel  
    Jumps from thicket;  
    Or pricket sore, or else sorel; the people fall  
    a-hooting.  
If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty  
    sores o' sorel.  
Of one sore I an hundred make by adding but one  
    more L.

**SIR NATHANIEL**

A rare talent!

**DULL**

*[Aside]* If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

**HOLOFERNES**

This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

*Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD*

**JAQUENETTA**

God give you good morrow, master Parson.  
Good master Parson, be so good as read me this letter: it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado: I beseech you, read it.

**SIR NATHANIEL**

*[Reads]*

*If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?  
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd!  
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove:  
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like  
osiers bow'd.*

*Study his bias leaves and makes his book thine eyes,  
Where all those pleasures live that art would  
comprehend:*

*If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;  
Well learnèd is that tongue that well can thee commend,  
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;  
Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire:  
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,  
Which not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.  
Celestial as thou art, O, pardon, love, this wrong,  
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.*



**HOLOFERNES**

But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

**JAQUENETTA**

Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

**HOLOFERNES**

I will overglance the superscript: *To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline*. I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto: *Your ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON*. Sir Nathaniel, this Biron hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king: it may concern much.

**JAQUENETTA**

Good Costard, go with me. Sir, God save your life!

**COSTARD**

Have with thee, my girl.

*Exeunt ALL*

**SCENE III. The same.**

*Enter BIRON, with a paper*

**BIRON**

By the Lord, this love is as mad as  
Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep:  
well proved again o' my side! I will not love: if  
I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her  
eye,--by this light, but for her eye, I would not  
love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing  
in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By  
heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme  
and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme,  
and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my  
sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent  
it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter  
fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care  
a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one  
with a paper: God give him grace to groan!

*Stands aside*

*Enter FERDINAND, with a paper*

**FERDINAND**

Ay me!

**BIRON**

*[Aside]* Shot, by heaven! Proceed, sweet Cupid:  
thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt under the  
left pap. In faith, secrets!

**FERDINAND**

*[Reads]*

*So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not  
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,  
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote  
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:  
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright*

*Through the transparent bosom of the deep,  
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;  
Thou shinest in every tear that I do weep:  
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;  
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.  
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,  
And they thy glory through my grief will show:  
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep  
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.  
O queen of queens! how far dost thou excel,  
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.*

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper:  
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?  
*Steps aside*

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

**BIRON**

Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

*Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper*

**LONGAVILLE**

Ay me, I am forsworn!

**BIRON**

Why, he comes in like a perjurer, wearing papers.

**FERDINAND**

In love, I hope: sweet fellowship in shame!

**BIRON**

One drunkard loves another of the name.

**LONGAVILLE**

Am I the first that have been perjured so?

**BIRON**

I could put thee in comfort. Not by two that I know.

**LONGAVILLE**

I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move:  
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!

*Reads*

*Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,  
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,  
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?  
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.  
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,  
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:  
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;  
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.  
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:  
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,  
Exhalest this vapour-vow; in thee it is:  
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:  
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise  
To lose an oath to win a paradise?*

**BIRON**

This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity,  
A green goose a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.

**LONGAVILLE**

By whom shall I send this?--Company! stay.

*Steps aside*

**BIRON**

All hid, all hid; an old infant play.  
Like a demigod here sit I in the sky.  
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'ereye.  
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish!

*Enter DUMAIN, with a paper*

Dumain transform'd! four woodcocks in a dish!

**DUMAIN**

O most divine Kate!

**BIRON**

O most profane coxcomb!

**DUMAIN**

By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye!

**BIRON**

By earth, she is not, corporal, there you lie.

**DUMAIN**

Her amber hair for foul hath amber quoted.

**BIRON**

An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

**DUMAIN**

As upright as the cedar.

**BIRON**

Stoop, I say;  
Her shoulder is with child.

**DUMAIN**

As fair as day.

**BIRON**

Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.

**DUMAIN**

O that I had my wish!

**LONGAVILLE**

And I had mine!

**FERDINAND**

And I mine too, good Lord!

**BIRON**

Amen, so I had mine: is not that a good word?

**DUMAIN**

I would forget her; but a fever she  
Reigns in my blood and will remember'd be.

**BIRON**

A fever in your blood! why, then incision  
Would let her out in saucers: sweet misprision!

**DUMAIN**

Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

**BIRON**

Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.

**DUMAIN**

*[Reads]*

*On a day--alack the day!--  
Love, whose month is ever May,  
Spied a blossom passing fair  
Playing in the wanton air:  
Through the velvet leaves the wind,  
All unseen, can passage find;  
That the lover, sick to death,  
Wish himself the heaven's breath.  
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;  
Air, would I might triumph so!  
But, alack, my hand is sworn  
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;  
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,  
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet!  
Do not call it sin in me,  
That I am forsworn for thee;  
Thou for whom Jove would swear  
Juno but an Ethiope were;*

*And deny himself for Jove,  
Turning mortal for thy love.*

This will I send, and something else more plain,  
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.

**LONGAVILLE**

*[Advancing]* Dumain, thy love is far from charity.  
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,  
To be o'erheard and taken napping so.

