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# LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST

*By* WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*Edited by* BARBARA A. MOWAT  
*and* PAUL WERSTINE

Folger Shakespeare Library

<http://www.folgerdigitaltexts.org>

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## From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library

It is hard to imagine a world without Shakespeare. Since their composition four hundred years ago, Shakespeare's plays and poems have traveled the globe, inviting those who see and read his works to make them their own.

Readers of the New Folger Editions are part of this ongoing process of "taking up Shakespeare," finding our own thoughts and feelings in language that strikes us as old or unusual and, for that very reason, new. We still struggle to keep up with a writer who could think a mile a minute, whose words paint pictures that shift like clouds. These expertly edited texts are presented to the public as a resource for study, artistic adaptation, and enjoyment. By making the classic texts of the New Folger Editions available in electronic form as Folger Digital Texts, we place a trusted resource in the hands of anyone who wants them.

The New Folger Editions of Shakespeare's plays, which are the basis for the texts realized here in digital form, are special because of their origin. The Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, DC, is the single greatest documentary source of Shakespeare's works. An unparalleled collection of early modern books, manuscripts, and artwork connected to Shakespeare, the Folger's holdings have been consulted extensively in the preparation of these texts. The Editions also reflect the expertise gained through the regular performance of Shakespeare's works in the Folger's Elizabethan Theater.

I want to express my deep thanks to editors Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine for creating these indispensable editions of Shakespeare's works, which incorporate the best of textual scholarship with a richness of commentary that is both inspired and engaging. Readers who want to know more about Shakespeare and his plays can follow the paths these distinguished scholars have tread by visiting the Folger either in-person or online, where a range of physical and digital resources exist to supplement the material in these texts. I commend to you these words, and hope that they inspire.

*Michael Witmore*  
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library

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# Textual Introduction

By Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine

Until now, with the release of the Folger Digital Texts, readers in search of a free online text of Shakespeare's plays had to be content primarily with using the Moby™ Text, which reproduces a late-nineteenth century version of the plays. What is the difference? Many ordinary readers assume that there is a single text for the plays: what Shakespeare wrote. But Shakespeare's plays were not published the way modern novels or plays are published today: as a single, authoritative text. In some cases, the plays have come down to us in multiple published versions, represented by various Quartos (Qq) and by the great collection put together by his colleagues in 1623, called the First Folio (F). There are, for example, three very different versions of *Hamlet*, two of *King Lear*, *Henry V*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and others. Editors choose which version to use as their base text, and then amend that text with words, lines or speech prefixes from the other versions that, in their judgment, make for a better or more accurate text.

Other editorial decisions involve choices about whether an unfamiliar word could be understood in light of other writings of the period or whether it should be changed; decisions about words that made it into Shakespeare's text by accident through four hundred years of printings and misprinting; and even decisions based on cultural preference and taste. When the Moby™ Text was created, for example, it was deemed "improper" and "indecent" for Miranda to chastise Caliban for having attempted to rape her. (See *The Tempest*, 1.2: "Abhorred slave,/Which any print of goodness wilt not take,/Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee..."). All Shakespeare editors at the time took the speech away from her and gave it to her father, Prospero.

The editors of the Moby™ Shakespeare produced their text long before scholars fully understood the proper grounds on which to make the thousands of decisions that Shakespeare editors face. The Folger Library Shakespeare Editions, on which the Folger Digital Texts depend, make this editorial process as nearly transparent as is possible, in contrast to older texts, like the Moby™, which hide editorial interventions. The reader of the Folger Shakespeare knows where the text has been altered because editorial interventions are signaled by square brackets (for example, from *Othello*: "[If she in chains of magic were not bound,]"), half-square brackets (for

example, from *Henry V*: “With [blood] and sword and fire to win your right,”), or angle brackets (for example, from *Hamlet*: “O farewell, honest <soldier.> Who hath relieved/you?”). At any point in the text, you can hover your cursor over a bracket for more information.

Because the Folger Digital Texts are edited in accord with twenty-first century knowledge about Shakespeare’s texts, the Folger here provides them to readers, scholars, teachers, actors, directors, and students, free of charge, confident of their quality as texts of the plays and pleased to be able to make this contribution to the study and enjoyment of Shakespeare.

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## Synopsis

In *Love's Labor's Lost*, the comedy centers on four young men who fall in love against their wills. The men, one of them the king of Navarre, pledge to study for three years, avoiding all contact with women. When the Princess of France arrives on a state visit, the king insists she and her ladies camp outside the court. Even so, each young man falls in love with one of the ladies.

Meanwhile, Don Armado, a Spanish soldier, falls for a servant girl, Jacquenetta. Costard, an illiterate local, mixes up two letters he is to deliver, one from Armado to Jacquenetta and the other from Berowne, one of the king's companions, to Rosaline, one of the French ladies.

The men confess they are in love, and devise a pageant for the ladies, who set a trap for them by exchanging identifying markers. When word comes that the princess's father is dead, the ladies reject the men's proposals as rash and impose a year's delay before any further wooing.

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# Characters in the Play

KING of Navarre, also known as Ferdinand

BEROWNE  
LONGAVILLE  
DUMAINE

} *lords attending the King*

The PRINCESS of France

ROSALINE  
MARIA  
KATHERINE

} *ladies attending the Princess*

BOYET, a lord attending the Princess

ARMADO, the BRAGGART, also known as Don Adriano de Armado

BOY, Armado's PAGE, also known as MOTE

JAQUENETTA, the WENCH

COSTARD, the CLOWN or SWAIN

DULL, the CONSTABLE

HOLOFERNES, the PEDANT, or schoolmaster

NATHANIEL, the CURATE

FORESTER

MONSIEUR MARCADE, a messenger from France

Lords, Blackamoors, Musicians

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# ⟨ACT 1⟩

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## 「Scene 1」

*Enter Ferdinand, King of Navarre, Berowne,  
Longaville, and Dumaine.*

KING

FTLN 0001	Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,	
FTLN 0002	Live registered upon our brazen tombs,	
FTLN 0003	And then grace us in the disgrace of death,	
FTLN 0004	When, spite of cormorant devouring time,	
FTLN 0005	Th' endeavor of this present breath may buy	5
FTLN 0006	That honor which shall bate his scythe's keen edge	
FTLN 0007	And make us heirs of all eternity.	
FTLN 0008	Therefore, brave conquerors, for so you are	
FTLN 0009	That war against your own affections	
FTLN 0010	And the huge army of the world's desires,	10
FTLN 0011	Our late edict shall strongly stand in force.	
FTLN 0012	Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;	
FTLN 0013	Our court shall be a little academe,	
FTLN 0014	Still and contemplative in living art.	
FTLN 0015	You three, Berowne, Dumaine, and Longaville,	15
FTLN 0016	Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,	
FTLN 0017	My fellow scholars, and to keep those statutes	
FTLN 0018	That are recorded in this schedule here.	
	<i>「He holds up a scroll.」</i>	
FTLN 0019	Your oaths are passed, and now subscribe your	
FTLN 0020	names,	20
FTLN 0021	That his own hand may strike his honor down	



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FTLN 0022	That violates the smallest branch herein.	
FTLN 0023	If you are armed to do as sworn to do,	
FTLN 0024	Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.	
	LONGAVILLE	
FTLN 0025	I am resolved. 'Tis but a <i>three</i> years' fast.	25
FTLN 0026	The mind shall banquet though the body pine.	
FTLN 0027	Fat paunches have lean pates, and dainty bits	
FTLN 0028	Make rich the ribs but bankrout quite the wits.	
	<i>He signs his name.</i>	
	DUMAINE	
FTLN 0029	My loving lord, Dumaine is mortified.	
FTLN 0030	The grosser manner of these world's delights	30
FTLN 0031	He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves.	
FTLN 0032	To love, to wealth, to <i>pomp</i> I pine and die,	
FTLN 0033	With all these living in philosophy.	
	<i>He signs his name.</i>	
	BEROWNE	
FTLN 0034	I can but say their protestation over.	
FTLN 0035	So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,	35
FTLN 0036	That is, to live and study here three years.	
FTLN 0037	But there are other strict observances:	
FTLN 0038	As not to see a woman in that term,	
FTLN 0039	Which I hope well is not enrollèd there;	
FTLN 0040	And one day in a week to touch no food,	40
FTLN 0041	And but one meal on every day besides,	
FTLN 0042	The which I hope is not enrollèd there;	
FTLN 0043	And then to sleep but three hours in the night,	
FTLN 0044	And not be seen to wink of all the day—	
FTLN 0045	When I was wont to think no harm all night,	45
FTLN 0046	And make a dark night too of half the day—	
FTLN 0047	Which I hope well is not enrollèd there.	
FTLN 0048	O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,	
FTLN 0049	Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.	
	KING	
FTLN 0050	Your oath is passed to pass away from these.	50

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BEROWNE

FTLN 0051 Let me say no, my liege, an if you please.  
 FTLN 0052 I only swore to study with your Grace  
 FTLN 0053 And stay here in your court for three years' space.

LONGAVILLE

FTLN 0054 You swore to that, Berowne, and to the rest.

BEROWNE

FTLN 0055 By yea and nay, sir. Then I swore in jest. 55  
 FTLN 0056 What is the end of study, let me know?

KING

FTLN 0057 Why, that to know which else we should not know.

BEROWNE

FTLN 0058 Things hid and barred, you mean, from common  
 FTLN 0059 sense.

KING

FTLN 0060 Ay, that is study's godlike recompense. 60

BEROWNE

FTLN 0061 Come on, then, I will swear to study so,  
 FTLN 0062 To know the thing I am forbid to know:  
 FTLN 0063 As thus—to study where I well may dine,  
 FTLN 0064 When I to 'feast' expressly am forbid;  
 FTLN 0065 Or study where to meet some mistress fine 65  
 FTLN 0066 When mistresses from common sense are hid;  
 FTLN 0067 Or having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,  
 FTLN 0068 Study to break it, and not break my troth.  
 FTLN 0069 If study's gain be thus, and this be so,  
 FTLN 0070 Study knows that which yet it doth not know. 70  
 FTLN 0071 Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

KING

FTLN 0072 These be the stops that hinder study quite,  
 FTLN 0073 And train our intellects to vain delight.

BEROWNE

FTLN 0074 Why, all delights are vain, & that most vain  
 FTLN 0075 Which with pain purchased doth inherit pain: 75  
 FTLN 0076 As painfully to pore upon a book  
 FTLN 0077 To seek the light of truth, while truth the while

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FTLN 0078	Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look.	
FTLN 0079	Light seeking light doth light of light beguile.	
FTLN 0080	So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,	80
FTLN 0081	Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.	
FTLN 0082	Study me how to please the eye indeed	
FTLN 0083	By fixing it upon a fairer eye,	
FTLN 0084	Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed	
FTLN 0085	And give him light that it was blinded by.	85
FTLN 0086	Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,	
FTLN 0087	That will not be deep-searched with saucy looks.	
FTLN 0088	Small have continual plodders ever won,	
FTLN 0089	Save base authority from others' books.	
FTLN 0090	These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,	90
FTLN 0091	That give a name to every fixèd star,	
FTLN 0092	Have no more profit of their shining nights	
FTLN 0093	Than those that walk and wot not what they are.	
FTLN 0094	Too much to know is to know naught but fame,	
FTLN 0095	And every godfather can give a name.	95
	KING	
FTLN 0096	How well he's read to reason against reading.	
	DUMAINE	
FTLN 0097	Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.	
	LONGAVILLE	
FTLN 0098	He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.	
	BEROWNE	
FTLN 0099	The spring is near when green geese are a-breeding.	
	DUMAINE	
FTLN 0100	How follows that?	100
FTLN 0101	BEROWNE Fit in his place and time.	
	DUMAINE	
FTLN 0102	In reason nothing.	
FTLN 0103	BEROWNE Something then in rhyme.	
	KING	
FTLN 0104	Berowne is like an envious sneaping frost	
FTLN 0105	That bites the firstborn infants of the spring.	105

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BEROWNE

FTLN 0106 Well, say I am. Why should proud summer boast  
 FTLN 0107 Before the birds have any cause to sing?  
 FTLN 0108 Why should I joy in any abortive birth?  
 FTLN 0109 At Christmas I no more desire a rose  
 FTLN 0110 Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows, 110  
 FTLN 0111 But like of each thing that in season grows.  
 FTLN 0112 So you, to study now it is too late,  
 FTLN 0113 Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

KING

FTLN 0114 Well, sit you out. Go home, Berowne. Adieu.

BEROWNE

FTLN 0115 No, my good lord, I have sworn to stay with you. 115  
 FTLN 0116 And though I have for barbarism spoke more  
 FTLN 0117 Than for that angel knowledge you can say,  
 FTLN 0118 Yet, confident, I'll keep what I have sworn  
 FTLN 0119 And bide the penance of each three years' day.  
 FTLN 0120 Give me the paper. Let me read the same, 120  
 FTLN 0121 And to the strictest decrees I'll write my name.

KING

FTLN 0122 How well this yielding rescues thee from shame.

FTLN 0123 BEROWNE *「reads」* Item, *That no woman shall come within*  
 FTLN 0124 *a mile of my court.* Hath this been proclaimed?

FTLN 0125 LONGAVILLE Four days ago. 125

FTLN 0126 BEROWNE Let's see the penalty. *「Reads:」* *On pain of*  
 FTLN 0127 *losing her tongue.* Who devised this penalty?

FTLN 0128 LONGAVILLE Marry, that did I.

FTLN 0129 BEROWNE Sweet lord, and why?

LONGAVILLE

FTLN 0130 To fright them hence with that dread penalty. 130

*「BEROWNE」*

FTLN 0131 A dangerous law against gentility.

FTLN 0132 *「Reads:」* Item, *If any man be seen to talk with a*  
 FTLN 0133 *woman within the term of three years, he shall endure*  
 FTLN 0134 *such public shame as the rest of the court can possible*  
 FTLN 0135 *devise.* 135

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FTLN 0136      This article, my liege, yourself must break,  
 FTLN 0137      For well you know here comes in embassy  
 FTLN 0138      The French king's daughter with yourself to speak—  
 FTLN 0139      A maid of grace and complete majesty—  
 FTLN 0140      About surrender up of Aquitaine 140  
 FTLN 0141      To her decrepit, sick, and bedrid father.  
 FTLN 0142      Therefore this article is made in vain,  
 FTLN 0143      Or vainly comes th' admirèd princess hither.

KING

FTLN 0144      What say you, lords? Why, this was quite forgot.

BEROWNE

FTLN 0145      So study evermore is overshot. 145  
 FTLN 0146      While it doth study to have what it would,  
 FTLN 0147      It doth forget to do the thing it should.  
 FTLN 0148      And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,  
 FTLN 0149      'Tis won as towns with fire—so won, so lost.

KING

FTLN 0150      We must of force dispense with this decree. 150  
 FTLN 0151      She must lie here on mere necessity.

BEROWNE

FTLN 0152      Necessity will make us all forsworn  
 FTLN 0153      Three thousand times within this three years'  
 FTLN 0154      space;  
 FTLN 0155      For every man with his affects is born, 155  
 FTLN 0156      Not by might mastered, but by special grace.  
 FTLN 0157      If I break faith, this word shall speak for me:  
 FTLN 0158      I am forsworn on mere necessity.  
 FTLN 0159      So to the laws at large I write my name,  
 FTLN 0160      And he that breaks them in the least degree 160  
 FTLN 0161      Stands in attainder of eternal shame.  
 FTLN 0162      Suggestions are to other as to me,  
 FTLN 0163      But I believe, although I seem so loath,  
 FTLN 0164      I am the last that will last keep his oath.

「*He signs his name.*」

FTLN 0165      But is there no quick recreation granted? 165

KING

FTLN 0166 Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted  
 FTLN 0167 With a refinèd traveler of Spain,  
 FTLN 0168 A man in all the world's new fashion planted,  
 FTLN 0169 That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;  
 FTLN 0170 One who the music of his own vain tongue 170  
 FTLN 0171 Doth ravish like enchanting harmony,  
 FTLN 0172 A man of compliments, whom right and wrong  
 FTLN 0173 Have chose as umpire of their mutiny.  
 FTLN 0174 This child of fancy, that Armado hight,  
 FTLN 0175 For interim to our studies shall relate 175  
 FTLN 0176 In high-born words the worth of many a knight  
 FTLN 0177 From tawny Spain lost in the world's debate.  
 FTLN 0178 How you delight, my lords, I know not, I,  
 FTLN 0179 But I protest I love to hear him lie,  
 FTLN 0180 And I will use him for my minstrelsy. 180

BEROWNE

FTLN 0181 Armado is a most illustrious wight,  
 FTLN 0182 A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

LONGAVILLE

FTLN 0183 Costard the swain and he shall be our sport,  
 FTLN 0184 And so to study three years is but short.

*Enter* 'Dull,' a Constable, with a letter, 'and' Costard.

FTLN 0185 DULL Which is the Duke's own person? 185  
 FTLN 0186 BEROWNE This, fellow. What wouldst?  
 FTLN 0187 DULL I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his  
 FTLN 0188 Grace's farborough. But I would see his own  
 FTLN 0189 person in flesh and blood.  
 FTLN 0190 BEROWNE This is he. 190  
 FTLN 0191 DULL, 'to King' Signior Arm-, Arm-, commends you.  
 FTLN 0192 There's villainy abroad. This letter will tell you  
 FTLN 0193 more. 'He gives the letter to the King.'  
 FTLN 0194 COSTARD Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching  
 FTLN 0195 me. 195  
 FTLN 0196 KING A letter from the magnificent Armado.

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FTLN 0197 BEROWNE How low soever the matter, I hope in God  
 FTLN 0198 for high words.

FTLN 0199 LONGAVILLE A high hope for a low heaven. God grant  
 FTLN 0200 us patience! 200

FTLN 0201 BEROWNE To hear, or forbear hearing?

FTLN 0202 LONGAVILLE To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately,  
 FTLN 0203 or to forbear both.

FTLN 0204 BEROWNE Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause  
 FTLN 0205 to climb in the merriness. 205

FTLN 0206 COSTARD The matter is to me, sir, as concerning  
 FTLN 0207 Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with  
 FTLN 0208 the manner.

FTLN 0209 BEROWNE In what manner?

FTLN 0210 COSTARD In manner and form following, sir, all those 210  
 FTLN 0211 three. I was seen with her in the manor house,  
 FTLN 0212 sitting with her upon the form, and taken following  
 FTLN 0213 her into the park, which, put together, is “in manner  
 FTLN 0214 and form following.” Now, sir, for the manner.

FTLN 0215 It is the manner of a man to speak to a woman. For 215  
 FTLN 0216 the form—in some form.

FTLN 0217 BEROWNE For the “following,” sir?

FTLN 0218 COSTARD As it shall follow in my correction, and God  
 FTLN 0219 defend the right.

FTLN 0220 KING Will you hear this letter with attention? 220

FTLN 0221 BEROWNE As we would hear an oracle.

FTLN 0222 COSTARD Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after  
 FTLN 0223 the flesh.

FTLN 0224 KING *reads* Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent and  
 FTLN 0225 sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's god, and 225  
 FTLN 0226 body's fost'ring patron—

FTLN 0227 COSTARD Not a word of Costard yet.

FTLN 0228 KING *reads* So it is—

FTLN 0229 COSTARD It may be so, but if he say it is so, he is, in  
 FTLN 0230 telling true, but so. 230

FTLN 0231 KING Peace.

FTLN 0232 COSTARD Be to me, and every man that dares not fight.

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FTLN 0233 KING No words.

FTLN 0234 COSTARD Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

FTLN 0235 KING *reads* *So it is, **<besieged>** with sable-colored melancholy,* 235

FTLN 0236 *I did commend the black oppressing humor*

FTLN 0237 *to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air;*

FTLN 0238 *and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The*

FTLN 0239 *time when? About the sixth hour, when beasts most*

FTLN 0240 *graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that* 240

FTLN 0241 *nourishment which is called supper. So much for the*

FTLN 0242 *time when. Now for the ground which—which, I*

FTLN 0243 *mean, I walked upon. It is yclept thy park. Then for the*

FTLN 0244 *place where—where, I mean, I did encounter that*

FTLN 0245 *obscene and most prepost'rous event that draweth* 245

FTLN 0246 *from my snow-white pen the ebon-colored ink, which*

FTLN 0247 *here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to*

FTLN 0248 *the place where. It standeth north-north-east and by*

FTLN 0249 *east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted*

FTLN 0250 *garden. There did I see that low-spirited swain, that* 250

FTLN 0251 *base minnow of thy mirth,—*

FTLN 0252 COSTARD Me?

FTLN 0253 KING *reads* *that unlettered, small-knowing soul,—*

FTLN 0254 COSTARD Me?

FTLN 0255 KING *reads* *that shallow vassal,—* 255

FTLN 0256 COSTARD Still me?

FTLN 0257 KING *reads* *which, as I remember, hight Costard,—*

FTLN 0258 COSTARD O, me!

FTLN 0259 KING *reads* *sorted and consorted, contrary to thy*

FTLN 0260 *established proclaimed edict and continent canon,* 260

FTLN 0261 *which with—O with—but with this I passion to say*

FTLN 0262 *wherewith—*

FTLN 0263 COSTARD With a wench.

FTLN 0264 KING *reads* *with a child of our grandmother Eve, a*

FTLN 0265 *female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a* 265

FTLN 0266 *woman: him, I, as my ever-esteemed duty pricks*

FTLN 0267 *me on, have sent to thee, to receive the meed of*

FTLN 0268 *punishment by thy sweet Grace's officer, Anthony*



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FTLN 0269 *Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and*  
 FTLN 0270 *estimation.* 270

FTLN 0271 DULL Me, an 't shall please you. I am Anthony Dull.

FTLN 0272 KING *reads* *For Jaquenetta—so is the weaker vessel*  
 FTLN 0273 *called which I apprehended with the aforesaid*  
 FTLN 0274 *swain—I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury, and*  
 FTLN 0275 *shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial.* 275  
 FTLN 0276 *Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heartburning*  
 FTLN 0277 *heat of duty,*

FTLN 0278 *Don Adriano de Armado.*

FTLN 0279 BEROWNE This is not so well as I looked for, but the  
 FTLN 0280 best that ever I heard. 280

FTLN 0281 KING Ay, the best, for the worst. *To Costard.* But,  
 FTLN 0282 sirrah, what say you to this?

FTLN 0283 COSTARD Sir, I confess the wench.

FTLN 0284 KING Did you hear the proclamation?

FTLN 0285 COSTARD I do confess much of the hearing it, but little 285  
 FTLN 0286 of the marking of it.

FTLN 0287 KING It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment to be  
 FTLN 0288 taken with a wench.

FTLN 0289 COSTARD I was taken with none, sir. I was taken with a  
 FTLN 0290 damsel. 290

FTLN 0291 KING Well, it was proclaimed "damsel."

FTLN 0292 COSTARD This was no damsel neither, sir. She was a  
 FTLN 0293 virgin.

FTLN 0294 BEROWNE It is so varied too, for it was proclaimed  
 FTLN 0295 "virgin." 295

FTLN 0296 COSTARD If it were, I deny her virginity. I was taken  
 FTLN 0297 with a maid.

