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LABOUR'S LOST

by
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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An Introduction and Notes, by
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NOTE

THE text here adopted is, for the most part, that of Macmillan's *Globe Edition*. Certain modifications have been introduced into the stage directions and the dialogue.

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INTRODUCTION

THE THEME AND ITS TREATMENT

Love's Labour's Lost is one of Shakespeare's early efforts in comedy, and, if we judge by its meagre stage-history and the consensus of critical opinion, it has proved one of his least successful with playgoers and readers. Such notable admirers of Shakespeare as Dryden and Johnson expressed their disapproval in no measured terms; Hazlitt believed that "if we were to part with any of the author's comedies it would be this." Yet the play is superior in poetry, characterisation, and wit to *The Comedy of Errors* and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, two other early comedies of considerably greater popularity. Why is it, then, that *Love's Labour's Lost* has failed to exercise any general attraction? The answer must be sought in the fact that it is essentially a topical piece, a fashionable satire of affectations current in the early 1590's. With the passing of these fashions much of the point of the play was lost. Many of the topical hits which, at the time of its first production, were no doubt spontaneously applauded for the aptness and incisiveness of their satire are now the subject of antiquarian debate. Moreover, the innumerable verbal jokes and quibbles, whose point would then have been immediately taken, are now,

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owing to changes in the language, but dimly discerned as jokes with the help of learned annotation ; and the laughter which follows the rapid consultation of a footnote tends to be a little forced. It is the inevitable fate of a topical play that it is so much of its age that it cannot be in its entirety for all time. What is of more than topical interest in it must needs be supremely good if it is to carry successfully the burden of the past. Such excellency cannot be truthfully claimed for more than a small proportion of *Love's Labour's Lost*. It remains predominantly a period piece, to be judged in its historical perspective ; it demands some study as a preliminary to the understanding of its purpose and constant alertness for the appreciation of its incidental thrusts of satire and sallies of wit.

The plot, which would seem to be of Shakespeare's own invention, is simple and straightforward. Its main story tells how Ferdinand, the young king of Navarre, temporarily inspired by the ascetic ideal of turning his court into a Stoic academy, persuades three of his lords, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, to join with him in taking a vow to study diligently, live sparingly, and avoid feminine society for the space of three years. Their one relaxation is to be the sport derived from the company of the fantastical Spaniard, Don Adriano de Armado. Biron alone protests the impossibility of their undertaking, and his doubts straightway receive justification when the Princess of France and three of her ladies, Rosaline, Maria, and Katharine, arrive on a diplomatic mission that brooks no delay. Although the king's oath forbids him to entertain them in his court, he cannot refuse to discuss their business with them ; and their

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proximity presents a temptation which none of the votaries can resist. Secretly each sends love poems and tokens to the lady of his choice, but in a scene of admirable comedy their infidelity to their vows is revealed. Thereupon they renounce their idealistic undertaking, Biron magnificently justifies their apostasy, and with genuine zeal they openly woo their ladies and seek to entertain them with masks and shows. Suddenly, in the midst of the merry-making, news arrives that the Princess's father is dead. The ladies refuse to admit any further courtship until a year has passed, during which time the sincerity of their lovers will be put to stern tests ; and so love's labour is, for the time being, lost.

- One may object that the mathematical precision with which the four gallants are balanced by the four ladies and the neatness of their simultaneous resolution into four pairs of lovers are rather arbitrary and remote from the probabilities of real life. However, once the plot is in motion, Shakespeare's attitude is sane and logical enough. He sees through the academy system which had some vogue in his day. The everyday business of life forbids complete retreat into self-centred academic seclusion ; hence the Princess's mission must be dealt with. The common human passions, as Biron realises, will not be denied expression ; hence the ladies find eager lovers. Nor is life, whether academic or not, all gaiety and self-indulgence ; hence the death of the Princess's father, which breaks in on the comedy as a stern reminder of the darker side of life and leads to penances through which the gallants must take stock of their real natures.

Shakespeare, of course, is not opposed to idealism,

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but to artificiality. Even language and wit must pass the test of utility. Dialogue of superficial brilliance and glitter, as cleverly artificial as any that John Lyly, Shakespeare's master in this field, could achieve, is bandied to and fro by the young gallants until the blunt scoffs of the ladies shake their confidence in the efficacy of the game of words. Biron, its arch-exponent, thereupon renounces it in favour of homely speech. His mocking wit, exercised on trivial things for the delight of those predisposed to laughter, must undergo the supreme test :—

You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick and still converse
With groaning wretches ; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

If he succeeds, Rosaline will accept him and his wit ; if he fails " to move wild laughter in the throat of death," he must reject his mocking spirit. In such ways are we made conscious of the deep humanitarian sympathy of Shakespeare, while Rosaline's further remark,

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it,

displays his true attitude towards the quips of which, throughout the play, he has proved himself so complete a master.

The main theme of the gallants and their ladies is diversified by the introduction of a number of more

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broadly humorous characters—Armado and his pert boy Moth, the pedant Holofernes and his satellite Sir Nathaniel the curate, the clown Costard and his wench Jaquenetta (for whose love Armado also becomes a suitor), and the constable Dull. Although these are by no means all of one social status or type, collectively they afford contrast to the courtly group. The linguistic fashions cultivated by Armado and Holofernes are both different in kind and more obviously ridiculous than the flowery rhetoric of the gallants, while the shrewd impertinencies of Moth, the unblushing frankness and homely back-chat of Jaquenetta, the downright outspokenness of Costard and the honest stupidity of Dull provide snatches of relief from the prevailing affectations. ⁷

Armado is the chief connecting link between the two groups and between the various members of the comic group. As the intended object of the gallants' amusement during their proposed retirement from the world's delights; he has free access to their company. As the exponent of a striking linguistic fashion he attracts the close attention, if not the admiration, of those other word-lovers, Holofernes and Sir Nathaniel. As the lover of Jaquenetta and the custodian of his rival Costard he is closely involved with these low-life characters, and, incidentally, proves as guilty as they of violating the King's proscription of love-making. It is he who is deputed by the king to arrange the entertainment for the Princess whereby the two groups of characters are finally brought together in the last act. The only other character who serves as a vital link between the principal and subsidiary threads of the plot is Costard. Entrusted by Biron and Armado with letters

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to Rosaline and Jaquenetta respectively, he mis-manages their delivery and thereby proves instrumental in unmasking Biron's hypocrisy at the moment when the latter is pompously rebuking the King, Longaville and Dumain for their infidelity to their vows.

The almost casual articulation of the main-plot and the sub-plot is a structural flaw, although perhaps not one of any great importance in a play of this type. Shakespeare, indeed, seems to have devoted but the minimum of attention to his plot-construction, contenting himself with the regular alternation of scenes between the courtly and the comic characters, the former speaking in verse, the latter in prose, and not bothering about the fact that the amusing last act, if not wholly an excrescence (as some critics contend), is at least disproportionately long. In the characterisation of a number of his *dramatis personae* he is equally perfunctory, as we shall see later. The explanation of these shortcomings cannot be found in Shakespeare's supposed immaturity at the time of composition, for, if a date not earlier than 1593 be correct for this play, then he had already elsewhere shown greater skill in plotting, while the finished portraiture of Biron and Armado shows the command of characterisation that he could exercise if he chose. It would seem that Shakespeare, in writing what was to all intents and purposes a topical revue, concentrated rather on the decorations than on the framework. Of these, we to-day can best appreciate the dialogue and the versification.

The dialogue is unquestionably brilliant. Shakespeare found his models partly in Lyly's comedies, partly in the conversation of such young Elizabethan

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courtiers as his patron, the Earl of Southampton, for performance in whose house the play was probably first written ; but it is difficult not to believe that he surpassed the living model as far as he did the written one. The sets of wit between the members of the courtly group are played with a speed and vivacity that reveal an easy command of fashionable language and a sheer delight in words for their own sake. Changes in the language and in taste have rendered much of the purely verbal wit incomprehensible, and long stretches of it may to-day prove the reverse of amusing ; but we still have enough in common with the Elizabethan age to enable us to appreciate Shakespeare's grace and facility, and our knowledge that he realised that he was playing a fashionable but not very profound game permits us to appraise his linguistic virtuosity without questioning his wisdom in indulging it.

The verse which conveys this dialogue has freshness and charm. Shakespeare the sonneteer and author of *Venus and Adonis* stands clearly revealed in it. Its rhythm and tone, even in the longer speeches, are more often lyrical than dramatic, and the large proportion of rhyme—larger than in any other play of Shakespeare—emphasises the lyrical quality. The dialogue tends to fall not merely into couplets and quatrains, but into stanzas and even sonnets, while in no other play of Shakespeare are formal sonnets and lyrics so freely introduced. To balance this youthful lyricism, delightfully appropriate to light-hearted love-making, there is the more truly dramatic vigour of Biron's great blank-verse speech in vindication of his and his fellows' apostasy and the measured dignity of the speeches of the Princess and Rosaline to their

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penance-seeking lovers, where sobriety of matter has communicated a fitting solemnity to its utterance.'

THE CHARACTERS

Biron

Shakespeare's reputation as a master of dramatic characterisation owes little to his achievement in *Love's Labour's Lost*. Biron alone reveals the complex individuality that we normally associate with Shakespeare's major characters, and as a result he dominates the play. Above his fellow-votaries he towers head and shoulders. The King, at the outset, is the embodiment of youthful enthusiasm for an impracticable ideal of doubtful value ; Longaville and Dumain are his echoes. From Boyet, Maria, and Katharine we gather that they are almost equally adorned with the perfections of virtue, grace, and wit. Their words and deeds, both before and after their apostasy, display a unanimity that renders them indistinguishable from one another. Indeed, they are but three examples of one not particularly convincing type. They serve the purposes of Shakespeare's plot and gracefully deliver his polished dialogue ; they provide the actors with pleasant, unexacting parts ; but, whether considered severally or collectively, they fail to leave any lasting impression on our minds.

Biron, however, has a thoroughly distinctive personality. From the first he proclaims the barrenness and impracticability of the academic ideal as conceived by the King. It will prove " an abortive birth," a thing in which he feels no call to rejoice, and only his pledged word compels him to go through with the farce. His own belief is that truth is to be sought

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in the world at large, especially in the fair eyes of ladies, and not in dull books :—

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun

That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks :
Small have continual plodders ever won

Save base authority from others' books.

To his " mirth-moving " wit and " apt and gracious words," capable of entrancing both old and young, Rosaline pays a glowing tribute when revealing to the Princess her previous acquaintance with him. The picture is perhaps a trifle idealised, as Rosaline herself discovers, and our experience of him in the play inclines us to admit an element of truth in " the world's large tongue " which proclaims him for

a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts.

To his credit be it said that he directs these unsparingly against himself when he finds himself the victim of despised Cupid, forsworn on account of Rosaline, in abusing whom he finds some relief for his self-disgust but no escape from love. Rosaline he proceeds to court in conventional fashion with conceited Petrarchan sonnets, and admits himself a fool for so doing. " Four woodcocks in a dish ! " he cries when he overhears the love-secrets of the three " wretched fools," his fellow-votaries. For one joyous moment he covers them with ridicule, protests too much his own freedom from such folly as love—and immediately stands revealed in all his hypocrisy by the untimely arrival of Jaquenetta with his sonnet to Rosaline, that Costard has wrongly delivered. Pretence is now perforce thrown to the winds. As much to convince

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himself as his fellows, he valiantly praises those very features of Rosaline for which he had previously condemned her in his own mind. The mockery is, however, but momentary, for they need his nimble wit to justify the apostasy which he had all along foreseen. This he does by splendidly elaborating his initial argument against the academy project. Again he insists that not "leaden contemplation" but "the prompting eyes of beauty's tutors" are the one true source of enlightenment. The love which they inspire stimulates all the faculties to an unwonted sensibility,

And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.

If proof of this assertion were needed, the magnificent poetry of this hymn in praise of love would provide it. Well might his fellows, after hearing it, agree that "It is religion to be thus forsworn."

Love, however ideal in the abstract, is liable to be a little embarrassing in reality for those who suddenly change from austere scorn of its claims to boyishly enthusiastic submission. Biron, perhaps a little unjustly in view of his consistent advocacy of the abstract claims of love, has to share with his fellows the discomfiting mockery accorded to their wooing in Muscovite dress. He vents his anger on the smug, sycophantic, "honey-tongued Boyet," who, by informing the ladies of the scheme, led to its defeat. Boyet's second-hand wit provokes all Biron's scorn, until it is safely directed against a third person, the unfortunate Pompey, whereupon Biron finds it possible to become reconciled to the "old mocker." He is, however, too honest not to admit the futility of flowery language,

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conventional rhymes and fantastic masking as aids to winning so witty a realist as Rosaline. Such "maggot ostentation" he renounces in favour of plain, straightforward methods. He is even prepared, for Rosaline's sake, to accept the penance which will put his much-prized wit to the formidable task of moving "wild laughter in the throat of death." In Biron, as in Benedick of *Much Ado About Nothing*, love proves a maturing agent and induces a sobriety of outlook which renders of little account the superficial trappings of wit and language that formerly had seemed of much importance.

The Ladies

The Princess and her ladies are, like Biron's fellows, of one type and pursue a common course of action from beginning to end. More realistic than the gallants, they profess no high ideals and so are preserved from any fall from grace. Mischievous in spirit and nimble of tongue, they "dry-beat with pure scoff" the lovers to whom in secret they are well-affected, frustrate their elaborate advances by practical joking and unsparing mockery, and partially capitulate only when persuaded of the sincerity of what at first they rated

At courtship, pleasant jest and courtesy,
As bombast and as lining to the time.

Among themselves they indulge in sets of wit well played—wit sometimes of a strongly Elizabethan flavour—and betray no seriousness until Mercade brings his news of the Princess's bereavement. Maria and Katharine remain to the end indistinguishable specimens of a type, but the Princess and Rosaline are

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endowed with qualities which render them distinct personalities.

The Princess adds to her wit and vivacity an engaging modesty and kindness. She is sufficiently clear-sighted to dismiss Boyet's flourishes of compliment as mere displays of conventional flattery, while, on the other hand, she rewards the Forester for his blundering honesty in denying any complimentary intention in his remark that she "may make the fairest shoot." In the hunting-scene she reveals a touch of humanitarian sympathy with the wretched deer she is about to slay, although this is not strong enough to make her forgo the sport. For the Worthies she is prepared to make allowances, anticipating Theseus of *A Midsummer'-Night's Dream* in her readiness to judge their efforts, not by their artistic achievement, but by their zeal to give contentment ; and she alone gives kindly words to the much-bemocked actors. The news of her father's death she receives with dignified self-restraint. Thereafter her fundamental honesty of nature stands disclosed in the candour of her apology to the King for any over-boldness of raillery and in the unaffected simplicity with which she accepts him as a prospective husband should time not lead to any change of heart on his part.

That Rosaline is more clearly pictured than Maria and Katharine is in some measure due to the prominence of Biron, for as his beloved she must needs share some of the interest that he excites. We are made to feel that she is an interesting personality not so much by what she says and does as by the mingled fascination and repugnance with which her lover regards her. He sees her for what, presumably, she is, the worst of the Princess's three ladies,

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A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes ;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard.

Yet she can charm him against his better judgment. His reactions to her are the same as Shakespeare's to that other Dark Lady of the Sonnets, and perhaps the key to the situation lies in a personal experience which the poet is thought to shadow forth there. At all events, were it not for Biron's remarks we should not be conscious of any complexity in Rosaline before the moment when she imposes his penance. The form which this takes, suggested by her keen insight into his character and an unsurpassed knowledge of that side of life where groans, not jests, prevail, reveals the wisdom of one whose realistic perception of true values has not been blurred by the frivolities attendant on court life.

Armado and the Comic Characters

The comic characters of *Love's Labour's Lost* impress themselves more vividly on our minds as separate entities than do most of their social superiors. Although they conform in general outline to the stock types of previous Italian and English comedy, there are as many types as characters, which lends variety, and each character is marked by some intimate touch which serves to raise him above the merely typical to the individual. Thus Holofernes, the officious schoolmaster who lays down the law on language and poetry, transcends the heavy pedant of Italian comedy and becomes a robust English countryman in his appreciation of the chase and in his zeal for pageant-production.