**FERDINAND**

*[Advancing]* Come, sir, you blush; as his your case is such;  
You chide at him, offending twice as much;  
I have been closely shrouded in this bush  
And mark'd you both and for you both did blush:  
I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your fashion,  
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion.  
What will Biron say when that he shall hear  
Faith so infringed, which such zeal did swear?  
How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!  
How will he triumph, leap and laugh at it!  
For all the wealth that ever I did see,  
I would not have him know so much by me.

**BIRON**

Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.  
*Advancing*

Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me!  
Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove  
These worms for loving, that art most in love?  
Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears  
There is no certain princess that appears;  
You'll not be perjured, 'tis a hateful thing;  
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting!  
But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,  
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?  
You found his mote; the king your mote did see;  
But I a beam do find in each of three.

**FERDINAND**

Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

**BIRON**

Not you to me, but I betray'd by you:  
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin  
To break the vow I am engagèd in;  
I am betray'd, by keeping company  
With men like men of inconstancy.  
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?  
Or groan for love? or spend a minute's time  
In pruning me? When shall you hear that I  
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,  
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,  
A leg, a limb?

**FERDINAND**

Soft! whither away so fast?  
A true man or a thief that gallops so?

**BIRON**

I post from love: good lover, let me go.

*Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD*

**JAQUENETTA**

God bless the king!

**FERDINAND**

What present hast thou there?

**COSTARD**

Some certain treason.

**FERDINAND**

What makes treason here?



**JAQUENETTA**

I beseech your grace, let this letter be read:  
Our parson misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.

**FERDINAND**

Biron, read it over.

*Giving him the paper*

Where hadst thou it?

**JAQUENETTA**

Of Costard.

**FERDINAND**

Where hadst thou it?

**COSTARD**

Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

*BIRON tears the letter*

**FERDINAND**

How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

**BIRON**

A toy, my liege, a toy: your grace needs not fear it.

**LONGAVILLE**

It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.

**DUMAIN**

It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

*Gathering up the pieces*

**BIRON**

*[To COSTARD]* Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! you were  
born to do me shame.

Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.

**FERDINAND**

What?

**BIRON**

That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess:  
He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,  
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.  
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

**DUMAIN**

Now the number is even.

**BIRON**

True, true; we are four.  
Will these turtles be gone?

**FERDINAND**

Hence, sirs; away!

**COSTARD**

Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

*Exeunt COSTARD and JAQUENETTA*

**BIRON**

Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace!  
As true we are as flesh and blood can be:  
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;  
Young blood doth not obey an old decree:  
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;  
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.

**FERDINAND**

What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?

**BIRON**

Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,  
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,  
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,

Bows not his vassal head and stricken blind  
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

**FERDINAND**

What zeal, what fury hath inspired thee now?  
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;  
She an attending star, scarce seen a light.

**BIRON**

My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:  
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!  
Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty  
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek,  
Where several worthies make one dignity,  
Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.

**FERDINAND**

By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

**BIRON**

Is ebony like her? O wood divine!  
A wife of such wood were felicity.  
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?  
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,  
If that she learn not of her eye to look:  
No face is fair that is not full so black.

**FERDINAND**

O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,  
The hue of dungeons and the suit of night;  
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

**DUMAIN**

To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.

**LONGAVILLE**

And since her time are colliers counted bright.

**FERDINAND**

And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion crack.

**DUMAIN**

Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

**BIRON**

Your mistresses dare never come in rain,  
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

**FERDINAND**

'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,  
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

**BIRON**

I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.

**FERDINAND**

No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

**DUMAIN**

I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

**LONGAVILLE**

Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see.

**FERDINAND**

But what of this? are we not all in love?

**BIRON**

Nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.

**FERDINAND**

Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove  
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

**DUMAIN**

Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.

**LONGAVILLE**

O, some authority how to proceed;  
Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the devil.

**DUMAIN**

Some salve for perjury.

**BIRON**

'Tis more than need.

Have at you, then, affection's men at arms.

O, we have made a vow to study, lords,

And in that vow we have forsworn our books.

For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,

In leaden contemplation have found out

Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes

Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?

Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;

But love, first learnèd in a lady's eyes,

Lives not alone immurèd in the brain;

But, with the motion of all elements,

Courses as swift as thought in every power,

And gives to every power a double power.

It adds a precious seeing to the eye;

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;

A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound;

Love's feeling is more soft and sensible

Than are the tender horns of cockl'd snails;

Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:

For valour, is not Love a Hercules?

Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical

As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair:

And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods

Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:

They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;

They are the books, the arts, the academes,

That show, contain and nourish all the world:

Then fools you were these women to forswear,

Or keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.

Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,

Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.

**FERDINAND**

Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

**BIRON**

Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;  
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advised,  
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

**LONGAVILLE**

Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes by:  
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

**FERDINAND**

And win them too: therefore let us devise  
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

**BIRON**

First, from the park let us conduct them thither;  
Then homeward every man attach the hand  
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon  
We will with some strange pastime solace them,  
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;  
For revels, dances, masks and merry hours  
Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

**FERDINAND**

Away, away! no time shall be omitted  
That will betime, and may by us be fitted.

*Exeunt*

## ACT V

### SCENE I. The same.

*Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL*

#### HOLOFERNES

Satis quod sufficit.