FTLN 0298 KING This "maid" will not serve your turn, sir.

FTLN 0299 COSTARD This maid will serve my turn, sir.

FTLN 0300 KING Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall 300  
 FTLN 0301 fast a week with bran and water.

FTLN 0302 COSTARD I had rather pray a month with mutton and  
 FTLN 0303 porridge.

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FTLN 0304 KING And Don Armado shall be your keeper.  
 FTLN 0305 My Lord Berowne, see him delivered o'er, 305  
 FTLN 0306 And go we, lords, to put in practice that  
 FTLN 0307 Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.  
*King, Longaville, and Dumaine exit.*

BEROWNE

FTLN 0308 I'll lay my head to any goodman's hat,  
 FTLN 0309 These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.  
 FTLN 0310 Sirrah, come on. 310  
 FTLN 0311 COSTARD I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is I was  
 FTLN 0312 taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true  
 FTLN 0313 girl. And therefore welcome the sour cup of prosperity.  
 FTLN 0314 Affliction may one day smile again, and till  
 FTLN 0315 then, sit thee down, sorrow. 315  
*They exit.*

「Scene 2」

*Enter Armado and Mote, his page.*

FTLN 0316 ARMADO Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit  
 FTLN 0317 grows melancholy?  
 FTLN 0318 BOY A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.  
 FTLN 0319 ARMADO Why, sadness is one and the selfsame thing,  
 FTLN 0320 dear imp. 5  
 FTLN 0321 BOY No, no. O Lord, sir, no!  
 FTLN 0322 ARMADO How canst thou part sadness and melancholy,  
 FTLN 0323 my tender juvenal?  
 FTLN 0324 BOY By a familiar demonstration of the working, my  
 FTLN 0325 tough signior. 10  
 FTLN 0326 ARMADO Why “tough signior”? Why “tough signior”?  
 FTLN 0327 BOY Why “tender juvenal”? Why “tender juvenal”?  
 FTLN 0328 ARMADO I spoke it “tender juvenal” as a congruent  
 FTLN 0329 epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which  
 FTLN 0330 we may nominate “tender.” 15

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FTLN 0331 BOY And I “tough signior” as an appurtenant title to  
 FTLN 0332 your old time, which we may name “tough.”  
 FTLN 0333 ARMADO Pretty and apt.  
 FTLN 0334 BOY How mean you, sir? I pretty and my saying apt, or  
 FTLN 0335 I apt and my saying pretty? 20  
 FTLN 0336 ARMADO Thou pretty because little.  
 FTLN 0337 BOY Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?  
 FTLN 0338 ARMADO And therefore apt, because quick.  
 FTLN 0339 BOY Speak you this in my praise, master?  
 FTLN 0340 ARMADO In thy condign praise. 25  
 FTLN 0341 BOY I will praise an eel with the same praise.  
 FTLN 0342 ARMADO What, that an eel is ingenious?  
 FTLN 0343 BOY That an eel is quick.  
 FTLN 0344 ARMADO I do say thou art quick in answers. Thou  
 FTLN 0345 heat'st my blood. 30  
 FTLN 0346 BOY I am answered, sir.  
 FTLN 0347 ARMADO I love not to be crossed.  
 FTLN 0348 BOY, *「aside」* He speaks the mere contrary; crosses love  
 FTLN 0349 not him.  
 FTLN 0350 ARMADO I have promised to study three years with the  
 FTLN 0351 Duke. 35  
 FTLN 0352 BOY You may do it in an hour, sir.  
 FTLN 0353 ARMADO Impossible.  
 FTLN 0354 BOY How many is one thrice told?  
 FTLN 0355 ARMADO I am ill at reckoning. It fitteth the spirit of a  
 FTLN 0356 tapster. 40  
 FTLN 0357 BOY You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.  
 FTLN 0358 ARMADO I confess both. They are both the varnish of a  
 FTLN 0359 complete man.  
 FTLN 0360 BOY Then I am sure you know how much the gross  
 FTLN 0361 sum of deuce-ace amounts to. 45  
 FTLN 0362 ARMADO It doth amount to one more than two.  
 FTLN 0363 BOY Which the base vulgar do call “three.”  
 FTLN 0364 ARMADO True.  
 FTLN 0365 BOY Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is  
 FTLN 0366 “three” studied ere you'll thrice wink. And how 50

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FTLN 0367       easy it is to put “years” to the word “three” and  
 FTLN 0368       study “three years” in two words, the dancing horse  
 FTLN 0369       will tell you.

FTLN 0370   ARMADO   A most fine figure. 55

FTLN 0371   BOY, *‘aside’*   To prove you a cipher.

FTLN 0372   ARMADO   I will hereupon confess I am in love; and as it  
 FTLN 0373       is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a  
 FTLN 0374       base wench. If drawing my sword against the  
 FTLN 0375       humor of affection would deliver me from the 60  
 FTLN 0376       reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner  
 FTLN 0377       and ransom him to any French courtier for a  
 FTLN 0378       new-devised curtsy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks  
 FTLN 0379       I should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy. What  
 FTLN 0380       great men have been in love? 65

FTLN 0381   BOY   Hercules, master.

FTLN 0382   ARMADO   Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear  
 FTLN 0383       boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be  
 FTLN 0384       men of good repute and carriage.

FTLN 0385   BOY   Samson, master; he was a man of good carriage, 70  
 FTLN 0386       great carriage, for he carried the town gates on his  
 FTLN 0387       back like a porter, and he was in love.

FTLN 0388   ARMADO   O, well-knit Samson, strong-jointed Samson;  
 FTLN 0389       I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou didst  
 FTLN 0390       me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was 75  
 FTLN 0391       Samson’s love, my dear Mote?

FTLN 0392   BOY   A woman, master.

FTLN 0393   ARMADO   Of what complexion?

FTLN 0394   BOY   Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of  
 FTLN 0395       the four. 80

FTLN 0396   ARMADO   Tell me precisely of what complexion.

FTLN 0397   BOY   Of the sea-water green, sir.

FTLN 0398   ARMADO   Is that one of the four complexions?

FTLN 0399   BOY   As I have read, sir, and the best of them too.

FTLN 0400   ARMADO   Green indeed is the color of lovers. But to 85  
 FTLN 0401       have a love of that color, methinks Samson had  
 FTLN 0402       small reason for it. He surely affected her for her  
 FTLN 0403       wit.

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FTLN 0404 BOY It was so, sir, for she had a green wit.

FTLN 0405 ARMADO My love is most immaculate white and red. 90

FTLN 0406 BOY Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked

FTLN 0407 under such colors.

FTLN 0408 ARMADO Define, define, well-educated infant.

FTLN 0409 BOY My father's wit and my mother's tongue, assist

FTLN 0410 me. 95

FTLN 0411 ARMADO Sweet invocation of a child, most pretty and

FTLN 0412 pathological.

FTLN 0413 BOY

FTLN 0414 If she be made of white and red,

FTLN 0415 Her faults will ne'er be known,

FTLN 0416 For 'blushing' cheeks by faults are bred, 100

FTLN 0417 And fears by pale white shown.

FTLN 0418 Then if she fear, or be to blame,

FTLN 0419 By this you shall not know,

FTLN 0420 For still her cheeks possess the same

FTLN 0421 Which native she doth owe. 105

FTLN 0422 A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of

FTLN 0423 white and red.

FTLN 0424 ARMADO Is there not a ballad, boy, of "The King and

FTLN 0425 the Beggar"?

FTLN 0426 BOY The world was very guilty of such a ballad some 110

FTLN 0427 three ages since, but I think now 'tis not to be found;

FTLN 0428 or if it were, it would neither serve for the writing

FTLN 0429 nor the tune.

FTLN 0430 ARMADO I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I

FTLN 0431 may example my digression by some mighty precedent. 115

FTLN 0432 Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in

FTLN 0433 the park with the rational hind Costard. She deserves

FTLN 0434 well.

FTLN 0435 BOY, *aside* To be whipped—and yet a better love than

FTLN 0436 my master. 120

FTLN 0437 ARMADO Sing, boy. My spirit grows heavy in love.

FTLN 0438 BOY, *aside* And that's great marvel, loving a light

FTLN 0439 wench.

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FTLN 0439 ARMADO I say sing.  
 FTLN 0440 BOY Forbear till this company be past. 125

*Enter Clown (['Costard,']) Constable (['Dull,']) and Wench  
 (['Jaquenetta.'])*

FTLN 0441 DULL, *['to Armado']* Sir, the Duke's pleasure is that you  
 FTLN 0442 keep Costard safe, and you must suffer him to take  
 FTLN 0443 no delight, nor no penance, but he must fast three  
 FTLN 0444 days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the  
 FTLN 0445 park. She is allowed for the dey-woman. Fare you 130  
 FTLN 0446 well.

FTLN 0447 ARMADO, *['aside']* I do betray myself with blushing.—  
 FTLN 0448 Maid.

FTLN 0449 JAQUENETTA Man.

FTLN 0450 ARMADO I will visit thee at the lodge. 135

FTLN 0451 JAQUENETTA That's hereby.

FTLN 0452 ARMADO I know where it is situate.

FTLN 0453 JAQUENETTA Lord, how wise you are.

FTLN 0454 ARMADO I will tell thee wonders.

FTLN 0455 JAQUENETTA With that face? 140

FTLN 0456 ARMADO I love thee.

FTLN 0457 JAQUENETTA So I heard you say.

FTLN 0458 ARMADO And so, farewell.

FTLN 0459 JAQUENETTA Fair weather after you.

FTLN 0460 *['DULL']* Come, Jaquenetta, away. 145

*['Dull and Jaquenetta'] exit.*

FTLN 0461 ARMADO, *['to Costard']* Villain, thou shalt fast for thy  
 FTLN 0462 offenses ere thou be pardoned.

FTLN 0463 COSTARD Well, sir, I hope when I do it I shall do it on  
 FTLN 0464 a full stomach.

FTLN 0465 ARMADO Thou shalt be heavily punished. 150

FTLN 0466 COSTARD I am more bound to you than your fellows,  
 FTLN 0467 for they are but lightly rewarded.

FTLN 0468 ARMADO, *['to Boy']* Take away this villain. Shut him up.

FTLN 0469 BOY Come, you transgressing slave, away.

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FTLN 0470 COSTARD, 「to Armado」 Let me not be pent up, sir. I will 155  
 FTLN 0471 fast being loose.  
 FTLN 0472 BOY No, sir, that were fast and loose. Thou shalt to  
 FTLN 0473 prison.  
 FTLN 0474 COSTARD Well, if ever I do see the merry days of  
 FTLN 0475 desolation that I have seen, some shall see. 160  
 FTLN 0476 BOY What shall some see?  
 FTLN 0477 COSTARD Nay, nothing, Master Mote, but what they  
 FTLN 0478 look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in  
 FTLN 0479 their words, and therefore I will say nothing. I thank  
 FTLN 0480 God I have as little patience as another man, and 165  
 FTLN 0481 therefore I can be quiet.

「Costard and Boy」 exit.

FTLN 0482 ARMADO I do affect the very ground (which is base)  
 FTLN 0483 where her shoe (which is baser) guided by her foot  
 FTLN 0484 (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworn  
 FTLN 0485 (which is a great argument of falsehood) if I love. 170  
 FTLN 0486 And how can that be true love which is falsely  
 FTLN 0487 attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil. There is  
 FTLN 0488 no evil angel but love, yet was Samson so tempted,  
 FTLN 0489 and he had an excellent strength; yet was Solomon  
 FTLN 0490 so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's 175  
 FTLN 0491 butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore  
 FTLN 0492 too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first  
 FTLN 0493 and second cause will not serve my turn; the  
 FTLN 0494 *passado* he respects not, the *duello* he regards not.  
 FTLN 0495 His disgrace is to be called "boy," but his glory is to 180  
 FTLN 0496 subdue men. Adieu, valor; rust, rapier; be still,  
 FTLN 0497 drum, for your manager is in love. Yea, he loveth.  
 FTLN 0498 Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am  
 FTLN 0499 sure I shall turn sonnet. Devise wit, write pen, for I  
 FTLN 0500 am for whole volumes in folio. 185

*He exits.*

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## ⟨ACT 2⟩

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### 「Scene 1」

*Enter the Princess of France, with three attending Ladies (「Rosaline, Maria, and Katherine»), Boyet「 and 「other」 Lords.*

BOYET

FTLN 0501	Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits.	
FTLN 0502	Consider who the King your father sends,	
FTLN 0503	To whom he sends, and what's his embassy.	
FTLN 0504	Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,	
FTLN 0505	To parley with the sole inheritor	5
FTLN 0506	Of all perfections that a man may owe,	
FTLN 0507	Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight	
FTLN 0508	Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen.	
FTLN 0509	Be now as prodigal of all dear grace	
FTLN 0510	As nature was in making graces dear	10
FTLN 0511	When she did starve the general world besides	
FTLN 0512	And prodigally gave them all to you.	

PRINCESS

FTLN 0513	Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,	
FTLN 0514	Needs not the painted flourish of your praise.	
FTLN 0515	Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,	15
FTLN 0516	Not uttered by base sale of chapmen's tongues.	
FTLN 0517	I am less proud to hear you tell my worth	
FTLN 0518	Than you much willing to be counted wise	
FTLN 0519	In spending your wit in the praise of mine.	
FTLN 0520	But now to task the tasker: good Boyet,	20



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FTLN 0521 You are not ignorant all-telling fame  
 FTLN 0522 Doth noise abroad Navarre hath made a vow,  
 FTLN 0523 Till painful study shall outwear three years,  
 FTLN 0524 No woman may approach his silent court.  
 FTLN 0525 Therefore to 's seemeth it a needful course, 25  
 FTLN 0526 Before we enter his forbidden gates,  
 FTLN 0527 To know his pleasure, and in that behalf,  
 FTLN 0528 Bold of your worthiness, we single you  
 FTLN 0529 As our best-moving fair solicitor.  
 FTLN 0530 Tell him the daughter of the King of France 30  
 FTLN 0531 On serious business craving quick dispatch,  
 FTLN 0532 ⟨Importunes⟩ personal conference with his Grace.  
 FTLN 0533 Haste, signify so much, while we attend,  
 FTLN 0534 Like ⟨humble-visaged⟩ suitors, his high will.  
 BOYET  
 FTLN 0535 Proud of employment, willingly I go. 35  
 PRINCESS  
 FTLN 0536 All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.  
*Boyet exits.*  
 FTLN 0537 Who are the votaries, my loving lords,  
 FTLN 0538 That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?  
 「A」 LORD  
 FTLN 0539 「Lord」 Longaville is one.  
 FTLN 0540 PRINCESS Know you the man? 40  
 「MARIA」  
 FTLN 0541 I know him, madam. At a marriage feast  
 FTLN 0542 Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir  
 FTLN 0543 Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized  
 FTLN 0544 In Normandy, saw I this Longaville.  
 FTLN 0545 A man of sovereign ⟨parts⟩ he is esteemed, 45  
 FTLN 0546 Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms.  
 FTLN 0547 Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.  
 FTLN 0548 The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,  
 FTLN 0549 If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,  
 FTLN 0550 Is a sharp wit matched with too blunt a will, 50  
 FTLN 0551 Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills  
 FTLN 0552 It should none spare that come within his power.

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 PRINCESS

FTLN 0553      Some merry mocking lord, belike. Is 't so?

「MARIA」

FTLN 0554      They say so most that most his humors know.

PRINCESS

 FTLN 0555      Such short-lived wits do wither as they grow. 55

FTLN 0556      Who are the rest?

「KATHERINE」

FTLN 0557      The young Dumaine, a well-accomplished youth,

FTLN 0558      Of all that virtue love for virtue loved.

FTLN 0559      Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;

 FTLN 0560      For he hath wit to make an ill shape good, 60

FTLN 0561      And shape to win grace though he had no wit.

FTLN 0562      I saw him at the Duke Alanson's once,

FTLN 0563      And much too little of that good I saw

FTLN 0564      Is my report to his great worthiness.

〈ROSALINE〉

 FTLN 0565      Another of these students at that time 65

FTLN 0566      Was there with him, if I have heard a truth.

FTLN 0567      Berowne they call him, but a merrier man,

FTLN 0568      Within the limit of becoming mirth,

FTLN 0569      I never spent an hour's talk withal.

 FTLN 0570      His eye begets occasion for his wit, 70

FTLN 0571      For every object that the one doth catch

FTLN 0572      The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,

FTLN 0573      Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,

FTLN 0574      Delivers in such apt and gracious words

 FTLN 0575      That aged ears play truant at his tales, 75

FTLN 0576      And younger hearings are quite ravished,

FTLN 0577      So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

PRINCESS

FTLN 0578      God bless my ladies, are they all in love,

FTLN 0579      That every one her own hath garnishèd

 FTLN 0580      With such bedecking ornaments of praise? 80

「A」 LORD

FTLN 0581      Here comes Boyet.

*Enter Boyet.*

FTLN 0582 PRINCESS Now, what admittance, lord?  
 BOYET  
 FTLN 0583 Navarre had notice of your fair approach,  
 FTLN 0584 And he and his competitors in oath  
 FTLN 0585 Were all addressed to meet you, gentle lady, 85  
 FTLN 0586 Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learned:  
 FTLN 0587 He rather means to lodge you in the field,  
 FTLN 0588 Like one that comes here to besiege his court,  
 FTLN 0589 Than seek a dispensation for his oath  
 FTLN 0590 To let you enter his ⟨unpeopled⟩ house. 90

*Enter [King of] Navarre, Longaville, Dumaine, and  
 Berowne.*

FTLN 0591 Here comes Navarre.  
 FTLN 0592 KING Fair Princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.  
 FTLN 0593 PRINCESS “Fair” I give you back again, and “welcome”  
 FTLN 0594 I have not yet. The roof of this court is too  
 FTLN 0595 high to be yours, and welcome to the wide fields too 95  
 FTLN 0596 base to be mine.  
 KING  
 FTLN 0597 You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.  
 PRINCESS  
 FTLN 0598 I will be welcome, then. Conduct me thither.  
 KING  
 FTLN 0599 Hear me, dear lady. I have sworn an oath.  
 PRINCESS  
 FTLN 0600 Our Lady help my lord! He’ll be forsworn. 100  
 KING  
 FTLN 0601 Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.  
 PRINCESS  
 FTLN 0602 Why, will shall break it, will and nothing else.  
 KING  
 FTLN 0603 Your Ladyship is ignorant what it is.

PRINCESS

FTLN 0604 Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,  
 FTLN 0605 Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance. 105  
 FTLN 0606 I hear your Grace hath sworn out housekeeping.  
 FTLN 0607 'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,  
 FTLN 0608 And sin to break it.  
 FTLN 0609 But pardon me, I am too sudden bold.  
 FTLN 0610 To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me. 110  
 FTLN 0611 Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,  
 FTLN 0612 And suddenly resolve me in my suit.  
*「She gives him a paper.」*

KING

FTLN 0613 Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

PRINCESS

FTLN 0614 You will the sooner that I were away,  
 FTLN 0615 For you'll prove perjured if you make me stay. 115  
*「They walk aside while the King reads the paper.」*

BEROWNE, *「to Rosaline」*

FTLN 0616 Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

〈ROSALINE〉

FTLN 0617 Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

BEROWNE

FTLN 0618 I know you did.

FTLN 0619 〈ROSALINE〉 How needless was it then

FTLN 0620 To ask the question. 120

FTLN 0621 BEROWNE You must not be so quick.

〈ROSALINE〉

FTLN 0622 'Tis long of you that spur me with such questions.

BEROWNE

FTLN 0623 Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast; 'twill tire.

〈ROSALINE〉

FTLN 0624 Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

BEROWNE

FTLN 0625 What time o' day? 125

FTLN 0626 〈ROSALINE〉 The hour that fools should ask.

FTLN 0627 BEROWNE Now fair befall your mask.

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FTLN 0628	⟨ROSALINE⟩ Fair fall the face it covers.	
FTLN 0629	BEROWNE And send you many lovers.	
FTLN 0630	⟨ROSALINE⟩ Amen, so you be none.	130
FTLN 0631	BEROWNE Nay, then, will I be gone.	
	KING, <i>「coming forward with the Princess」</i>	
FTLN 0632	Madam, your father here doth intimate	
FTLN 0633	The payment of a hundred thousand crowns,	
FTLN 0634	Being but the one half of an entire sum	
FTLN 0635	Disbursèd by my father in his wars.	135
FTLN 0636	But say that he or we, as neither have,	
FTLN 0637	Received that sum, yet there remains unpaid	
FTLN 0638	A hundred thousand more, in surety of the which	
FTLN 0639	One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,	
FTLN 0640	Although not valued to the money's worth.	140
FTLN 0641	If then the King your father will restore	
FTLN 0642	But that one half which is unsatisfied,	
FTLN 0643	We will give up our right in Aquitaine,	
FTLN 0644	And hold fair friendship with his Majesty.	
FTLN 0645	But that, it seems, he little purposeth;	145
FTLN 0646	For here he doth demand to have repaid	
FTLN 0647	A hundred thousand crowns, and not demands,	
FTLN 0648	On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,	
FTLN 0649	To have his title live in Aquitaine—	
FTLN 0650	Which we much rather had depart withal,	150
FTLN 0651	And have the money by our father lent,	
FTLN 0652	Than Aquitaine, so gelded as it is.	
FTLN 0653	Dear Princess, were not his requests so far	
FTLN 0654	From reason's yielding, your fair self should make	
FTLN 0655	A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast,	155
FTLN 0656	And go well satisfied to France again.	
	PRINCESS	
FTLN 0657	You do the King my father too much wrong,	
FTLN 0658	And wrong the reputation of your name,	
FTLN 0659	In so unseeming to confess receipt	
FTLN 0660	Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.	160

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KING

FTLN 0661 I do protest I never heard of it;  
 FTLN 0662 And if you prove it, I'll repay it back  
 FTLN 0663 Or yield up Aquitaine.

FTLN 0664 PRINCESS We arrest your word.—

FTLN 0665 Boyet, you can produce acquittances 165  
 FTLN 0666 For such a sum from special officers  
 FTLN 0667 Of Charles his father.

FTLN 0668 KING Satisfy me so.

BOYET

FTLN 0669 So please your Grace, the packet is not come  
 FTLN 0670 Where that and other specialties are bound. 170  
 FTLN 0671 Tomorrow you shall have a sight of them.

KING

FTLN 0672 It shall suffice me; at which interview  
 FTLN 0673 All liberal reason I will yield unto.  
 FTLN 0674 Meantime receive such welcome at my hand  
 FTLN 0675 As honor (without breach of honor) may 175  
 FTLN 0676 Make tender of to thy true worthiness.  
 FTLN 0677 You may not come, fair princess, within my gates,  
 FTLN 0678 But here without you shall be so received  
 FTLN 0679 As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,  
 FTLN 0680 Though so denied fair harbor in my house. 180  
 FTLN 0681 Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell.  
 FTLN 0682 Tomorrow shall we visit you again.

PRINCESS

FTLN 0683 Sweet health and fair desires consort your Grace.

KING

FTLN 0684 Thy own wish wish I thee in every place.