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Moreover, his reproof of the gallants who mock him as Judas Maccabaeus—"This is not generous, not gentle, not humble"—argues a sense of decency and a feeling for the proprieties of social conduct which win him our sympathetic respect. Similarly Sir Nathaniel ceases to be no more than Holofernes' admiring echo and springs to individual life in the tolerant allowances which Costard, with his distinctively English standards, makes to the courtiers for the curate's inadequacy in his role of Alexander :—

There, an't shall please you ; a foolish mild man ;
an honest man, look you, and soon dashed. He is a
marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good
bowler : but, for Alisander,—alas, you see how
'tis,—a little o'erparted.

Costard himself, with all his inconsistencies, is a vital enough figure. Partly court-jester and partly country clown, he misuses newly coined English words and utters false Latin, and yet he can play as cleverly as any gallant on "manner and form following" and rises to an "honorificabilitudinitatibus." Gross in his own wit and conduct, he delights chiefly in Moth's impertinencies and such salacious repartee as Rosaline and Boyet exchange ; yet, when playing Pompey, he shows a most attractive modesty. Even the constable, aptly named Dull, an uncomprehending blockhead whose density is equalled only by his stubbornness, emerges from the mental fog with which the high-flown speech of Holofernes and Armado has, not surprisingly, clouded him, to reveal himself as an enthusiastic dancer and musician. The authentic touch of rural English life has individualised them all.

Armado, however, is the only comic figure who

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displays complexity of character. When we first hear of this "refined traveller of Spain" he is described as a fashionable word-monger and a *raconteur* of chivalric romance. His fantastic letter to the King promptly displays him in the first of these capacities, but nowhere is he shown in the second. The letter proves his zeal in enforcing the King's proclamation in the case of Costard; nevertheless, on his appearance in person he stands revealed as a potential law-breaker inasmuch as he inclines to Jaquenetta. Encouraged by Moth's examples of great men who have been in love, and undeterred by his brief but highly disconcerting conversation with the wench, he bids farewell to military prowess, renounces the sword, and adopts that mightier instrument, the pen. The first-fruits of this decision are seen in his extraordinary love-letter and poem, with its mingled cajolery and threats, which Costard, ungrateful of "remuneration," mistakenly delivers to Rosaline. It is perhaps worth noting that Armado, in despising himself for being in love and in abusing the object of his unwilling devotion, offers an exact parallel to Biron, while the very language with which, in soliloquy, he takes the plunge has a truly Bironic flavour.

Armado ploughs a lonely furrow. Not only is he the butt of the courtly party, but even the other comic characters refuse to be impressed by his bearing. Holofernes finds "his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical." Costard delights

To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan !
To see him kiss his hand ! and how most sweetly a'
will swear !

The precocious Moth deflates his master's arrogance

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at every turn, usually without Armado's realising it. Jaquenetta brazenly flouts his condescension. Shakespeare, indeed, leaves us in no doubt as to his ridiculous appearance to all and sundry while his affectations lie thick upon him. But the last act redeems all. The King, of whose familiarity he boasts in terms that betray extreme gullibility in one who was " a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world," has been pleased to request him to " present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or firework." Knowing that Holofernes and Sir Nathaniel are, to our surprise, " good at such eruptions and sudden breaking out of mirth," he craves their co-operation, and the pageant of the Nine Worthies is arranged. The performance of this, as we have seen, enables the comic characters to come into their own by replying to the scoffing criticisms of the courtiers with a modest dignity that wins them our full sympathy.

Armado at this point shows to particular advantage. He springs to the defence of Hector, whom he is impersonating, with words which, for the poignancy of the thought and the directness of the language, might have appeared in any of Shakespeare's mature tragedies. But worse than mockery befalls him. Costard, prompted, no doubt, by Biron, intervenes to assert that Jaquenetta is with child by Armado. The charge is, of course, preposterous, for Armado has scarcely begun to woo her and she certainly has shown him no favour. His discomfiture at being " infamonzed among potentates " by this cruel jest is heightened by his inability to fight Costard on the spot through his embarrassing lack of a shirt. Only the arrival of

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Mercade saves him from his undeserved predicament. There is now, however, no further need to hide his poverty or to affect to regard Jaquenetta as his inferior. Resolving to right himself like a soldier, he goes out to plead with her, and when next we see him he is shorn of affectation and prepared to undergo the homely penance that the realistic Jaquenetta probably suggested as a test of his sincerity :—

I am a votary ; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years.

SPEECH FASHIONS IN " LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST "

Of the many topical elements which are diagnosed or suspected in *Love's Labour's Lost* it seems profitable to discuss here only Shakespeare's treatment of current speech fashions. They form one of the principal objects of his satire, they have a wider interest than merely personal allusions, the application of which is still a matter of controversy (see especially the notes on I. ii. 8 and IV. m. 255), and, besides being amusing in themselves, they serve a valuable purpose to-day by illustrating an important phase in the development of the English language. By the mid-sixteenth century this had not fully emerged from the state of flux consequent upon the transition from Middle English to Modern English. Progress in the arts dependent on the written or the spoken word was thereby impeded, while the inadequacy of the native vocabulary presented an equally serious obstacle to those Renaissance Englishmen who patriotically sought to develop the vernacular into a medium fit even for the highest literary purposes. By the sustained efforts of two generations of such men, however, the mother-

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tongue was refined and enriched to so high a degree that the incomparable language of Shakespeare's plays and of the Authorised Version of the Bible was rendered possible.

The linguistic experiments and innovations which accompanied such advance were not all of equal value. Certain speech fashions emerged which appeared excessively exaggerated even to some contemporaries. In *Love's Labour's Lost* we perceive Shakespeare's interest in the courtly language of the day. Other Elizabethans may well have found the brilliant speech of Elizabeth's young nobles distasteful, and that Shakespeare himself could rate it at its true worth is shown late in the play when Biron, all his eloquence defeated by the blunt mockery of the ladies, forswears

Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical.

Nevertheless the skill with which Biron and his fellows had previously exploited such ornamental devices stamps their creator as an admiring master of this particular word-game. Towards the linguistic affectations of Armado and Holofernes, however, with their strong infusion of the "bookish" element, Shakespeare shows only antipathy. But it is important to realise that, if we discount the exaggeration introduced for the purposes of ridicule, they do represent fashions of sufficient strength and currency in their day to leave a permanent impression on some phases of our language.

The "magnificent" Armado is introduced to us as "fashion's own knight," "a man in all the world's new fashion planted," the fashion being, as we see

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later, a purely linguistic one. " This child of fancy " uses the " mint of phrases in his brain " with some originality to frame his compliments and set off his " high-born words." His Latin coinages, fresh from this mint and new to his audience, do not strike us as ridiculous for the simple reason that many of them have passed into everyday speech. " Remuneration," for instance, which bursts upon Costard like a new star in the firmament, is a commonplace word to-day, and " festinately," though less familiar, will be found in our dictionaries. His display of synonyms, though carried to excess, serves a useful purpose by illustrating the meaning of his neologisms, and therefore cannot be unreservedly condemned. To our view his speech suffers chiefly from lack of what Ascham called " all right congruity, propriety of words," for his subject-matter never warrants the elaborate verbiage in which he clothes it. Thus his instruction to Moth to release Costard is inflated to : " Go, tenderness of years ; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither." His epistolary style, however, is indefensible, combining as it does the worst excesses of courtly compliment or pompous condescension with an over-elaborate method of graduating his narrative on some such Latinised, rhetorical pattern as " The time when ? . . . the ground which ? . . . the place where ? " etc.

Holofernes, who indulges to a greater degree than Armado the taste for synonyms (" caelo, the sky, the welkin, the heaven . . . terra, the soil, the land, the earth ") and can emulate Armado's confession of his love in terms of the grammatical comparison of " base "with a play on" or rather . . . or ratherest," finds the Spaniard's language " too picked, too spruce,

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too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it." This is sound criticism, but it can be applied with almost equal justice to Holofernes' own pedantic utterance. The difference between them, indeed, is of kind rather than of degree, Armado affecting an extreme form of the language of the court, Holofernes an equally extreme form of the language of the pedant. For Holofernes the written, not the spoken, language is law. Hence he abhors such "rackers of orthography" as Armado, who will

speake dout, fine, when he should say doubt ; det, when he should pronounce debt,—d, e, b, t, not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour vocatur nebour ; neigh abbreviated ne. This is abhominable,—which he would call abominable : it insinuateth me of insanie : ne intelligis, domine ? to make frantic, lunatic.

Here Shakespeare, who agrees with Armado's practice, is ridiculing such men as Holofernes, who in his day were endeavouring to make pronunciation conform to spelling and even to re-spell borrowed words according to their ultimate Latin originals, irrespective of the fact they had probably come into the language with a modified spelling through the French. Nevertheless the pedants and etymologists proved powerful enough to affect the language. It so happens that Holofernes' demand for the pronunciation of the " l " in " calf " and " half " and of the " gh " in " neighbour " has gone unanswered, and that his spelling " abhominable " is based on false etymology ; but in " doubt " and " debt " he and his kind did at least succeed in inserting the " b's " of the Latin originals in the revised spelling of Middle

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English "doute" and "dette" (from the French), although they failed to get them pronounced, while in other words not mentioned by Holofernes both spelling and pronunciation were artificially changed (*e.g.* Middle English "aventure" became "adventure," "parfit" became "perfect"). Shakespeare, here as elsewhere, takes his stand on the side of spoken English in a controversy of considerable importance for the subsequent history of the language.

Like Armado, Holofernes illustrates the taste for Latin coinages. Some of these, though of recent introduction at the time of the play (*e.g.* "intimation," "insinuation," "explication"), have since become current; others, such as "peregrinate"—"a most singular and choice epithet" which Sir Nathaniel promptly records in his note-book for future use—have survived with a rather different application. Armado occasionally adorns his letters with a Latin quotation, but Holofernes stands revealed as the complete bookish pedant in the profusion of Latin words and tags which interlard his speech. These are all very elementary, and are rather the marks of his profession than indications of real learning. Add to them his ingrained habit of translation, and we have such a typical speech as this:—

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

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It may be noticed, in passing, that Holofernes sets up as a critic of poetry. Biron's sonnet to Rosaline he finds lacking in that "elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy" in which his favourite Ovid abounds. He undertakes to show the verses "to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention"; and he succeeds to Sir Nathaniel's admiration. His own skill in poetry (for occasionally he condescends to versify in English) he complacently exemplifies in a highly alliterative string of quibbles and banalities that reflect the poetic taste of a generation or so earlier. His critical dicta, however, are decked in the most up-to-date formal terms of the Renaissance theorists on rhetoric and poetry, and Shakespeare thereby effectively satirises those pedantic critics who, notwithstanding their own incompetence as creative artists, boldly attempted to legislate for the poets of their day.*

TEXT, DATE, AND SOURCES

Text

The First Quarto of *Lovers Labour's Lost* was published in 1598. The absence of any preliminary entry in the Stationers' Register and the presence of the words "newly corrected and augmented" on the title-page have led to the suggestion that, as in the case of *Romeo and Juliet*, where the same conditions

* Those who wish to study in greater detail the linguistic affectations depicted by Shakespeare in *Love's Labour's Lost* should consult George Puttenham's *The Arte of English Poesie* (1589), where ample contemporary illustration will be found. Among recent writings on the subject, Miss G. D. Willcock's essay on *Shakespeare as Critic of Language* (The Shakespeare Association, 1934) is likely to prove most valuable.

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occur, this authorised quarto had been preceded by a pirated edition. No copy of such an edition has, however, so far come to light. The First Quarto, although badly printed, offers the most authoritative text. Professor Dover Wilson, in his edition of the play (Cambridge, 1923), expresses the belief that it was set up from Shakespeare's own manuscript after this had been used as a prompt-book at performances. The text in the First Folio of 1623 was based on a copy of this quarto which, as the alteration of stage-directions and speech-headings shows, had at some time in the interval between the two publications been similarly employed as a theatrical prompt-book. The Folio compositor, not Shakespeare, would seem to have been responsible for the correction of many minor errors of the First Quarto, and to him must also be attributed the introduction of many fresh errors. The Second Quarto of 1631 was set up from the Folio text.

The extent to which the original draft of the play was "corrected and augmented" before its publication in 1598 forms the subject of a controversy into which it is not possible to enter fully here, although some of the evidence will be examined in the Notes. Professor Dover Wilson, who dates the composition of the original draft in the autumn of 1593, argues forcibly for a drastic revision in 1597, basing his conclusions principally on : (i) the variations of nomenclature in the speech-headings of the First Quarto (*e.g.* "Braggart" for Armado, "Pedant" for Holofernes, "Clown" for Costard, "Navarro" and "King" for Ferdinand, etc.) ; (ii) the confusion in the assignment of some of the speeches, particularly those of Rosaline and Katharine in II. i. and of Holofernes and Nathaniel

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in IV. ii. ; and (iii) the duplication of two passages in IV. in. and V. n., where Shakespeare's marks for the deletion of the first version were in each case ignored. Other scholars, for example Sir E. K. Chambers in his *William Shakespeare* (Oxford, 1930, i. 333-335), maintain that the correction and augmentation were slight and that the irregularities analysed by Professor Dover Wilson may well have existed in Shakespeare's original draft. Thus different interpretations are placed upon the same set of facts, and the answer to the problem must be left open.

Date

Equally inconclusive is the investigation of the original date of composition. Every year between 1588 and 1596 has at one time or another been suggested, but recent opinion tends to limit the probabilities to a date between 1592 and 1595. The external evidence of Frances Meres' *Palladis Tamia* (1598) and Robert Tofte's *Alba* (1598) does no more than show that the play was in existence by 1598, which we already know from the title-page of the Quarto. On some of the internal evidence no precise conclusions can be based ; for example, on the allusions to the plague and to the " dancing horse," the choice of the courtiers' names from characters who figured in the French civil wars of 1589—1594, and the reflection of interest in Russian affairs in the Muscovite mask. Other allusions, however, give more definite information for the earlier limit.

Professor H. B. Charlton traces Armado's allusion to " the first and second cause " in duelling (I. n. 174-175) to Segar's *Booke of Honor and Armes*, which was published in 1590. Holofernes' remark on " piercing a hogshead " (IV. n. 86) brings the date later, for it

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is pointless unless it refers to a passage in Gabriel Harvey's *Piercers Supererogation* of 1593. It seems reasonable to suppose, moreover, that " the school of night " (IV. in. 255) refers to George Chapman's *The Shadow of Night* and that Biron's lines in IV. m. 346-347 are a direct reply to two lines in that poem. *The Shadow of Night* was entered on the Stationers' Register on December 31, 1593, and published in 1594, so that, unless we assume that Shakespeare saw it in manuscript, a date earlier than 1594 is impossible. Professor Dover Wilson risks this assumption and dates the play in the autumn of 1593. Certainly no earlier date would be consistent with the internal evidence unless it be suggested that the allusions to the works of Harvey and Chapman were inserted during revision ; and for such a suggestion there is no evidence at all.

How much later one may come is a matter of opinion rather than of fact. Sir E. K. Chambers inclines to 1595, believing as he does that *Love's Labour's Lost* is the earliest of the lyrical group which includes *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Richard II*. The style and versification are, admittedly, by no means immature. The deliberate artificiality of the former and the lyrical quality of the latter are determined by the theme, and they cannot, in a play of this nature, be claimed as evidence of very early workmanship.

It is generally agreed that the revision of the play, whatever its extent, was undertaken for the court performance of Christmas 1597, which is mentioned on the title-page of the Quarto.