#### SIR NATHANIEL

I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this quondam day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

#### HOLOFERNES

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasimes, such insociable and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak dout, fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt,--d, e, b, t, not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour vocatur nebor; neigh abbreviated ne. This is abhominable,--which he would call abbominable: it insinuateth me of insanie: anne intelligis, domine? to make frantic, lunatic.

#### SIR NATHANIEL

Laus Deo, bene intelligo.

#### HOLOFERNES

Bon, bon, fort bon, Priscian! a little scratch'd, 'twill serve.

#### SIR NATHANIEL

Videsne quis venit?

**HOLOFERNES**

Video, et gaudeo.

*Enter DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD*

**ARMADO**

Men of peace, well encountered.

**HOLOFERNES**

Most military sir, salutation.

**MOTH**

*[Aside to COSTARD]* They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

**COSTARD**

O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

**MOTH**

Peace! the peal begins.

**ARMADO**

Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

**HOLOFERNES**

The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well culled, chose, sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.



**ARMADO**

Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure ye, very good friend: for what is inward between us, let it pass. I must tell thee, it will please his grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio; but, sweet heart, let that pass. The very all of all is,--but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,--that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antique, or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

**HOLOFERNES**

Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies.

**SIR NATHANIEL**

Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

**HOLOFERNES**

Joshua, yourself; myself and this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabaeus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules,--

**ARMADO**

Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

**HOLOFERNES**

Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his enter and exit shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

**ARMADO**

For the rest of the Worthies?—

**HOLOFERNES**

I will play three myself.

**MOTH**

Thrice-worthy gentleman!

**ARMADO**

Shall I tell you a thing?

**HOLOFERNES**

We attend.

**ARMADO**

We will have, if this fadge not, an antique. I beseech you, follow.

**HOLOFERNES**

Via, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

**DULL**

Nor understood none neither, sir.

**HOLOFERNES**

Allons! we will employ thee.

*Exeunt*

**SCENE II. The same.**

*Enter the PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA*

**PRINCESS**

Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,  
If fairings come thus plentifully in:  
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!  
Look you what I have from the loving king.

**ROSALINE**

Madame, came nothing else along with that?

**PRINCESS**

Nothing but this! yes, as much love in rhyme  
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,  
Writ o' both sides the leaf, margent and all,  
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

**ROSALINE**

That was the way to make his godhead wax,  
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

**KATHARINE**

Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

**ROSALINE**

You'll ne'er be friends with him; a' kill'd your sister.

**KATHARINE**

He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;  
And so she died: had she been light, like you,  
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,  
She might ha' been a grandam ere she died:  
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

**ROSALINE**

What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

**KATHARINE**

A light condition in a beauty dark.

**ROSALINE**

We need more light to find your meaning out.

**KATHARINE**

You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;  
Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.

**ROSALINE**

Look what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

**KATHARINE**

So do not you, for you are a light wench.

**ROSALINE**

Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.

**KATHARINE**

You weigh me not? O, that's you care not for me.

**ROSALINE**

Great reason; for 'past cure is still past care.'

**PRINCESS**

Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.  
But Rosaline, you have a favour too:  
Who sent it? and what is it?

**ROSALINE**

I would you knew:  
An if my face were but as fair as yours,  
My favour were as great; be witness this.  
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:  
The numbers true; and, were the numbering too,  
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:  
I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.  
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

**PRINCESS**

Any thing like?

**ROSALINE**

Much in the letters; nothing in the praise.

**PRINCESS**

Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

**KATHARINE**

Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

**ROSALINE**

'Ware pencils, ho! let me not die your debtor,  
My red dominical, my golden letter:  
O, that your face were not so full of O's!

**KATHARINE**

A pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows.

**PRINCESS**

But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumain?

**KATHARINE**

Madam, this glove.

**PRINCESS**

Did he not send you twain?

**KATHARINE**

Yes, madam, and moreover  
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover,  
A huge translation of hypocrisy,  
Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.

**MARIA**

This and these pearls to me sent Longaville:  
The letter is too long by half a mile.

**PRINCESS**

I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart  
The chain were longer and the letter short?

**MARIA**

Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

**PRINCESS**

We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.

**ROSALINE**

They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.  
That same Biron I'll torture ere I go:  
O that I knew he were but in by the week!  
How I would make him fawn and beg and seek  
And wait the season and observe the times  
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes  
And shape his service wholly to my hests  
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!  
So perttaunt-like would I o'ersway his state  
That he should be my fool and I his fate.

**PRINCESS**

None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,  
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,  
Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school  
And wit's own grace to grace a learnèd fool.

**ROSALINE**

The blood of youth burns not with such excess  
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

**MARIA**

Folly in fools bears not so strong a note  
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;  
Since all the power thereof it doth apply  
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

**PRINCESS**

Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

*Enter BOYET*

**BOYET**

O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace?

**PRINCESS**

Thy news Boyet?

**BOYET**

Under the cool shade of a sycamore  
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;  
When, lo! to interrupt my purposed rest,  
Toward that shade I might behold address  
The king and his companions: warily  
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,  
And overheard what you shall overhear,  
That, by and by, disguised they will be here.