*He exits 「with Dumaine,  
 Longaville, and Attendants.」*

FTLN 0685 BEROWNE, 「to Rosaline」 Lady, I will commend you to 185  
 FTLN 0686 my «own» heart.

FTLN 0687 ROSALINE Pray you, do my commendations. I would  
 FTLN 0688 be glad to see it.

FTLN 0689 BEROWNE I would you heard it groan.

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FTLN 0690	ROSALINE	Is the fool sick?	190
FTLN 0691	BEROWNE	Sick at the heart.	
FTLN 0692	ROSALINE	Alack, let it blood.	
FTLN 0693	BEROWNE	Would that do it good?	
FTLN 0694	ROSALINE	My physic says "ay."	
FTLN 0695	BEROWNE	Will you prick 't with your eye?	195
FTLN 0696	ROSALINE	No point, with my knife.	
FTLN 0697	BEROWNE	Now God save thy life.	
FTLN 0698	ROSALINE	And yours from long living.	
FTLN 0699	BEROWNE	I cannot stay thanksgiving.	<i>He exits.</i>

*Enter Dumaine.*

	DUMAINE, 「to Boyet」	
FTLN 0700	Sir, I pray you, a word. What lady is that same?	200
	BOYET	
FTLN 0701	The heir of Alanson, 「Katherine」 her name.	
	DUMAINE	
FTLN 0702	A gallant lady, monsieur. Fare you well.	<i>He exits.</i>

*Enter Longaville.*

	LONGAVILLE, 「to Boyet」	
FTLN 0703	I beseech you, a word. What is she in the white?	
	BOYET	
FTLN 0704	A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.	
	LONGAVILLE	
FTLN 0705	Perchance light in the light. I desire her name.	205
	BOYET	
FTLN 0706	She hath but one for herself; to desire that were a	
FTLN 0707	shame.	
FTLN 0708	LONGAVILLE Pray you, sir, whose daughter?	
FTLN 0709	BOYET Her mother's, I have heard.	
FTLN 0710	LONGAVILLE God's blessing on your beard!	210
FTLN 0711	BOYET Good sir, be not offended. She is an heir of	
FTLN 0712	Falconbridge.	
FTLN 0713	LONGAVILLE Nay, my choler is ended. She is a most	
FTLN 0714	sweet lady.	

FTLN 0715 BOYET Not unlike, sir, that may be. 215  
*Longaville exits.*

*Enter Berowne.*

FTLN 0716 BEROWNE, 「to Boyet」 What's her name in the cap?  
 FTLN 0717 BOYET 「Rosaline,」 by good hap.  
 FTLN 0718 BEROWNE Is she wedded or no?  
 FTLN 0719 BOYET To her will, sir, or so.  
 FTLN 0720 BEROWNE You are welcome, sir. Adieu. 220  
 FTLN 0721 BOYET Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.  
*Berowne exits.*

MARIA

FTLN 0722 That last is Berowne, the merry madcap lord.  
 FTLN 0723 Not a word with him but a jest.  
 FTLN 0724 BOYET And every jest but  
 FTLN 0725 a word. 225

PRINCESS

FTLN 0726 It was well done of you to take him at his word.  
 BOYET  
 FTLN 0727 I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.  
 KATHERINE  
 FTLN 0728 Two hot sheeps, marry.  
 FTLN 0729 BOYET And wherefore not ships?  
 FTLN 0730 No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips. 230

「KATHERINE」

FTLN 0731 You sheep and I pasture. Shall that finish the jest?  
 BOYET  
 FTLN 0732 So you grant pasture for me. 「He tries to kiss her.」  
 FTLN 0733 「KATHERINE」 Not so, gentle beast,  
 FTLN 0734 My lips are no common, though several they be.  
 BOYET

FTLN 0735 Belonging to whom? 235  
 FTLN 0736 「KATHERINE」 To my fortunes and me.

PRINCESS

FTLN 0737 Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree,  
 FTLN 0738 This civil war of wits were much better used  
 FTLN 0739 On Navarre and his bookmen, for here 'tis abused.



BOYET

FTLN 0740 If my observation, which very seldom lies, 240  
 FTLN 0741 By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed wi' th' eyes,  
 FTLN 0742 Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

FTLN 0743 PRINCESS With what?

BOYET

FTLN 0744 With that which we lovers entitle "affected."  
 FTLN 0745 PRINCESS Your reason? 245

BOYET

FTLN 0746 Why, all his behaviors did make their retire  
 FTLN 0747 To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire.  
 FTLN 0748 His heart like an agate with your print impressed,  
 FTLN 0749 Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed.  
 FTLN 0750 His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see, 250  
 FTLN 0751 Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;  
 FTLN 0752 All senses to that sense did make their repair,  
 FTLN 0753 To feel only looking on fairest of fair.  
 FTLN 0754 Methought all his senses were locked in his eye,  
 FTLN 0755 As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy, 255  
 FTLN 0756 Who, tend'ring their own worth from where they  
 FTLN 0757 were glassed,  
 FTLN 0758 Did point you to buy them along as you passed.  
 FTLN 0759 His face's own margent did quote such amazes  
 FTLN 0760 That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes. 260  
 FTLN 0761 I'll give you Aquitaine, and all that is his,  
 FTLN 0762 An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

PRINCESS, *["to her Ladies"]*

FTLN 0763 Come, to our pavilion. Boyet is disposed.

BOYET

FTLN 0764 But to speak that in words which his eye hath  
 FTLN 0765 disclosed. 265  
 FTLN 0766 I only have made a mouth of his eye  
 FTLN 0767 By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

*["MARIA"]*

FTLN 0768 Thou art an old lovmonger and speakest skillfully.

「KATHERINE」

FTLN 0769            He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

「ROSALINE」

FTLN 0770            Then was Venus like her mother, for her father is            270

FTLN 0771                    but grim.

BOYET

FTLN 0772            Do you hear, my mad wenches?

FTLN 0773      「MARIA」      No.

FTLN 0774 BOYET What then, do

FTLN 0775                      you see?                      275

「MARIA」

FTLN 0776      Ay, our way to be gone.

FTLN 0777      BOYET                          You are too hard for me.

*They all exit.*

# ⟨ACT 3⟩

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## 「Scene 1」

*Enter Braggart 「Armado」 and his Boy.*

FTLN 0778	ARMADO	Warble, child, make passionate my sense of	
FTLN 0779		hearing.	
FTLN 0780	BOY 「sings」	<i>Concolinel.</i>	
FTLN 0781	ARMADO	Sweet air. Go, tenderness of years. 「 <i>He hands</i>	
FTLN 0782		<i>over a key.</i> 」 Take this key, give enlargement to the	5
FTLN 0783		swain, bring him festinately hither. I must employ	
FTLN 0784		him in a letter to my love.	
FTLN 0785	BOY	Master, will you win your love with a French	
FTLN 0786		brawl?	
FTLN 0787	ARMADO	How meanest thou? Brawling in French?	10
FTLN 0788	BOY	No, my complete master, but to jig off a tune at the	
FTLN 0789		tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humor it	
FTLN 0790		with turning up your eyelids, sigh a note and sing a	
FTLN 0791		note, sometimes through the throat 「as」 if you	
FTLN 0792		swallowed love with singing love, sometimes	15
FTLN 0793		through 「the」 nose as if you snuffed up love by	
FTLN 0794		smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like o'er the	
FTLN 0795		shop of your eyes, with your arms crossed on your	
FTLN 0796		⟨thin-belly⟩ doublet like a rabbit on a spit; or your	
FTLN 0797		hands in your pocket like a man after the old	20
FTLN 0798		painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a	
FTLN 0799		snip and away. These are compliments, these are	
FTLN 0800		humors; these betray nice wenches that would be	
FTLN 0801		betrayed without these, and make them men of	

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FTLN 0802	note—do you note 「me?」—that most are affected	25
FTLN 0803	to these.	
FTLN 0804	ARMADO How hast thou purchased this experience?	
FTLN 0805	BOY By my 「penny」 of observation.	
FTLN 0806	ARMADO But O— but O—.	
FTLN 0807	BOY “The hobby-horse is forgot.”	30
FTLN 0808	ARMADO Call'st thou my love “hobby-horse”?	
FTLN 0809	BOY No, master. The hobby-horse is but a colt, 「 <i>aside</i> 」	
FTLN 0810	and your love perhaps a hackney.—But have you	
FTLN 0811	forgot your love?	
FTLN 0812	ARMADO Almost I had.	35
FTLN 0813	BOY Negligent student, learn her by heart.	
FTLN 0814	ARMADO By heart and in heart, boy.	
FTLN 0815	BOY And out of heart, master. All those three I will	
FTLN 0816	prove.	
FTLN 0817	ARMADO What wilt thou prove?	40
FTLN 0818	BOY A man, if I live; and this “by, in, and without,”	
FTLN 0819	upon the instant: “by” heart you love her, because	
FTLN 0820	your heart cannot come by her; “in” heart you love	
FTLN 0821	her, because your heart is in love with her; and	
FTLN 0822	“out” of heart you love her, being out of heart that	45
FTLN 0823	you cannot enjoy her.	
FTLN 0824	ARMADO I am all these three.	
FTLN 0825	BOY And three times as much more, 「 <i>aside</i> 」 and yet	
FTLN 0826	nothing at all.	
FTLN 0827	ARMADO Fetch hither the swain. He must carry me a	50
FTLN 0828	letter.	
FTLN 0829	BOY A message well sympathized—a horse to be ambassador	
FTLN 0830	for an ass.	
FTLN 0831	ARMADO Ha? Ha? What sayest thou?	
FTLN 0832	BOY Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse,	55
FTLN 0833	for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.	
FTLN 0834	ARMADO The way is but short. Away!	
FTLN 0835	BOY As swift as lead, sir.	
FTLN 0836	ARMADO 〈Thy〉 meaning, pretty ingenious?	
FTLN 0837	Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?	60

BOY

FTLN 0838 *Minime*, honest master, or rather, master, no.

ARMADO

FTLN 0839 I say lead is slow.

FTLN 0840 BOY You are too swift, sir, to say so.

FTLN 0841 Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?

FTLN 0842 ARMADO Sweet smoke of rhetoric! 65

FTLN 0843 He reputes me a cannon, and the bullet, that's  
FTLN 0844 he.—

FTLN 0845 I shoot thee at the swain.

FTLN 0846 BOY Thump, then, and I flee.

*He exits.*

ARMADO

FTLN 0847 A most acute juvenal, voluble and free of grace. 70

FTLN 0848 By thy favor, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face.

FTLN 0849 Most rude melancholy, valor gives thee place.

FTLN 0850 My herald is returned.

*Enter Boy and Clown Costard.*

FTLN 0851 BOY A wonder, master!

FTLN 0852 Here's a costard broken in a shin. 75

ARMADO

FTLN 0853 Some enigma, some riddle. Come, thy *l'envoi* begin.

FTLN 0854 COSTARD No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoi*, no salve in  
FTLN 0855 the mail, sir. O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain! No  
FTLN 0856 *l'envoi*, no *l'envoi*, no salve, sir, but a plantain.

FTLN 0857 ARMADO By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly 80

FTLN 0858 thought, my spleen. The heaving of my lungs

FTLN 0859 provokes me to ridiculous smiling. O pardon me,

FTLN 0860 my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take *salve* for

FTLN 0861 *l'envoi*, and the word *l'envoi* for a *salve*?

BOY

FTLN 0862 Do the wise think them other? Is not *l'envoi* a *salve*? 85

ARMADO

FTLN 0863 No, page, it is an epilogue or discourse to make plain

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FTLN 0864       Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.  
 FTLN 0865       I will example it:  
 FTLN 0866             The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee  
 FTLN 0867             Were still at odds, being but three.                               90  
 FTLN 0868       There's the moral. Now the *l'envoi*.  
 FTLN 0869   BOY    I will add the *l'envoi*. Say the moral again.  
 ARMADO  
 FTLN 0870             The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee  
 FTLN 0871             Were still at odds, being but three.  
 BOY  
 FTLN 0872             Until the goose came out of door                               95  
 FTLN 0873             And stayed the odds by adding four.  
 FTLN 0874       Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with  
 FTLN 0875       my *l'envoi*.  
 FTLN 0876             The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee  
 FTLN 0877             Were still at odds, being but three.                               100  
 ARMADO  
 FTLN 0878             Until the goose came out of door,  
 FTLN 0879             Staying the odds by adding four.  
 FTLN 0880   BOY    A good *l'envoi*, ending in the goose. Would you  
 FTLN 0881       desire more?  
 COSTARD  
 FTLN 0882       The boy hath sold him a bargain—a goose, that's                       105  
 FTLN 0883       flat.—  
 FTLN 0884       Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.  
 FTLN 0885       To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and  
 FTLN 0886       loose.  
 FTLN 0887       Let me see: a fat *l'envoi*—ay, that's a fat goose.                       110  
 ARMADO  
 FTLN 0888       Come hither, come hither. How did this argument  
 FTLN 0889       begin?  
 BOY  
 FTLN 0890       By saying that a costard was broken in a shin.  
 FTLN 0891       Then called you for the *l'envoi*.

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FTLN 0892 COSTARD True, and I for a plantain. Thus came your 115  
 FTLN 0893 argument in. Then the boy's fat *l'envoi*, the goose  
 FTLN 0894 that you bought; and he ended the market.  
 FTLN 0895 ARMADO But tell me, how was there a costard broken  
 FTLN 0896 in a shin?  
 FTLN 0897 BOY I will tell you sensibly. 120  
 FTLN 0898 COSTARD Thou hast no feeling of it, Mote. I will speak  
 FTLN 0899 that *l'envoi*.  
 FTLN 0900 I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,  
 FTLN 0901 Fell over the threshold and broke my shin.  
 FTLN 0902 ARMADO We will talk no more of this matter. 125  
 FTLN 0903 COSTARD Till there be more matter in the shin.  
 FTLN 0904 ARMADO Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.  
 FTLN 0905 COSTARD O, marry me to one Frances! I smell some  
 FTLN 0906 *l'envoi*, some goose, in this.  
 FTLN 0907 ARMADO By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at 130  
 FTLN 0908 liberty, enfreedoming thy person. Thou wert immured,  
 FTLN 0909 restrained, captivated, bound.  
 FTLN 0910 COSTARD True, true; and now you will be my purgation,  
 FTLN 0911 and let me loose.  
 FTLN 0912 ARMADO I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance, 135  
 FTLN 0913 and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but  
 FTLN 0914 this: bear this significant to the country maid  
 FTLN 0915 Jaquenetta. (『*He gives him a paper.*』) There is remuneration  
 FTLN 0916 (『*giving him a coin,*』) for the best ward of  
 FTLN 0917 mine honor is rewarding my dependents.—Mote, 140  
 FTLN 0918 follow. 『*He exits.*』  
 FTLN 0919 BOY Like the sequel, I. Signior Costard, adieu.  

*He exits.*

 COSTARD  
 FTLN 0920 My sweet ounce of man's flesh, my incony Jew!  
 FTLN 0921 Now will I look to his remuneration. 『*He looks at the*  
 FTLN 0922 *coin.*』 “Remuneration”! O, that's the Latin word for 145  
 FTLN 0923 three farthings. Three farthings—*remuneration*.

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FTLN 0924 "What's the price of this inkle?" "One penny." "No,  
 FTLN 0925 I'll give you a remuneration." Why, it carries it!  
 FTLN 0926 *Remuneration.* Why, it is a fairer name than "French  
 FTLN 0927 crown." I will never buy and sell out of this word. 150

*Enter Berowne.*

FTLN 0928 BEROWNE My good knave Costard, exceedingly well  
 FTLN 0929 met.  
 FTLN 0930 COSTARD Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon  
 FTLN 0931 may a man buy for a remuneration?  
 FTLN 0932 BEROWNE What is a remuneration? 155  
 FTLN 0933 COSTARD Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.  
 FTLN 0934 BEROWNE Why then, three farthing worth of silk.  
 FTLN 0935 COSTARD I thank your Worship. God be wi' you.  
*He begins to exit.*  
 FTLN 0936 BEROWNE Stay, slave, I must employ thee.  
 FTLN 0937 As thou wilt win my favor, good my knave, 160  
 FTLN 0938 Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.  
 FTLN 0939 COSTARD When would you have it done, sir?  
 FTLN 0940 BEROWNE This afternoon.  
 FTLN 0941 COSTARD Well, I will do it, sir. Fare you well.  
 FTLN 0942 BEROWNE Thou knowest not what it is. 165  
 FTLN 0943 COSTARD I shall know, sir, when I have done it.  
 FTLN 0944 BEROWNE Why, villain, thou must know first.  
 FTLN 0945 COSTARD I will come to your Worship tomorrow  
 FTLN 0946 morning.  
 FTLN 0947 BEROWNE It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, 170  
 FTLN 0948 it is but this:  
 FTLN 0949 The Princess comes to hunt here in the park,  
 FTLN 0950 And in her train there is a gentle lady.  
 FTLN 0951 When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her  
 FTLN 0952 name, 175  
 FTLN 0953 And Rosaline they call her. Ask for her,  
 FTLN 0954 And to her white hand see thou do commend



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FTLN 0955	This sealed-up counsel. There's thy guerdon. <i>He</i>	
FTLN 0956	<i>gives him money.</i> Go.	
FTLN 0957	COSTARD Gardon. <i>He looks at the money.</i> O sweet	180
FTLN 0958	gardon! Better than remuneration, a 'levenpence	
FTLN 0959	farthing better! Most sweet gardon. I will do it, sir,	
FTLN 0960	in print. Gardon! Remuneration! <i>He exits.</i>	
	BEROWNE	
FTLN 0961	And I forsooth in love! I that have been love's whip,	
FTLN 0962	A very beadle to a humorous sigh,	185
FTLN 0963	A critic, nay, a nightwatch constable,	
FTLN 0964	A domineering pedant o'er the boy,	
FTLN 0965	Than whom no mortal so magnificent.	
FTLN 0966	This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy,	
FTLN 0967	This Signior Junior, giant dwarf, Dan Cupid,	190
FTLN 0968	Regent of love rhymes, lord of folded arms,	
FTLN 0969	Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,	
FTLN 0970	Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,	
FTLN 0971	Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,	
FTLN 0972	Sole imperator and great general	195
FTLN 0973	Of trotting paritors—O my little heart!	
FTLN 0974	And I to be a corporal of his field	
FTLN 0975	And wear his colors like a tumbler's hoop!	
FTLN 0976	What? I love, I sue, I seek a wife?	
FTLN 0977	A woman, that is like a German clock,	200
FTLN 0978	Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,	
FTLN 0979	And never going aright, being a watch,	
FTLN 0980	But being watched that it may still go right.	
FTLN 0981	Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all.	
FTLN 0982	And, among three, to love the worst of all,	205
FTLN 0983	A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,	
FTLN 0984	With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes.	
FTLN 0985	Ay, and by heaven, one that will do the deed	
FTLN 0986	Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard.	
FTLN 0987	And I to sigh for her, to watch for her,	210
FTLN 0988	To pray for her! Go to. It is a plague	

FTLN 0989

That Cupid will impose for my neglect

FTLN 0990

Of his almighty dreadful little might.

FTLN 0991

Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, groan.

FTLN 0992

Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.

215

*He exits.*

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*Enter the Princess, a Forester, her Ladies, 'Boyet' and  
her 'other' Lords.*

FTLN 0993	Was that the King that spurred his horse so hard
FTLN 0994	Against the steep uprising of the hill?

FTLN 0995            I know not, but I think it was not he.

FTLN 0996      Whoe’er he was, he showed a mounting mind.—  
FTLN 0997      Well, lords, today we shall have our dispatch.  
FTLN 0998      Or Saturday we will return to France.—  
FTLN 0999      Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush  
FTLN 1000      That we must stand and play the murderer in?

FTLN 1001	Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice,	
FTLN 1002	A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.	10

FTLN 1003 I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,  
FTLN 1004 And thereupon thou speakst “the fairest shoot.”

FTLN 1005      Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

FTLN 1006      What, what? First praise me, and again say no?  
FTLN 1007      O short-lived pride. Not fair? Alack, for woe!      15

FORESTER

FTLN 1008 Yes, madam, fair.

FTLN 1009 PRINCESS Nay, never paint me now.

FTLN 1010 Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

FTLN 1011 Here, good my glass, take this for telling true.

*「She gives him money.」*

FTLN 1012 Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

20

FORESTER

FTLN 1013 Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

PRINCESS

FTLN 1014 See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit.

FTLN 1015 O heresy in fair, fit for these days!

FTLN 1016 A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.

FTLN 1017 But come, the bow. *「He hands her a bow.」* Now

25

FTLN 1018 mercy goes to kill,

FTLN 1019 And shooting well is then accounted ill.

FTLN 1020 Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:

FTLN 1021 Not wounding, pity would not let me do 't;

FTLN 1022 If wounding, then it was to show my skill,

30

FTLN 1023 That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.

FTLN 1024 And out of question so it is sometimes:

FTLN 1025 Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,

FTLN 1026 When for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,

FTLN 1027 We bend to that the working of the heart;

35

FTLN 1028 As I for praise alone now seek to spill

FTLN 1029 The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

BOYET

FTLN 1030 Do not curst wives hold that self sovereignty

FTLN 1031 Only for praise' sake when they strive to be

FTLN 1032 Lords o'er their lords?

40

PRINCESS

FTLN 1033 Only for praise; and praise we may afford

FTLN 1034 To any lady that subdues a lord.