Sources

Love's Labour's Lost is the one play of Shakespeare for

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which no literary source has been discovered, although the existence of a source-play has been suspected. Critics have therefore fallen back upon the tasks of identifying the objects of the topical satire and suggesting historical parallels to the diplomatic mission of the Princess of France to the King of Navarre. The latter pursuit has produced fewer positive results than the former. One major difficulty is that there was never a King of Navarre called Ferdinand. Henri of Navarre (later Henri IV of France) was visited at his court at Nerac in 1578 by his wife Marguerite de Valois, a princess of France, from whom he was separated, and the question of her dowry, which included towns in Aquitaine, was discussed. This historical incident, though less remote from Shakespeare's pseudo-history than others that have been adduced as his originals (namely, certain financial negotiations between Charles of Navarre and the King of France about 1425, and the visit of Catharine de' Medici to Henri of Navarre in 1586), differs from it in certain fundamental respects. If Shakespeare had it in mind, he must have learnt of it by report, for no published account appeared before the play. The names of Ferdinand's courtiers, Biron, Longaville and Dumain, were taken from historical figures of the French civil wars, although the Due de Mayenne (= Dumain) was an opponent, not a supporter, of Henri of Navarre. No reference to the events of these wars is made in the play.

F. E. B.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

| | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>FERDINAND, king of Navarre.</p> <p>BIRON } LONGAVILLE } lords attending on DUMAIN } the King.</p> <p>BOYET } MERCAE } lords attending on the } Princess of France.</p> <p>DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, a fantastical Spaniard.</p> <p>SIR NATHANIEL, a curate.</p> | <p>HOLOFERNES, a schoolmaster.</p> <p>DULL, a constable.</p> <p>COSTARD, a clown.</p> <p>MOTH, page to Armado.</p> <p>A Forester.</p> <p>The PRINCESS of France.</p> <p>ROSALINE } MARIA } ladies attending on } the Princess.</p> <p>KATHARINE, a country wench.</p> <p>JAQUENETTA, a country wench.</p> <p>Lords, Attendants, &c.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

SCENE: *Navarre.*

ACT I

SCENE I. *The king of Navarre's park. Enter FERDINAND, king of NAVARRE, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.*

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs
And then grace us in the disgrace of death ;
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors—for so you are,
That war against your own affections
And the huge army of the world's desires— to
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force :
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world ;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me
My fellow-scholars and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here :
Your oaths are pass'd ; and now subscribe your names,
That his own hand may strike his honour down 20
That violates the smallest branch herein :
If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,

Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

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

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified :
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves : 30
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die ;
With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over ;
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances ;
As, not to see a woman in that term,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there ;
And one day in a week to touch no food
And but one meal on every day beside, 40
The which I hope is not enrolled there ;
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day—
When I was wont to think no harm all night
And make a dark night too of half the day—
Which I hope well is not enrolled there :
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep !

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

Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please : 50
I only swore to study with your grace
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

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

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

so. I] LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

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

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

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

Biron. Come on, then ; I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know : 60

As thus,—to study where I well may dine,

When I to feast expressly am forbid ;

Or study where to meet some mistress fine,

When mistresses from common sense are hid ;

Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath,

Study to break it and not break my troth.

If study's gain be thus and this be so,

Study knows that which yet it doth not know :

Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite 70
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain ; but that most
vain,

Which with pain purchased doth inherit pain :

As, painfully to pore upon a book

To seek the light of truth ; while truth the while

Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look :

Light seeking light doth light of light beguile :

So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,

Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.

Study me how to please the eye indeed 80

By fixing it upon a fairer eye,

Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed

And give him light that it was blinded by.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun

That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks :

Small have continual plodders ever won

Save base authority from others' books.
 These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights
 That give a name to every fixed star
 Have no more profit of their shining nights 90
 Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
 Too much to know is to know nought but fame ;
 And every godfather can give a name.

'~* *King.* How well he's read, to reason against reading !

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding !

Long. He weeds the corn and still lets grow the
 weeding.

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

Dum. How follows that ?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhyme.

King. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost 100
 That bites the first-born infants of the
 spring.

Biron. Well, say I am ; why should proud
 summer boast

Before the birds have any cause to sing ?

Why should I joy in any abortive birth ?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows ;

But like of each thing that in season grows.

So you, to study now it is too late,

Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

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

Biron. No, my good lord ; I have sworn to stay
 with you : in

And though I have for barbarism spoke more

Than for that angel knowledge you can say,

Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn

And bide the penance of each three years' day.

Give me the paper ; let me read the same ;

And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from
shame !

Biron [*reads*]. " Item, That no woman shall come
within a mile of my court " : Hath this been pro-
claimed ? 121

Long. Four days ago.

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

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why ?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility !

[*Reads*] " Item, If any man be seen to talk with a
woman within the term of three years, he shall endure
such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly
devise." 132

This article, my liege, yourself must break ;

For well you know here comes in embassy

The French king's daughter with yourself to speak—

A maid of grace and complete majesty—

About surrender up of Aquitaine

To her decrepit, sick and bedrid father :

Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly conies the admired princess hither. 140

King. What say you, lords ? why, this was quite
forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot :
While it doth study to have what it would
It doth forget to do the thing it should,
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,

'Tis won as towns with fire, so won, so lost.

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

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn

Three thousand times within this three years'
space ; 150

For every man with his affects is born,

Not by might master'd but by special grace :
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me ;
I am forsworn on " mere necessity."
So to the laws at large I write my name :

[Subscribes.

And he that breaks them in the least degree
Stands in attainder of eternal shame :

Suggestions are to other as to me ;

But I believe, although I seem so loath,
I am the last that will last keep his oath. 160

But is there no quick recreation granted ?

King. Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is
haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain ;

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,

That hath a mint of phrases in his brain ;

One whom the music of his own vain tongue

Doth ravish like enchanting harmony ;

A man of complements, whom right and wrong

Have chose as umpire of their mutiny :

This child of fancy that Armado hight 170

For interim to our studies shall relate

In high-born words the worth of many a knight

From tawny Spain lost in the world's debate.

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I ;

But, I protest, I love to hear him lie

And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

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

Long. Costard the swain and he shall be our
sport ;
And so to study, three years is but short. 180

Enter DULL with a letter, and COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person ?

Biron. This, fellow : what wouldst ?

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

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme — Arme — commends you.
There's villainy abroad : this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado. 190

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in Cod
' for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low heaven : God grant
us patience !

Biron. To hear ? or forbear hearing ?

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately;
or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause
to climb in the merriness. 199

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

Biron. In what manner ?

Cost. In manner arid form following, sir ; all those
three : I was seen with her in the manor-house,
sitting with her upon the form, and taken following
her into the park ; which, put together, is in manner

and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman : for the form,—in some form. 210

Biron. For the following, sir ?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction, and God defend the right !

King. Will you hear this letter with attention ?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

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

King [reads]. " Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's god, and body's fostering patron." 220

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King [reads]. " So it is,"—

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

King. Peace !

Cost. Be to me and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words !

Cost. Of other men's secrets, I beseech you. 229

King [reads]. " So it is, besieged with sable^coloured melancholy, I did commend the black ppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air ; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour ; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper : so much for the time when. Now for the ground which ; which, I mean, I walked upon : it is ycleped thy park. Then for the place where ; where,*! mean, I did encounter that obscene—and most preposterous event that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-

coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest : but to the place where ; it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden : there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,"—

Cost. Me?

King [reads], "that unlettered small - knowing soul,"— 250

Cost. Me?

King [reads]. " that shallow vassal,"—

Cost. Still me?

King [reads]. " which, as I remember, hight Costard,—

Cost. O, me !

King [reads]. " sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with,—O, with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,— 260

Cost. With a wench.

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

Dull. Me, an't shall please you ; I am Anthony Dull." 269

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

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

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

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench. 280

King. Did you hear the proclamation ?

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

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

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

King. Well, it was proclaimed "damsel."

Cost. This was no damsel neither, sir ; she was a virgin. 290

Kin%. It is so varied too ; for it was proclaimed "virgin."

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

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

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

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge. 300

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper. My Lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er :

And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumain.*]

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

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

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

SCENE II. *The same.* Enter ARMADO
and MOTH.

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

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

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing,
dear imrj.

Moth. No, no ; O Lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy,
mytender Juvenal ?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working,
my tough signior. 10

Arm. Why tough signior ? why tough signior ?

Moth. Why tender Juvenal ? why tender Juvenal ?

Arm. I spoke it, tender Juvenal, as a congruent
epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we
may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough signior, as an appertinent title
to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir ? I pretty, and my
saying apt ? or I apt, and my saying pretty ? 20

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt ?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master ?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What, that an eel is ingenious ?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say thou art quick in answers : thou heatest my blood. 30

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. [*Aside*] He speaks the mere contrary ; crosses love not him.

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told ?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning ; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster. 41

Moth. You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both : they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study ? Now here is three studied, ere ye'll thrice wink : and how easy it is to put " years " to the word " three," and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure !

Moth. To prove you a cipher.

Arm. I will hereupon confess I am in love : and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour

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of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devised courtesy, I think scorn to sigh : methinks I should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy : what great men have been in love ?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules ! More authority, dear boy, name more : and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage. 69

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

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

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion ?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four. 80

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions ?

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

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

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

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours. 92

Arm. Define. define, well-educated infant.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST [ACT I

Moth. My father's wit and my mother's tongue,
assist me !

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child ; most pretty and
pathetical !

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known,
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred 100
And fears by pale white shown :
Then if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know,
For still her checks possess the same
Which native she doth owe.

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

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the
Beggar ? 109

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

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that
I may example my digression by some mighty preced-
ent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in
the park with the rational hindj^ostard : she deserves
well.

Moth. [*Aside*] To be whipped ; and yet a better
love than my master. 120

Arm. Sing, boy ; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep

SC. II] LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Costard safe : and you must suffer him to take no delight nor no penance ; but a⁵ must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park : she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing. Maid ! 130

Jaq. Man ?

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are !

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face ?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so, farewell. 140

Jaq. Fair weather after you !

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away !

[Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.]

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

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

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain ; shut him up. 150

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave ; away !

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

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

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see.

Moth. What shall some see ?

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LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST [ACT I. sc. ii

Cost. Nay, nothing, Master¹ Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words ; and therefore I will say nothing : I thank God I have as little patience as another man ; and therefore I can be quiet.

[Exeunt Moth and Costard.

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, which is a great argument of falsehood, if I love. And how can that be true love which is falsely attempted ? Love is a familiar ; Love is a devil : there is no evil angel but Love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength ; yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club ; and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn ; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not : his disgrace is to be called boy ; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour ! rust, rapier ! be still, drum ! for your manager is in love ; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporaj god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnet. Devise, wit ; write, pen ; for I am for whole volumes in folio. *[Exit.*

ACT II

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter the Princess of France, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants.

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits :

Consider who the king your father sends,
To whom he sends, and what's his embassy :
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre ; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace
As Nature was in making graces dear 10
When she did starve the general world beside
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but
mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise :
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues :
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker : good Boyet, 20

You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
 Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
 Till painful study shall outwear three years,
 No woman may approach his silent court :
 Therefore to's seemeth it a needful course,
 Before we enter his forbidden gates,
 To know his pleasure ; and in that behalf,
 Bold of your worthiness, we single you
 As our best-moving fair solicitor.
 Tell him, the daughter of the King of France, 30
 On serious business, craving quick dispatch,
 Importunes personal conference with his grace :
 Haste, signify so much ; while we attend,
 Like humble-visaged suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so,

[Exit Boyet.]

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

First Lord. Lord Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man ?

Mar. I know him, madam : at a marriage-feast, 40
 Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
 Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
 In Normandy, saw I this Longaville :
 A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd ;
 Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms :
 Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
 The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
 If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,
 Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will ;
 Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills 50
 It should none spare that come within his power.

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

Mar. They say so most that most his humours know.

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

Kath. The young Dumain ; a well-accomplished youth,

Of all that virtue love for virtue loved :
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill ;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit. 60
I saw him at the Duke Aleii9on's once ;
And much too little of that good I saw
Is my report to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, if I have heard a truth.
Biron they call him ; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal :
His eye begets occasion for his wit ;
For every <J5Ject that the one doth catch 70
The other turns to a mirth-moving"jest,
WhichTiisTaTr tongue conceit's expositor,
Delivers in such apt and gracious words
That aged ears play truant at his tales
And younger hearings arc quite ravished ;
So sweet arid voluble is his discourse.

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

First Lord. Here comes Boyet. 80

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord ?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach ;
And he and his competitors in oath

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST [ACT II

Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
 Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt :
 He rather means to lodge you in the field,
 Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
 Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
 To let you enter his unpeopled house.
 Here comes Navarre. 90

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, *and*
 Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of
 Navarre.

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

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome, then : conduct me thither.

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

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

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

Prin. Why, will shall break it ; will and nothing
 else. 101

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
 Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
 I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping :
⁵Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
 And sin to break it.

But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold :

To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming, no
 And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

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

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once ?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once ?

Biron. I know you did.

Ros. How needless was it then to ask the question !

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such
questions. 120

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

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o⁵ day ?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask !

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers !

Biron. And send you many lovers !

Ros. Amen, so you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate 130
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns ;
Being but the one half of an entire sum
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say that he or we, as neither have,
Received that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more ; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the king your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied, 140
We will give up our right in Aquitaine,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST [ACT II

A hundred thousand crowns ; and not demands,
 On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
 To have his title live in Aquitaine ;
 Which we much rather had depart withal
 And have the money by our father lent
 Than Aquitaine so gelded as it is. 150
 Dear princess, were not his requests so far
 From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
 A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast
 And go well satisfied to France again.

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

King. I do protest I never heard of it;
 And if you prove it, I'll repay it back 160
 Or yield up Aquitaine.

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

King. Satisfy me so.

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

King. It shall suffice me : at which interview
 All liberal reason I will yield unto. 170
 Meantime receive such welcome at my hand
 As honour without breach of honour may
 Make tender of to thy true worthiness :
 You may not come, fair princess, in my gates ;
 But here without you shall be so received
 As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,
 Though so denied fair harbour in my house.

SC.I] LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell :
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your
grace !

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place !

[*Exit.*

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to mine own
heart. 181

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

Biron. I would you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick ?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good ?

Ros. My physic says " ay."

Biron. Will you prick, with your eye ? 190

Ros. No point, with my knife.

Biron. Now, God save thy life !

Ros. And yours from long living !

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*Retiring.*

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

Boyet. The heir of Alen[^]on, Katharine her name.

Dum. A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well.

[*Exit.*

Long. I beseech you a word : what is she in the
white !

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

Long. Perchance light in the light. I desire her
name. 200

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

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST [ACT II

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter ?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard !

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended.

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir, that may be.

[Exit *Long.*

Biron. What's her name in the cap ?

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Boyet. Rosaline, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded or no ?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, sir : adieu.

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[Exit *Biron.*

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord :
Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.

Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry.

Boyet. And wherefore not ships ?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips. 221

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture : shall that finish
the jest ?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.

[Offering to kiss her.

Mar. Not so, gentle beast :

My lips are no common, though several they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom ?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling ; but, gentles,
agree :

SC.I] LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

This civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men ; for here 'tis abused.

Boyet. If my observation, which very seldom lies,
By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes, 230
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what ?

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle affected.

Prin. Your reason ?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire :
His heart, like an agate, with your print impress'd,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd :
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be ; 240

All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair :
Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy ;
Who, tendering their own worth from where they were
glass'd,

Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd :
His face's own margent did quote such amazes
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.
I'll give you Aquitaine and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss. 250

Prin. Come to our pavilion : Boyet is disposed.

Boyet. But to speak that in words which his eye hath
disclosed,

I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger and speakest
skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather and learns news of
him.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST [ACT II. sc. i

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother, for her father
is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches ?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you see ?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III

SCENE I. *The same. Enter ARMADO
and MOTH.*

Arm. Warble, child ; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel. *[Singing.*

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

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl ?

Arm. How meanest thou ? brawling in French ? 10

Moth. No, my complete master : but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids, sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love, sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love ; with your hat penthouse-like o'er the shop of your eyes ; with your arms crossed on your thin-belly doublet like a rabbit on a spit ; or your hands in your pocket like a man after the old painting ; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements, these are humours ; these betray nice wenches, that would be betrayed without these ;

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST [ACT II

and make them men of note—do you note, men ?—that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience ?

Moth. By my penny of observation—

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. " The hobby-horse is forgot"

Arm. Callest thou my love " hobby-horse " ? 30

Moth. No, master ; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney. But have you forgot your love ?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student ! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master : all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove ? 39

Moth. A man, if I live ; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant : by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her ; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her ; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain : he must carry me a letter. 50

Moth. A message well sympathized ; a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

Arm. Ha, ha ! what sayest thou ?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

Arm. The way is but short : away !