**PRINCESS**

But what, but what, come they to visit us?

**BOYET**

They do, they do: and are apparell'd thus.  
Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.  
Their purpose is to parle, to court and dance;  
And every one his love-feat will advance  
Unto his several mistress, which they'll know  
By favours several which they did bestow.

**PRINCESS**

And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd;  
For, ladies, we shall every one be mask'd;  
And not a man of them shall have the grace,  
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.  
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,  
And then the king will court thee for his dear;  
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,  
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.  
And change your favours too; so shall your loves

Woo contrary, deceived by these removes.

**KATHARINE**

But in this changing what is your intent?

**PRINCESS**

The effect of my intent is to cross theirs:  
They do it but in mocking merriment;  
And mock for mock is only my intent.  
Their several counsels they unbosom shall  
To loves mistook, and so be mock'd withal  
Upon the next occasion that we meet,  
With visages displayed, to talk and greet.

**ROSALINE**

But shall we dance, if they desire to't?

**PRINCESS**

No, to the death, we will not move a foot;  
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace,  
But while 'tis spoke each turn away her face.

**BOYET**

Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,  
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

**PRINCESS**

Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt  
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out  
There's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown,  
To make theirs ours and ours none but our own:  
So shall we stay, mocking intended game,  
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.  
*Trumpets sound within*

**BOYET**

The trumpet sounds: be mask'd; the maskers come.  
*The Ladies mask*

*Enter MOTH; FERDINAND, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN, in*



*Russian habits, and masked*

**MOTH**

All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!—

A holy parcel of the fairest dames—

*The Ladies turn their backs to him*

That ever turn'd their--backs--to mortal views!

**BIRON**

*[Aside to MOTH]* Their eyes, villain, their eyes!

**MOTH**

That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!

Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe  
Not to behold—

**BIRON**

*[Aside to MOTH]* Once to behold, rogue.

**MOTH**

Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,  
--with your sun-beamed eyes—

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

**BIRON**

Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue!

*Exit MOTH*

**ROSALINE**

What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet:  
If they do speak our language, 'tis our will  
That some plain man recount their purposes.

**BOYET**

What would you with the princess?

**BIRON**

Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

**ROSALINE**

What would they, say they?

**BOYET**

Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

**ROSALINE**

Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

**BOYET**

She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

**FERDINAND**

Say to her, we have measured many miles  
To tread a measure with her on this grass.

**BOYET**

They say, that they have measured many a mile  
To tread a measure with you on this grass.

**ROSALINE**

It is not so. Ask them how many inches  
Is in one mile: if they have measured many,  
The measure then of one is easily told.

**BOYET**

If to come hither you have measured miles,  
And many miles, the princess bids you tell  
How many inches doth fill up one mile.

**BIRON**

Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

**BOYET**

She hears herself.

**ROSALINE**

How many weary steps,  
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,  
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

**BIRON**

We number nothing that we spend for you:  
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,  
That we may do it still without accompt.  
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,  
That we, like savages, may worship it.

**ROSALINE**

My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

**FERDINAND**

Blessèd are clouds, to do as such clouds do!  
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine,  
Those clouds removed, upon our watery eyne.

**ROSALINE**

O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;  
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

**FERDINAND**

Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe one change.  
Thou bid'st me beg: this begging is not strange.

**ROSALINE**

Play, music, then! Nay, you must do it soon.  
*Music plays*

Not yet! no dance! Thus change I like the moon.

**FERDINAND**

Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?

**ROSALINE**

You took the moon at full, but now she's changed.

**FERDINAND**

Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.  
The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.

**ROSALINE**

Our ears vouchsafe it.

**FERDINAND**

But your legs should do it.

**ROSALINE**

Since you are strangers and come here by chance,  
We'll not be nice: take hands. We will not dance.

**FERDINAND**

Why take we hands, then?

**ROSALINE**

Only to part friends:  
Curtsy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.

**FERDINAND**

More measure of this measure; be not nice.

**ROSALINE**

We can afford no more at such a price.

**FERDINAND**

Prize you yourselves: what buys your company?

**ROSALINE**

Your absence only.

**FERDINAND**

That can never be.

**ROSALINE**

Then cannot we be bought: and so, adieu;  
Twice to your visor, and half once to you.

**FERDINAND**

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

**ROSALINE**

In private, then.

**FERDINAND**

I am best pleased with that.

*They converse apart*

**BIRON**

White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

**PRINCESS**

Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.

**BIRON**

Nay then, two treys, and if you grow so nice,  
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey: well run, dice!  
There's half-a-dozen sweets.

**PRINCESS**

Seventh sweet, adieu:  
Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

**BIRON**

One word in secret.

**PRINCESS**

Let it not be sweet.

**BIRON**

Thou grievest my gall.

**PRINCESS**

Gall! bitter.

**BIRON**

Therefore meet.

*They converse apart*

**DUMAIN**

Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

**MARIA**

Name it.

**DUMAIN**

Fair lady,--

**MARIA**

Say you so? Fair lord,--

Take that for your fair lady.

**DUMAIN**

Please it you,

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

*They converse apart*

**KATHARINE**

What, was your vizard made without a tongue?