*Enter Clown 「Costard.」*

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BOYET

FTLN 1035	Here comes a member of the commonwealth.	
FTLN 1036	COSTARD God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the	
FTLN 1037	head lady?	45
FTLN 1038	PRINCESS Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that	
FTLN 1039	have no heads.	
FTLN 1040	COSTARD Which is the greatest lady, the highest?	
FTLN 1041	PRINCESS The thickest and the tallest.	
	COSTARD	
FTLN 1042	The thickest and the tallest: it is so, truth is	50
FTLN 1043	truth.	
FTLN 1044	An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,	
FTLN 1045	One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be	
FTLN 1046	fit.	
FTLN 1047	Are not you the chief woman? You are the thickest	55
FTLN 1048	here.	
FTLN 1049	PRINCESS What's your will, sir? What's your will?	
FTLN 1050	COSTARD I have a letter from Monsieur Berowne to	
FTLN 1051	one Lady Rosaline.	
	PRINCESS	
FTLN 1052	O, thy letter, thy letter! He's a good friend of mine.	60
FTLN 1053	Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve.	
FTLN 1054	Break up this capon.	
FTLN 1055	BOYET, <i>['taking the letter']</i> I am bound to serve.	
FTLN 1056	This letter is mistook; it importeth none here.	
FTLN 1057	It is writ to Jaquenetta.	65
FTLN 1058	PRINCESS We will read it, I swear.	
FTLN 1059	Break the neck of the wax, and everyone give ear.	
FTLN 1060	BOYET <i>reads. By heaven, that thou art fair is most</i>	
FTLN 1061	<i>infallible, true that thou art beauteous, truth itself</i>	
FTLN 1062	<i>that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful</i>	70
FTLN 1063	<i>than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration</i>	
FTLN 1064	<i>on thy heroical vassal. The magnanimous and</i>	
FTLN 1065	<i>most illustrate King Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious</i>	
FTLN 1066	<i>and indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it</i>	
FTLN 1067	<i>was that might rightly say "Veni, vidi, vici," which to</i>	75

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FTLN 1068	<i>annothanize in the vulgar (O base and obscure vulgar!)</i>	
FTLN 1069	<i>videlicet, "He came, see, and overcame": He</i>	
FTLN 1070	<i>came, one; see, two; overcame, three. Who came? The</i>	
FTLN 1071	<i>King. Why did he come? To see. Why did he see? To</i>	
FTLN 1072	<i>overcome. To whom came he? To the beggar. What</i>	80
FTLN 1073	<i>saw he? The beggar. Who overcame he? The beggar.</i>	
FTLN 1074	<i>The conclusion is victory. On whose side? The</i>	
FTLN 1075	<i>['King's.'] The captive is enriched. On whose side? The</i>	
FTLN 1076	<i>beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial. On whose side?</i>	
FTLN 1077	<i>The King's—no, on both in one, or one in both. I am</i>	85
FTLN 1078	<i>the King, for so stands the comparison; thou the</i>	
FTLN 1079	<i>beggar, for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command</i>	
FTLN 1080	<i>thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could.</i>	
FTLN 1081	<i>Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou</i>	
FTLN 1082	<i>exchange for rags? Robes. For tittles? Titles. For thyself?</i>	90
FTLN 1083	<i>Me. Thus expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy</i>	
FTLN 1084	<i>foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every</i>	
FTLN 1085	<i>part.</i>	
FTLN 1086	<i>Thine, in the dearest design of industry,</i>	
FTLN 1087	<i>Don Adriano de Armado.</i>	95
FTLN 1088	<i>Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar</i>	
FTLN 1089	<i>'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey.</i>	
FTLN 1090	<i>Submissive fall his princely feet before,</i>	
FTLN 1091	<i>And he from forage will incline to play.</i>	
FTLN 1092	<i>But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?</i>	100
FTLN 1093	<i>Food for his rage, repasture for his den.</i>	
	PRINCESS	
FTLN 1094	<i>What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?</i>	
FTLN 1095	<i>What vane? What weathercock? Did you ever hear</i>	
FTLN 1096	<i>better?</i>	
	BOYET	
FTLN 1097	<i>I am much deceived but I remember the style.</i>	105
	PRINCESS	
FTLN 1098	<i>Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.</i>	
	BOYET	
FTLN 1099	<i>This Armado is a Spaniard that keeps here in court,</i>	

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FTLN 1100      A phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes  
 FTLN 1101      sport  
 FTLN 1102      To the Prince and his bookmates. 110  
 FTLN 1103      PRINCESS, *['to Costard']*      Thou, fellow, a word.  
 FTLN 1104      Who gave thee this letter?  
 FTLN 1105      COSTARD      I told you: my lord.  
 FTLN 1106      PRINCESS  
 FTLN 1106      To whom shouldst thou give it?  
 FTLN 1107      COSTARD      From my lord to my 115  
 FTLN 1108      lady.  
 FTLN 1109      PRINCESS      From which lord to which lady?  
 FTLN 1109      COSTARD  
 FTLN 1110      From my Lord Berowne, a good master of mine,  
 FTLN 1111      To a lady of France that he called Rosaline.  
 FTLN 1111      PRINCESS  
 FTLN 1112      Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away. 120  
 FTLN 1113      *['To Rosaline.']* Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be  
 FTLN 1114      thine another day.  
    *['The Princess, Katherine, Lords, and  
    Forester exit. Boyet, Rosaline, Maria,  
    and Costard remain.']*  
 FTLN 1115      BOYET  
 FTLN 1115      Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter?  
 FTLN 1116      ROSALINE      Shall I  
 FTLN 1117      teach you to know? 125  
 FTLN 1117      BOYET  
 FTLN 1118      Ay, my continent of beauty.  
 FTLN 1119      ROSALINE      Why, she that bears the bow.  
 FTLN 1120      Finely put off.  
 FTLN 1120      BOYET  
 FTLN 1121      My lady goes to kill horns, but if thou marry,  
 FTLN 1122      Hang me by the neck if horns that year miscarry. 130  
 FTLN 1123      Finely put on.  
 FTLN 1123      ROSALINE  
 FTLN 1124      Well, then, I am the shooter.  
 FTLN 1125      BOYET      And who is your deer?

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 ROSALINE

FTLN 1126 If we choose by the horns, yourself come not near.

FTLN 1127 Finely put on, indeed.

135

MARIA

 FTLN 1128 You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at  
 FTLN 1129 the brow.

BOYET

FTLN 1130 But she herself is hit lower. Have I hit her now?

 FTLN 1131 ROSALINE Shall I come upon thee with an old saying,  
 FTLN 1132 that was a man when King Pippen of France was a  
 FTLN 1133 little boy, as touching the hit it?

140

 FTLN 1134 BOYET So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a  
 FTLN 1135 woman when Queen Guinover of Britain was a little  
 FTLN 1136 wench, as touching the hit it.
ROSALINE *['sings]*
 FTLN 1137 *Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,*

145

 FTLN 1138 *Thou canst not hit it, my good man.*
BOYET *['sings]*
 FTLN 1139 *An I cannot, cannot, cannot,*

 FTLN 1140 *An I cannot, another can.*
*['Rosaline'] exits.*

COSTARD

FTLN 1141 By my troth, most pleasant. How both did fit it!

MARIA

FTLN 1142 A mark marvelous well shot, for they both did hit

150

 FTLN 1143 *['it.']*

BOYET

 FTLN 1144 A mark! O, mark but that mark. "A mark," says my  
 FTLN 1145 lady.

 FTLN 1146 Let the mark have a prick in 't to mete at, if it may  
 FTLN 1147 be.

155

MARIA

FTLN 1148 Wide o' the bow hand! I' faith, your hand is out.

COSTARD

 FTLN 1149 Indeed, he must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the  
 FTLN 1150 clout.



BOYET, *to Maria*

FTLN 1151 An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

COSTARD

FTLN 1152 Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the *pin.* 160

MARIA

FTLN 1153 Come, come, you talk greasily. Your lips grow foul.

COSTARD, *to Boyet*

FTLN 1154 She's too hard for you at pricks, sir. Challenge her  
FTLN 1155 to bowl.

BOYET

FTLN 1156 I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl.  
*Boyet and Maria exit.*

COSTARD

FTLN 1157 By my soul, a swain, a most simple clown. 165

FTLN 1158 Lord, Lord, how the ladies and I have put him  
FTLN 1159 down.

FTLN 1160 O' my troth, most sweet jests, most inconvy vulgar  
FTLN 1161 wit,

FTLN 1162 When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it 170  
FTLN 1163 were, so fit.

FTLN 1164 Armado *to* th' one side, O, a most dainty man!

FTLN 1165 To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan.

FTLN 1166 To see him kiss his hand, and how most sweetly he  
FTLN 1167 will swear. 175

FTLN 1168 And his page *to* t' other side, that handful of wit!

FTLN 1169 Ah heavens, it is *a* most pathological nit.

*Shout within.*

FTLN 1170 Sola, sola!

*He exits.*

*Scene 2*

*Enter Dull the Constable, Holofernes the Pedant, and  
Nathaniel the Curate.*

FTLN 1171 NATHANIEL Very reverend sport, truly, and done in the  
FTLN 1172 testimony of a good conscience.

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FTLN 1173	HOLOFERNES	The deer was, as you know, <i>sanguis</i> , in	
FTLN 1174		blood, ripe as the pomewater, who now hangeth	
FTLN 1175		like a jewel in the ear of <i>caelo</i> , the sky, the welkin,	5
FTLN 1176		the heaven, and anon falleth like a crab on the face	
FTLN 1177		of <i>terra</i> , the soil, the land, the earth.	
FTLN 1178	NATHANIEL	Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are	
FTLN 1179		sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least. But, sir, I	
FTLN 1180		assure you, it was a buck of the first head.	10
FTLN 1181	HOLOFERNES	Sir Nathaniel, <i>haud credo</i> .	
FTLN 1182	DULL	'Twas not a <i>haud credo</i> , 'twas a pricket.	
FTLN 1183	HOLOFERNES	Most barbarous intimation! Yet a kind of	
FTLN 1184		insinuation, as it were, <i>in via</i> , in way, of explication;	
FTLN 1185		<i>facere</i> , as it were, replication, or rather, <i>ostentare</i> , to	15
FTLN 1186		show, as it were, his inclination, after his undressed,	
FTLN 1187		unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or	
FTLN 1188		rather unlettered, or ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,	
FTLN 1189		to insert again my <i>haud credo</i> for a deer.	
FTLN 1190	DULL	I said the deer was not a <i>haud credo</i> , 'twas a	20
FTLN 1191		pricket.	
FTLN 1192	HOLOFERNES	Twice-sod simplicity, <i>bis coctus</i> !	
FTLN 1193		O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou	
FTLN 1194		look!	
	NATHANIEL		
FTLN 1195		Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred	25
FTLN 1196		in a book.	
FTLN 1197		He hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk	
FTLN 1198		ink. His intellect is not replenished. He is only an	
FTLN 1199		animal, only sensible in the duller parts.	
FTLN 1200		And such barren plants are set before us that we	30
FTLN 1201		thankful should be—	
FTLN 1202		Which we 'of' taste and feeling are—for those parts	
FTLN 1203		that do fructify in us more than he.	
FTLN 1204		For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet,	
FTLN 1205		or a fool,	35
FTLN 1206		So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in	
FTLN 1207		a school.	

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FTLN 1208	But <i>omne bene</i> , say I, being of an old father's mind:	
FTLN 1209	Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.	
	DULL	
FTLN 1210	You two are bookmen. Can you tell me by your wit	40
FTLN 1211	What was a month old at Cain's birth that's not	
FTLN 1212	five weeks old as yet?	
FTLN 1213	HOLOFERNES Dictynna, goodman Dull, Dictynna,	
FTLN 1214	goodman Dull.	
FTLN 1215	DULL What is "dictima"?	45
	NATHANIEL	
FTLN 1216	A title to Phoebe, to Luna, to the moon.	
	HOLOFERNES	
FTLN 1217	The moon was a month old when Adam was no	
FTLN 1218	more.	
FTLN 1219	And raught not to five weeks when he came to	
FTLN 1220	fivescore.	50
FTLN 1221	Th' allusion holds in the exchange.	
FTLN 1222	DULL 'Tis true indeed. The collusion holds in the	
FTLN 1223	exchange.	
FTLN 1224	HOLOFERNES God comfort thy capacity! I say, th' allusion	
FTLN 1225	holds in the exchange.	55
FTLN 1226	DULL And I say the pollution holds in the exchange, for	
FTLN 1227	the moon is never but a month old. And I say besides	
FTLN 1228	that, 'twas a pricket that the Princess killed.	
FTLN 1229	HOLOFERNES Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal	
FTLN 1230	epitaph on the death of the deer? And, to humor	60
FTLN 1231	the "ignorant, call I" the deer the Princess killed a	
FTLN 1232	pricket.	
FTLN 1233	NATHANIEL <i>Perge</i> , good Master Holofernes, <i>perge</i> , so it	
FTLN 1234	shall please you to abrogate scurrility.	
FTLN 1235	HOLOFERNES I will something affect the letter, for it	65
FTLN 1236	argues facility.	
FTLN 1237	The preyful princess pierced and pricked	
FTLN 1238	a pretty pleasing pricket,	
FTLN 1239	Some say a sore, but not a sore till now made	
FTLN 1240	sore with shooting.	70

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FTLN 1241     The dogs did yell. Put “I” to “sore,” then sorel  
 FTLN 1242       jumps from thicket,  
 FTLN 1243       Or pricket sore, or else sorel. The people fall  
 FTLN 1244       a-hooting.  
 FTLN 1245     If sore be sore, then “L” to “sore” makes fifty     75  
 FTLN 1246       sores o’ sorel.  
 FTLN 1247     Of one sore I an hundred make by adding but one  
 FTLN 1248       more “L.”  
 FTLN 1249     NATHANIEL     A rare talent.  
 FTLN 1250     DULL, *aside*     If a talent be a claw, look how he claws     80  
 FTLN 1251       him with a talent.  
 FTLN 1252     *HOLOFERNES*     This is a gift that I have, simple, simple—  
 FTLN 1253       a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms,  
 FTLN 1254       figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions,  
 FTLN 1255       revolutions. These are begot in the ventricle     85  
 FTLN 1256       of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*,  
 FTLN 1257       and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But  
 FTLN 1258       the gift is good in those *in* whom it is acute, and I  
 FTLN 1259       am thankful for it.  
 FTLN 1260     *NATHANIEL*     Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may     90  
 FTLN 1261       my parishioners, for their sons are well tutored by  
 FTLN 1262       you, and their daughters profit very greatly under  
 FTLN 1263       you. You are a good member of the  
 FTLN 1264       commonwealth.  
 FTLN 1265     *HOLOFERNES*     *Mehercle*, if their sons be *ingenious*,     95  
 FTLN 1266       they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be  
 FTLN 1267       capable, I will put it to them. But *Vir sapis qui pauca*  
 FTLN 1268       *loquitur*. A soul feminine saluteth us.

*Enter Jaquenetta and the Clown Costard.*

FTLN 1269     JAQUENETTA, *to Nathaniel*     God give you good morrow,  
 FTLN 1270       Master Person.     100  
 FTLN 1271     *HOLOFERNES*     Master Person, *quasi* *perce* one. And  
 FTLN 1272       if one should be pierced, which is the one?  
 FTLN 1273     COSTARD     Marry, Master Schoolmaster, he that is likeliest  
 FTLN 1274       to a hogshead.

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FTLN 1275	「HOLOFERNES」	Of piercing a hogshead! A good luster	105
FTLN 1276		of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint,	
FTLN 1277		pearl enough for a swine. 'Tis pretty, it is well.	
FTLN 1278	JAQUENETTA, 「to Nathaniel」	Good Master Parson, be so	
FTLN 1279		good as read me this letter. It was given me by	
FTLN 1280		Costard, and sent me from Don Armado. I beseech	110
FTLN 1281		you, read it.	
		「She hands Nathaniel a paper, which he looks at.」	
	「HOLOFERNES」		
FTLN 1282		<i>Facile precor gelida quando peccas omnia sub umbra.</i>	
FTLN 1283		<i>Ruminat—</i>	
FTLN 1284		and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of	
FTLN 1285		thee as the traveler doth of Venice:	115
FTLN 1286		<i>Venetia, Venetia,</i>	
FTLN 1287		<i>Chi non ti vede, non ti pretia.</i>	
FTLN 1288		Old Mantuan, old Mantuan! Who understandeth	
FTLN 1289		thee not, loves thee not. (「He sings.」) Ut, re, sol, la,	
FTLN 1290		mi, fa. (「To Nathaniel.」) Under pardon, sir, what are	120
FTLN 1291		the contents? Or rather, as Horace says in his—	
FTLN 1292		(「Looking at the letter.」) What, my soul, verses?	
FTLN 1293	「NATHANIEL」	Ay, sir, and very learned.	
FTLN 1294	「HOLOFERNES」	Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse,	
FTLN 1295		<i>Lege, domine.</i>	125
	「NATHANIEL, reads」		
FTLN 1296		<i>If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?</i>	
FTLN 1297		<i>Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!</i>	
FTLN 1298		<i>Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove.</i>	
FTLN 1299		<i>Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers</i>	
FTLN 1300		<i>bowed.</i>	130
FTLN 1301		<i>Study his bias leaves and makes his book thine eyes,</i>	
FTLN 1302		<i>Where all those pleasures live that art would</i>	
FTLN 1303		<i>comprehend.</i>	
FTLN 1304		<i>If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice.</i>	
FTLN 1305		<i>Well-learnèd is that tongue that well can thee</i>	135
FTLN 1306		<i>commend.</i>	

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FTLN 1307 *All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;*  
 FTLN 1308 *Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire.*  
 FTLN 1309 *Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful*  
 FTLN 1310 *thunder,* 140  
 FTLN 1311 *Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.*  
 FTLN 1312 *Celestial as thou art, O, pardon love this wrong,*  
 FTLN 1313 *That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.*  
 FTLN 1314 HOLOFERNES You find not the apostrophus, and so  
 FTLN 1315 miss the accent. Let me supervise the *「canzonet.」* 145  
 FTLN 1316 *「He takes the paper.」* Here are only numbers ratified,  
 FTLN 1317 but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of  
 FTLN 1318 poesy—*caret*. Ovidius Naso was the man. And why  
 FTLN 1319 indeed “Naso,” but for smelling out the odoriferous  
 FTLN 1320 flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari* is 150  
 FTLN 1321 nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his  
 FTLN 1322 keeper, the tired horse his rider.—But damosella  
 FTLN 1323 virgin, was this directed to you?  
 FTLN 1324 JAQUENETTA Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Berowne, one  
 FTLN 1325 of the strange queen's lords. 155  
 FTLN 1326 *「HOLOFERNES」* I will overglance the superscript: “*To*  
 FTLN 1327 *the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady*  
 FTLN 1328 *Rosaline.*” I will look again on the intellect of the  
 FTLN 1329 letter for the nomination of the party *「writing」* to  
 FTLN 1330 the person written unto: “*Your Ladyship's in all* 160  
 FTLN 1331 *desired employment, Berowne.*” Sir *「Nathaniel,」* this  
 FTLN 1332 Berowne is one of the votaries with the King, and  
 FTLN 1333 here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the  
 FTLN 1334 stranger queen's: which accidentally, or by the way  
 FTLN 1335 of progression, hath miscarried. *「To Jaquenetta.」* 165  
 FTLN 1336 Trip and go, my sweet. Deliver this paper into the  
 FTLN 1337 royal hand of the King. It may concern much. Stay  
 FTLN 1338 not thy compliment. I forgive thy duty. Adieu.  
 FTLN 1339 JAQUENETTA Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God  
 FTLN 1340 save your life. 170  
 FTLN 1341 COSTARD Have with thee, my girl.  
*「Costard and Jaquenetta」 exit.*

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FTLN 1342 「NATHANIEL」 Sir, you have done this in the fear of God  
 FTLN 1343 very religiously; and, as a certain Father saith—  
 FTLN 1344 HOLOFERNES Sir, tell not me of the Father. I do fear  
 FTLN 1345 colorable colors. But to return to the verses: did 175  
 FTLN 1346 they please you, Sir Nathaniel?  
 FTLN 1347 NATHANIEL Marvelous well for the pen.  
 FTLN 1348 HOLOFERNES I do dine today at the father's of a certain  
 FTLN 1349 pupil of mine, where if, before repast, it shall  
 FTLN 1350 please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, 180  
 FTLN 1351 on my privilege I have with the parents of the  
 FTLN 1352 foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*;  
 FTLN 1353 where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned,  
 FTLN 1354 neither savoring of poetry, wit, nor invention.  
 FTLN 1355 I beseech your society. 185  
 FTLN 1356 NATHANIEL And thank you too; for society, saith the  
 FTLN 1357 text, is the happiness of life.  
 FTLN 1358 HOLOFERNES And certes the text most infallibly concludes  
 FTLN 1359 it. 「*To Dull.*」 Sir, I do invite you too. You shall  
 FTLN 1360 not say me nay. *Pauca verba.* Away! The gentles are 190  
 FTLN 1361 at their game, and we will to our recreation.

*They exit.*

「Scene 3」

*Enter Berowne with a paper in his hand, alone.*

FTLN 1362 BEROWNE The King, he is hunting the deer; I am  
 FTLN 1363 coursing myself. They have pitched a toil; I am  
 FTLN 1364 toiling in a pitch—pitch that defiles. Defile! A foul  
 FTLN 1365 word. Well, “set thee down, sorrow”; for so they  
 FTLN 1366 say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well 5  
 FTLN 1367 proved, wit. By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax.  
 FTLN 1368 It kills sheep, it kills me, I a sheep. Well proved  
 FTLN 1369 again, o’ my side. I will not love. If I do, hang me. I’  
 FTLN 1370 faith, I will not. O, but her eye! By this light, but for  
 FTLN 1371 her eye I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. 10

FTLN 1372 Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my  
 FTLN 1373 throat. By heaven, I do love, and it hath taught me to  
 FTLN 1374 rhyme, and to be melancholy. And here is part of my  
 FTLN 1375 rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one  
 FTLN 1376 o' my sonnets already. The clown bore it, the fool 15  
 FTLN 1377 sent it, and the lady hath it. Sweet clown, sweeter  
 FTLN 1378 fool, sweetest lady. By the world, I would not care a  
 FTLN 1379 pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with  
 FTLN 1380 a paper. God give him grace to groan.

*He stands aside.*

*The King entereth 'with a paper.'*

FTLN 1381 KING Ay me! 20  
 FTLN 1382 BEROWNE, '*aside*' Shot, by heaven! Proceed, sweet  
 FTLN 1383 Cupid. Thou hast thumped him with thy birdbolt  
 FTLN 1384 under the left pap. In faith, secrets!  
 KING '*reads*'  
 FTLN 1385 *So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not*  
 FTLN 1386 *To those fresh morning drops upon the rose* 25  
 FTLN 1387 *As thy eyebeams, when their fresh rays have smote*  
 FTLN 1388 *The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows.*  
 FTLN 1389 *Nor shines the silver moon one-half so bright*  
 FTLN 1390 *Through the transparent bosom of the deep*  
 FTLN 1391 *As doth thy face, through tears of mine, give light.* 30  
 FTLN 1392 *Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep.*  
 FTLN 1393 *No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;*  
 FTLN 1394 *So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.*  
 FTLN 1395 *Do but behold the tears that swell in me,*  
 FTLN 1396 *And they thy glory through my grief will show.* 35  
 FTLN 1397 *But do not love thyself; then thou 'wilt' keep*  
 FTLN 1398 *My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.*  
 FTLN 1399 *O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel*  
 FTLN 1400 *No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.*  
 FTLN 1401 How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper. 40  
 FTLN 1402 Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?