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

SC.I] LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

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

Moth. Minime, honest master ; or rather, master,
no. 60

Arm. I say lead is slow.

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

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

Moth. Thump then and I flee. [*Exit.*

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

Re-enter MOTH *with* COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master ! here's a costard broken
in a shin. 70

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

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

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

Moth. Do the wise think them other ? is not l'envoy
a salve ? 80

Arm. No, page : it is an epilogue or discourse, to
make plain

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST [ACT In

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.
I will example it :

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

There's the moral. Now the l'envoy.

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

Arm. The fox, the ape, the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three. 90

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my l'envoy.

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

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

Moth. A good l'envoy, ending in the goose : would you desire more ? 100

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose,
that's flat.

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose :

Let me see ; a fat l'envoy ; ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Gome hither, come hither. How did this argument begin ?

Moth. By saying that a costard was broken in a shin.

Then calPd you for the l'envoy.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain : thus came your argument in ; ~

Then the boy's fat l'envoy, the goose that you bought ;
And he ended the market. no

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

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it\$ *Moth* : I will speak that l'envoy :

I Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee. 120

Cost. O, marry me to one Frances : I smell some Penvoy, some goose, in this.

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

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

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance : and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this : bear this significant [*giving a letter*] to the country maid Jaquenetta : there is remuneration ; for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents. *Moth*, follow. [*Exit.*]

Moth. Like the sequel, I. Signior Costard, adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh ! my inconvy Jew ! [*Exit Moth.*]

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration ! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings : three farthings—remuneration.—" What's the price of this inkle ? "—" One penny."—" No, I'll give you a remuneration : " why, it carries it. Remuneration !¹ why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word. 142

Enter BIRON.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard ! exceedingly well met.

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

Biron. What is a remuneration ?

Cost. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

Biron. Why, then, three-farthing worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship : God be wi' you ! 150

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

Cost. When would you have it done, sir ?

Biron. This afternoon.

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

Biron. Thou knowest not what it is.

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

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning. 161

Biron. It must be done this afternoon.

Hark, slave, it is but this :

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,

And in her train there is a gentle lady ;

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,

And Rosaline they call her : ask for her ;

And to her white hand see thou do commend

This seal'd up counsel. There's thy guerdon ; go.

[Giving him a shilling.]

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

SC.I] LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Remuneration !

[Exit,

Biron. And I, forsooth, in love ! I, that have been
love's whip ;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh ;

A critic, nay, a night-watch constable ;

A domineering pedant o'er the boy ;

Than whom no mortal so magnificent !

This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy ;

This Signior Junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid ; 180

Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,

The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,

Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,

Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,

Sole imperator and great general

Of trotting paritors :—O my little heart !—

And I to be a corporal of his field,

And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop !

What, I ! I love ! I sue ! I seek a wife !

A woman, that is like a German clock, 190

Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,

And never going aright, being a watch,

But being watch'd that it may still go right !

Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all ;

And, among three, to love the worst of all ;

A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,

With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes ;

Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed

Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard :

And I to sigh for her ! to watch for her ! 200

To pray for her ! Go to ; it is a plague

That Cupid will impose for my neglect

Of his almighty dreadful little might.

Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and groan :

Some men must love my lady and some Joan. [Exit.

ACT IV

SCENE I. *The same. Enter the Princess, and her train, a Forester, BOYET, ROSALINE, MARIA, and KATHARINE.*

Prin. Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard

Against the steep uprising of the hill ?

Bqyet. I know not ; but I think it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er a' was, a^s show'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch :
On Saturday we will return to France.

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush
That we must stand and play the murderer in ?

For. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice ;
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot. 10

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

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what ? first praise me and again say
no ?

O short-lived pride ! Not fair ? alack for woe !

For. Yes, madam, fair.

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

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For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit 20

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be Scived by merit !

O heresy in fair, fit for these days !

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

But come, the bow : now mercy goes to kill,

And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot :

Not wounding, pity would not let me do't :

If wounding, then it was to show my skill,

That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.

And out of question so it is sometimes, 30

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,

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

We bend to that the working of the heart ;

As I for praise alone now seek to spill

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

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty

Only for praise sake, when they strive to be

Lords o'er their lords ?

Prin. Only for praise : and praise we may afford

To any lady that subdues a lord. 40

Boyet. Here comes a member of the common-
wealth.

Enter COSTARD

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

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

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest ?

Prin. The thickest and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest and the tallest ! it is so ; truth
is truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,

One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be
fit. 50

Are not you the chief woman ? you are the thickest
here.

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

Cost. I have a letter from Monsieur Biron to one
lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter ! he's a good friend
of mine :

Stand aside, good bearer. Boyet, you can carve ;
Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here ;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear.

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear. 59

Boyet [reads]. " By heaven, that thou art fair, is
most infallible ; true, that thou art beauteous ; truth
itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair,
beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have
commiseration on thy heroical vassal ! The mag-
nanimous and most illustrate king Cophetua set eye
upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zene-
lophon ; and he it was that might rightly say, Veni,
vidi, vici ; which to annothanize in the vulgar,—O
base and obscure vulgar !—videlicet, He came, saw,
and overcame : he came, one ; saw, two ; over-
came, three. Who came ? the king : why did he
come ? to see : why did he see ? to overcome : to
whom came he ? to the beggar : what saw he ? the
beggar : who overcame he ? the beggar. The
conclusion is victory : on whose side ? the king's.
The captive is enriched : on whose side ? the
beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial : on whose

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side ? the king's : no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king ; for so stands the comparison : thou the beggar ; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love ? I may : shall I enforce thy love ? I could : shall I entreat thy love ? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags ? robes ; for tittles ? titles ; for thyself ? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part. Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar

'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his
prey. 90

Submissive fall his princely feet before,

And he from forage will incline to play :

But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then ?

Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this
letter ?

What vane ? what weathercock ? did you ever hear
better ?

Boyet. I am much deceived but I remember the
style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it ere-
while.

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

A phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes
sport 100

To the prince and his bookmates.

Prin. Thou fellow, a word :

Who gave thee this letter ?

Cost. I told you ; my lord.

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Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it ?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord to which lady ?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,

To a lady of France that he call'd Rosaline.

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

[*To Ros.*] Here, sweet, put up this : 'twill be thine another day. [*Exeunt Princess and train.*]

Boyet. Who is the suitor ? who is the suitor ?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know ? 109

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns ; but, if thou marry,

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on !

Ros. Well, then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer ?

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

Finely put on, indeed !

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

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower : have I hit her now ? 119

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

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

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

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

[*Exeunt Ros. and Kath.*

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant : how both did
fit it ! 130

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

Boyet. A mark ! O, mark but that mark ! A mark,
says my lady !

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

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

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

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

Cost. Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving
the pin.

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

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir : chal-
lenge her to bowl. 139

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my
good owl. [*Exeunt Boyet and Maria.*

Cost By my soul, a swain ! a most simple clown !
Lord, Lord, how the ladies and I have put him
down !

O' my troth, most sweet jests ! most incony vulgar
wit !

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it
were, so fit.

Armado o' th' one side,—O, a most dainty man !

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST [ACT IV

To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan !

To see him kiss his hand ! and how most sweetly a* will swear !

And his page o⁵ t' other side, that handful of wit !

Ah, heavens, it is a most pathological nit ! 149

Sola, sola ! *[Shout within.*

[Exit Costard, running.

SCENE II. *The same. Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.*

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

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

Nath. Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least : but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head. 10

Hoi. Sir Nathaniel, haud credo.

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

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

Dull. I said the deer was not a haud credo ; 'twas a pricket. 21

Hoi. Twice-sod simplicity, bis coctus!

O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look !

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book ;

he hath not eat paper, as it were ; he hath not drunk ink : his intellect is not replenished ; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts :

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,

Which we of taste and feeling are, for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool, 30

So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school :

But omne bene, say I ; being of an old father's mind, Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men : can you tell me by your wit

What was a month old at Gain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet ?

Hoi. Dictynna, goodman Dull ; Dictynna, goodman Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna ?

Nath. A title to Phoebe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hoi. The moon was a month old when Adam was no more,

And raught not to five weeks when he came to five-score. 4°

The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeed ; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hoi. God comfort thy capacity ! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say, the pollution holds in the exchange ; for the moon is never but a month old : and I say beside that, 'twas a pricket that the princess killed.

Hoi. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer ? And, to humour the ignorant, call I the deer the princess killed a pricket. 51

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

Hoi. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.

The preyful princess pierced and prick'd a pretty
pleasing pricket ;

Some say a sore ; but not a sore, till now made
sore with shooting.

The dogs did yell ; put L to sore, then sore jumps
from thicket ;

Or pricket sore, or else sorel ; the people fall a-
hooting.

If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores one
sorel. 60

Of one sore I an hundred make by adding but one
more L.

Nath. A rare talent !

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

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

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Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you : and so may my parishioners ; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you : you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hoi. Mehercle, if their sons be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction ; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them : but *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur* : a soul feminine saluteth us. 80

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

Jag. God give you good morrow, master Parson.

Hoi. Master Parson, quasi pers-on. An if one should be pierced, which is the one ?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hoi. Piercing a hogshead ! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth ; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine : 'tis pretty ; it is well.

Jaq. Good master Parson, be so good as read me this letter : it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado : I beseech you, read it. 91

Hoi. Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan ! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice ;

Venetia, Venetia,

Chi non ti vede non ti pretia.

Old Mantuan, old Mantuan ! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not. Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa. Under pardon, sir, what are the contents ? or rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses ? 101

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST [ACT IV

Hoi. Let me hear a staff, a stanze, a verse ; lege, domine.

Math, [reads]

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love ?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd !
 Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove ;
 Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers
 bow'd.

Study his bias leaves and makes his book thine eyes,
 Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend : no

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice ;
 Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend,

All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder ;
 Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire :
 Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful
 thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet
 fire.

Celestial as thou art, O, pardon love this wrong,
 That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly
 tongue.

Hoi. You find not the apostraphas, and so miss the
 accent : let me supervise the canzonet. Here are
 only numbers ratified ; but, for the elegancy, facility,
 and golden cadence of poesy, caret. Ovidius Naso
 was the man : and why, indeed, Naso, but for smell-
 ing out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of
 invention ? Imitari is nothing : so doth the hound
 his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider.
 But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you ?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the
 strange queen's lords. 129

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HoL I will overglance the superscript : " To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline." I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto : " Your ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON." Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king ; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and go, my sweet ; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king : it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment ; I forgive thy duty : adieu. 142

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

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt Cost, and Jaq.*]

Math. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously ; and, as a certain father saith,—

HoL Sir, tell not me of the father ; I do fear colourable colours. But to return to the verses : did they please you, Sir Nathaniel ? 150

Math. Marvellous well for the pen.

HoL I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine ; where, if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your ben venuto ; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention : I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too ; for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life. 161

HoL And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST [ACT Iv

it. *[To Dull]* Sir, I do invite you too ; you shall not say me nay : pauca verba. Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

[Exeunt]

SCENE III. *The same.* Enter BIRON, with a paper.

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer ; I am coursing myself: they have pitched a toil ; I am toiling in a pitch,—pitch that defiles : defile ! a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow ! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool : well proved, wit ! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep ; it kills me, I a sheep : well proved again o' my side ! I will not love : if I do, hang me ; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her ; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love : and it hath taught me to rhyme and to be melancholy ; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already : the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it : sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady ! By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper : God give him grace to groan ! *[Stands aside.* 20

Enter the KING, with a paper.

King. Ay me !

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

King *[reads].*

sc. in]

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So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not

To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote

The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows :
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright 30

Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light ;

Thou shinest in every tear that I do weep :
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee ;

So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,

And they thy glory through my grief will show :
But do not love thyself: then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.

O queen of queens ! how far dost thou excel, 40
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.

How shall she know my griefs ? I'll drop the
paper :

Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here ?

[Steps aside.

What, Longaville ! and reading ! listen, ear.

Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear !

Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper.

Long. Ay me, I am forsworn !

Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing
papers.

King. In love, I hope : sweet fellowship in shame !

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. Am I the first that have been perjured so ? 51

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

Thou makest the triumvir, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

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Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to
move.

O sweet Maria, empress of my love !

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's
hose :

Disfigure not his slop.

Long. This same shall go. [*Reads.*

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye, 60

'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,

Persuade my heart to this false perjury ?

Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore ; but I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee :

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love ;

Thy grace being gain'd cures alt disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is :

Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,

Exhalest this vapour-vow ; in thee it is : 70

If broken then, it is no fault of mine :

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise

To lose an oath to win a paradise ?

Biron. This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a
deity,

A green goose a goddess : pure, pure idolatry.

God amend us, God amend ! we are much out o' the
way.

Long. By whom shall I send this ?—Company ! stay.

[*Steps aside.*

Biron. All hid, all hid ; an old infant play.

Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,

And wretched fools' secrets needfully o'er-eye. 80

More sacks to the mill ! O heavens, I have my
wish !

Enter DUMAIN, with a paper.

Dumain transformed ! four woodcocks in a dish !

Dum. O most divine Kate !

Bironi. O most profane coxcomb !

Dum. By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye !

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

Dum. Her amber hair for foul hath amber quoted.

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say ;

Her shoulder is with child.

Dum. As fair as day. 90

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

Dum. O that I had my wish !

Long. And I had mine !

King. And I mine too, good lord !

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

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

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

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

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

Dum. [*reads*]

On a day—alack the day !— 101

Love, whose month is ever May,

Spied a blossom passing fair

Playing in the wanton air :

Through the velvet leaves the wind,

All unseen, can passage find ;

That the lover, sick to death,

Wish himself the heaven's breath.
 Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;
 Air, would I might triumph so ! no
 But, alack, my hand is sworn
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn ;
 Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet !
 Do not call it sin in me,
 That I am forsworn for thee ;
 Thou for whom Jove would swear
 Juno but an Ethiope were ;
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love. 120

This will I send and something else more plain,
 That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
 O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville
 Were lovers too ! Ill, to example ill,
 Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note ;
 For none offend where all alike do dote.

Long, [advancing]. Dumain, thy love is far from
 charity,

That in love's grief desirest society :
 You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
 To be o'erheard and taken napping so. 130

King [advancing]. Come, sir, you blush ; as his your
 case is such :

You chide at him, offending twice as much ;
 You do not love Maria ; Longaville
 Did never sonnet for her sake compile,
 Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
 His loving bosom to keep down his heart.
 I have been closely shrouded in this bush
 And mark'd you both and for you both did blush :
 I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your fashion,

Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion :
 Ay me ! says one ; O Jove ! the other cries ; 141

One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes :
[To Long.] You would for paradise break faith and
 troth ;

[To Dum.] And Jove, for your love, would infringe an
 oath.

What will Biron say when that he shall hear
 Faith so infringed, which such zeal did swear ?
 How will he scorn ! how will he spend his wit !
 How will he triumph, leap and laugh at it !
 For all the wealth that ever I did see,
 I would not have him know so much by me. 150

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.

[Advancing.]

Ah, my good liege, I pray thee, pardon me !
 Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
 These worms for loving, that art most in love ?
 Your eyes do make no coaches ; in your tears
 There is no certain princess that appears ;
 You'll not be perjured, 'tis a hateful thing ;
 Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting !
 But are you not ashamed ? nay, are you not,
 All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot ? 160
 You found his mote ; the king your mote did see ;
 But I a beam do find in each of three.
 O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,
 Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow and of teen !
 O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
 To see a king transformed to a gnat !
 To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
 And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
 And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
 And critic Timon laugh at idle toys ! 170

Where lies thy grief, O, tell me, good Dumain ?
 And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain ?
 And where my liege's ? all about the breast :
 A caudle, ho !

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
 Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view ?

Biron. Not you to me, but I betray'd by you :
 I, that am honest ; I, that hold it sin
 To break the vow I am engaged in ;
 I am betray'd, by keeping company
 With men like men of inconstancy. 180

When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme ?
 Or groan for love ? or spend a minute's time
 In pruning me ? When shall you hear that I
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
 A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
 A leg, a limb ?