**LONGAVILLE**

I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

**KATHARINE**

O for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

**LONGAVILLE**

You have a double tongue within your mask,  
And would afford my speechless vizard half.

**KATHARINE**

Veal, quoth the Dutchman. Is not 'veal' a calf?

**LONGAVILLE**

A calf, fair lady!

**KATHARINE**

No, a fair lord calf.

**LONGAVILLE**

Let's part the word.

**KATHARINE**

No, I'll not be your half

Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

**LONGAVILLE**

Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

**KATHARINE**

Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

**LONGAVILLE**

One word in private with you, ere I die.

**KATHARINE**

Bleat softly then; the butcher hears you cry.

*They converse apart*

**BOYET**

The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,

Above the sense of sense; so sensible

Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

**ROSALINE**

Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

**BIRON**

By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

**FERDINAND**

Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.

**PRINCESS**

Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits.

*Exeunt FERDINAND*

Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

**BOYET**

Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.

**ROSALINE**

Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.

**PRINCESS**

O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!  
Will they not, think you, hang themselves tonight?  
Or ever, but in vizards, show their faces?  
This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

**ROSALINE**

O, they were all in lamentable cases!  
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

**PRINCESS**

Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

**MARIA**

Dumain was at my service, and his sword:  
No point, quoth I; my servant straight was mute.

**KATHARINE**

Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;  
And trow you what he called me?

**PRINCESS**

Qualm, perhaps.



**KATHARINE**

Yes, in good faith.

**PRINCESS**

Go, sickness as thou art!

**ROSALINE**

Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.  
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

**PRINCESS**

And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

**KATHARINE**

And Longaville was for my service born.

**MARIA**

Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

**BOYET**

Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:  
Immediately they will again be here  
In their own shapes; for it can never be  
They will digest this harsh indignity.

**PRINCESS**

Will they return?

**BOYET**

They will, they will, God knows,  
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:  
Therefore change favours; and, when they repair,  
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

**PRINCESS**

How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

**BOYET**

Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their bud;  
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,

Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

**PRINCESS**

Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,  
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

**ROSALINE**

Good madam, if by me you'll be advised,  
Let's, mock them still, as well known as disguised:  
Let us complain to them what fools were here,  
Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;  
And wonder what they were and to what end  
Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd  
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,  
Should be presented at our tent to us.

**BOYET**

Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

**PRINCESS**

Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er land.

*Exeunt PRINCESS, ROSALINE, KATHARINE, and MARIA*

*Re-enter FERDINAND, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN, in their proper habits*

**FERDINAND**

Fair sir, God save you! Where's the princess?

**BOYET**

Gone to her tent. Please it your majesty  
Command me any service to her thither?

**FERDINAND**

That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

**BOYET**

I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.

*Exit*

**BIRON**

This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons pease,  
And utters it again when God doth please.

**FERDINAND**

A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,  
That put Armado's page out of his part!

**BIRON**

See where it comes! Behavior, what wert thou  
Till this madman show'd thee? and what art thou now?

*Re-enter the PRINCESS, ushered by BOYET, ROSALINE, MARIA, and  
KATHARINE*

**FERDINAND**

All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

**PRINCESS**

'Fair' in 'all hail' is foul, as I conceive.

**FERDINAND**

Construe my speeches better, if you may.

**PRINCESS**

Then wish me better; I will give you leave.

**FERDINAND**

We came to visit you, and purpose now  
To lead you to our court; vouchsafe it then.

**PRINCESS**

This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:  
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjured men.

**FERDINAND**

Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:  
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

**PRINCESS**

You nickname virtue; vice you should have spoke;  
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.  
Now by my maiden honour, yet as pure  
As the unsullied lily, I protest,  
A world of torments though I should endure,  
I would not yield to be your house's guest;  
So much I hate a breaking cause to be  
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

**FERDINAND**

O, you have lived in desolation here,  
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

**PRINCESS**

Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;  
We have had pastimes here and pleasant game:  
A mess of Russians left us but of late.

**FERDINAND**

How, madam! Russians!

**PRINCESS**

Ay, in truth, my lord;  
Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.

**ROSALINE**

Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord:  
My lady, to the manner of the days,  
In courtesy gives undeserving praise.  
We four indeed confronted were with four  
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,  
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,  
They did not bless us with one happy word.  
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,  
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

**BIRON**

This jest is dry to me. Fair gentle sweet,  
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet,  
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,  
By light we lose light: your capacity  
Is of that nature that to your huge store  
Wise things seem foolish and rich things but poor.

**ROSALINE**

This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,--

**BIRON**

I am a fool, and full of poverty.

**ROSALINE**

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

**BIRON**

O, I am yours, and all that I possess!

**ROSALINE**

All the fool mine?

**BIRON**

I cannot give you less.

**ROSALINE**

Which of the vizards was it that you wore?

**BIRON**

Where? when? what vizard? why demand you this?

**ROSALINE**

There, then, that vizard; that superfluous case  
That hid the worse and show'd the better face.

**FERDINAND**

We are descried; they'll mock us now downright.

**DUMAIN**

Let us confess and turn it to a jest.

**PRINCESS**

Amazed, my lord? why looks your highness sad?

**ROSALINE**

Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon! Why look you pale?  
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

**BIRON**

Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.  
Can any face of brass hold longer out?