FTLN 1403	What, Longaville, and reading! Listen, ear.	
	BEROWNE, 「 <i>aside</i> 」	
FTLN 1404	Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!	
FTLN 1405	LONGAVILLE Ay me! I am forsworn.	
	BEROWNE, 「 <i>aside</i> 」	
FTLN 1406	Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers!	45
	「KING, <i>aside</i> 」	
FTLN 1407	In love, I hope! Sweet fellowship in shame.	
	BEROWNE, 「 <i>aside</i> 」	
FTLN 1408	One drunkard loves another of the name.	
	LONGAVILLE	
FTLN 1409	Am I the first that have been perjured so?	
	BEROWNE, 「 <i>aside</i> 」	
FTLN 1410	I could put thee in comfort: not by two that I know.	
FTLN 1411	Thou makest the triumvir, the corner-cap of	50
FTLN 1412	society,	
FTLN 1413	The shape of love's Tyburn, that hangs up simplicity.	
	LONGAVILLE	
FTLN 1414	I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move.	
FTLN 1415	「 <i>Reads.</i> 」 <i>O sweet Maria, empress of my love—</i>	
FTLN 1416	These numbers will I tear and write in prose.	55
	「 <i>He tears the paper.</i> 」	
	BEROWNE, 「 <i>aside</i> 」	
FTLN 1417	O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose.	
FTLN 1418	Disfigure not his shop!	
FTLN 1419	LONGAVILLE, 「 <i>taking another paper</i> 」 This same shall go.	
	( <i>He reads the sonnet.</i> )	
FTLN 1420	<i>Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,</i>	
FTLN 1421	<i>'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,</i>	60
FTLN 1422	<i>Persuade my heart to this false perjury?</i>	
FTLN 1423	<i>Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.</i>	
FTLN 1424	<i>A woman I forswore, but I will prove,</i>	
FTLN 1425	<i>Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee.</i>	
FTLN 1426	<i>My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love.</i>	65

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FTLN 1427	<i>Thy grace being gained cures all disgrace in me.</i>	
FTLN 1428	<i>Vows are but breath, and breath a vapor is.</i>	
FTLN 1429	<i>Then thou, fair sun, which on my Earth dost</i>	
FTLN 1430	<i>shine,</i>	
FTLN 1431	<i>Exhal'st this vapor-vow; in thee it is.</i>	70
FTLN 1432	<i>If broken, then, it is no fault of mine.</i>	
FTLN 1433	<i>If by me broke, what fool is not so wise</i>	
FTLN 1434	<i>To lose an oath to win a paradise?</i>	
	BEROWNE, <i>「aside」</i>	
FTLN 1435	<i>This is the liver vein, which makes flesh a deity,</i>	
FTLN 1436	<i>A green goose a goddess. Pure, pure ‹idolatry.›</i>	75
FTLN 1437	<i>God amend us, God amend. We are much out o' th'</i>	
FTLN 1438	<i>way.</i>	
	LONGAVILLE	
FTLN 1439	<i>By whom shall I send this?—Company? Stay.</i>	
	<i>「He steps aside.」</i>	
	<i>Enter Dumaine, 「with a paper.」</i>	
	BEROWNE, <i>「aside」</i>	
FTLN 1440	<i>All hid, all hid—an old infant play.</i>	
FTLN 1441	<i>Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,</i>	80
FTLN 1442	<i>And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'ereye.</i>	
FTLN 1443	<i>More sacks to the mill. O heavens, I have my wish.</i>	
FTLN 1444	<i>Dumaine transformed! Four woodcocks in a dish.</i>	
FTLN 1445	DUMAINE <i>O most divine Kate!</i>	
FTLN 1446	BEROWNE, <i>「aside」</i> <i>O most profane coxcomb!</i>	85
	DUMAINE	
FTLN 1447	<i>By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye!</i>	
	BEROWNE, <i>「aside」</i>	
FTLN 1448	<i>By Earth, she is not, corporal. There you lie.</i>	
	DUMAINE	
FTLN 1449	<i>Her amber hairs for foul hath amber quoted.</i>	
	BEROWNE, <i>「aside」</i>	
FTLN 1450	<i>An amber-colored raven was well noted.</i>	
	DUMAINE	
FTLN 1451	<i>As upright as the cedar.</i>	90

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FTLN 1452 BEROWNE, *aside* Stoop, I say.  
 FTLN 1453 Her shoulder is with child.  
 FTLN 1454 DUMAINE As fair as day.  
 BEROWNE, *aside*  
 FTLN 1455 Ay, as some days, but then no sun must shine.  
 DUMAINE  
 FTLN 1456 O, that I had my wish! 95  
 FTLN 1457 LONGAVILLE, *aside* And I had mine!  
 FTLN 1458 KING, *aside* And mine too, good Lord!  
 BEROWNE, *aside*  
 FTLN 1459 Amen, so I had mine. Is not that a good word?  
 DUMAINE  
 FTLN 1460 I would forget her, but a fever she  
 FTLN 1461 Reigns in my blood, and will remembered be. 100  
 BEROWNE, *aside*  
 FTLN 1462 A fever in your blood? Why, then incision  
 FTLN 1463 Would let her out in saucers! Sweet misprision.  
 DUMAINE  
 FTLN 1464 Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.  
 BEROWNE, *aside*  
 FTLN 1465 Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.  
 DUMAINE *reads his sonnet.*  
 FTLN 1466 *On a day—alack the day!—* 105  
 FTLN 1467 *Love, whose month is ever May,*  
 FTLN 1468 *Spied a blossom passing fair,*  
 FTLN 1469 *Playing in the wanton air.*  
 FTLN 1470 *Through the velvet leaves the wind,*  
 FTLN 1471 *All unseen, can passage find;* 110  
 FTLN 1472 *That the lover, sick to death,*  
 FTLN 1473 *Wished himself the heaven's breath.*  
 FTLN 1474 *"Air," quoth he, "thy cheeks may blow.*  
 FTLN 1475 *Air, would I might triumph so!"*  
 FTLN 1476 *But, alack, my hand is sworn* 115  
 FTLN 1477 *Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn."*

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FTLN 1478	<i>Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,</i>	
FTLN 1479	<i>Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.</i>	
FTLN 1480	<i>Do not call it sin in me</i>	
FTLN 1481	<i>That I am forsworn for thee—</i>	120
FTLN 1482	<i>Thou for whom Jove would swear</i>	
FTLN 1483	<i>Juno but an Ethiop were,</i>	
FTLN 1484	<i>And deny himself for Jove,</i>	
FTLN 1485	<i>Turning mortal for thy love.</i>	
FTLN 1486	This will I send, and something else more plain	125
FTLN 1487	That shall express my true love's fasting pain.	
FTLN 1488	O, would the King, Berowne, and Longaville	
FTLN 1489	Were lovers too! Ill to example ill	
FTLN 1490	Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note,	
FTLN 1491	For none offend where all alike do dote.	130
	LONGAVILLE, <i>['coming forward']</i>	
FTLN 1492	Dumaine, thy love is far from charity,	
FTLN 1493	That in love's grief desir'st society.	
FTLN 1494	You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,	
FTLN 1495	To be o'er-heard and taken napping so.	
	KING, <i>['coming forward']</i>	
FTLN 1496	<i>['To Longaville.']</i> Come, sir, you blush! As his, your	135
FTLN 1497	case is such.	
FTLN 1498	You chide at him, offending twice as much.	
FTLN 1499	You do not love Maria? Longaville	
FTLN 1500	Did never sonnet for her sake compile,	
FTLN 1501	Nor never lay his wreathèd arms athwart	140
FTLN 1502	His loving bosom to keep down his heart?	
FTLN 1503	I have been closely shrouded in this bush	
FTLN 1504	And marked you both, and for you both did blush.	
FTLN 1505	I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your fashion,	
FTLN 1506	Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion.	145
FTLN 1507	"Ay, me!" says one. "O Jove!" the other cries.	
FTLN 1508	One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes.	
FTLN 1509	<i>['To Longaville.']</i> You would for paradise break faith	
FTLN 1510	and troth,	

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FTLN 1511	「 <i>To Dumaine.</i> 」 And Jove, for your love, would	150
FTLN 1512	infringe an oath.	
FTLN 1513	What will Berowne say when that he shall hear	
FTLN 1514	Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?	
FTLN 1515	How will he scorn, how will he spend his wit!	
FTLN 1516	How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it!	155
FTLN 1517	For all the wealth that ever I did see,	
FTLN 1518	I would not have him know so much by me.	
	BEROWNE, 「 <i>coming forward</i> 」	
FTLN 1519	Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.	
FTLN 1520	Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me.	
FTLN 1521	Good heart, what grace hast thou thus to reprove	160
FTLN 1522	These worms for loving, that art most in love?	
FTLN 1523	Your eyes do make no 「 <i>coaches</i> ;」 in your tears	
FTLN 1524	There is no certain princess that appears.	
FTLN 1525	You'll not be perjured, 'tis a hateful thing!	
FTLN 1526	Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting!	165
FTLN 1527	But are you not ashamed? Nay, are you not,	
FTLN 1528	All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?	
FTLN 1529	「 <i>To Longaville.</i> 」 You found his mote, the King your	
FTLN 1530	mote did see,	
FTLN 1531	But I a beam do find in each of three.	170
FTLN 1532	O, what a scene of fool'ry have I seen,	
FTLN 1533	Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!	
FTLN 1534	O me, with what strict patience have I sat,	
FTLN 1535	To see a king transformèd to a gnat!	
FTLN 1536	To see great Hercules whipping a gig,	175
FTLN 1537	And profound Solomon to tune a jig,	
FTLN 1538	And Nestor play at pushpin with the boys,	
FTLN 1539	And critic Timon laugh at idle toys.	
FTLN 1540	Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumaine?	
FTLN 1541	And gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?	180
FTLN 1542	And where my liege's? All about the breast!	
FTLN 1543	A caudle, ho!	
FTLN 1544	KING Too bitter is thy jest.	
FTLN 1545	Are we betrayed thus to thy overview?	

BEROWNE

FTLN 1546 Not you 'to' me, but I betrayed 'by' you. 185  
 FTLN 1547 I, that am honest, I, that hold it sin  
 FTLN 1548 To break the vow I am engagèd in.  
 FTLN 1549 I am betrayed by keeping company  
 FTLN 1550 With men like 'you,' men of inconstancy.  
 FTLN 1551 When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme? 190  
 FTLN 1552 Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time  
 FTLN 1553 In pruning me? When shall you hear that I  
 FTLN 1554 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,  
 FTLN 1555 A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,  
 FTLN 1556 A leg, a limb— 195

*Enter Jaquenetta, 'with a paper,' and Clown 'Costard.'*  
*'Berowne begins to exit.'*

FTLN 1557 KING Soft, whither away so fast?  
 FTLN 1558 A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?  
 BEROWNE  
 FTLN 1559 I post from love. Good lover, let me go.  
 JAQUENETTA  
 FTLN 1560 God bless the King.  
 FTLN 1561 KING What present hast thou there? 200  
 COSTARD  
 FTLN 1562 Some certain treason.  
 FTLN 1563 KING What makes treason here?  
 COSTARD  
 FTLN 1564 Nay, it makes nothing, sir.  
 FTLN 1565 KING If it mar nothing neither,  
 FTLN 1566 The treason and you go in peace away together. 205  
 JAQUENETTA  
 FTLN 1567 I beseech your Grace, let this letter be read.  
 FTLN 1568 Our person misdoubts it. 'Twas treason, he said.  
 KING  
 FTLN 1569 Berowne, read it over.  
*'Berowne' reads the letter.*  
 FTLN 1570 *'To Jaquenetta.'* Where hadst thou it?

FTLN 1571	JAUQUENETTA	Of Costard.	210
FTLN 1572	KING,	「to Costard」 Where hadst thou it?	
FTLN 1573	COSTARD	Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.	
		「Berowne tears the paper.」	
	KING,	「to Berowne」	
FTLN 1574		How now, what is in you? Why dost thou tear it?	
	BEROWNE		
FTLN 1575		A toy, my liege, a toy. Your Grace needs not fear it.	
	LONGAVILLE		
FTLN 1576		It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear	215
FTLN 1577		it.	
	DUMAINE,	「picking up the papers」	
FTLN 1578		It is Berowne's writing, and here is his name.	
	BEROWNE,	「to Costard」	
FTLN 1579		Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, you were born to do	
FTLN 1580		me shame.—	
FTLN 1581		Guilty, my lord, guilty. I confess, I confess.	220
FTLN 1582	KING	What?	
	BEROWNE		
FTLN 1583		That you three fools lacked me fool to make up	
FTLN 1584		the mess.	
FTLN 1585		He, he, and you—and you, my liege—and I	
FTLN 1586		Are pickpurses in love, and we deserve to die.	225
FTLN 1587		O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.	
	DUMAINE		
FTLN 1588		Now the number is even.	
FTLN 1589	BEROWNE	True, true, we are four.	
FTLN 1590		「Pointing to Jaquenetta and Costard.」 Will these	
FTLN 1591		turtles be gone?	230
FTLN 1592	KING	Hence, sirs. Away.	
	COSTARD		
FTLN 1593		Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.	
		「Jaquenetta and Costard exit.」	
	BEROWNE		
FTLN 1594		Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace.	
FTLN 1595		As true we are as flesh and blood can be.	

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FTLN 1596	The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;	235
FTLN 1597	Young blood doth not obey an old decree.	
FTLN 1598	We cannot cross the cause why we were born;	
FTLN 1599	Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.	
	KING	
FTLN 1600	What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?	
	BEROWNE	
FTLN 1601	Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly	240
FTLN 1602	Rosaline	
FTLN 1603	That, like a rude and savage man of Ind	
FTLN 1604	At the first op'ning of the gorgeous East,	
FTLN 1605	Bows not his vassal head and, stricken blind,	
FTLN 1606	Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?	245
FTLN 1607	What peremptory eagle-sighted eye	
FTLN 1608	Dares look upon the heaven of her brow	
FTLN 1609	That is not blinded by her majesty?	
	KING	
FTLN 1610	What zeal, what fury, hath inspired thee now?	
FTLN 1611	My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon,	250
FTLN 1612	She an attending star scarce seen a light.	
	BEROWNE	
FTLN 1613	My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Berowne.	
FTLN 1614	O, but for my love, day would turn to night!	
FTLN 1615	Of all complexions the culled sovereignty	
FTLN 1616	Do meet as at a fair in her fair cheek.	255
FTLN 1617	Where several worthies make one dignity,	
FTLN 1618	Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.	
FTLN 1619	Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues—	
FTLN 1620	Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not!	
FTLN 1621	To things of sale a seller's praise belongs.	260
FTLN 1622	She passes praise. Then praise too short doth blot.	
FTLN 1623	A withered hermit, fivescore winters worn,	
FTLN 1624	Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye.	
FTLN 1625	Beauty doth varnish age, as if newborn,	



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FTLN 1626	And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.	265
FTLN 1627	O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine!	
	KING	
FTLN 1628	By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.	
	BEROWNE	
FTLN 1629	Is ebony like her? O word divine!	
FTLN 1630	A wife of such wood were felicity.	
FTLN 1631	O, who can give an oath? Where is a book,	270
FTLN 1632	That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack	
FTLN 1633	If that she learn not of her eye to look?	
FTLN 1634	No face is fair that is not full so black.	
	KING	
FTLN 1635	O, paradox! Black is the badge of hell,	
FTLN 1636	The hue of dungeons and the school of night,	275
FTLN 1637	And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.	
	BEROWNE	
FTLN 1638	Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.	
FTLN 1639	O, if in black my lady's brows be decked,	
FTLN 1640	It mourns that painting 'and' usurping hair	
FTLN 1641	Should ravish doters with a false aspect:	280
FTLN 1642	And therefore is she born to make black fair.	
FTLN 1643	Her favor turns the fashion of the days,	
FTLN 1644	For native blood is counted painting now.	
FTLN 1645	And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,	
FTLN 1646	Paints itself black to imitate her brow.	285
	DUMAINE	
FTLN 1647	To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.	
	LONGAVILLE	
FTLN 1648	And since her time are colliers counted bright.	
	KING	
FTLN 1649	And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion crack.	
	DUMAINE	
FTLN 1650	Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.	
	BEROWNE	
FTLN 1651	Your mistresses dare never come in rain,	290
FTLN 1652	For fear their colors should be washed away.	

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KING

FTLN 1653 'Twere good yours did, for, sir, to tell you plain,  
FTLN 1654 I'll find a fairer face not washed today.

BEROWNE

FTLN 1655 I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.

KING

FTLN 1656 No devil will fright thee then so much as she. 295

DUMAINE

FTLN 1657 I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

LONGAVILLE, *['showing his shoe']*

FTLN 1658 Look, here's thy love; my foot and her face see.

BEROWNE

FTLN 1659 O, if the streets were pavèd with thine eyes.

FTLN 1660 Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.

DUMAINE

FTLN 1661 O vile! Then as she goes, what upward lies 300

FTLN 1662 The street should see as she walked overhead.

KING

FTLN 1663 But what of this? Are we not all in love?

BEROWNE

FTLN 1664 Nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworn.

KING

FTLN 1665 Then leave this chat, and, good Berowne, now prove

FTLN 1666 Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn. 305

DUMAINE

FTLN 1667 Ay, marry, there, some flattery for this evil.

LONGAVILLE

FTLN 1668 O, some authority how to proceed,

FTLN 1669 Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the devil.

DUMAINE

FTLN 1670 Some salve for perjury.

FTLN 1671 BEROWNE O, 'tis more than need. 310

FTLN 1672 Have at you, then, affection's men-at-arms!

FTLN 1673 O, we have made a vow to study, lords,

FTLN 1674 And in that vow we have forsworn our books.

FTLN 1675	For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,	
FTLN 1676	In leaden contemplation have found out	315
FTLN 1677	Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes	
FTLN 1678	Of beauty's tutors have enriched you with?	
FTLN 1679	Other slow arts entirely keep the brain	
FTLN 1680	And therefore, finding barren practicers,	
FTLN 1681	Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil.	320
FTLN 1682	But love, first learnèd in a lady's eyes,	
FTLN 1683	Lives not alone immurèd in the brain,	
FTLN 1684	But with the motion of all elements	
FTLN 1685	Courses as swift as thought in every power,	
FTLN 1686	And gives to every power a double power,	325
FTLN 1687	Above their functions and their offices.	
FTLN 1688	It adds a precious seeing to the eye.	
FTLN 1689	A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind.	
FTLN 1690	A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,	
FTLN 1691	When the suspicious head of theft is stopped.	330
FTLN 1692	Love's feeling is more soft and sensible	
FTLN 1693	Than are the tender horns of cockled snails.	
FTLN 1694	Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste.	
FTLN 1695	For valor, is not love a Hercules,	
FTLN 1696	Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?	335
FTLN 1697	Subtle as Sphinx, as sweet and musical	
FTLN 1698	As bright Apollo's lute strung with his hair.	
FTLN 1699	And when love speaks, the voice of all the gods	
FTLN 1700	Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.	
FTLN 1701	Never durst poet touch a pen to write	340
FTLN 1702	Until his ink were tempered with love's sighs.	
FTLN 1703	O, then his lines would ravish savage ears	
FTLN 1704	And plant in tyrants mild humility.	
FTLN 1705	From women's eyes this doctrine I derive.	
FTLN 1706	They sparkle still the right Promethean fire.	345
FTLN 1707	They are the books, the arts, the academes	
FTLN 1708	That show, contain, and nourish all the world.	
FTLN 1709	Else none at all in ought proves excellent.	

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FTLN 1710	Then fools you were these women to forswear,	
FTLN 1711	Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.	350
FTLN 1712	For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,	
FTLN 1713	Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men,	
FTLN 1714	Or for men's sake, the 'authors' of these women,	
FTLN 1715	Or women's sake, by whom we men are men,	
FTLN 1716	'Let' us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,	355
FTLN 1717	Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.	
FTLN 1718	It is religion to be thus forsworn,	
FTLN 1719	For charity itself fulfills the law,	
FTLN 1720	And who can sever love from charity?	
	KING	
FTLN 1721	Saint Cupid, then, and, soldiers, to the field!	360
	BEROWNE	
FTLN 1722	Advance your standards, and upon them, lords.	
FTLN 1723	Pell-mell, down with them. But be first advised	
FTLN 1724	In conflict that you get the sun of them.	
	LONGAVILLE	
FTLN 1725	Now to plain dealing. Lay these glozes by.	
FTLN 1726	Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?	365
	KING	
FTLN 1727	And win them, too. Therefore let us devise	
FTLN 1728	Some entertainment for them in their tents.	
	BEROWNE	
FTLN 1729	First, from the park let us conduct them thither.	
FTLN 1730	Then homeward every man attach the hand	
FTLN 1731	Of his fair mistress. In the afternoon	370
FTLN 1732	We will with some strange pastime solace them,	
FTLN 1733	Such as the shortness of the time can shape;	
FTLN 1734	For revels, dances, masques, and merry hours	
FTLN 1735	Forerun fair love, strewing her way with flowers.	
	KING	
FTLN 1736	Away, away! No time shall be omitted	375
FTLN 1737	That will betime and may by us be fitted.	

BEROWNE

FTLN 1738

「*Allons! Allons!*」 Sowed cockle reaped no corn,

FTLN 1739

And justice always whirls in equal measure.

FTLN 1740

Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;

FTLN 1741

If so, our copper buys no better treasure.