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

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

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God bless the king !

King. What present hast thou there ?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here ?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
 The treason and you go in peace away together. 192

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

King. Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the paper.*]
 Where hadst thou it ?

Jaq. Of Costard.

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King. Where hadst thou it ?

Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

[Biron tears the letter.

King. How now ! what is in you ? why dost thou
tear it ? 200

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

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

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

[Gathering up the pieces.

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

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

King. What ?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make
up the mess :

He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.

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

Dum. Now the number is even

Biron. True, true ; we are four.

Will these turtles be gone ?

King. Hence, sirs ; away ! 212

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors
stay. *[Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.*

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace !

As true we are as flesh and blood can be :

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face ;

Young blood doth not obey an old decree :

We cannot cross the cause why we were born ;

Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines show some love of
thine ? 220

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST [ACT IV

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Ind,

At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head and stricken blind

Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,

That is not blinded by her majesty?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspired thee now?

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon; 230

She an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:

O, but for my love, day would turn to night!

Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty

Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek,

Where several worthies make one dignity,

Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—

Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs, 240

She passes praise: then praise too short doth blot.

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,

Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,

And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy:

O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine.

King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath? where is a book? 250

That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,

If that she learn not of her eye to look:

No face is fair that is not full so black.

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

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of
light.

O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,
It mourns that painting and usurping hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspect ; 260
And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her favour turns the fashion of the days,
For native blood is counted painting now ;
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.

Long. And since her time are colliers counted bright.

King. And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is
light.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain, 270
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did ; for, sir, to tell you
plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

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

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as
she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

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

Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread !

Dum. O vile ! then, as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd overhead. 281

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

LOVES' LABOUR'S LOST [ACT iv

Biron. Nothing so sure ; and thereby all forsworn.

King. Then leave this chat ; and, good Biron, now
prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

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

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

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Biron. 'Tis more than need.

Have at you, then, affection's men at arms. 290

Consider what you first did swear unto,

To fast, to study, and to see no woman ;

Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

Say, can you fast ? your stomachs are too young ;

And abstinence engenders maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,

In that each of you have forsworn his book,

Can you still dream and pore and thereon look ?

For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,

Have found the ground of study's excellence 300

Without the beauty of a woman's face ?

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive ;

They are the ground, the books, the academes

From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.

Why, "universal plodding poisons up

The nimble spirits in the arteries,

As motion and long-during action tires

The sinewy vigour of the traveller.

Now, for not looking on a woman's face,

You have in that forsworn the use of eyes 310

And study too, the causer of your vow ;

For where is any author in the world

Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?

Learning is but an adjunct to ourself

And where we are our learning likewise is :
 Then when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
 Do we not likewise see our learning there ?
 O, we have made a vow to study, lords,
 And in that vow we have forsworn our books.
 For when would you, my liege, or you, or you, 320
 In leaden contemplation have found out
 Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
 Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with ?
 Other slow arts entirely keep the brain ;
 And therefore, finding barren practisers,
 Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil :
 But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
 Lives not alone immured in the brain ;
 But, with the motion of all elements,
 Courses as swift as thought in every power, 330
 And gives to every power a double power,
 Above their functions and their offices.
 It adds a precious seeing to the eye ;
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind ;
 A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd :
 Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
 Than are the tender horns of cockled snails ;
 Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste :
 For valour, is not Love a Hercules, 34°
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides ?
 Subtle as Sphinx ; as sweet and musical
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair ;
 And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
 Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write
 Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs ;
 O, then his lines would ravish savage ears

And plant in tyrants mild humility.
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive : 350
 They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;
 They are the books, the arts, the academes,
 That show, contain and nourish all the world :
 Else none at all in aught proves excellent.
 Then fools you were these women to forswear,
 Or keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
 For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,
 Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men,
 Or for men's sake, the authors of these women,
 Or women's sake, by whom we men are men, 360
 Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
 Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
 It is religion to be thus forsworn,
 For charity itself fulfils the law,
 And who can sever love from charity ?

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

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords ;

Pell-mell, down with them ! but be first advised,
 In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing ; lay these glozes by :
 Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France ? 371

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

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them
 thither ;

Then homeward every man attach the hand
 Of his fair mistress : in the afternoon
 We will with some strange pastime solace them,
 Such as the shortness of the time can shape ;
 For revels, dances, masks and merry hours

sc. III] LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers. 380

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

Biron. Allons ! allons ! Sow'd cockle reap'd no
corn ;

And justice always whirls in equal measure :
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn ;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure.

Exeunt.

ACT V

SCENE I. *The same. Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.*

Hoi. Satis quod sufficit.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir : your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious : pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this quondam day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado. 8

Hoi. Novi hominem tanquam te : his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Math. A most singular and choice epithet.

[Draws out his table-book.

Hoi. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasimes, such insociable and point-devise companions ; such rackers of orthography, as to speak dout, fine, when he should say doubt ; det, when he should pronounce debt,—d, e, b, t, not d, e, t : he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf;

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neighbour vocatur nebour ; neigh abbreviated ne. This is abhominable,—which he would call abbominable : it insinuateth me of insanie : ne intelligis, domine ? to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. Laus Deo, bone intelligo.

Hoi. Bone? bon, fort bon ! Priscian a little scratched, 'twill serve.

Nath. Videsne quis venit ? 30

Hoi. Video, et gaudeo.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD

Arm. Chirrah ! [To Moth.

Hoi. Quare chirrah, not sirrah ?

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.

Hoi. Most military sir, salutation.

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

Cost. O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word ; for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus : thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon. 42

Moth. Peace ! the peal begins.

Arm. [To Hoi.] Monsieur, are you not lettered ?

Moth. Yes, yes ; he teaches boys the hornbook. What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on his head ?

Hoi. Ba, pueritia, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep with a horn. You hear his learning. 50

Hoi. Quis, quis, thou consonant ?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them ; or the fifth, if I.

Hoi. I will repeat them,—a, e, i,—

Moth. The sheep : the other two concludes it,—•
o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum, a sweet touch, a quick venue of wit ! snip, snap, quick and home ! it rejoiceth my intellect : true wit !

Moth. Offered by a child to an old man ; which is wit-old. 61

Hoi. What is the figure ? what is the figure ?

Moth. Horns.

Hoi. Thou disputest like an infant : go, whip thy gig-

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and *I* will whip about your infamy circum circa,—a gig of a cuckold's horn.

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread : hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me ! Go to ; thou hast it ad dunghill, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hoi. O, I smell false Latin ; dunghill for unguem.

Arm. Arts-man, preambulate, we will be singuled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain ? 80

Hoi. Or mons, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hoi. I do, sans question.

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

Hoi. The posterior of the day, most generous sir,

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is liable, congruent and measurable for the afternoon : the word is well culled, chose, sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure. 91

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure ye, very good friend : for what is inward between us, let it pass. I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy ; I beseech thee, apparel thy head : and among other important and most serious designs, and of great import indeed, too, but let that pass : for I must tell thee, it will please his grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio ; but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable : some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world ; but let that pass. The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antique or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hoi. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance, the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman, before the princess ; I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies. 120

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them ?

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

Arm. Pardon, sir ; error : he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb : he is not so big as the end of his club. 129

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

Moth. An excellent device ! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry " Well done, Hercules ! now thou crushest the snake ! " That is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies ?—

Hoi. I will play three myself. 140

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman !

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing ?

Hoi. We attend.

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

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

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hoi. Allons ! we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so ; or I will play 150

On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hoi. Most dull, honest Dull ! To our sport, away !
[Exeunt.

SC. II] LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

SCENE II. *The same. Enter the Princess, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA.*

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in :

A lady wall'd about with diamonds !

Look you what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madame, came nothing else along with that ?

Prin. Nothing but this ! yes, as much love in
rhyme

As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,

Writ o' both sides the leaf, margent and all,

That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

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

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

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

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy ;

And so she died : had she been light, like you,

Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,

She might ha' been a grandam ere she died :

And so may you ; for a light heart lives long.

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

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark. 20

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff ;

Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.

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

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

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you, and therefore light.

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

Ros. Great reason ; for " past cure is still past care."

Prin. Well bandied both ; a set of wit well play'd.
But, Rosaline, you have a favour too : 30
Who sent it ? and what is it ?

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

Prin. Any thing like ?

Ros. Much in the letters ; nothing in the praise. 40

Prin. Beauteous as ink ; a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

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

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

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

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain ?

Kath. Yes, madam, and moreover 50
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover,
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.

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

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

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

SC. II] LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Prin. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Biron I'll torture ere I go : 60

O that I knew he were but in by the week !
How I would make him fawn and beg and seek
And wait the season and observe the times
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes
And shape his service wholly to my hests
And make him proud to make me proud that jests !
So perttaunt-like would I o'ersway his state
That he should be my fool and I his fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are
catch'd,

As wit turn'd fool : folly, in wisdom hatch'd, 70
Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

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

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

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Enter BOYET.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter ! Where's her
grace ? 80

Prin. Thy news, Boyet ?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare !
Arm, wench, arm ! encounters mounted are
Against your peace : Love doth approach disguised,
Armed in arguments ; you'll be surprised :
Muster your wits ; stand in your own defence ;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Denis to Saint Cupid ! What are they
That charge their breath against us ? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour ; 90
When, lo ! to interrupt my purposed rest,
Toward that shade I might behold address
The king and his companions : warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear ;
That, by and by, disguised they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassy :
Action and accent did they teach him there ;
" Thus must thou speak," and " thus thy body bear " :
And ever and anon they made a doubt 101
Presence majestic would put him out ;
" For," quoth the king, " an angel shalt thou see ;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously."
The boy replied, " An angel is not evil ;
I should have fear'd her had she been a devil."
With that, all laugh'd and clapp'd him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder :
One rubbd his elbow thus, and fleer'd and swore
A better speech was never spoke before ; no
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cried, " Via ! we will do't, come what will come " ;
The third he caper'd, and cried, " All goes well " ;
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

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

Boyet. They do, they do ; and are apparell'd thus,

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Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess. 121
 Their purpose is to parle, to court and dance ;
 And every one his love-feat will advance
 Unto his several mistress, which they'll know
 By favours several which they did DĀStow.

Prin. And will they so ? the gallants shall be task'd ;
 For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd ;
 And not a man of them shall have the grace,
 Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.

Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear, 130
 And then the king will court thee for his dear ;
 Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,
 So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.

And change you favours too ; so shall your loves
 Woo contrary, deceived by these removes.

Ros. Come on, then ; wear the favours most in
 sight.

Kath. But in this changing what is your intent ?

Prin. The effect of my intent is to cross theirs :
 They do it but in mocking merriment ;
 And mock for mock is only my intent. 140
 Their several counsels they unbosom shall
 To loves mistook, and so be mock'd withal
 Upon the next occasion that we meet,
 With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

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

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

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's
 heart,

And quite divorce his memory from his part. 150

Prin. Therefore I do it ; and I make no doubt
 The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.

There's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown,
 To make theirs ours and ours none but our own :
 So shall we stay, mocking intended game,
 And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[Trumpets sound within.

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

*Enter Blackamoors with music; MOTH ; the King,
 BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN, in Russian habits,
 and masked.*

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth !—

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames 160

[The Ladies turn their backs to him.

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

Biron. *[Aside to Moth]* Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!—

Out—

Boyet. True : out indeed.

Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits,
 vouchsafe

Not to behold—

Biron. *[Aside to Moth]* Once to behold, rogue.

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

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet ; 170
 You were best call it " daughter-beamed eyes."

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

Biron. Is this your perfectness ? be gone, you
 rogue ! *[Exit Moth.*

Ros. What would these strangers ? know their
 minds, Boyet :

SC. II] LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes :
Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princess ?

Biron. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they ? 180

Boyet. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

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

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

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

Boyet. They say, that they have measured many a
mile

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile : if they have measured many,
The measure then of one is easily told. 190

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

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

Boyet. She hears herself.

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

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you :
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt. 200
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do !
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine,

Those clouds removed, upon our watery eyne.

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

King. Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe one
change.

Thou bid'st me beg : this begging is not strange. 210

Ros. Play, music, then ! Nay, you must do it soon.
[Music plays.]

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

King. Will you not dance ? How come you thus
estranged ?

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

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

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King? But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers and come here by
chance,

We'll not be nice : take hands. We will not dance.

King. Why take we hands, then ?

Ros. Only to part friends : 220

Curtsy, sweet hearts ; and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure ; be not
nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize you yourselves : what buys your com-
pany ?

Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

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

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

Ros. In private, then.

SC. II] LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

King. I am best pleased with that.

[They converse apart.]

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee. 230

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

Biron. Nay then, two treys, and if you grow so nice,

Metheglin, wort, and malmsey : well run, dice !

There's half-a-dozen sweets.

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

Biron. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou grievest my gall.

Prin. Gall ! bitter.

Biron. Therefore meet.

[They converse apart.]

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word ?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady,—

Mar. Say you so ? Fair lord,—

Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you, 240

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

[They converse apart.]

Kath. What, was your vizard made without a tongue ?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

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

Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,

And would afford my speechless vizard half.

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

Long. A calf, fair lady !

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Kath No, I'll not be your half :

Take all, and wean it ; it may prove an ox. 250

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp
mocks !

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

Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do
grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kath. Bleat softly then ; the butcher hears you
cry. [*They converse apart.*

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as
keen

As is the razor's edge invisible,

Gutting a smaller hair than may be seen ;

Above the sense of sense ; so sensible

Seemeth their conference ; their conceits have
wings 260

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

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

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

King. Farewell, mad wenches ; you have simple
wits.

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits.

[*Exeunt King, Lords, and Blackamoors.*

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

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

SC. II] LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

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

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout !
Will they not, think you, hang themselves tonight ?
Or ever, but in vizards, show their faces ? 271

This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

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

Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

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

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart ;
And trow you what he call'd me ?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art ! 280

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

Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear :
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes ; for it can never be
They will digest this harsh indignity. 289

Prin. Will they return ?

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

Prin. How blow ? how blow ? speak to be under-
stood.

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

Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

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

Ros. Gopd madam, if by me you'll be advised, 300
Let's mock them still as well known as disguised :
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless gear ;
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw : the gallants are at hand.

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

[Exeunt Princess, Rosaline, Katharine, and Maria.]

*Re-enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and
DUMAIN, in their proper habits.*

King. Fair sir, God save you ! Where's the prin-
cess ? 310

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

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one
word.

Boyet. I will ; and so will she, I know, my lord.
[Exit.]

Biron. This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons pease,
And utters it again when God doth please :
He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares
At wakes and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs ;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show. 320
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve ;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve ;
A* can carve too, and lisp : why, this is he

SC. II] LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy ;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms : nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly : and in ushering
Mend him who can : the ladies call him sweet ;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet : 330
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whale's bone ;
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

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

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

*Re-enter the Princess, ushered by BOYET ; ROSALINE,
MARIA, and KATHARINE.*

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

Prin. "Fair" in "all hail" is foul, as I conceive. 340

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better ; I will give you leave.

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

Prin. This field shall hold me ; and so hold your
vow :

Nor God, nor I, delights in perjured men.

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

Prin. You nickname virtue : vice you should have
spoke ;

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth. 350

Now by my maiden honour, yet as pure
 As the unsullied lily, I protest,
 A world of torments though I should endure,
 I would not yield to be your house's guest ;
 So much I hate a breaking cause to be
 Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

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

Prin. Not so, my lord ; it is not so, I swear ;

We have had pastimes here and pleasant game:
 A mess of Russians left us but of late. 361

King. How, madam ! Russians !

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

Ros. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord :
 My lady, to the manner of the days,
 In courtesy gives undeserving praise.

We four indeed confronted were with four
 In Russian habit : here they stay'd an hour,
 And talk'd apace ; and in that hour, my lord,
 They did not bless us with one happy word. 370
 I dare not call them fools ; but this I think,
 When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

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

Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,—

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty. 380

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

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

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Ros. All the fool mine ?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the vizards was it that you wore ?

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

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

King. We are descried ; they'll mock us now down-
right.