Here stand I  
lady, dart thy skill at me;  
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;  
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;  
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;  
And I will wish thee never more to dance,  
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.  
O, never will I trust to speeches penn'd,  
Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue,  
Nor never come in vizard to my friend,  
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song!  
Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,  
Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,  
Figures pedantical; these summer-flies  
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:  
I do forswear them; and I here protest,  
By this white glove;--how white the hand, God knows!--  
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd  
In russet yeas and honest kersey noes:  
And, to begin, wench,--so God help me, la!--  
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

**ROSALINE**

Sans sans, I pray you.

**BIRON**

Yet I have a trick  
Of the old rage: bear with me, I am sick;  
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see:  
Write, 'Lord have mercy on us' on those three;  
They are infected; in their hearts it lies;  
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes;  
These lords are visited; you are not free,  
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

**PRINCESS**

No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.

**BIRON**

Our states are forfeit: seek not to undo us.

**ROSALINE**

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

**BIRON**

Peace! for I will not have to do with you.

**ROSALINE**

Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

**BIRON**

Speak for yourselves; my wit is at an end.

**FERDINAND**

Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression  
Some fair excuse.

**PRINCESS**

The fairest is confession.  
Were not you here but even now disguised?

**FERDINAND**

Madam, I was.

**PRINCESS**

And were you well advised?

**FERDINAND**

I was, fair madam.

**PRINCESS**

When you then were here,  
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

**FERDINAND**

That more than all the world I did respect her.

**PRINCESS**

When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

**FERDINAND**

Upon mine honour, no.

**PRINCESS**

Peace, peace! forbear:  
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

**FERDINAND**

Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

**PRINCESS**

I will: and therefore keep it. Rosaline,  
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

**ROSALINE**

Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear  
As precious eyesight, and did value me  
Above this world; adding thereto moreover  
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

**PRINCESS**

God give thee joy of him! the noble lord  
Most honourably doth unhold his word.



**FERDINAND**

What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,  
I never swore this lady such an oath.

**ROSALINE**

By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,  
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.

**FERDINAND**

My faith and this the princess I did give:  
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

**PRINCESS**

Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;  
And Lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.  
What, will you have me, or your pearl again?

**BIRON**

Neither of either; I remit both twain.  
I see the trick on't: here was a consent,  
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,  
To dash it like a Christmas comedy.

*Enter COSTARD*

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

**COSTARD**

O Lord, sir, they would know  
Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.

**BIRON**

What, are there but three?

**COSTARD**

No, sir; but it is vara fine,  
For every one pursents three. For mine  
own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man  
in one poor man, Pompion the Great, sir.

**BIRON**

Art thou one of the Worthies?

**COSTARD**

It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.

**BIRON**

Go, bid them prepare.

**COSTARD**

We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care.

*Exit*

**FERDINAND**

Biron, they will shame us: let them not approach.

**BIRON**

We are shame-proof, my lord: and tis some policy To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

*Enter DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO*

**ARMADO**

Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

*Converses apart with FERDINAND, and delivers him a paper*

**PRINCESS**

Doth this man serve God?

**BIRON**

Why ask you?

**PRINCESS**

He speaks not like a man of God's making.

**ARMADO**

That is all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for,  
I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding  
fantastical; too, too vain, too too vain: but we  
will put it, as they say, to fortuna de la guerra.  
I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement!

*Exit*

**FERDINAND**

Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He  
presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the  
Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page,  
Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabaeus: And if  
these four Worthies in their first show thrive,  
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

*Enter COSTARD, for Pompey*

**COSTARD**

I Pompey am,--

**BOYET**

You lie, you are not he.

**COSTARD**

I Pompey am,--

**BOYET**

With libbard's head on knee.

**BIRON**

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

**COSTARD**

I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the Big—

**DUMAIN**

The Great.

**COSTARD**

It is, 'Great,' sir:--

Pompey surnamed the Great;

That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make  
my foe to sweat:

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,

And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France,

If your ladyship would say, 'Thanks, Pompey,' I had done.

**PRINCESS**

Great thanks, great Pompey.

**COSTARD**

'Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect: I  
made a little fault in 'Great.'

**BIRON**

My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

*Enter SIR NATHANIEL, for Alexander*

**SIR NATHANIEL**

When in the world I lived, I was the world's  
commander;

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my  
conquering might:

My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander,--

**BOYET**

Your nose says, no, you are not for it stands too right.

**BIRON**

Your nose smells 'no' in this, most tender-smelling knight.

**PRINCESS**

The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alexander.

**SIR NATHANIEL**

When in the world I lived, I was the world's  
commander,--

**BOYET**

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

**BIRON**

Pompey the Great,--

**COSTARD**

Your servant, and Costard.

**BIRON**

Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

**COSTARD**

*[To SIR NATHANIEL]* O, sir, you have overthrown  
Alisander the conqueror! A conqueror,  
and afeard to speak! run away for shame, Alisander.

*SIR NATHANIEL retires*

He is a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good  
bowler: but, for Alisander,--alas, you see how  
'tis,--a little o'erparted. But there are Worthies  
a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

*Enter HOLOFERNES, for Judas; and MOTH, for Hercules*

**HOLOFERNES**

Great Hercules is presented by this imp,  
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canis;  
And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,  
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.  
Quoniam he seemeth in minority,  
Ergo I come with this apology.  
Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.