380

「*They exit.*」

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「Scene 1」

Enter 「Holofernes」 the Pedant, 「Nathaniel」 the Curate,  
and Dull 「the Constable.」

FTLN 1742	HOLOFERNES	<i>Satis quid sufficit.</i>	
FTLN 1743	NATHANIEL	I praise God for you, sir. Your reasons at	
FTLN 1744		dinner have been sharp and sententious, pleasant	
FTLN 1745		without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious	
FTLN 1746		without impudency, learned without opinion,	5
FTLN 1747		and strange without heresy. I did converse this	
FTLN 1748		<i>quondam</i> day with a companion of the King's, who	
FTLN 1749		is intituled, nominated, or called Don Adriano de	
FTLN 1750		Armado.	
FTLN 1751	HOLOFERNES	<i>Novi 「hominem」 tanquam te.</i> His humor	10
FTLN 1752		is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed,	
FTLN 1753		his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general	
FTLN 1754		behavior vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is	
FTLN 1755		too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it	
FTLN 1756		were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.	15
FTLN 1757	NATHANIEL	A most singular and choice epithet.	
		<i>Draw out his table book.</i>	
FTLN 1758	HOLOFERNES	He draweth out the thread of his verbosity	
FTLN 1759		finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor	
FTLN 1760		such fanatical phantasies, such insociable and	
FTLN 1761		point-devise companions, such rackers of orthography,	20
FTLN 1762		as to speak “dout,” fine, when he should	
FTLN 1763		say “doubt”; “det” when he should pronounce	

FTLN 1764	"debt"— <i>d, e, b, t</i> , not <i>d, e, t</i> . He clepeth a calf	
FTLN 1765	"cauf," half "hauf," neighbor <i>vocatur</i> "nebor";	
FTLN 1766	<i>neigh</i> abbreviated <i>ne</i> . This is abhominable—which	25
FTLN 1767	he would call "abominable." It insinuateth me of	
FTLN 1768	「insanie.」 <i>Ne intelligis, domine?</i> To make frantic,	
FTLN 1769	lunatic.	
FTLN 1770	NATHANIEL <i>Laus Deo, 「bone」 intelligo.</i>	
FTLN 1771	HOLOFERNES 「Bone? Bone」 for 「bene?」 Priscian a little	30
FTLN 1772	scratched; 'twill serve.	
	<i>Enter 「Armado the」 Braggart, Boy, 「and Costard.」</i>	
FTLN 1773	NATHANIEL <i>Videsne quis venit?</i>	
FTLN 1774	HOLOFERNES <i>Video, et gaudeo.</i>	
FTLN 1775	ARMADO <i>Chirrah.</i>	
FTLN 1776	HOLOFERNES <i>Quare</i> "chirrah," not "sirrah"?	35
FTLN 1777	ARMADO Men of peace, well encountered.	
FTLN 1778	HOLOFERNES Most military sir, salutation.	
FTLN 1779	BOY, 「aside to Costard」 They have been at a great feast	
FTLN 1780	of languages and stolen the scraps.	
FTLN 1781	COSTARD, 「aside to Boy」 O, they have lived long on the	40
FTLN 1782	almsbasket of words. I marvel thy master hath not	
FTLN 1783	eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the	
FTLN 1784	head as <i>honorificabilitudinitatibus</i> . Thou art easier	
FTLN 1785	swallowed than a flapdragon.	
FTLN 1786	BOY, 「aside to Costard」 Peace, the peal begins.	45
FTLN 1787	ARMADO, 「to Holofernes」 Monsieur, are you not	
FTLN 1788	lettered?	
FTLN 1789	BOY Yes, yes, he teaches boys the hornbook.—What is	
FTLN 1790	<i>a, b</i> spelled backward, with the horn on his head?	
FTLN 1791	HOLOFERNES <i>Ba, pueritia</i> , with a horn added.	50
FTLN 1792	BOY <i>Ba</i> , most silly sheep, with a horn.—You hear his	
FTLN 1793	learning.	
FTLN 1794	HOLOFERNES <i>Quis, quis</i> , thou consonant?	
FTLN 1795	BOY The last of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or	
FTLN 1796	the fifth, if I.	55
FTLN 1797	HOLOFERNES I will repeat them: <i>a, e, i</i> —	

FTLN 1798	BOY	The sheep. The other two concludes it: <i>o, u.</i>	
FTLN 1799	ARMADO	Now by the salt <i>⟨wave⟩</i> of the Mediterranean,	
FTLN 1800		a sweet touch, a quick venue of wit! Snip, snap,	
FTLN 1801		quick and home. It rejoiceth my intellect. True	60
FTLN 1802		wit.	
FTLN 1803	BOY	Offered by a child to an old man—which is	
FTLN 1804		wit-old.	
FTLN 1805	HOLOFERNES	What is the figure? What is the figure?	
FTLN 1806	BOY	Horns.	65
FTLN 1807	HOLOFERNES	Thou disputes like an infant. Go whip thy	
FTLN 1808		gig.	
FTLN 1809	BOY	Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip	
FTLN 1810		about your infamy— <i>unum cita</i> —a gig of a cuckold's	
FTLN 1811		horn.	70
FTLN 1812	COSTARD	An I had but one penny in the world, thou	
FTLN 1813		shouldst have it to buy gingerbread! Hold, there is	
FTLN 1814		the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou	
FTLN 1815		halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon egg of discretion.	
FTLN 1816		‘ <i>He gives him money.</i> ’ O, an the heavens were	75
FTLN 1817		so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a	
FTLN 1818		joyful father wouldest thou make me! Go to, thou	
FTLN 1819		hast it <i>ad dunghill</i> , at the fingers’ ends, as they say.	
FTLN 1820	HOLOFERNES	Oh, I smell false Latin! <i>Dunghill</i> for	
FTLN 1821		<i>unquem.</i>	80
FTLN 1822	ARMADO	Arts-man, preambulate. We will be singuled	
FTLN 1823		from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at	
FTLN 1824		the charge-house on the top of the mountain?	
FTLN 1825	HOLOFERNES	Or <i>mons</i> , the hill.	
FTLN 1826	ARMADO	At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.	85
FTLN 1827	HOLOFERNES	I do, <i>sans question.</i>	
FTLN 1828	ARMADO	Sir, it is the King’s most sweet pleasure and	
FTLN 1829		affection to congratulate the Princess at her pavilion	
FTLN 1830		in the posteriors of this day, which the rude	
FTLN 1831		multitude call the afternoon.	90
FTLN 1832	HOLOFERNES	“The posterior of the day,” most generous	
FTLN 1833		sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for	



FTLN 1834	“the afternoon”; the word is well culled, chose,	
FTLN 1835	sweet, and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.	
FTLN 1836	ARMADO Sir, the King is a noble gentleman, and my	95
FTLN 1837	familiar, I do assure you, very good friend. For	
FTLN 1838	what is inward between us, let it pass. I do beseech	
FTLN 1839	thee, remember thy courtesy; I beseech thee apparel	
FTLN 1840	thy head. And among other important and most	
FTLN 1841	serious designs, and of great import indeed, too—	100
FTLN 1842	but let that pass; for I must tell thee, it will please his	
FTLN 1843	Grace, by the world, sometimes to lean upon my	
FTLN 1844	poor shoulder and with his royal finger thus dally	
FTLN 1845	with my excrement, with my mustachio—but,	
FTLN 1846	sweetheart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no	105
FTLN 1847	fable! Some certain special honors it pleaseth his	
FTLN 1848	Greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of	
FTLN 1849	travel, that hath seen the world—but let that pass.	
FTLN 1850	The very all of all is—but sweetheart, I do implore	
FTLN 1851	secrecy—that the King would have me present the	110
FTLN 1852	Princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation,	
FTLN 1853	or show, or pageant, or antic, or firework.	
FTLN 1854	Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet	
FTLN 1855	self are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking	
FTLN 1856	out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you	115
FTLN 1857	withal to the end to crave your assistance.	
FTLN 1858	HOLOFERNES Sir, you shall present before her the Nine	
FTLN 1859	Worthies.—Sir ‘Nathaniel,’ as concerning some	
FTLN 1860	entertainment of time, some show in the posterior	
FTLN 1861	of this day, to be ‘rendered’ by our ‘assistance,’ the	120
FTLN 1862	King’s command, and this most gallant, illustrate,	
FTLN 1863	and learned gentleman, before the Princess—I say,	
FTLN 1864	none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.	
FTLN 1865	NATHANIEL Where will you find men worthy enough to	
FTLN 1866	present them?	125
FTLN 1867	HOLOFERNES Joshua, yourself; myself; and this gallant	
FTLN 1868	gentleman, Judas Maccabaeus. This swain, because	
FTLN 1869	of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey	
FTLN 1870	the Great; the page, Hercules—	

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FTLN 1871 ARMADO Pardon, sir—error. He is not quantity 130  
 FTLN 1872 enough for that Worthy's thumb; he is not so big as  
 FTLN 1873 the end of his club!  
 FTLN 1874 HOLOFERNES Shall I have audience? He shall present  
 FTLN 1875 Hercules in minority. His enter and exit shall be  
 FTLN 1876 strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for 135  
 FTLN 1877 that purpose.  
 FTLN 1878 BOY An excellent device. So, if any of the audience  
 FTLN 1879 hiss, you may cry "Well done, Hercules, now thou  
 FTLN 1880 crushest the snake." That is the way to make an  
 FTLN 1881 offense gracious, though few have the grace to do it. 140  
 FTLN 1882 ARMADO For the rest of the Worthies?  
 FTLN 1883 HOLOFERNES I will play three myself.  
 FTLN 1884 BOY Thrice-worthy gentleman!  
 FTLN 1885 ARMADO, 「*to Holofernes*」 Shall I tell you a thing?  
 FTLN 1886 HOLOFERNES We attend. 145  
 FTLN 1887 ARMADO We will have, if this fadge not, an antic. I  
 FTLN 1888 beseech you, follow.  
 FTLN 1889 HOLOFERNES *Via*, goodman Dull. Thou hast spoken no  
 FTLN 1890 word all this while.  
 FTLN 1891 DULL Nor understood none neither, sir. 150  
 FTLN 1892 HOLOFERNES 「*Allons!*」 We will employ thee.  
 FTLN 1893 DULL I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on  
 FTLN 1894 the tabor to the Worthies and let them dance the  
 FTLN 1895 hay.  
 FTLN 1896 HOLOFERNES Most dull, honest Dull. To our sport! 155  
 FTLN 1897 Away.

*They exit.*

## 「Scene 2」

*Enter the Ladies (「the Princess, Rosaline,  
 Katherine, and Maria.」)*

PRINCESS

FTLN 1898 Sweethearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,  
 FTLN 1899 If fairings come thus plentifully in.

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FTLN 1900	A lady walled about with diamonds!	
FTLN 1901	Look you what I have from the loving king.	
	<i>「She shows a jewel.」</i>	
	ROSALINE	
FTLN 1902	Madam, came nothing else along with that?	5
	PRINCESS	
FTLN 1903	Nothing but this? Yes, as much love in rhyme	
FTLN 1904	As would be crammed up in a sheet of paper	
FTLN 1905	Writ o' both sides the leaf, margent and all,	
FTLN 1906	That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.	
	ROSALINE	
FTLN 1907	That was the way to make his godhead wax,	10
FTLN 1908	For he hath been five thousand year a boy.	
	KATHERINE	
FTLN 1909	Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows, too.	
	ROSALINE	
FTLN 1910	You'll ne'er be friends with him. He killed your	
FTLN 1911	sister.	
	KATHERINE	
FTLN 1912	He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy,	15
FTLN 1913	And so she died. Had she been light like you,	
FTLN 1914	Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,	
FTLN 1915	She might ha' been ⟨a⟩ grandam ere she died.	
FTLN 1916	And so may you, for a light heart lives long.	
	ROSALINE	
FTLN 1917	What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light	20
FTLN 1918	word?	
	KATHERINE	
FTLN 1919	A light condition in a beauty dark.	
	ROSALINE	
FTLN 1920	We need more light to find your meaning out.	
	KATHERINE	
FTLN 1921	You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;	
FTLN 1922	Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.	25

ROSALINE

FTLN 1923 Look what you do, you do it still i' th' dark.

KATHERINE

FTLN 1924 So do not you, for you are a light wench.

ROSALINE

FTLN 1925 Indeed, I weigh not you, and therefore light.

KATHERINE

FTLN 1926 You weigh me not? O, that's you care not for me.

ROSALINE

FTLN 1927 Great reason: for past care is still past cure. 30

PRINCESS

FTLN 1928 Well bandied both; a set of wit well played.

FTLN 1929 But, Rosaline, you have a favor too.

FTLN 1930 Who sent it? And what is it?

FTLN 1931 ROSALINE I would you knew.

FTLN 1932 An if my face were but as fair as yours, 35

FTLN 1933 My favor were as great. Be witness this.

*She shows a gift.*

FTLN 1934 Nay, I have verses too, I thank Berowne;

FTLN 1935 The numbers true; and were the numb'ring too,

FTLN 1936 I were the fairest goddess on the ground.

FTLN 1937 I am compared to twenty thousand fairs. 40

FTLN 1938 O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter.

FTLN 1939 PRINCESS Anything like?

ROSALINE

FTLN 1940 Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.

PRINCESS

FTLN 1941 Beauteous as ink: a good conclusion.

KATHERINE

FTLN 1942 Fair as a text B in a copybook. 45

ROSALINE

FTLN 1943 Ware pencils, ho! Let me not die your debtor,

FTLN 1944 My red dominical, my golden letter.

FTLN 1945 O, that your face were not so full of O's!

PRINCESS

FTLN 1946 A pox of that jest! And I beshrew all shrows.

FTLN 1947	But, Katherine, what was sent to you	50
FTLN 1948	From fair Dumaine?	
	KATHERINE	
FTLN 1949	Madam, this glove. <i>「She shows the glove.」</i>	
FTLN 1950	PRINCESS Did he not send you twain?	
FTLN 1951	KATHERINE Yes, madam, and moreover,	
FTLN 1952	Some thousand verses of a faithful lover,	55
FTLN 1953	A huge translation of hypocrisy,	
FTLN 1954	Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.	
	《MARIA》	
FTLN 1955	This, and these 《pearls,》 to me sent Longaville.	
	<i>「She shows a paper and pearls.」</i>	
FTLN 1956	The letter is too long by half a mile.	
	PRINCESS	
FTLN 1957	I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart	60
FTLN 1958	The chain were longer and the letter short?	
	《MARIA》	
FTLN 1959	Ay, or I would these hands might never part.	
	PRINCESS	
FTLN 1960	We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.	
	ROSALINE	
FTLN 1961	They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.	
FTLN 1962	That same Berowne I'll torture ere I go.	65
FTLN 1963	O, that I knew he were but in by th' week,	
FTLN 1964	How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,	
FTLN 1965	And wait the season, and observe the times,	
FTLN 1966	And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,	
FTLN 1967	And shape his service wholly to my <i>「hests,」</i>	70
FTLN 1968	And make him proud to make me proud that jests!	
FTLN 1969	So <i>「pair-taunt-like」</i> would I o'ersway his state,	
FTLN 1970	That he should be my fool, and I his fate.	
	PRINCESS	
FTLN 1971	None are so surely caught, when they are caught,	
FTLN 1972	As wit turned fool. Folly in wisdom hatched	75
FTLN 1973	Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school,	
FTLN 1974	And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.	

ROSALINE

FTLN 1975 The blood of youth burns not with such excess  
 FTLN 1976 As gravity's revolt to 'wantonness.'

MARIA

FTLN 1977 Folly in fools bears not so strong a note 80  
 FTLN 1978 As fool'ry in the wise, when wit doth dote,  
 FTLN 1979 Since all the power thereof it doth apply  
 FTLN 1980 To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

*Enter Boyet.*

PRINCESS

FTLN 1981 Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

BOYET

FTLN 1982 O, I am 'stabbed' with laughter. Where's her Grace? 85

PRINCESS

FTLN 1983 Thy news, Boyet?

BOYET Prepare, madam, prepare.

FTLN 1984 Arm, wenches, arm. Encounters mounted are  
 FTLN 1985 Against your peace. Love doth approach, disguised,  
 FTLN 1986 Armèd in arguments. You'll be surprised. 90  
 FTLN 1987 Muster your wits, stand in your own defense,  
 FTLN 1988 Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.  
 FTLN 1989

PRINCESS

FTLN 1990 Saint Denis to Saint Cupid! What are they  
 FTLN 1991 That charge their breath against us? Say, scout, say.

BOYET

FTLN 1992 Under the cool shade of a sycamore, 95  
 FTLN 1993 I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour.  
 FTLN 1994 When, lo, to interrupt my purposed rest,  
 FTLN 1995 Toward that shade I might behold addressed  
 FTLN 1996 The King and his companions. Warily  
 FTLN 1997 I stole into a neighbor thicket by, 100  
 FTLN 1998 And overheard what you shall overhear:  
 FTLN 1999 That, by and by, disguised, 'they' will be here.  
 FTLN 2000 Their herald is a pretty knavish page  
 FTLN 2001 That well by heart hath conned his embassy.

FTLN 2002	Action and accent did they teach him there:	105
FTLN 2003	"Thus must thou speak," and "thus thy body bear."	
FTLN 2004	And ever and anon they made a doubt	
FTLN 2005	Presence majestical would put him out;	
FTLN 2006	"For," quoth the King, "an angel shalt thou see;	
FTLN 2007	Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously."	110
FTLN 2008	The boy replied "An angel is not evil.	
FTLN 2009	I should have feared her had she been a devil."	
FTLN 2010	With that, all laughed and clapped him on the	
FTLN 2011	shoulder,	
FTLN 2012	Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.	115
FTLN 2013	One rubbed his elbow thus, and fleered, and swore	
FTLN 2014	A better speech was never spoke before.	
FTLN 2015	Another with his finger and his thumb,	
FTLN 2016	Cried " <i>Via!</i> We will do 't, come what will come."	
FTLN 2017	The third he capered and cried "All goes well!"	120
FTLN 2018	The fourth turned on the toe, and down he fell.	
FTLN 2019	With that, they all did tumble on the ground	
FTLN 2020	With such a zealous laughter so profound	
FTLN 2021	That in this spleen ridiculous appears,	
FTLN 2022	To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.	125
	PRINCESS	
FTLN 2023	But what, but what? Come they to visit us?	
	BOYET	
FTLN 2024	They do, they do; and are appareled thus,	
FTLN 2025	Like Muscovites, or Russians, as I guess.	
FTLN 2026	Their purpose is to parley, to court, and dance,	
FTLN 2027	And every one his love-feat will advance	130
FTLN 2028	Unto his several mistress—which they'll know	
FTLN 2029	By favors several which they did bestow.	
	PRINCESS	
FTLN 2030	And will they so? The gallants shall be tasked,	
FTLN 2031	For, ladies, we will every one be masked,	
FTLN 2032	And not a man of them shall have the grace,	135
FTLN 2033	Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.	
FTLN 2034	Hold, Rosaline, this favor thou shalt wear,	

FTLN 2035	And then the King will court thee for his dear.	
FTLN 2036	Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine.	
FTLN 2037	So shall Berowne take me for Rosaline.	140
	<i>「Princess and Rosaline exchange favors.」</i>	
FTLN 2038	And change you favors too. So shall your loves	
FTLN 2039	Woo contrary, deceived by these removes.	
	<i>「Katherine and Maria exchange favors.」</i>	
	ROSALINE	
FTLN 2040	Come on, then, wear the favors most in sight.	
	KATHERINE, <i>「to Princess」</i>	
FTLN 2041	But in this changing, what is your intent?	
	PRINCESS	
FTLN 2042	The effect of my intent is to cross theirs.	145
FTLN 2043	They do it but in mockery merriment,	
FTLN 2044	And mock for mock is only my intent.	
FTLN 2045	Their several counsels they unbosom shall	
FTLN 2046	To loves mistook, and so be mocked withal	
FTLN 2047	Upon the next occasion that we meet,	150
FTLN 2048	With visages displayed, to talk and greet.	
	ROSALINE	
FTLN 2049	But shall we dance, if they desire us to 't?	
	PRINCESS	
FTLN 2050	No, to the death we will not move a foot,	
FTLN 2051	Nor to their penned speech render we no grace,	
FTLN 2052	But while 'tis spoke each turn away <i>「her」</i> face.	155
	BOYET	
FTLN 2053	Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,	
FTLN 2054	And quite divorce his memory from his part.	
	PRINCESS	
FTLN 2055	Therefore I do it, and I make no doubt	
FTLN 2056	The rest will <i>「ne'er」</i> come in if he be out.	
FTLN 2057	There's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown,	160
FTLN 2058	To make theirs ours and ours none but our own.	
FTLN 2059	So shall we stay, mocking intended game,	
FTLN 2060	And they, well mocked, depart away with shame.	
	<i>Sound trumpet, 「within.」</i>	



BOYET

FTLN 2061

The trumpet sounds. Be masked; the maskers come.

「*The Ladies mask.*」

*Enter Blackamoors with music, the Boy with a speech,  
 「the King, Berowne,」 and the rest of the Lords disguised.*

BOY

FTLN 2062

*All hail, the richest beauties on the Earth!*

165

「BOYET」

FTLN 2063

Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.

BOY

FTLN 2064

*A holy parcel of the fairest dames**(The Ladies turn their backs to him.)*

FTLN 2065

*That ever turned their—backs—to mortal views.*

FTLN 2066

BEROWNE *Their eyes, villain, their eyes!*

BOY

FTLN 2067

*That ~~ever~~ turned their eyes to mortal views.*

170

FTLN 2068

*Out—*

FTLN 2069

BOYET True; out indeed.

BOY

FTLN 2070

*Out of your favors, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe*

FTLN 2071

*Not to behold—*

FTLN 2072

BEROWNE *Once to behold, rogue!*

175

BOY

FTLN 2073

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

FTLN 2074

*With your sun-beamed eyes—*

BOYET

FTLN 2075

They will not answer to that epithet.

FTLN 2076

You were best call it “daughter-beamed eyes.”

BOY

FTLN 2077

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

180

BEROWNE

FTLN 2078

Is this your perfectness? Begone, you rogue!

「*Boy exits.*」ROSALINE, 「*speaking as the Princess*」

FTLN 2079

What would these ~~strangers?~~ Know their minds,

FTLN 2080

Boyet.

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FTLN 2081	If they do speak our language, 'tis our will	
FTLN 2082	That some plain man recount their purposes.	185
FTLN 2083	Know what they would.	
FTLN 2084	BOYET What would you with the	
FTLN 2085	'Princess?'	
	BEROWNE	
FTLN 2086	Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.	
FTLN 2087	ROSALINE What would they, say they?	190
	BOYET	
FTLN 2088	Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.	
	ROSALINE	
FTLN 2089	Why, that they have, and bid them so be gone.	
	BOYET	
FTLN 2090	She says you have it, and you may be gone.	
	KING	
FTLN 2091	Say to her we have measured many miles	
FTLN 2092	To tread a measure with her on this grass.	195
	BOYET	
FTLN 2093	They say that they have measured many a mile	
FTLN 2094	To tread a measure with you on this grass.	
	ROSALINE	
FTLN 2095	It is not so. Ask them how many inches	
FTLN 2096	Is in one mile. If they have measured many,	
FTLN 2097	The measure then of one is eas'ly told.	200
	BOYET	
FTLN 2098	If to come hither you have measured miles,	
FTLN 2099	And many miles, the Princess bids you tell	
FTLN 2100	How many inches doth fill up one mile.	
	BEROWNE	
FTLN 2101	Tell her we measure them by weary steps.	
	BOYET	
FTLN 2102	She hears herself.	205
FTLN 2103	ROSALINE How many weary steps	
FTLN 2104	Of many weary miles you have o'ergone	
FTLN 2105	Are numbered in the travel of one mile?	

BEROWNE

FTLN 2106 We number nothing that we spend for you.  
 FTLN 2107 Our duty is so rich, so infinite, 210  
 FTLN 2108 That we may do it still without account.  
 FTLN 2109 Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face  
 FTLN 2110 That we, like savages, may worship it.

ROSALINE

FTLN 2111 My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

KING

FTLN 2112 Blessèd are clouds, to do as such clouds do! 215  
 FTLN 2113 Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to  
 FTLN 2114 shine,  
 FTLN 2115 Those clouds removed, upon our watery eyne.

ROSALINE

FTLN 2116 O vain petitioner, beg a greater matter!  
 FTLN 2117 Thou now requests but moonshine in the water. 220

KING

FTLN 2118 Then in our measure do but vouchsafe one change.  
 FTLN 2119 Thou bidd'st me beg; this begging is not strange.

ROSALINE

FTLN 2120 Play music, then. Nay, you must do it soon.  
*Music begins.*

FTLN 2121 Not yet? No dance! Thus change I like the moon.

KING

FTLN 2122 Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged? 225

ROSALINE

FTLN 2123 You took the moon at full, but now she's changed.

KING

FTLN 2124 Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.  
 FTLN 2125 The music plays. Vouchsafe some motion to it.

ROSALINE

FTLN 2126 Our ears vouchsafe it.

FTLN 2127 KING But your legs should do it. 230

ROSALINE

FTLN 2128 Since you are strangers and come here by chance,  
 FTLN 2129 We'll not be nice. Take hands. We will not dance.  
*She offers her hand.*

KING

FTLN 2130      Why take we hands then?

FTLN 2131      ROSALINE                      Only to part friends.—

FTLN 2132      Curtsy, sweethearts—and so the measure ends. 235

KING

FTLN 2133      More measure of this measure! Be not nice.

ROSALINE

FTLN 2134      We can afford no more at such a price.

KING

FTLN 2135      Prize you yourselves. What buys your company?

ROSALINE

FTLN 2136      Your absence only.

FTLN 2137      KING                      That can never be. 240

ROSALINE

FTLN 2138      Then cannot we be bought. And so adieu—

FTLN 2139      Twice to your visor, and half once to you.