Dum. Let us confess and turn it to a jest. 390

Prin. Amazed, my lord ? why looks your highness
sad ?

Ros. Help, hold his brows ! he'll swoon ! Why
look you pale ?

Sea-sick I think, coming from Muscovy.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out ?

Here stand I : lady, dart thy skill at me ;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout ;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance ;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit ;

And I will wish thee never more to dance, 400

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O, never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue,

Nor never come in vizard to my friend,

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song !

Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,

Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,

Figures pedantical ; these summer-flies

Have blown me full of maggot ostentation :

I do forswear them ; and I here protest, 410

By this white glove,—how white the hand, God
knows !—

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd

In russet yeas and honest kersey noes :
 And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la !—
 My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans sans, I pray you.

Biron. Yet I have a trick
 Of the old rage : bear with me, I am sick ;
 I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see :
 Write, " Lord have mercy on us " on those three ;
 They are infected ; in their hearts it lies ; 420
 They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes ;
 These lords are visited ; you are not free,
 For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

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

Biron. Our states are forfeit : seek not to undo us.

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

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

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves ; my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude
 transgression 431
 Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.

Were not you here but even now disguised ?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advised ?

King. I was, fair madam.

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

King. That more than all the world I did respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject
 her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

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Prin. Peace, peace ! forbear •,
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear. 440

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

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

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

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

King. What mean you, madam ? by my life, my
troth, 450

I never swore this lady such an oath.

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

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

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

Biron. Neither of either ; I remit both twain.
I see the trick on't : here was a consent, 460

Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy :
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,
That smiles his cheek in years and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh when she's disposed,
Told our intents before ; which once disclosed,
The ladies did change favours : and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror, 470
We are again forsworn, in will and error.

Much upon this it is : and might not you [*To Boyet.*
 Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue ?
 Do not you know my lady's foot by the squier,
 And laugh upon the apple of her eye ?
 And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
 Holding a trencher, jesting merrily ?
 You put our page out : go, you are allow'd ;
 Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
 You leer upon me, do you ? there's an eye 480
 Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily
 Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.
Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight ! Peace ! I have
 done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit ! thou partest a fair fray.

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

Biron. What, are there but three ?

Cost. No, sir ; but it is vara fine,
 For every one pursents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine.

Cost. Not so, sir ; under correction, sir ; I hope it
 is not so.

You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir ; we know
 what we know : 490

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it
 doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your
 living by reckoning, sir.

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Biron. How much is it ?

Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount : for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man in one poor man, Pompion the Great, sir. 502

Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies ?

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

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir ; we will take some care. *[Exit.*

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

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord : and 'tis some policy 510

To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now : That sport best pleases that doth least know how : Where zeal strives to content, and the contents Dies in the zeal of that which it presents : Their form confounded makes most form in mirth, When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words. 521
[Converses apart with the King, and delivers him a paper.

Prin. Doth this man serve God ?

Biron. Why ask you ?

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

Arm. That is all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch ; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical ; too too vain, too too vain : but we will put it, as they say, to fortuna de la guerra. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement ! *[Exit. 53**

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

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceived ; 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool and the boy :— 540

Abate throw at novum, and the whole world again Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.

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

Enter COSTARD, for Pompey.

Cost. " I Pompey am,"—

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. " I Pompey am,"—

Boyet. ' With libbard's head on knee.

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

Cost. " I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the **Big**,"—

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is, " Great," sir :—

" Pompey surnamed the Great;

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That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make
my foe to sweat : 55°

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

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

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

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

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

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

Enter SIR NATHANIEL, for Alexander.

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

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquer-
ing might : 560

My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander,"—

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

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

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

Nath. " When in the world I lived, I was the world's
commander,"—

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

Biron. Pompey the Great,—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away
Alisander. 570

Cost. [To Sir Nath.] O, sir, you have overthrown

Alisander the conqueror ! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this : your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax : he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak ! run away for shame, Alisander. [*Nath. retires*] There, an't shall please you ; a foolish mild man ; an honest man, look you, and soon dashed. He is a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler : but, for Alisander,—alas, you see how 'tis,—a little o'erparted. But there are Worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort. 583

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey. [*Costard retires.*

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

Hoi. " Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed
canis ;

And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.

Quoniam he seemeth in minority.

Ergo I come with this apology." 590

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.

[*Moth retires.*

" Judas I am,"—

Dum. A Judas !

HoL Not Iscariot, sir.

" Judas I am, ycliped Maccabaeus."

Dum. Judas Maccabaeus clipt is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor. How art thou proved
Judas ?

Hoi " Judas I am,"—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

SC. II] LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

HoL What mean you, sir ? 600

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

HoL Begin, sir ; you are my elder.

Biron. Well followed : Judas was hanged on an elder.

HoL I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

HoL What is this ?

Boyet. A cittern-head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A Death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pommel of Caesar's falchion. 611

Dum. The carved-bone face on a flask.

Biron. Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

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

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

HoL You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False ; we have given thee faces.

HoL But you have out-faced them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so. 620

Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude ! nay, why dost thou stay ?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

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

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

Boyet. A light for Monsieur Judas ! it grows dark,
he may stumble. [*HoL retires.*]

Prin. Alas, poor Maccabaeus, how hath he been baited !

Enter ARMADO, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles : here comes Hector
in arms. 629

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

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of
this.

Boyet. But is this Hector ?

King. I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector's.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No ; he is best indued in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector. 639

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

Arm. " The armipotent Mars, of lances the al-
mighty,

Gave Hector a gift,"—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace !—

" The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion ;

A man so breathed, that certain he would fight ;
yea 650

From morn till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower,"—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

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

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Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten ;
sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried :
when he breathed, he was a man. But I will for-
ward with my device. [*To the Princess*] Sweet
royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing. 661

[*Biron steps forth.*

Prin. Speak, brave Hector : we are much de-
lighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. [*Aside to Dum.*] Loves her by the foot.

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

Arm. " This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,"—
The party is gone !

COSTARD returns, with BIRON following.

Cost. Fellow Hector, she is gone : she is two months
on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou ? 670

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

Arm. Dost thou infamozize me among potentates ?
thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta 1
that is quick by him and hanged for Pompey that is 1
dead by him. ✓

Dum. Most rare Pompey !

Boyet. Renowned Pompey ! 680

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

Dum. Hector trembles.

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

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

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

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man : I'll slash ; I'll do it by the sword. I bepray you, let me borrow my arms again. 692

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies !

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey !

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

Arm. Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me ; I will not combat in my shirt. 700

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

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for 't ?

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

Boyet. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen : since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dishclout of Jaquenetta's, and that a' wears next his heart for a favour. 710

Enter MERGADE.

Mer. God save you, madam !

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

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

Prin. Dead, for my life !

Mer. Even so ; my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away ! the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier. 722

[*Exeunt Worthies.*

King. How fares your majesty ?

Prin. Boyet, prepare ; I will away to-night.

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

Prin. Prepare, I say. I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours ; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse or hide
The liberal opposition of our spirits, 730
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath : your gentleness
Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord !
A heavy heart bears not a humble tongue :
Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed,
And often at his very loose decides
That which long process could not arbitrate : 740
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
The holy suit which fain it would convince,
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purposed ; since, to wail friends
lost

Is not by much so wholesome-profitable
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not : my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of
grief: 75°

And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths : your beauty,
ladies,

Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the imposed end of our intents :
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting strains,
All wanton as a child, skipping and vain,
Form'd by the eye, and therefore like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits and of forms, 760
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance :
Which parti-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecomed our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours : we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true 770
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you :
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself and turns to grace.

Prin. We have received your letters full of love ;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love ;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest and courtesy,
As bombast and as lining to the time :
But more devout than this in our respects
Have we not been ; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment. 781

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

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjured much,
Full of dear guiltiness ; and therefore this :
If for my love, as there is no such cause,
You will do aught, this shall you do for me : 790
Your oath I will not trust ; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world ;
There stay until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about the annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood ;
If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial and last love ; 800
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,
I will be thine ; and till that instant shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny, 8ro
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye !

Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

Biron. And what to me, my love ? and what to me ?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd,
You are attaint with faults and perjury :
Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dum. But what to me, my love ? but what to me ?
A wife ? 821

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

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

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

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again. 830

Long. What says Maria ?

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

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

Mar. The liker you ; few taller are so young.

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

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron,
Before I saw you ; and the world's large tongue 840
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit.

SC. II] LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
 And therewithal to win me, if you please,
 Without the which I am not to be won,
 You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
 Visit the speechless sick and still converse
 With guoaning wretches ; and your task shall be, 850
 With all the fierce endeavour of your wit
 To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

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

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
 Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
 Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools :
 A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
 Of him that hears it, never in the tongue 860
 Of him that makes it : then, if sickly ears,
 Deaf^d with the clamours of their own dear groans,
 Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
 And I will have you and that fault withal ;
 But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
 And I shall find you empty of that fault,
 Right joyful of your reformation.

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

Prin. [To the King] Ay, sweet my lord ; and so I
 take my leave. 870

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

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

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

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Re-enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector ?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy. 879

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

King. Gall them forth quickly ; we will do so.

Arm. Holla ! approach.

Re-enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, GOSTARD, and others.

This side is Hiems, Winter, this Ver, the Spring ; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin. 891

THE SONG.

SPRING.

When daisies pied and violets blue

And lady-smocks all silver-white

And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue

Do paint the meadows with delight,

The cuckoo then, on every tree,

Mocks married men ; for thus sings he,

Cuckoo ;

Cuckoo, cuckoo : O word of fear,

Unpleasing to a married ear !

900

NOTES

Act I

Scene i

The King and his fellow-scholars pledge themselves to three years of austere study. Biron prophesies that necessity will compel them to break their vows. Costard appears in custody) being accused by Armado (in a letter) of violating the King's proclamation forbidding the association of men with women.

1. 3. *Disgrace* : This word, used apparently in the sense of " misfortune," is chosen for its antithesis to " grace."
1. 4. *Cormorant* : voracious. " The quality of voracity . . . has enabled the cormorant to be domesticated for the purpose of sea-fishing from time immemorial " (H. C. Hart, in " The Arden Shakespeare " edition of " Love's Labour's Lost," 1913).
1. 6. *Bate* : blunt.
1. 13. *Academe* : an Elizabethan spelling of " academy," an association of students, so called from the olive grove near Athens where Plato taught.
1. 14. *Living art* : Probably, as Prof. J. S. Reid suggests, a reference to the " ars vivendi " of Stoic philosophy, which these young idealists are emulating.
1. 22. *Arm'd* : *i.e.* resolutely prepared.
1. 26. *Fat . . . pates* : gluttons are dull-witted.
1. 28. *Mortified* : made dead to " these world's delights " (l. 29).
1. 32. *With . . . philosophy* : Dumain implies that in the philosophic life he will find the spiritual or intellectual equivalents of the crude " love," " wealth," and " pomp " of the " gross world."
1. 33. *Say . . . over* : repeat.

1. 38. *Enrolled there* : recorded in the schedule of 1. 18.
1. 43. *Of all the day* : during the whole day.
1. 44. *To think . . . night* : Biron means that he used to sleep so soundly all night—and sometimes half the next day as well (1. 45)—that no thoughts, good or evil, disturbed his rest. Theobald quotes a Latin proverb to the same effect : " Qui bcne dormit, nihil rnali cogitat." Some editors unnecessarily assume that " of sleeping " is understood after " harm."
1. 50. *An if* : a reduplication, as " an " means " if."
1. 54. *By yea and nay* : an emphatic affirmation ; cf. Matthew v. 37.
1. 57, 1. 64. *Common seme* : general perception, common knowledge.
1. 62. *Feast* : Theobald's emendation of the Quarto and Folio reading " fast."
1. 68. *Tet* : as yet, hitherto.
1. 71. *Train* : entice.
1. 73. *Inherit* : possess.
1. 77. *Light . . . beguile* : " the eyes which are seeking for truth deprive themselves (by too much application) of the power of seeing " (Furness).
- I. 80. *Me* : ethic dative.
- II. 82-83. *Who . . . blinded by* : This probably means : " and this eye of mine becoming thus dazzled, that ' fairer eye ' shall be its beacon, its guide, and restore the light that had before proved blinding."
- I. 86. *Small* : little ; an adjective used as a noun.
- II. 92-93. *Too much . . . name* : " The consequence, says Biron, of too much knowledge is not any real solution of doubts, but merely empty reputation. That is, too much knowledge gives *only fame*, a name which every godfather can give likewise " (Johnson).
1. 95. *Proceeded . . . proceeding* : " To *proceed* is an academical term, meaning, to take a degree, as, he proceeded bachelor in physick. The sense is, he has taken his degrees in the art of hindering the degrees of others" (Johnson).
1. 96. *He . . . weeding* : he roots out the corn and leaves the weeds standing, instead of *vice versa*.
1. 97. *Green geese* : geese hatched in the autumn, grass-fed in spring, and fit for sale about Whitsuntide.

Halliwell suggests that a green goose implies a simpleton ; Prof. Dover Wilson, however, remarks that Biron means " what would now be vulgarly called ' a flapper ' (lit. = a young duck)."

1. 98. *His* : a common Elizabethan form of the neuter genitive.

1. 100. *Sneaking* : nipping, biting.

1. 101. *Infants* : i.e. buds.

1. 106. *Shows*: Apparently used as in the quotation from Babington, 1592, given in the N.E.D. : "About the beginning of May, when all things flourished and yielded show."

Some editors explain " shows " as open-air festivities, while others, seeking a rhyme to " birth" (l. 104), emend to " mirth " or " earth."

I. 108. *Now* : now that.

II. 108- 109. *So . . . gate* : Biron tells them that, by attempting to study when they have come to man's estate, they are being unseasonable. Their efforts, as absurd and disproportionate as climbing over a house to unlock the small gate that leads into it, will result in an " abortive birth."

1. 112. *Barbarism* : ignorance, lack of culture.

1. 114. *Confident*: with full confidence; used adverbially.

1. 115. *Each three years' day* : each day for three years.

1. 128. *Gentility* : good manners.

1. 147. *Of force* : perforce.

1. 148. *Lie* : stay, dwell.

1. 151. *Affects* : passions.

1. 157. *Stands in attainder of*: is condemned to.

1. 158. *Suggestions* : temptations.

1. 161. *Quick recreation* : lively sport.

1. 162. *Haunted* : frequented.

1. 163. *With* : by.

1. 168. *Complements*: affectations of courtesy, "the varnish of a complete man."

1. 170. *Hight*: is named.

I. 171. *Interim* : interval (for amusement).

II. 171-173. *Shall relate . . . debate*: This promise is not fulfilled in the play.

1. 173. *Tawny Spain*: The adjective, meaning " tan-

coloured," is transferred from the Spaniards to their country.

Debate : strife, warfare.

1. 176. *Minstrelsy* : Minstrels in the Middle Ages related such chivalrous romances as are expected from Armado.
1. 178. *Fire-new* : brand-new.
1. 181. *Duke's* : Elsewhere in the play the King is called " duke," the title implying sovereignty.
1. 183. *Reprehend*: Dull, like his colleague Dogberry in " Much Ado About Nothing," is given to misusing words. Here he means " represent."
1. 184. *Tharborough*: thirdborough, a constable; strictly, a constable of the lowest rank.
1. 189. *Contempts* : for " contents."
1. 190. *Magnificent* : Armado's high-flown language prompts the ironical adjective.
1. 193. *Low heaven* : Biron's *hope in God* suggests the term *heaven* to Longavillc. On such slender foundations are many of the jests of this play built up.
1. 195. *Hearing* : Most editors change this to " laughing," but Ezekiel ii. 5, quoted by Hart, would seem to support " hearing " : " And they, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear," etc.
- I. 198. *Style* : with a quibble on " stile."
- II. 201—202. *Taken with the manner* : taken in the act. A legal term, thus explained in Palsgrave's " *Lcs-clairrisseinent* " (1530) : " I *take with the manner*, as a thcfc is taken with the thefte, or a person in the doying of any other acte."
1. 212. *Correction* : punishment.
- 11.218-219. *Vicegerent*: viceregent.
- 1.219. *Dominator* : ruler.
1. 224. *But so* : but so so, but indifferent.
1. 232. *Humour* : according to the old theory of the humours, a person's disposition was determined by the proportions in which the four elements—earth, water, fire, and air—were mingled in his composition. Melancholy was due to an excess of the element of earth, which was regarded as dry and cold.
1. 238. *Tcleped* : called.
1. 240. *Preposterous* : ill-becoming, out of place.