*MOTH retires*

Judas I am,--

**DUMAIN**

A Judas!

**HOLOFERNES**

Not Iscariot, sir.

Judas I am, ycliped Maccabaeus.

**DUMAIN**

Judas Maccabaeus clipt is plain Judas.

**BIRON**

A kissing traitor. How art thou proved Judas?

**HOLOFERNES**

Judas I am,--

**DUMAIN**

The more shame for you, Judas.

**HOLOFERNES**

What mean you, sir?

**BOYET**

To make Judas hang himself.

**HOLOFERNES**

Begin, sir; you are my elder.

**BIRON**

Well followed: Judas was hanged on an elder.

**HOLOFERNES**

I will not be put out of countenance.

**BIRON**

Because thou hast no face.

**HOLOFERNES**

What is this?

**BOYET**

A cittern-head.

**DUMAIN**

The head of a bodkin.

**BIRON**

A Death's face in a ring.

**LONGAVILLE**

The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

**BOYET**

The pommel of Caesar's falchion.

**DUMAIN**

The carved-bone face on a flask.

**BIRON**

Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch.

**DUMAIN**

Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

**BIRON**

Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.

And now forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

**HOLOFERNES**

You have put me out of countenance.

**BIRON**

False; we have given thee faces.

**HOLOFERNES**

But you have out-faced them all.

**BIRON**

An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

**BOYET**

Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.  
And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

**DUMAIN**

For the latter end of his name.

**BIRON**

For the ass to the Jude; give it him:--Jud-as, away!

**HOLOFERNES**

This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

**BOYET**

A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble.

*HOLOFERNES retires*

**PRINCESS**

Alas, poor Maccabaeus, how hath he been baited!

*Enter DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, for Hector*

**BIRON**

Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms.

**DUMAIN**

Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

**FERDINAND**

Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

**BOYET**

But is this Hector?

**FERDINAND**

I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.



**LONGAVILLE**

His leg is too big for Hector's.

**DUMAIN**

More calf, certain.

**BOYET**

No; he is best endued in the small.

**BIRON**

This cannot be Hector.

**DUMAIN**

He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

**ARMADO**

The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,  
Gave Hector a gift,--

**DUMAIN**

A gilt nutmeg.

**BIRON**

A lemon.

**LONGAVILLE**

Stuck with cloves.

**DUMAIN**

No, cloven.

**ARMADO**

Peace!--

The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty  
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;  
A man so breathed, that certain he would fight; yea  
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.  
I am that flower,--

**DUMAIN**

That mint.

**LONGAVILLE**

That columbine.

**ARMADO**

Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

**LONGAVILLE**

I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

**DUMAIN**

Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

**ARMADO**

The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks,  
beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed,  
he was a man. But I will forward with my device.

*To the PRINCESS*

Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

**PRINCESS**

Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.

**ARMADO**

I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

**BOYET**

*[Aside to DUMAIN]* Loves her by the foot,--

**DUMAIN**

*[Aside to BOYET]* He may not by the yard.

**ARMADO**

This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,--

**COSTARD**

The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

**ARMADO**

What meanest thou?

**COSTARD**

Faith, unless you play the honest Troyan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already: tis yours.

**ARMADO**

Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

**COSTARD**

Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is quick by him and hanged for Pompey that is dead by him.

**DUMAIN**

Most rare Pompey!

**BOYET**

Renowned Pompey!

**BIRON**

Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey!  
Pompey the Huge!

**DUMAIN**

Hector trembles.

**BIRON**

Pompey is moved. More Ates, more Ates! stir them on! stir them on!

**DUMAIN**

Hector will challenge him.

**BIRON**

Ay, if a' have no man's blood in's belly than will  
sup a flea.

**ARMADO**

By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

**COSTARD**

I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man:  
I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword. I bepray you,  
let me borrow my arms again.

**DUMAIN**

Room for the incensed Worthies!

**COSTARD**

I'll do it in my shirt.

**DUMAIN**

Most resolute Pompey!

**MOTH**

Master, let me take you a buttonhole lower. Do you  
not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean  
you? You will lose your reputation.

**ARMADO**

Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat  
in my shirt.

**DUMAIN**

You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.

**ARMADO**

Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

**BIRON**

What reason have you for't?

**ARMADO**

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

**BOYET**

True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of  
linen: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but  
a dishclout of Jaquenetta's, and that a' wears next  
his heart for a favour.

*Enter MERCADE*

**MERCADE**

God save you, madam!

**PRINCESS**

Welcome, Mercade;  
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

**MERCADE**

I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring  
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

**PRINCESS**

Dead, for my life!

**MERCADE**

Even so; my tale is told.

**BIRON**

Worthies, away! the scene begins to cloud.

**ARMADO**

For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have  
seen the day of wrong through the little hole of  
discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.

*Exeunt Worthies*

**FERDINAND**

How fares your majesty?

**PRINCESS**

Boyet, prepare; I will away tonight.