KING

FTLN 2140      If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

ROSALINE

FTLN 2141      In private, then.

FTLN 2142      KING                      I am best pleased with that. 245

*They move aside.*BEROWNE, *to the Princess*

FTLN 2143      White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

PRINCESS, *speaking as Rosaline*

FTLN 2144      Honey, and milk, and sugar—there is three.

BEROWNE

FTLN 2145      Nay then, two treys, an if you grow so nice,

FTLN 2146      Metheglin, wort, and malmsey. Well run, dice!

FTLN 2147      There's half a dozen sweets. 250

FTLN 2148      PRINCESS                      Seventh sweet, adieu.

FTLN 2149      Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

BEROWNE

FTLN 2150      One word in secret.

FTLN 2151      PRINCESS                      Let it not be sweet.

BEROWNE

FTLN 2152      Thou grievest my gall. 255

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FTLN 2153	PRINCESS	Gall! Bitter.	
FTLN 2154	BEROWNE	Therefore meet.	
		<i>They move aside.</i>	
	DUMAINE, <i>to Maria</i>		
FTLN 2155		Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?	
	MARIA, <i>speaking as Katherine</i>		
FTLN 2156		Name it.	
FTLN 2157	DUMAINE	Fair lady—	260
FTLN 2158	MARIA	Say you so? Fair lord!	
FTLN 2159		Take that for your “fair lady.”	
FTLN 2160	DUMAINE	Please it you	
FTLN 2161		As much in private, and I’ll bid adieu.	
		<i>They move aside.</i>	
	<i>KATHERINE, speaking as Maria</i>		
FTLN 2162		What, was your vizard made without a tongue?	265
	LONGAVILLE		
FTLN 2163		I know the reason, lady, why you ask.	
	<i>KATHERINE</i>		
FTLN 2164		O, for your reason! Quickly, sir, I long.	
	LONGAVILLE		
FTLN 2165		You have a double tongue within your mask,	
FTLN 2166		And would afford my speechless vizard half.	
	<i>KATHERINE</i>		
FTLN 2167		Veal, quoth the Dutchman. Is not veal a calf?	270
	LONGAVILLE		
FTLN 2168		A calf, fair lady?	
FTLN 2169	<i>KATHERINE</i>	No, a fair Lord Calf.	
	LONGAVILLE		
FTLN 2170		Let’s part the word.	
FTLN 2171	<i>KATHERINE</i>	No, I’ll not be your half.	
FTLN 2172		Take all and wean it. It may prove an ox.	275
	LONGAVILLE		
FTLN 2173		Look how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks.	
FTLN 2174		Will you give horns, chaste lady? Do not so.	
	<i>KATHERINE</i>		
FTLN 2175		Then die a calf before your horns do grow.	

LONGAVILLE

FTLN 2176 One word in private with you ere I die.

「KATHERINE」

FTLN 2177 Bleat softly, then. The butcher hears you cry.

280

*「They move aside.」*

BOYET

FTLN 2178 The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

FTLN 2179 As is the razor's edge invisible,

FTLN 2180 Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;

FTLN 2181 Above the sense of sense, so sensible

FTLN 2182 Seemeth their conference. Their conceits have

285

FTLN 2183 wings

FTLN 2184 Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter

FTLN 2185 things.

ROSALINE

FTLN 2186 Not one word more, my maids. Break off, break off!

*「The Ladies move away from the Lords.」*

BEROWNE

FTLN 2187 By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

290

KING

FTLN 2188 Farewell, mad wenches. You have simple wits.

*「King, Lords, and Blackamoors」 exit.*

*「The Ladies unmask.」*

PRINCESS

FTLN 2189 Twenty adieus, my frozen Muskovits.—

FTLN 2190 Are these the breed of wits so wondered at?

BOYET

FTLN 2191 Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puffed

FTLN 2192 out.

295

ROSALINE

FTLN 2193 Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.

PRINCESS

FTLN 2194 O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!

FTLN 2195 Will they not, think you, hang themselves tonight?

FTLN 2196 Or ever but in vizards show their faces?

FTLN 2197 This pert Berowne was out of count'nance quite.

300

ROSALINE

FTLN 2198 They were all in lamentable cases.  
 FTLN 2199 The King was weeping ripe for a good word.

PRINCESS

FTLN 2200 Berowne did swear himself out of all suit.

MARIA

FTLN 2201 Dumaine was at my service, and his sword.

FTLN 2202 "No point," quoth I. My servant straight was 305  
 FTLN 2203 mute.

KATHERINE

FTLN 2204 Lord Longaville said I came o'er his heart.

FTLN 2205 And trow you what he called me?

FTLN 2206 PRINCESS Qualm, perhaps.

KATHERINE

FTLN 2207 Yes, in good faith. 310

FTLN 2208 PRINCESS Go, sickness as thou art!

ROSALINE

FTLN 2209 Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.

FTLN 2210 But will you hear? The King is my love sworn.

PRINCESS

FTLN 2211 And quick Berowne hath plighted faith to me.

KATHERINE

FTLN 2212 And Longaville was for my service born. 315

MARIA

FTLN 2213 Dumaine is mine as sure as bark on tree.

BOYET

FTLN 2214 Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear.

FTLN 2215 Immediately they will again be here

FTLN 2216 In their own shapes, for it can never be

FTLN 2217 They will digest this harsh indignity. 320

PRINCESS

FTLN 2218 Will they return?

FTLN 2219 BOYET They will, they will, God knows,

FTLN 2220 And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows.

FTLN 2221 Therefore change favors, and when they repair,

FTLN 2222 Blow like sweet roses in this summer air. 325

PRINCESS

FTLN 2223 How "blow"? How "blow"? Speak to be understood.

BOYET

FTLN 2224 Fair ladies masked are roses in their bud.

FTLN 2225 Dismasked, their damask sweet commixture shown,

FTLN 2226 Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

PRINCESS

FTLN 2227 Avaunt, perplexity!—What shall we do 330

FTLN 2228 If they return in their own shapes to woo?

ROSALINE

FTLN 2229 Good madam, if by me you'll be advised,

FTLN 2230 Let's mock them still, as well known as disguised.

FTLN 2231 Let us complain to them what fools were here,

FTLN 2232 Disguised like Muscovites in shapeless gear, 335

FTLN 2233 And wonder what they were, and to what end

FTLN 2234 Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penned,

FTLN 2235 And their rough carriage so ridiculous,

FTLN 2236 Should be presented at our tent to us.

BOYET

FTLN 2237 Ladies, withdraw. The gallants are at hand. 340

PRINCESS

FTLN 2238 Whip to our tents, as roes runs o'er land.

*「The Princess and the Ladies」 exit.*

*Enter the King and the rest, 「as themselves.」*

KING, *「to Boyet」*

FTLN 2239 Fair sir, God save you. Where's the Princess?

BOYET

FTLN 2240 Gone to her tent. Please it your Majesty

FTLN 2241 Command me any service to her thither?

KING

FTLN 2242 That she vouchsafe me audience for one word. 345

BOYET

FTLN 2243 I will, and so will she, I know, my lord. *He exits.*

BEROWNE

FTLN 2244 This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons peas,



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FTLN 2245	And utters it again when God doth please.	
FTLN 2246	He is wit's peddler, and retails his wares	
FTLN 2247	At wakes and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs.	350
FTLN 2248	And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,	
FTLN 2249	Have not the grace to grace it with such show.	
FTLN 2250	This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve.	
FTLN 2251	Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve.	
FTLN 2252	He can carve too, and lisp. Why, this is he	355
FTLN 2253	That kissed his hand away in courtesy.	
FTLN 2254	This is the ape of form, Monsieur the Nice,	
FTLN 2255	That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice	
FTLN 2256	In honorable terms. Nay, he can sing	
FTLN 2257	A mean most meanly; and in ushering	360
FTLN 2258	Mend him who can. The ladies call him sweet.	
FTLN 2259	The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.	
FTLN 2260	This is the flower that smiles on everyone	
FTLN 2261	To show his teeth as white as whale's bone;	
FTLN 2262	And consciences that will not die in debt	365
FTLN 2263	Pay him the due of "honey-tongued Boyet."	
	KING	
FTLN 2264	A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,	
FTLN 2265	That put Armado's page out of his part!	
	<i>Enter the Ladies, [with Boyet.]</i>	
	BEROWNE	
FTLN 2266	See where it comes! Behavior, what wert thou	
FTLN 2267	Till this madman showed thee? And what art thou	370
FTLN 2268	now?	
	KING, [to Princess]	
FTLN 2269	All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day.	
	PRINCESS	
FTLN 2270	"Fair" in "all hail" is foul, as I conceive.	
	KING	
FTLN 2271	Construe my speeches better, if you may.	
	PRINCESS	
FTLN 2272	Then wish me better. I will give you leave.	375

KING

FTLN 2273 We came to visit you, and purpose now  
 FTLN 2274 To lead you to our court. Vouchsafe it, then.

PRINCESS

FTLN 2275 This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow.  
 FTLN 2276 Nor God nor I delights in perjured men.

KING

FTLN 2277 Rebuke me not for that which you provoke. 380  
 FTLN 2278 The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

PRINCESS

FTLN 2279 You nickname virtue; "vice" you should have spoke,  
 FTLN 2280 For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.  
 FTLN 2281 Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure  
 FTLN 2282 As the unsullied lily, I protest, 385  
 FTLN 2283 A world of torments though I should endure,  
 FTLN 2284 I would not yield to be your house's guest,  
 FTLN 2285 So much I hate a breaking cause to be  
 FTLN 2286 Of heavenly oaths vowed with integrity.

KING

FTLN 2287 O, you have lived in desolation here, 390  
 FTLN 2288 Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

PRINCESS

FTLN 2289 Not so, my lord. It is not so, I swear.  
 FTLN 2290 We have had pastimes here and pleasant game.  
 FTLN 2291 A mess of Russians left us but of late.

KING

FTLN 2292 How, madam? Russians? 395

PRINCESS Ay, in truth, my lord.

FTLN 2293 Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.  
 FTLN 2294

ROSALINE

FTLN 2295 Madam, speak true.—It is not so, my lord.  
 FTLN 2296 My lady, to the manner of the days,  
 FTLN 2297 In courtesy gives undeserving praise. 400  
 FTLN 2298 We four indeed confronted were with four  
 FTLN 2299 In Russian habit. Here they stayed an hour  
 FTLN 2300 And talked apace; and in that hour, my lord,

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FTLN 2301	They did not bless us with one happy word.	
FTLN 2302	I dare not call them fools; but this I think:	405
FTLN 2303	When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.	
	BEROWNE	
FTLN 2304	This jest is dry to me. Gentle sweet,	
FTLN 2305	Your wits makes wise things foolish. When we greet,	
FTLN 2306	With eyes' best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,	
FTLN 2307	By light we lose light. Your capacity	410
FTLN 2308	Is of that nature that to your huge store	
FTLN 2309	Wise things seem foolish and rich things but poor.	
	ROSALINE	
FTLN 2310	This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye—	
	BEROWNE	
FTLN 2311	I am a fool, and full of poverty.	
	ROSALINE	
FTLN 2312	But that you take what doth to you belong,	415
FTLN 2313	It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.	
	BEROWNE	
FTLN 2314	O, I am yours, and all that I possess!	
	ROSALINE	
FTLN 2315	All the fool mine?	
FTLN 2316	BEROWNE I cannot give you less.	
	ROSALINE	
FTLN 2317	Which of the vizards was it that you wore?	420
	BEROWNE	
FTLN 2318	Where? When? What vizard? Why demand you this?	
	ROSALINE	
FTLN 2319	There; then; that vizard; that superfluous case	
FTLN 2320	That hid the worse and showed the better face.	
	KING, <i>「aside to Dumaine」</i>	
FTLN 2321	We were descried. They'll mock us now downright.	
	DUMAINE, <i>「aside to King」</i>	
FTLN 2322	Let us confess and turn it to a jest.	425
	PRINCESS, <i>「to King」</i>	
FTLN 2323	Amazed, my lord? Why looks your Highness sad?	

ROSALINE

FTLN 2324 Help, hold his brows! He'll swoon!—Why look you  
 FTLN 2325 pale?  
 FTLN 2326 Seasick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

BEROWNE

FTLN 2327 Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury. 430  
 FTLN 2328 Can any face of brass hold longer out?  
 FTLN 2329 Here stand I, lady. Dart thy skill at me.  
 FTLN 2330 Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout.  
 FTLN 2331 Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance.  
 FTLN 2332 Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit, 435  
 FTLN 2333 And I will wish thee nevermore to dance,  
 FTLN 2334 Nor nevermore in Russian habit wait.  
 FTLN 2335 O, never will I trust to speeches penned,  
 FTLN 2336 Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue,  
 FTLN 2337 Nor never come in vizard to my friend, 440  
 FTLN 2338 Nor woo in rhyme like a blind harper's song.  
 FTLN 2339 Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,  
 FTLN 2340 Three-piled hyperboles, spruce 'affectation,'  
 FTLN 2341 Figures pedantical—these summer flies  
 FTLN 2342 Have blown me full of maggot ostentation. 445  
 FTLN 2343 I do forswear them, and I here protest  
 FTLN 2344 By this white glove—how white the hand, God  
 FTLN 2345 knows!—  
 FTLN 2346 Henceforth my wooing mind shall be expressed  
 FTLN 2347 In russet yeas and honest kersey noes. 450  
 FTLN 2348 And to begin: Wench, so God help me, law,  
 FTLN 2349 My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

ROSALINE

FTLN 2350 Sans "sans," I pray you.

BEROWNE

FTLN 2351 Yet I have a trick  
 FTLN 2352 Of the old rage. Bear with me, I am sick; 455  
 FTLN 2353 I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see:  
 FTLN 2354 Write "Lord have mercy on us" on those three.  
 FTLN 2355 They are infected; in their hearts it lies.  
 FTLN 2356 They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes.

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FTLN 2357	These lords are visited. You are not free,	460
FTLN 2358	For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.	
	PRINCESS	
FTLN 2359	No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.	
	BEROWNE	
FTLN 2360	Our states are forfeit. Seek not to undo us.	
	ROSALINE	
FTLN 2361	It is not so, for how can this be true,	
FTLN 2362	That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?	465
	BEROWNE	
FTLN 2363	Peace, for I will not have to do with you.	
	ROSALINE	
FTLN 2364	Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.	
	BEROWNE, <i>['to King, Longaville, and Dumaine']</i>	
FTLN 2365	Speak for yourselves. My wit is at an end.	
	KING, <i>['to Princess']</i>	
FTLN 2366	Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression	
FTLN 2367	Some fair excuse.	470
FTLN 2368	PRINCESS                      The fairest is confession.	
FTLN 2369	Were not you here but even now, disguised?	
	KING	
FTLN 2370	Madam, I was.	
FTLN 2371	PRINCESS                      And were you well advised?	
	KING	
FTLN 2372	I was, fair madam.	475
FTLN 2373	PRINCESS                      When you then were here,	
FTLN 2374	What did you whisper in your lady's ear?	
	KING	
FTLN 2375	That more than all the world I did respect her.	
	PRINCESS	
FTLN 2376	When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.	
	KING	
FTLN 2377	Upon mine honor, no.	480
FTLN 2378	PRINCESS                      Peace, peace, forbear!	
FTLN 2379	Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.	
	KING	
FTLN 2380	Despise me when I break this oath of mine.	

PRINCESS

FTLN 2381 I will, and therefore keep it.—Rosaline,  
FTLN 2382 What did the Russian whisper in your ear? 485

ROSALINE

FTLN 2383 Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear  
FTLN 2384 As precious eyesight, and did value me  
FTLN 2385 Above this world, adding thereto moreover  
FTLN 2386 That he would wed me or else die my lover.

PRINCESS

FTLN 2387 God give thee joy of him! The noble lord 490  
FTLN 2388 Most honorably doth uphold his word.

KING

FTLN 2389 What mean you, madam? By my life, my troth,  
FTLN 2390 I never swore this lady such an oath.

ROSALINE

FTLN 2391 By heaven, you did! And to confirm it plain,  
FTLN 2392 You gave me this. *「She shows a token.」* But take it, 495  
FTLN 2393 sir, again.

KING

FTLN 2394 My faith and this the Princess I did give.  
FTLN 2395 I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

PRINCESS

FTLN 2396 Pardon me, sir. This jewel did she wear.  
*「She points to Rosaline.」*  
FTLN 2397 And Lord Berowne, I thank him, is my dear. 500  
FTLN 2398 *「To Berowne.」* What, will you have me, or your pearl  
FTLN 2399 again? *「She shows the token.」*

BEROWNE

FTLN 2400 Neither of either. I remit both twain.  
FTLN 2401 I see the trick on 't. Here was a consent,  
FTLN 2402 Knowing aforehand of our merriment, 505  
FTLN 2403 To dash it like a Christmas comedy.  
FTLN 2404 Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight  
FTLN 2405 *〈zany,〉*  
FTLN 2406 Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some  
FTLN 2407 Dick, 510

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FTLN 2408 That smiles his cheek in years and knows the trick  
 FTLN 2409 To make my lady laugh when she's disposed,  
 FTLN 2410 Told our intents before; which once disclosed,  
 FTLN 2411 The ladies did change favors; and then we,  
 FTLN 2412 Following the signs, wooed but the sign of she. 515  
 FTLN 2413 Now, to our perjury to add more terror,  
 FTLN 2414 We are again forsworn in will and error.  
 FTLN 2415 Much upon this 'tis. *['To Boyet.']* And might not you  
 FTLN 2416 Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?  
 FTLN 2417 Do not you know my lady's foot by th' squier? 520  
 FTLN 2418 And laugh upon the apple of her eye?  
 FTLN 2419 And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,  
 FTLN 2420 Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?  
 FTLN 2421 You put our page out. Go, you are allowed.  
 FTLN 2422 Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud. 525  
 FTLN 2423 You leer upon me, do you? There's an eye  
 FTLN 2424 Wounds like a leaden sword.  
 FTLN 2425 BOYET Full merrily  
 FTLN 2426 Hath this brave *['manage,']* this career been run.  
 FTLN 2427 BEROWNE  
 Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace, I have done. 530  
  
*Enter Clown ['Costard.']*  
  
 FTLN 2428 Welcome, pure wit. Thou part'st a fair fray.  
 FTLN 2429 COSTARD O Lord, sir, they would know  
 FTLN 2430 Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.  
 FTLN 2431 BEROWNE  
 What, are there but three?  
 FTLN 2432 COSTARD No, sir; but it is vara fine, 535  
 FTLN 2433 For every one pursents three.  
 FTLN 2434 BEROWNE And three times thrice  
 FTLN 2435 is nine.  
 FTLN 2436 COSTARD  
 Not so, sir, under correction, sir, I hope it is not so.

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FTLN 2437	You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir; we	540
FTLN 2438	know what we know.	
FTLN 2439	I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir—	
FTLN 2440	BEROWNE Is not nine?	
FTLN 2441	COSTARD Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it	
FTLN 2442	doth amount.	545
FTLN 2443	BEROWNE	
FTLN 2443	By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.	
FTLN 2444	COSTARD O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your	
FTLN 2445	living by reckoning, sir.	
FTLN 2446	BEROWNE How much is it?	
FTLN 2447	COSTARD O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors,	550
FTLN 2448	sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount. For	
FTLN 2449	mine own part, I am, as ⟨they⟩ say, but to perfect one	
FTLN 2450	man in one poor man—Pompion the Great, sir.	
FTLN 2451	BEROWNE Art thou one of the Worthies?	
FTLN 2452	COSTARD It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompey	555
FTLN 2453	the Great. For mine own part, I know not the	
FTLN 2454	degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.	
FTLN 2455	BEROWNE Go bid them prepare.	
FTLN 2456	COSTARD	
FTLN 2456	We will turn it finely off, sir. We will take some	
FTLN 2457	care.	<i>He exits.</i> 560
FTLN 2458	KING	
FTLN 2458	Berowne, they will shame us. Let them not	
FTLN 2459	approach.	
FTLN 2460	BEROWNE	
FTLN 2460	We are shame-proof, my lord; and 'tis some policy	
FTLN 2461	To have one show worse than the King's and his	
FTLN 2462	company.	565
FTLN 2463	KING I say they shall not come.	
FTLN 2464	PRINCESS	
FTLN 2464	Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now.	
FTLN 2465	That sport best pleases that doth ⟨least⟩ know how,	



FTLN 2466	Where zeal strives to content, and the contents	
FTLN 2467	Dies in the zeal of that which it presents.	570
FTLN 2468	Their form confounded makes most form in mirth,	
FTLN 2469	When great things laboring perish in their birth.	
	BEROWNE	
FTLN 2470	A right description of our sport, my lord.	
	<i>Enter Braggart 'Armado.'</i>	
FTLN 2471	ARMADO, 'to King' Anointed, I implore so much expense	
FTLN 2472	of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace	575
FTLN 2473	of words. 'Armado and King step aside, and Armado gives King a paper.'	
FTLN 2474	PRINCESS Doth this man serve God?	
FTLN 2475	BEROWNE Why ask you?	
	PRINCESS	
FTLN 2476	He speaks not like a man of God his making.	
FTLN 2477	ARMADO, 'to King' That is all one, my fair sweet honey	580
FTLN 2478	monarch, for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding	
FTLN 2479	fantastical, too, too vain, too, too vain. But	
FTLN 2480	we will put it, as they say, to <i>fortuna de la guerra</i> .—I	
FTLN 2481	wish you the peace of mind, most royal	
FTLN 2482	couplement! <i>He exits.</i>	585
FTLN 2483	KING, 'reading the paper' Here is like to be a good	
FTLN 2484	presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy,	
FTLN 2485	the swain Pompey the Great, the parish curate	
FTLN 2486	Alexander, Armado's page Hercules, the pedant	
FTLN 2487	Judas Maccabaeus.	590
FTLN 2488	And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,	
FTLN 2489	These four will change habits and present the other	
FTLN 2490	five.	
FTLN 2491	BEROWNE There is five in the first show.	
FTLN 2492	KING You are deceived. 'Tis not so.	595
FTLN 2493	BEROWNE The pedant, the braggart, the hedge	
FTLN 2494	priest, the fool, and the boy.	
FTLN 2495	Abate throw at novum, and the whole world again	
FTLN 2496	Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.	

KING

FTLN 2497

The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

600

*Enter [Costard as] Pompey.*

COSTARD

FTLN 2498

*I Pompey am—*

FTLN 2499

BEROWNE

You lie; you are not he.

COSTARD

FTLN 2500

*I Pompey am—*

FTLN 2501

BOYET

With leopard's head on knee.

BEROWNE

FTLN 2502

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

605

FTLN 2503

thee.

COSTARD

FTLN 2504

*I Pompey am, Pompey, surnamed the Big—*

FTLN 2505

DUMAINE

“The Great.”

FTLN 2506

COSTARD

It is “Great,” sir.—*Pompey, surnamed the*

FTLN 2507

*Great,*

610

FTLN 2508

*That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my*

FTLN 2509

*foe to sweat.*

FTLN 2510

*And traveling along this coast, I here am come by*

FTLN 2511

*chance,*

FTLN 2512

*And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of*

615

FTLN 2513

*France.**([He places his weapons at the feet of the Princess.] )*

FTLN 2514

If your Ladyship would say “Thanks, Pompey,” I

FTLN 2515

had done.