- I. 241. *Snow-white pen* : Armaclo would, of course, use a goose quill pen.
- II. 241—242 *Ebon-coloured* : the colour of ebony, black.
- I. 245. *Curious-knotted* : with flower beds arranged to form intricate patterns.
- I. 246. *Low-spirited* : base.
Minnow of thy mirth : contemptible little creature that contributes to your amusement.
- I. 249. *Unlettered*: illiterate.
- I. 252. *Vassal* : a dependant, or, according to Hart, a country bumpkin or clown.
- I. 257. *Sorted*: associated.
- I. 258. *Continent canon* : injunction to continence.
- I. 259. *Passion* : grieve.
- II. 270-271. *Weaker vessel*: a proverbial phrase for a woman, not necessarily a wife, as in i Peter iii. 7.
- I. 272. *A vessel of thy law's fury* : Stevens compares Romans ix. 22 : " What if God . . . endured with much long suffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction."
- I. 278. *The best for the worst* : the very worst.
- II. 299 -300. *Mutton and porridge* : mutton-broth (<^f porridge " = pottage). In view of the nature of Costard's offence it is probable that there is an allusion here to the slang sense of *mutton*, " a loose woman."

Scene n

Armado confesses to Moth, his page, that, contrary to the King's proclamation, he is in love with Jaquenetta. Costard, convicted of familiarity with Jaquenetta, is delivered into his custody.

- I. 6. *O Lord, sir* : an Elizabethan exclamation meaning " most certainly."
- I. 8. *Tender juvenal* : tender youth. "Juvenal" in this sense is a " fire-new " word, the N.E.D. quoting this passage as marking its first occurrence.
- Thomas Nashe, the Elizabethan satirist, was referred to as " young Juvcnall, that bying Satyryst " by Greene in his " Groatsworth of Wit " (1592), and the name seems to have stuck. Nashe's " Pierce Peni-

lesse " (1592) must be referred to in the various allusions in this play to " purse," " pen " and " penny," and the exploit of Moth, as Hercules, in slaying " Cerberus, that three-headed canis " may be a reference to Nashe's share in the Marprelate controversy of 1589 against Martin Marprelate, Martin Senior, and Martin Junior. Moreover, Moth's longest speech (III. i. 11-25) seems to parody Nashe's highly individual style. For these reasons, among others, it has been suggested that Moth is a satirical portrait of Nashe.

11. 10, 11, 16. *Signior* : The pun on " senior " is obvious, but there is no need to read " senior " as Malone and most subsequent editors do.
11. 13—14. *Congruent epitheton* : suitable epithet, fit adjective. " Epitheton " is an early form of " epithet."
- I. 25. *Condign* : well-merited.
- II. 29-30. *Thou heatest my blood*: Why Armaclo should be angry at Moth's remark is not clear. Prof. Dover Wilson suggests that it is some unexplained jest at Armado's expense.
1. 33. *Mere contrary* : the direct opposite of the truth.
Crosses : coins, so called because many early coins had crosses stamped upon them. The pun on " crosses " was worn threadbare by the Elizabethans.
1. 46. *Deuce-ace* : two and one, a low throw at dice.
1. 48. *Base vulgar* : common people.
- 1- 53- *The dancing horse* : Morocco, the performing horse of one Banks. It astonished onlookers by its skill in arithmetic, and would beat out the numbers of an answer with its hoofs. Hart refers to a woodcut in " Morocco Exstaticus " (1596), where the horse is in a dancing posture on its hind legs, and on the ground before it lie two dice, one of which has the ace and the other the deuce displayed. Many allusions to Banks's horse occur in Elizabethan and later literature, the earliest belonging to 1591. Ben Jonson says, in one of his " Epigrams," that both horse and owner were " burned beyond the sea for'one witch."
1. 55. *Figure* : turn of rhetoric. Moth plays on the word in its arithmetical sense ; hence the *cypher* of 1.56.

1. 62. *Courtesy* : complimentary bow (in this case after the newest French fashion). In Elizabethan times "courtesy" or "curtsy" was not restricted, as is our word, to the ceremonial bow of a lady.
1. 63. *Think scorn* : disdain.
Outswear : either "forswear" or "surpass in swearing and protestations of love."
1. 74. *In my rapier* : in fencing, a much cultivated art in Elizabethan days. Shakespeare is here probably laughing at the new-fangled "duello."
1. 78. *Complexion* : (i) temperament, as Moth takes the word, or (ii) colour of the skin, as Armado intends it.
1. 79. *Of all the four* : According to early medical belief there were four complexions or humours, dependent on the blending of the four elements in pairs. See note to I. i. 232.
1. 82. *Sea-water green* : sea-green. No complexion was characterised by this colour, in spite of Moth's assertion ; but green, as Armado remarks, was then the colour of lovers and symbolised hope and rejoicing.
1. 88. *Affected* : loved.
1. 89. *Green wit* : immature understanding, or, if used without a derogatory significance, fresh understanding.
1. 93. *Define* : explain.
1. 97. *Pathetical* : pathetic, "affection-moving" (Cotgrave).
1. 105. *Native she doth owe* : she owns by nature.
- I. 106. *Dangerous* : damaging.
- II. 106-107. *Against the reason of white and red* : "against the irrational use of cosmetics. Two of the commonest cosmetics were Vermillion and Ceruse or Spanish white, and Shakespeare frequently alludes half satirically to the practice of painting the face" (Prof. H. B. Charlton in his edition of "Love's Labour's Lost," 1917). Armado, in 1. 90, had of course used *white and red* to describe Jaquenetta's natural colouring, not in Moth's punning sense.
11. 108-109. *Ballad . . . Beggar* : the ballad of "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid" appears in Percy's "Reliques." It had been popular in Shakespeare's day and Moth was wrong in thinking that "now 'tis not to be found," for Richard Johnson includes it in

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- his " Crown Garland of Goulde[n] Roses " (1612).
 The name of the beggar-maid was Penelophon, not Zenelophon, as given in IV. i. 66.
- II. 112—113. *It would . . . tune* : both words and music would be inadequate to express Armado's high passion.
- I. 115. *Digression*: transgression.
- I. 117. *Rational hind*: " Hind " could mean either " stag " or " peasant." Armado, in punning on these meanings, refers to Costard as a " stag endowed with reason."
- II. 119-120. *A better love* : " she deserves " is to be understood before this as well as before *To be whipped*.
- I. 122. *Light* : wanton, loose.
- I. 127. *Penance* : Dull probably means " plcasance," pleasure.
- I. 129. *Allowed* , . . *day-woman* : admitted as dairy-maid.
- I. 133. *That's hereby* : Some undiscovered rudeness probably underlies these words, which the unsuspecting Armado takes at their face-value.
- I. 137. *With that face ?* Probably the equivalent of the equally cheap modern retort, " You don't say (so)!"
- I. 141. *Fair weather after you!* A conventional Elizabethan politeness in bidding farewell. Jaquenetta's tone, however, would probably rob it of any politeness.
- II. 145—146. *On a full stomach* : with a good heart (used quibblingly here).
- I. 148. *Fellows* : servants.
- I. 154. *Fast and loose* : Another quibble on Costard's remark. " Fast and loose " was some sort of cheating game usually associated with gypsies.
- II. 156-157. *Desolation*: Costard probably means "dissipation," but his words as they stand constitute an allusion to Zephaniah i. 15.
- I. 157. *Some shall see* : A vague threat: " let some people (e.g. Moth and Armado) look to their safety." His threat is partially fulfilled in the last scene, when he " infamonizes " Armado and almost comes to blows with him.
- II. 160-163. *// is not . . . quiet*: Costard's meaning, although expressed in nonsensical contradictions, is clear enough.

ACT ii. SC.I] NOTES

11. 164-166. *Base . . . baser . . . basest*: "Base" has a slightly different significance in each case, and Armado, in employing it thus on a grammatical basis, is borrowing a trick of style from Sidney's "Arcadia." Puttenham, in his "Arte of English Poesy" (1589), calls this "the translacer: which is when ye turne and translace a word into many sundry shapes."

I. 167. *Argument*: proof.

I. 169. *Familiar*: an attendant spirit.

II. 172-173. *Butt-shaft*: an unbarbed arrow used for shooting at the butts. Such arrows were easily extracted, and so they were fit weapons for Cupid.

11. 174-175. *The first and second cause*: Prof. H. B. Charlton traces these technical terms of duelling to "The Booke of Honor and Armes" (1590), attributed to Sir William Segar. The two causes which, in Segar's opinion, justify duelling are (i) "whensoever one man doth accuse another of such a crime as meateth [merits] death," and (ii) honour.

I. 175. *Passado*: "a forward thrust with the sword, one foot being advanced at the same time" (N.E.D.).

I. 176. *Duello*: the art of duelling.

I. 179. *Manager*: wielder.

II. 180-181. *Turn sonnet*: either "turn, compose, a sonnet" or "become a sonneteer" (cf. *turned orthography*, "Much Ado About Nothing," II. m. 19).

I. 181. *Devise*: invent.

Act II

Scene i

The Princess of France arrives on a diplomatic mission, and the King of Navarre is obliged to give her audience. Her ladies disclose their previous acquaintance with the King's fellow-votaries, who seek to renew it. The first step towards the violation of the vows is thus taken.

I. i. *Dearest spirits*: best wits.

I. 5. *Inheritor*: possessor.

I. 6. *Owe*: own.

I. 7. *Plea*: that which is pleaded for.

I. 14. *Flourish*: ornamentation.

I. 16. *Chapmen's tongues*: the laudatory remarks of

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merchants. For a possible allusion to the poet Chapman here, see note on IV. in. 255.

1. 20. *To task the tasker* : to find a task for the one (Boyet) who has just been reminding me of my task.
1. 28. *Bold of*: confident in.
1. 29. *Best-moving* : most persuasive.
Fair : courteous.
1. 46. *Would well* : would do well.
1. 49. *Too blunt a will*: " too blunt in regard to the feelings of others, in that it is willing to spare none " (Furness).
1. 58. *Most power . . . ill* : one who, if he cared to misapply his gifts, could do the greatest harm, and yet he is ignorant of any ill.
1. 72. *Conceit's exporitor* : the expounder of what his wit has conceived.
1. 76. *Voluble* : fluent.
1. 81. *What admittance* : probably " What reception did you receive at the hands of Navarre ? " (Prof. H. B. Charlton) rather than what " permission to enter " (Hart).
1. 83. *Competitors* : partners, associates.
1. 84. *Addressed* : prepared, made ready.
1. 89. *Unpeopled* : without servants.
1. 100. *By my will* : willingly.
1. 101. *Will shall break it* : my will shall cause you to break your oath.
1. 105. *Sworn out house-keeping* : sworn house-keeping at
• an end, renounced the practice of hospitality. In the Elizabethan period the open-handed hospitality of medieval times was disappearing, to the indignation of the common people. The Princess is no doubt alluding to this fact.
- I. in. *Suddenly*: immediately.
- II. 116-128. (Speech Heading) *Ro\.* : The First Quarto gives these seven speeches of Rosaline to Katharine. The confusion of the Quarto here and elsewhere in the scene between these two ladies, the difficulty of the gallants in identifying their ladies, and Biron's remark, " Now fair befall your mask ! " (1. 125), suggest that Shakespeare originally intended this scene to be one of mistaken identity, the ladies being masked

from the time that the gentlemen enter. Later he decided to employ the mistaken-identity motive in V. n. for the address of the "Russians" to the masked ladies. To avoid repetition, he dispensed with the masking in the present scene, but was careless in making the necessary alterations of speech headings, etc., and was content to leave the original dialogue unchanged. His final intention for this scene was, it would seem, to pair Biron with Rosaline in each of Biron's conversations, Longaville with Maria, and Dumain with Katharine.

1. 120. *Long of you* : because of you.
1. 130. *Intimate* : suggest.
1. 148. *Depart withal* : part with.
1. 150. *Gelded* : mutilated, reduced in value.
1. 157. *Unseeming to* : pretending not to.
1. 161. *Arrest your word* : seize your word as security.
1. 166. *Specialties* : (technically) special contracts under seal for the payment of money: but here it is simply receipt" (Prof. H. B. Charlton).
1. 179. *Consort*: accompany.
- 1.187. *Let it bleed* : bleed him.
1. 191. *No point*: not at all, with a play on the usual meaning of "point."
1. 194. *Stay thanksgiving* : an allusion to the long graces at that time recited before meals. Here = "wait to give thanks," *i.e.* retort to Rosaline's last remark.
1. 196. *Katharine* : The Quarto and Folio read *Rosaline* here, while in 1. 210 they read *Katharine* where modern editors substitute *Rosaline*. See note on ll. 116-128 above.
1. 200. *Light*: wanton.
- 1.204. *Beard*: "Any allusion to one's beard was dangerous or unmannerly" (Hart). This speech, therefore, reveals Longaville's annoyance with Boyet's answers.
1. 213. *Or so* : or something of that nature.
1. 215. *Farewell . . . welcome to you*: *i.e.* you are welcome to go.
1. 220. *Sheeps . . . ships* : This pun was possible in Shakespeare's day because the two words were pronounced alike.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST [ACT III

1. 224. *Common, though several*: " fields that were enclosed were called severals, in opposition to commons ; the former belonging to individuals, the latter to the inhabitants generally" (Halliwell). Maria puns on the other sense of *several*, " separate."
1. 228. *Book-men* : scholars.
1. 230. *Still rhetoric* : dumb eloquence.
1. 233. *Affected*: " Affect " is here used in the sense of " love."
1. 235. *Behaviours* : a common plural form in Elizabethan times.
1. 237. *Like an agate* : Agate stones, with figures carved in them, were frequently set in rings.
1. 238. *His* : its, referring back to *heart*.
1. 239. *His tongue . . . see* : " His tongue, not able to endure the having merely the power of speaking without that of seeing " (Dyce).
1. 244. *Jewels in crystal*: jewels of this nature, consisting apparently of " cristall sett in golde " or " cristall garnished with golde," were presented as New Year's gifts to Queen Elizabeth in 1574 and 1576.
1. 245. *Tendering* : exhibiting.
Glass'd : set in crystal.
1. 246. *Point* : direct.
1. 247. *Hisface's own margent*: his eyes, the illumination of his countenance, just as remarks in the " margent," or margin, of books were the illumination of the text.
1. 251. *Disposed* : inclined to be merry. Boyet, in his next remark, pretends to take the word literally.
1. 258. *Mad* : mad-cap, roguish.
1. 259. *Too hardfor me* : more than I can manage.

Act III

Scene I

Armado and Biron commission Costard to deliver love-letters to Jaquenetta and Rosaline.

1. 1. *Passionate* : despairingly, or frantically, love-sick.
1. 3. *Concolinel*: This probably represents the title, or words from, Moth's song, which has not been identified. Armado's comment is *Sweet air I*
1. 5. *Enlargement*: freedom.