**FERDINAND**

Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

**PRINCESS**

Prepare, I say. I thank you, gracious lords,  
For all your fair endeavors; and entreat,  
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe  
In your rich wisdom to excuse or hide  
The liberal opposition of our spirits,  
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves  
In the converse of breath: your gentleness  
Was guilty of it. Farewell worthy lord!  
A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue:  
Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks  
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

**FERDINAND**

The extreme parts of time extremely forms  
All causes to the purpose of his speed,  
And often at his very loose decides  
That which long process could not arbitrate:  
And though the mourning brow of progeny  
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love  
The holy suit which fain it would convince,  
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,  
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it  
From what it purposed; since, to wail friends lost  
Is not by much so wholesome-profitable  
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

**PRINCESS**

I understand you not: my griefs are double.

**BIRON**

Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;  
And by these badges understand the king.  
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,  
Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,  
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours  
Even to the opposèd end of our intents:  
Which parti-coated presence of loose love  
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,  
Have misbecomed our oaths and gravities,  
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,  
Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,  
Our love being yours, the error that love makes  
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,  
By being once false for ever to be true  
To those that make us both,--fair ladies, you:  
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,  
Thus purifies itself and turns to grace.

**PRINCESS**

We have received your letters full of love;  
Your favours, the ambassadors of love;  
And, in our maiden council, rated them  
At courtship, pleasant jest and courtesy,  
As bombast and as lining to the time:  
But more devout than this in our respects  
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves  
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

**DUMAIN**

Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

**LONGAVILLE**

So did our looks.

**ROSALINE**

We did not quote them so.

**FERDINAND**

Now, at the latest minute of the hour,

Grant us your loves.

**PRINCESS**

A time, methinks, too short  
To make a world-without-end bargain in.  
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjured much,  
Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this:  
If for my love, as there is no such cause,  
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:  
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed  
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,  
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;  
There stay until the twelve celestial signs  
Have brought about the annual reckoning.  
If this austere insociable life  
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;  
If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds  
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,  
But that it bear this trial and last love;  
Then, at the expiration of the year,  
Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,  
And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine  
I will be thine; and till that instant shut  
My woeful self up in a mourning house.  
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,  
Neither entitled in the other's heart.

**FERDINAND**

If this, or more than this, I would deny,  
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,  
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!  
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

**DUMAIN**

But what to me, my love? but what to me? A wife?

**KATHARINE**

A beard, fair health, and honesty;  
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.



**DUMAIN**

O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

**KATHARINE**

Not so, my lord; a twelvemonth and a day  
I'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say:  
Come when the king doth to my lady come;  
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

**DUMAIN**

I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

**KATHARINE**

Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again.

**LONGAVILLE**

What says Maria?

**MARIA**

At the twelvemonth's end  
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

**LONGAVILLE**

I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

**MARIA**

The liker you; few taller are so young.

**BIRON**

Studies my lady? mistress, look on me;  
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,  
What humble suit attends thy answer there:  
Impose some service on me for thy love.

**ROSALINE**

Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron,  
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue  
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,  
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,  
Which you on all estates will execute

That lie within the mercy of your wit.  
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,  
And therewithal to win me, if you please,  
Without the which I am not to be won,  
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day  
Visit the speechless sick and still converse  
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,  
With all the fierce endeavor of your wit  
To enforce the painèd impotent to smile.

**BIRON**

To move wild laughter in the throat of death?  
It cannot be; it is impossible:  
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

**ROSALINE**

Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,  
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace  
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:  
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear  
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue  
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,  
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,  
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,  
And I will have you and that fault withal;  
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,  
And I shall find you empty of that fault,  
Right joyful of your reformation.

**BIRON**

A twelvemonth! well; befall what will befall,  
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

**PRINCESS**

*[To FERDINAND]* Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.

**FERDINAND**

No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

**BIRON**

Our wooing doth not end like an old play;  
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy  
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

**FERDINAND**

Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,  
And then 'twill end.

**BIRON**

That's too long for a play.

*Re-enter DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO*

**ARMADO**

Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,--

**PRINCESS**

Was not that Hector?

**DUMAIN**

The worthy knight of Troy.

**ARMADO**

I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am  
a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the  
plough for her sweet love three years. But, most  
esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that  
the two learned men have compiled in praise of the  
owl and the cuckoo? It should have followed in the  
end of our show.

**FERDINAND**

Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

**ARMADO**

Holla! approach.

*Re-enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, and others*

This side is Hiems, Winter, this Ver, the Spring;  
the one maintained by the owl, the other by the  
cuckoo. Ver, begin.

*THE SONG*

SPRING.

When daisies pied and violets blue  
And lady-smocks all silver-white  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue  
Do paint the meadows with delight,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men; for thus sings he, Cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!  
When shepherds pipe on oaten straws  
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,  
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,  
And maidens bleach their summer smocks  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men; for thus sings he, Cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!

WINTER.

When icicles hang by the wall  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail  
And Tom bears logs into the hall  
And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl, Tu-whit;  
Tu-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.  
When all aloud the wind doth blow  
And coughing drowns the parson's saw  
And birds sit brooding in the snow  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,  
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl, Tu-whit;  
Tu-who, a merry note,

While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

**ARMADO**

The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of  
Apollo. You that way: we this way.

*Exeunt*