FTLN 2516

[PRINCESS]

Great thanks, great Pompey.

FTLN 2517

COSTARD

’Tis not so much worth, but I hope I was

620

FTLN 2518

perfect. I made a little fault in “Great.”

FTLN 2519

BEROWNE

My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the

FTLN 2520

best Worthy.

*[Costard stands aside.]**Enter Curate [Nathaniel] for Alexander.*

NATHANIEL

FTLN 2521

*When in the world I lived, I was the world's*

FTLN 2522

*commander.*

625

FTLN 2523	<i>By east, west, north, and south, I spread my</i>	
FTLN 2524	<i>conquering might.</i>	
FTLN 2525	<i>My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander—</i>	
	BOYET	
FTLN 2526	Your nose says no, you are not, for it stands too	
FTLN 2527	right.	630
	BEROWNE, <i>['to Boyet']</i>	
FTLN 2528	Your nose smells “no” in <i>⟨this⟩</i> , most tender-smelling	
FTLN 2529	knight.	
	PRINCESS	
FTLN 2530	The conqueror is dismayed.—Proceed, good	
FTLN 2531	Alexander.	
	NATHANIEL	
FTLN 2532	<i>When in the world I lived, I was the world's</i>	635
FTLN 2533	<i>commander—</i>	
	BOYET	
FTLN 2534	Most true; 'tis right. You were so, Alisander.	
FTLN 2535	BEROWNE, <i>['to Costard']</i> Pompey the Great—	
FTLN 2536	COSTARD Your servant, and Costard.	
FTLN 2537	BEROWNE Take away the conqueror. Take away	640
FTLN 2538	Alisander.	
FTLN 2539	COSTARD, <i>['to Nathaniel']</i> O sir, you have overthrown	
FTLN 2540	Alisander the Conqueror. You will be scraped out of	
FTLN 2541	the painted cloth for this. Your lion, that holds his	
FTLN 2542	polax sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax.	645
FTLN 2543	He will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and	
FTLN 2544	afear'd to speak? Run away for shame, Alisander.	
	<i>Nathaniel exits.</i>	
FTLN 2545	There, an 't shall please you, a foolish mild man, an	
FTLN 2546	honest man, look you, and soon dashed. He is a	
FTLN 2547	marvelous good neighbor, faith, and a very good	650
FTLN 2548	bowler. But, for Alisander—alas, you see how 'tis—	
FTLN 2549	a little o'erparted. But there are Worthies a-coming	
FTLN 2550	will speak their mind in some other sort.	
	<i>Enter Pedant ['Holofernes'] for Judas, and the Boy</i>	
	<i>for Hercules.</i>	

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FTLN 2551	PRINCESS, 「to Costard」 Stand aside, good Pompey.	
	HOLOFERNES	
FTLN 2552	<i>Great Hercules is presented by this imp,</i>	655
FTLN 2553	<i>Whose club killed Cerberus, that three-headed canus,</i>	
FTLN 2554	<i>And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,</i>	
FTLN 2555	<i>Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.</i>	
FTLN 2556	<i>Quoniam he seemeth in minority,</i>	
FTLN 2557	<i>Ergo I come with this apology.</i>	660
FTLN 2558	「To Boy.」 Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.	
	<i>Boy 「steps aside.」</i>	
	HOLOFERNES	
FTLN 2559	<i>Judas I am—</i>	
FTLN 2560	DUMAINE A Judas!	
FTLN 2561	HOLOFERNES Not Iscariot, sir.	
FTLN 2562	<i>Judas I am, yclept Maccabaeus.</i>	665
FTLN 2563	DUMAINE Judas Maccabaeus clipped is plain Judas.	
FTLN 2564	BEROWNE A kissing traitor.—How art thou proved	
FTLN 2565	Judas?	
	HOLOFERNES	
FTLN 2566	<i>Judas I am—</i>	
FTLN 2567	DUMAINE The more shame for you, Judas.	670
FTLN 2568	HOLOFERNES What mean you, sir?	
FTLN 2569	BOYET To make Judas hang himself.	
FTLN 2570	HOLOFERNES Begin, sir, you are my elder.	
FTLN 2571	BEROWNE Well followed. Judas was hanged on an	
FTLN 2572	elder.	675
FTLN 2573	HOLOFERNES I will not be put out of countenance.	
FTLN 2574	BEROWNE Because thou hast no face.	
FTLN 2575	HOLOFERNES What is this? 「He points to his own face.」	
FTLN 2576	BOYET A cittern-head.	
FTLN 2577	DUMAINE The head of a bodkin.	680
FTLN 2578	BEROWNE A death's face in a ring.	
FTLN 2579	LONGAVILLE The face of an old Roman coin, scarce	
FTLN 2580	seen.	
FTLN 2581	BOYET The pommel of Caesar's falchion.	

FTLN 2582	DUMAINE	The carved-bone face on a flask.	685
FTLN 2583	BEROWNE	Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch.	
FTLN 2584	DUMAINE	Ay, and in a brooch of lead.	
FTLN 2585	BEROWNE	Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.	
FTLN 2586		And now forward, for we have put thee in	
FTLN 2587		countenance.	690
FTLN 2588	HOLOFERNES	You have put me out of countenance.	
FTLN 2589	BEROWNE	False. We have given thee faces.	
FTLN 2590	HOLOFERNES	But you have outfaced them all.	
	BEROWNE		
FTLN 2591		An thou wert a lion, we would do so.	
	BOYET		
FTLN 2592		Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.—	695
FTLN 2593		And so adieu, sweet Jude. Nay, why dost thou stay?	
FTLN 2594	DUMAINE	For the latter end of his name.	
	BEROWNE		
FTLN 2595		For the “ass” to the “Jude”? Give it him.—Jud-as,	
FTLN 2596		away!	
	HOLOFERNES		
FTLN 2597		This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.	700
	BOYET		
FTLN 2598		A light for Monsieur Judas! It grows dark; he may	
FTLN 2599		stumble. <i>‘Holofernes exits.’</i>	
	PRINCESS		
FTLN 2600		Alas, poor Maccabaeus, how hath he been baited!	
		<i>Enter Braggart ‘Armado as Hector.’</i>	
FTLN 2601	BEROWNE	Hide thy head, Achilles. Here comes Hector	
FTLN 2602		in arms.	705
FTLN 2603	DUMAINE	Though my mocks come home by me, I will	
FTLN 2604		now be merry.	
FTLN 2605	KING	Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.	
FTLN 2606	BOYET	But is this Hector?	
FTLN 2607	KING	I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.	710
FTLN 2608	LONGAVILLE	His leg is too big for Hector's.	
FTLN 2609	DUMAINE	More calf, certain.	

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FTLN 2610	BOYET	No, he is best endued in the small.	
FTLN 2611	BEROWNE	This cannot be Hector.	
FTLN 2612	DUMAINE	He's a god or a painter, for he makes faces.	715
	ARMADO		
FTLN 2613		<i>The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,</i>	
FTLN 2614		<i>Gave Hector a gift—</i>	
FTLN 2615	DUMAINE	A ⟨gilt⟩ nutmeg.	
FTLN 2616	BEROWNE	A lemon.	
FTLN 2617	LONGAVILLE	Stuck with cloves.	720
FTLN 2618	DUMAINE	No, cloven.	
FTLN 2619	ARMADO	Peace!	
FTLN 2620		<i>The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,</i>	
FTLN 2621		<i>Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion,</i>	
FTLN 2622		<i>A man so breathed, that certain he would fight, yea,</i>	725
FTLN 2623		<i>From morn till night, out of his pavilion.</i>	
FTLN 2624		<i>I am that flower—</i>	
FTLN 2625	DUMAINE	That mint.	
FTLN 2626	LONGAVILLE	That columbine.	
FTLN 2627	ARMADO	Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.	730
FTLN 2628	LONGAVILLE	I must rather give it the rein, for it runs	
FTLN 2629		against Hector.	
FTLN 2630	DUMAINE	Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.	
FTLN 2631	ARMADO	The sweet warman is dead and rotten. Sweet	
FTLN 2632		chucks, beat not the bones of the buried. When he	735
FTLN 2633		breathed, he was a man. But I will forward with my	
FTLN 2634		device. 「 <i>To Princess.</i> 」 Sweet royalty, bestow on me	
FTLN 2635		the sense of hearing.	
		<i>Berowne steps forth.</i>	
	PRINCESS		
FTLN 2636		Speak, brave Hector. We are much delighted.	
FTLN 2637	ARMADO	I do adore thy sweet Grace's slipper.	740
FTLN 2638	BOYET	Loves her by the foot.	
FTLN 2639	DUMAINE	He may not by the yard.	
	ARMADO		
FTLN 2640		<i>This Hector far surmounted Hannibal.</i>	
FTLN 2641		<i>The party is gone—</i>	

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FTLN 2642	COSTARD	Fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two	745
FTLN 2643		months on her way.	
FTLN 2644	ARMADO	What meanest thou?	
FTLN 2645	COSTARD	Faith, unless you play the honest Troyan, the	
FTLN 2646		poor wench is cast away. She's quick; the child	
FTLN 2647		brags in her belly already. 'Tis yours.	750
FTLN 2648	ARMADO	Dost thou infamonize me among potentates?	
FTLN 2649		Thou shalt die!	
FTLN 2650	COSTARD	Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta,	
FTLN 2651		that is quick by him, and hanged for Pompey,	
FTLN 2652		that is dead by him.	755
FTLN 2653	DUMAINE	Most rare Pompey!	
FTLN 2654	BOYET	Renowned Pompey!	
FTLN 2655	BEROWNE	Greater than "Great"! Great, great, great	
FTLN 2656		Pompey. Pompey the Huge!	
FTLN 2657	DUMAINE	Hector trembles.	760
FTLN 2658	BEROWNE	Pompey is moved. More Ates, more Ates!	
FTLN 2659		Stir them <i>on,</i> stir them on.	
FTLN 2660	DUMAINE	Hector will challenge him.	
FTLN 2661	BEROWNE	Ay, if he have no more man's blood in his	
FTLN 2662		belly than will sup a flea.	765
FTLN 2663	ARMADO, <i>to Costard</i>	By the North Pole, I do challenge	
FTLN 2664		thee!	
FTLN 2665	COSTARD	I will not fight with a pole like a northern	
FTLN 2666		man! I'll slash. I'll do it by the sword.—I bepray	
FTLN 2667		you, let me borrow my arms again.	770
FTLN 2668	DUMAINE	Room for the incensed Worthies!	
FTLN 2669	COSTARD	I'll do it in my shirt. <i>He removes his doublet.</i>	
FTLN 2670	DUMAINE	Most resolute Pompey!	
FTLN 2671	BOY, <i>to Armado</i>	Master, let me take you a buttonhole	
FTLN 2672		lower. Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the	775
FTLN 2673		combat? What mean you? You will lose your	
FTLN 2674		reputation.	
FTLN 2675	ARMADO	Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me. I will	
FTLN 2676		not combat in my shirt.	

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FTLN 2677 DUMAINE You may not deny it. Pompey hath made the 780  
 FTLN 2678 challenge.  
 FTLN 2679 ARMADO Sweet bloods, I both may and will.  
 FTLN 2680 BEROWNE What reason have you for 't?  
 FTLN 2681 ARMADO The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt. I go  
 FTLN 2682 woolward for penance. 785  
 FTLN 2683 BOYET True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want  
 FTLN 2684 of linen; since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none  
 FTLN 2685 but a dishclout of Jaquenetta's, and that he wears  
 FTLN 2686 next his heart for a favor.

*Enter a Messenger, Monsieur Marcade.*

FTLN 2687 MARCADE, [to Princess] God save you, madam. 790  
 FTLN 2688 PRINCESS Welcome, Marcade,  
 FTLN 2689 But that thou interruptest our merriment.  
 MARCADE  
 FTLN 2690 I am sorry, madam, for the news I bring  
 FTLN 2691 Is heavy in my tongue. The King your father—  
 PRINCESS  
 FTLN 2692 Dead, for my life. 795  
 FTLN 2693 MARCADE Even so. My tale is told.  
 BEROWNE  
 FTLN 2694 Worthies, away! The scene begins to cloud.  
 FTLN 2695 ARMADO For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I  
 FTLN 2696 have seen the day of wrong through the little hole  
 FTLN 2697 of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier. 800  

*Worthies exit.*

 FTLN 2698 KING, [to Princess] How fares your Majesty?  
 PRINCESS  
 FTLN 2699 Boyet, prepare. I will away tonight.  
 KING  
 FTLN 2700 Madam, not so. I do beseech you stay.  
 PRINCESS, [to Boyet]  
 FTLN 2701 Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,  
 FTLN 2702 For all your fair endeavors, and entreat, 805  
 FTLN 2703 Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe



FTLN 2704 In your rich wisdom to excuse or hide  
 FTLN 2705 The liberal opposition of our spirits,  
 FTLN 2706 If overboldly we have borne ourselves  
 FTLN 2707 In the converse of breath; your gentleness 810  
 FTLN 2708 Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord.  
 FTLN 2709 A heavy heart bears not a humble tongue.  
 FTLN 2710 Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks  
 FTLN 2711 For my great suit so easily obtained.

KING

FTLN 2712 The extreme parts of time extremely forms 815  
 FTLN 2713 All causes to the purpose of his speed,  
 FTLN 2714 And often at his very loose decides  
 FTLN 2715 That which long process could not arbitrate.  
 FTLN 2716 And though the mourning brow of progeny  
 FTLN 2717 Forbid the smiling courtesy of love 820  
 FTLN 2718 The holy suit which fain it would convince,  
 FTLN 2719 Yet since love's argument was first on foot,  
 FTLN 2720 Let not the cloud of sorrow jostle it  
 FTLN 2721 From what it purposed, since to wail friends lost  
 FTLN 2722 Is not by much so wholesome-profitable 825  
 FTLN 2723 As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

PRINCESS

FTLN 2724 I understand you not. My griefs are double.

BEROWNE

FTLN 2725 Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief,  
 FTLN 2726 And by these badges understand the King:  
 FTLN 2727 For your fair sakes have we neglected time, 830  
 FTLN 2728 Played foul play with our oaths. Your beauty, ladies,  
 FTLN 2729 Hath much deformed us, fashioning our humors  
 FTLN 2730 Even to the opposèd end of our intents.  
 FTLN 2731 And what in us hath seemed ridiculous—  
 FTLN 2732 As love is full of unbefitting strains, 835  
 FTLN 2733 All wanton as a child, skipping and vain,  
 FTLN 2734 Formed by the eye and therefore, like the eye,  
 FTLN 2735 Full of 'strange' shapes, of habits, and of forms,  
 FTLN 2736 Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll

FTLN 2737	To every varied object in his glance;	840
FTLN 2738	Which parti-coated presence of loose love	
FTLN 2739	Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,	
FTLN 2740	Have misbecomed our oaths and gravities,	
FTLN 2741	Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,	
FTLN 2742	Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,	845
FTLN 2743	Our love being yours, the error that love makes	
FTLN 2744	Is likewise yours. We to ourselves prove false	
FTLN 2745	By being once false forever to be true	
FTLN 2746	To those that make us both—fair ladies, you.	
FTLN 2747	And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,	850
FTLN 2748	Thus purifies itself and turns to grace.	
PRINCESS		
FTLN 2749	We have received your letters full of love;	
FTLN 2750	Your favors, <del>the</del> ambassadors of love;	
FTLN 2751	And in our maiden council rated them	
FTLN 2752	At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,	855
FTLN 2753	As bombast and as lining to the time.	
FTLN 2754	But more devout than this <sup>in</sup> our respects	
FTLN 2755	Have we not been, and therefore met your loves	
FTLN 2756	In their own fashion, like a merriment.	
DUMAINE		
FTLN 2757	Our letters, madam, showed much more than jest.	860
LONGAVILLE		
FTLN 2758	So did our looks.	
FTLN 2759	ROSALINE                      We did not quote them so.	
KING		
FTLN 2760	Now, at the latest minute of the hour,	
FTLN 2761	Grant us your loves.	
FTLN 2762	PRINCESS                      A time, methinks, too short	865
FTLN 2763	To make a world-without-end bargain in.	
FTLN 2764	No, no, my lord, your Grace is perjured much,	
FTLN 2765	Full of dear guiltiness, and therefore this:	
FTLN 2766	If for my love—as there is no such cause—	
FTLN 2767	You will do aught, this shall you do for me:	870
FTLN 2768	Your oath I will not trust, but go with speed	

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FTLN 2769	To some forlorn and naked hermitage,	
FTLN 2770	Remote from all the pleasures of the world.	
FTLN 2771	There stay until the twelve celestial signs	
FTLN 2772	Have brought about the annual reckoning.	875
FTLN 2773	If this austere insociable life	
FTLN 2774	Change not your offer made in heat of blood;	
FTLN 2775	If frosts and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds	
FTLN 2776	Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,	
FTLN 2777	But that it bear this trial, and last love;	880
FTLN 2778	Then, at the expiration of the year,	
FTLN 2779	Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,	
	<i>「She takes his hand.」</i>	
FTLN 2780	And by this virgin palm now kissing thine,	
FTLN 2781	I will be thine. And till that <i>⟨instant⟩</i> shut	
FTLN 2782	My woeful self up in a mourning house,	885
FTLN 2783	Raining the tears of lamentation	
FTLN 2784	For the remembrance of my father's death.	
FTLN 2785	If this thou do deny, let our hands part,	
FTLN 2786	Neither entitled in the other's heart.	
	KING	
FTLN 2787	If this, or more than this, I would deny,	890
FTLN 2788	To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,	
FTLN 2789	The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!	
FTLN 2790	Hence hermit, then. My heart is in thy breast.	
	<i>「They step aside.」</i>	
	DUMAINE, <i>「to Katherine」</i>	
FTLN 2791	But what to me, my love? But what to me?	
FTLN 2792	A wife?	895
FTLN 2793	KATHERINE A beard, fair health, and honesty.	
FTLN 2794	With threefold love I wish you all these three.	
	DUMAINE	
FTLN 2795	O, shall I say "I thank you, gentle wife"?	
	KATHERINE	
FTLN 2796	Not so, my lord. A twelvemonth and a day	
FTLN 2797	I'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say.	900

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FTLN 2798	Come when the King doth to my lady come;	
FTLN 2799	Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.	
	DUMAINE	
FTLN 2800	I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.	
	KATHERINE	
FTLN 2801	Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.	
	<i>They step aside.</i>	
	LONGAVILLE	
FTLN 2802	What says Maria?	905
FTLN 2803	MARIA At the twelvemonth's end	
FTLN 2804	I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.	
	LONGAVILLE	
FTLN 2805	I'll stay with patience, but the time is long.	
	MARIA	
FTLN 2806	The liker you; few taller are so young.	
	<i>They step aside.</i>	
	BEROWNE, <i>to Rosaline</i>	
FTLN 2807	Studies my lady? Mistress, look on me.	910
FTLN 2808	Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,	
FTLN 2809	What humble suit attends thy answer there.	
FTLN 2810	Impose some service on me for thy love.	
	ROSALINE	
FTLN 2811	Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Berowne,	
FTLN 2812	Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue	915
FTLN 2813	Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,	
FTLN 2814	Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,	
FTLN 2815	Which you on all estates will execute	
FTLN 2816	That lie within the mercy of your wit.	
FTLN 2817	To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,	920
FTLN 2818	And therewithal to win me, if you please,	
FTLN 2819	Without the which I am not to be won,	
FTLN 2820	You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day	
FTLN 2821	Visit the speechless sick, and still converse	
FTLN 2822	With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,	925
FTLN 2823	With all the fierce endeavor of your wit,	
FTLN 2824	To enforce the pained impotent to smile.	

BEROWNE

FTLN 2825 To move wild laughter in the throat of death?  
 FTLN 2826 It cannot be, it is impossible.  
 FTLN 2827 Mirth cannot move a soul in agony. 930

ROSALINE

FTLN 2828 Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,  
 FTLN 2829 Whose influence is begot of that loose grace  
 FTLN 2830 Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools.  
 FTLN 2831 A jest's prosperity lies in the ear  
 FTLN 2832 Of him that hears it, never in the tongue 935  
 FTLN 2833 Of him that makes it. Then if sickly ears,  
 FTLN 2834 Deafed with the clamors of their own dear groans  
 FTLN 2835 Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,  
 FTLN 2836 And I will have you and that fault withal.  
 FTLN 2837 But if they will not, throw away that spirit, 940  
 FTLN 2838 And I shall find you empty of that fault,  
 FTLN 2839 Right joyful of your reformation.

BEROWNE

FTLN 2840 A twelvemonth? Well, befall what will befall,  
 FTLN 2841 I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

PRINCESS, *['to King']*

FTLN 2842 Ay, sweet my lord, and so I take my leave. 945

KING

FTLN 2843 No, madam, we will bring you on your way.

BEROWNE

FTLN 2844 Our wooing doth not end like an old play.  
 FTLN 2845 Jack hath not Jill. These ladies' courtesy  
 FTLN 2846 Might well have made our sport a comedy.

KING

FTLN 2847 Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day, 950  
 FTLN 2848 And then 'twill end.

FTLN 2849 BEROWNE That's too long for a play.

*Enter Braggart ['Armado.']*

FTLN 2850 ARMADO Sweet Majesty, vouchsafe me—

PRINCESS

FTLN 2851 Was not that Hector?

FTLN 2852 DUMAINE The worthy knight of Troy. 955

FTLN 2853 ARMADO I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I  
FTLN 2854 am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the  
FTLN 2855 plow for her sweet love three year. But, most  
FTLN 2856 esteemed Greatness, will you hear the dialogue that  
FTLN 2857 the two learned men have compiled in praise of the 960  
FTLN 2858 owl and the cuckoo? It should have followed in the  
FTLN 2859 end of our show.

FTLN 2860 KING Call them forth quickly. We will do so.

FTLN 2861 ARMADO Holla! Approach.

*Enter all.*

FTLN 2862 This side is *Hiems*, Winter; this *Ver*, the Spring; the 965  
FTLN 2863 one maintained by the owl, th' other by the cuckoo.  
FTLN 2864 *Ver*, begin.

*The Song.*

「SPRING」

FTLN 2865 *When daisies pied and violets blue,*  
FTLN 2866 *And lady-smocks all silver-white,*  
FTLN 2867 *And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue* 970  
FTLN 2868 *Do paint the meadows with delight,*  
FTLN 2869 *The cuckoo then on every tree*  
FTLN 2870 *Mocks married men; for thus sings he:*

FTLN 2871 "Cuckoo!"

FTLN 2872 *Cuckoo, cuckoo!" O word of fear,* 975  
FTLN 2873 *Unpleasing to a married ear.*

FTLN 2874 *When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,*  
FTLN 2875 *And merry larks are plowmen's clocks;*  
FTLN 2876 *When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,*  
FTLN 2877 *And maidens bleach their summer smocks;* 980  
FTLN 2878 *The cuckoo then on every tree*  
FTLN 2879 *Mocks married men, for thus sings he:*

FTLN 2880 "Cuckoo!"