- I. 6. *Festinely* : hastily.
- II. 8-9. *French brawl* : a French dance resembling a cotillion. Moth is also playing on the usual sense of "brawl" or perhaps on some baser Elizabethan sense which is now lost.
1. 11. *Complete* : perfect.
Jig off: jerk off.
1. 12. *Canary*: dance in a lively fashion, as when dancing the "canaries," the dance of the natives of the Canary Islands.
1. 13. *Humour it* : adapt yourself to it.
- I. 17. *Penthouse-like . . . shop*: overhanging your brows as a slanting roof projects over the front of a shop.
- II. 18-19. *Thin-belly doublet* : an unpadded doublet, as distinct from a padded or "great-belly doublet." There is also an allusion to Armado's leanness.
1. 20. *Like . . . painting* : "It was a common trick among some of the most indolent of the ancient masters, to place the hands in the bosom or the pockets, or conceal them in some other part of the drapery, to avoid the labour of representing them, or to disguise their own want of skill to employ them with grace and propriety" (Steevens). Shakespeare probably has in mind some well-known picture of the time in which this trick was played.
1. 21. *Snip*: snippet, scrap.
1. 22. *Complements* : accomplishments.
Humours : affectations.
1. 23. *Nice* : shy.
1. 24. *Do you note, men ?*: Probably spoken in an aside to the audience, *men* being used sarcastically, with the implication that Armado is no man.
- I. 27. *Penny of observation* : the money of my experience. There is probably an allusion here to Nashe's "Pierce Penilesse" : see note on I. II. 8.
- II. 28-29. *But O . . . forgot* : These words are probably a snatch of a popular song of the time. A *hobby-horse* was a figure of the morris-dance and the May-games, performed by a man inside a frame representing a horse. The word also implied "a loose woman" ; hence Armado's rejoinder.
11. 31-32. *Colt . . . hackney* : These words had the

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secondary senses of " a lascivious person " (*colt*) and " a loose woman " (*hackney*).

1. 51. *Well sympathized* : well matched.
1. 58. *Ingenious* : *i.e.* ingenious, quick-witted, one.
1. 60. *Minirfb* : by no means. Even Moth indulges in Latin words ; see also V. i. 67.
1. 65. *Thump* : Moth's representation of the cannon's sound.
1. 66. *Volable* : This is the reading of the First Quarto, and means " quick-witted " here. Most editors follow the Folio reading *voluble*, fluent.
Free of grace : " freely endowed with graces " (Prof. H. B. Charlton).
1. 70. *Costard*: alarge kind of apple, but frequently used for the head. Hence the wonder of a head broken in a shin.
1. 71. *Venvoy* : message. Armado here uses the word affectedly, but a little later he shows that he knows its technical meaning of a " sending off " stanza at the end of a poem or piece of prose.
- I. 72. *Egma* : Armado's *enigma* was a new, fashionable word at the time, so that Costard may be excused for bungling it a little.
- II. 72-73. *Salve in the mail*: ointment in the wallet, bag. Costard professes to think that *egma*, *riddle*, and *l'envoy* are new-fangled ointments for his broken shin, and rejects them in favour of the homely plantain leaf.
1. 76. *Spleen* : The spleen was thought to control excesses of mirth or anger.
1. 78. *Inconsiderate* : the person who does not consider, the thoughtless fellow.
1. 80. *Salve* : Moth here plays on the Latin sense of *salve*, " salute," which approximates it to *Venvoy*.
- I. 82. *Precedence* : something which has preceded, which has " previously been said " (*tofore been sain*).
- II. 84—85. *The fox . . . three* : These lines, twice repeated, may have had some topical significance which is lost to us.
1. 86. *Moral* : " Apparently used in a semi-technical sense : that part of a poem containing a statement of the allegory or symbolical expression or hidden meaning, which is afterwards explained or interpreted by the *envoy* " (Prof. H. B. Charlton).

1. 92. *By adding font* : by adding a fourth. The *odds*, or odd number, was thus *stayed*, stopped, changed.
1. 101. *Sold him a bargain* : made a fool of him. Moth has achieved this by the childish trick of presenting Armado as the goose.
1. 103. *Fast and loose* : see note on I. n. 154.
1. no. *Ended the market*: An allusion to the proverb, "Three women and a goose make a market."
1. 113. *Sensibly* : Moth uses the word in its usual sense, "intelligibly," but Costard takes it in its secondary sense of "feelingly."
1. 119. *Matter* : Costard here quibbles on the meaning "the discharge from a sore."
1. 130. *Significant*: signification, letter.
1. 132. *Ward*: guard, safeguard.
1. 135. *Incony* : delicious, fine ; a cant word of uncertain origin.
Jew : probably suggested by Costard's misunderstanding of Moth's *adieu*.
1. 138. *Three farthings* : a single silver coin in Shakespeare's day.
1. 139. *Inkle* : a kind of linen tape.
1. 140. *Carries it* : wins.
1. 141. *French crown* : A quibble on the coin, worth about 6s. 6d., and the bald crown resulting from the French disease.
1. 145. *Carnation*: flesh coloured.
1. 170. *Gardon* : "*Guerdon*: guerdon, recompense, meed, remuneration, reward ; also as *Gardon* " (Cotgrave).
1. 172. *In print*: exactly, precisely.
1. 175. *Humorous*: arising from one's "humour"; capricious.
1. 178. *Than whom . . . magnificent*: Biron here refers to his own magnificence, vaingloriousness, not to Cupid's.
1. 179. *Wimpled*: blindfolded, wearing a wimple or hood.
1. 180. *Signior Junior* : This is a far more effective reading (for the *Signior Junios* of the Quarto and Folio) than Theobald's emendation, *senior junior*. It is roughly the equivalent of "Sir Boy."
Dan : Don (a contraction of *dominus*), Master.

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1. 181. *Folded arms* : Lovers were supposed to affect this attitude ; see also IV. in. 135-136.
1. 184. *Plackets . . . codpieces* : women and men. Literally, a *placket* was a petticoat and a *codpiece* was " a bagged appendage to the front of the close-fitting hose or breeches worn by men from the fifteenth to the seventeenth century " (N.E.D.).
1. 186. *Paritors* : apparitors, officers of the Ecclesiastical Courts who would serve citations on those guilty of immorality.
1. 187. *A corporal of his field* : " a superior officer of the army in the sixteenth and seventeenth century, who acted as an assistant or a kind of aide-de-camp to the sergeant-major " (N.E.D.).
1. 188. *Like a tumbler's hoop* : a hoop decorated with ribbons and used by a tumbler for his tricks. Biron thus disparages his flaunting of Cupid's colours, his service of love.
1. 191. *Frame* : order.
1. 196. *Whitely*: pale.
1. 199. *Argus* : In the " *Metamorphoses* " Ovid tells how Juno appointed Argus of the hundred eyes to watch over Io, so that Jupiter might not make love to her. Mercury, however, closed the eyes of Argus.
1. 205. *My lady . . . Joan* : an allusion to the proverb, " Joan's as good as my lady," Joan being a generic name for country or servant wenches.

Act IV

Scene i

Costard mistakenly delivers Armada's letter to Rosaline.

1. 10. *Stand*: a hiding-place from whence to shoot. The sport of shooting at deer with cross-bows was popular among Elizabethan ladies. It has been suggested that the hunt here described was based on that arranged for the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth at Cowdray in August 1591.
1. 17. *Brow* : face, appearance.
1. 18. *Good my glass* : The Princess's appearance is as truthfully reflected in the Forester's comments as in a mirror.

I. 20. *Inherit* : own, possess.

II. 21-33. *See, see . . . working of the heart* : " This seems to be a direct allusion to the conversion of Henry IV. ' Merit' refers to the Roman doctrine of justification by works ; while the ' heresy in fair, fit for these days ' and the ' detested crimes ' of which ' glory grows guilty ' for ' fame's sake, for praise, an outward part ' point unmistakably to the ' abominable act ' as Elizabeth described it, by which Henry bought Paris at the price of a mass. Henry IV received ' absolution ' from the Archbishop of Bourges and heard mass publicly on July 25, 1593. England received the news with consternation. The point of Shakespeare's words would have been obvious any time during the next six months ; though scarcely much later" (Prof. J. Dover Wilson).

1. 22. *Fair* : beauty.

1. 23. *Foul* : ugly.

1. 30. *Out of question* : unquestionably, certainly.

1. 32. *Outward part* : a material consideration.

1. 36. *Curst* : shrewish.

Self-sovereignty : dominion resting in oneself.

1. 41. *Commonwealth* : the society founded by the King at the opening of the play.

1. 42. *God dig-you-den* : God give you good even.

1. 52. *WhaCsyour will, sir ?* : A snub to Costard, who is carrying the jest too far for the Princess's liking.

I. 56. *Capon* : used, not merely for " chicken," but also for " love-letter " ; hence the elaborate pun in *break up and cane*.

1. 57. *Importeth* : concerns.

1. 59. *Break the neck* : the *capon* jest is continued here.

1. 65. *Illustrate* : illustrious.

1. 66. *Indubitate* : undoubted, certain.

Zenelophon : see note on I. n. 108-109.

1. 68. *Annothanize* : anatomize.

Vulgar : the vulgar tongue, the vernacular.

1. 84. *Tittles* : trifles.

1. 87. *Dearest design of industry* : most zealous purpose of love-service.

1. 89. *Nemean lion* : the first labour of Hercules was to slay the Nemean lion.

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1. 94. *Re pasture* : food.

1. 96. *Vane* : banner, flag (not "weather-vane").

Weathercock : a type of showiness, not, as later, of changeability.

1. 98. *Going o'er it* : The Princess is punning on "stile."

1. 100. *Phantasime* : fantastic creature.

Monarcho : a crazy Italian from Bergamo who had haunted Queen Elizabeth's court. Thomas Churchyard wrote his epitaph, "The Phantasticall Monarkes Epitaphe" (1580), which shows him to have been a vainglorious megalomaniac, proud and pompous of bearing, extravagant in dress, and strange in his talk.

1. 107. *Mistaken* : wrongly delivered.

1. 108. *'Twill be . . . day* : it will be your turn to receive a letter another day.

1. 109. *Suitor* : pronounced "shooter" ; hence Rosaline's quibble on *bow*.

1. no. *Continent* : "container," repository.

1. 113. *Horns* : with a quibble on the cuckold's horns.

1. 115. *Deer* : with a quibble on "dear."

1. 120. *Come upon* : attack.

1. 121. *King Pepin* : The founder of the Carolingian dynasty, died 768. He is here mentioned as a representative of the distant past, as is *Queen Guinover* (1. 124), the Guinevere of Arthurian story.

1. 126. *Thou canst not hit it* : The music of this popular Elizabethan catch is given in Ghappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time."

1. 133. *Mark . . . prick . . . mete at* : Hart quotes from Minshew's "Guide into the Tongues" (1627) • "a *Marke*, white or *pricke* to shoot at . . . L(atin). *Meta*, a *metendo*."

Mark : target.

Prick : the white spot in the centre of the target.

Mete at : aim at.

1. 134. *Wide o' the bow hand!* : wide of the mark (literally, on the left, or bow-hand, side).

1- 135- *Clout* : the mark in archery.

1. 137. *Upshoot* : the best shot so far in a shooting competition.

Cleaving the pin : splitting the pin (the *clout*) in the centre of the target.

SC. II] NOTES

1. 138. *Greasily* : smuttily. The; whole of the preceding discussion in terms of archery was indecent quibbling.
1. 139. *At pricks* : at shooting at targets.
1. 140. *Rubbing* : meeting obstacles. " Rub " is a technical term in the game of bowls and means " an impediment by which a bowl is hindered in, or diverted from, its proper course" (N.E.D.), or (if a verb) to encounter such an impediment.
1. 143. *Incony* : delicious.
1. 149. *Nit* : a reference to Moth's smallness. The word literally means the egg of any small insect.
- I. 150. *Sola*: Costard's reply to the *Shout within*; " hallo ! "

Scene 11

Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull discuss the Princess's sport. Jaquenetta asks them to read to her the letter mistakenly given to her by Costard. Holofernes, perceiving that it is addressed to Rosaline from Biron and deals with the forbidden theme of love, sends Jaquenetta with it to the King.

- II. 1-2. *In the testimony of*: with the approbation of.
- II. 34. *Sanguis, in blood*: Holofernes advertises his profession by his parade of Latin words, but he is usually careful to explain his meaning in English equivalents. The Latin words are not always correct in their case inflections : e.g. *sanguis* for *sanguine*, *caelo* for *caeli*.
In blood : in good condition.
- I. 4. *Pomewater* : " an excellent good and great whitish apple, full of sap or moisture, somewhat pleasant sharp, but a little bitter withal " (Parkinson's " *Paradisus*," 1627).
1. 6. *Crab* : crab-apple.
1. 10. *A buck of the first head*: a buck in its fifth year.
1. ii. *Sir* : an Elizabethan form of address to a priest. It does not, of course, imply that Nathaniel was a knight.
1. 12. *A hand credo*: Dull, not understanding the Latin, takes the phrase to mean some kind of doe.

Pricket : a buck in its second year.

1. 18. *Unconfirmed* : inexperienced, uninitiated.
1. 22. *Twice-sod* : twice-sodden, twice-cooked. An allusion to an old proverb about twice-cooked vegetables, and used to imply a tale twice-told and so rendered tasteless and unappetising.
1. 31. *Patch set on learning*: a fool set to learn. The Fool probably derived the name of *patch* from his "patched" or motley coat.
1. 32. *Of an oldfather's mind* : of the way of thinking of one of the venerable men of the past. Sir Nathaniel likes to have authority even for his most obvious truisms.
1. 34. *Book-men* : scholars.
1. 36. *Dictynna* : an unusual name for Diana.
- I. 40. *Raught* : reached.
- 1.41. *The allusion . . . exchange*: "the riddle is as good when I use the name of Adam, as when you use the name of Cain" (Warburton).
- II. 42, 44. *Collusion, . . . pollution* : Dull, like his fellow-constables in Lyly's "Endymion" and Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing," is prone to such mis-usages of unfamiliar words.
1. 53. *Abrogate scurrility* : avoid coarseness of speech.
1. 54. *Affect the letter* : employ alliteration, a favourite ornament of the earlier Elizabethan poets, whose use of it sometimes approached the excesses of Holofernes himself.
1. 57. *Sore* : a buck in its fourth year.
1. 58. *Sorel*: a buck in its third year.
1. 60. *L to sore* : Holofernes plays on L as the Roman numeral and the English letter.
1. 63. *Talent* : a sixteenth-century spelling of "talon."
- I. 64. *Claws* : a quibble on the meanings "scratches" and "flatters."
- II. 66—67. *Forms . . . revolutions*: Holofernes shows himself a student of the art of rhetoric by his use of these terms in their technical sense.
1. 67. *Revolutions* : turns of speech.
1. 68. *Ventricle of memory* : The brain was considered to be divided into three parts or ventricles, one of which was allotted to the memory.

1. 6g. *Pia mater* : the membrane which enclosed the brain ; used for the brain itself.
1. 70. *Occasion* : opportunity.
1. 77. *Ingenuous* : here used as the equivalent of "ingenious," intelligent.
1. 79. *Vir sapit . . . loquitur* : a proverb, translated in Lyly's "Grammar" as "That man is wise that speaketh few things or words."
1. 82. *Parson, quasi pers-on* : Holofernes is tracing the derivation from Latin *persona*, and puns on *pers-on*, "pierce one."
1. 85. *Hogshead*: Costard continues the pun by suggesting that the one most resembling a hogshead should be pierced or broached, and, incidentally, quibbles on *hogshead*, which was used for a thick-witted person.
- I. 86. *Piercing a hogshead!* : An allusion to Gabriel Harvey's "Pierce's Supererogation" (1593) : "She knew what she said that intituled Pierce, the hoggeshead of wit," etc. This work was a reply to Nashe's "Pierce Penilcsse" (1592). See also note on I. n. 8.
Conceit : fancy, extravagant notion.
- II. 92-94. *Fauste . . . Mantuan!* : The Latin quotation is the opening line of the first eclogue of Mantuan (Battista Spagnuoli of Mantua), a pastoral writer who died in 1516. Mantuan's "Eclogues" were a familiar school text in the sixteenth century, so that Holofernes would be showing no great learning in quoting their first line—especially if the Quarto readings "*facile . . . pecas omnia*" be deliberate, for then he would be quoting even this wrongly. But, like the Italian tag which follows, it would suffice to impress the rustics.
11. 96-97. *Venetia . . . pretia* : an Italian proverb quoted several times in Elizabethan literature, e.g. by Florio in his "First Fruits" (1578), where he translates it as "Venise, who seeth thee not, praiseth thee not."
1. 99. *Ut*: "do" did not replace "ut" in the tonic notation until the seventeenth century.
1. 101. *His*—: Holofernes stops short of quoting Horace on seeing verses in Nathaniel's hand.
1. 103. *A staff, a stance* : Both words mean "stanza."

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1. 105. *If love . . . love?* : Biron, like an honest man, faces the difficulty of swearing love-vows that will be believed when his other vows to the King have just been broken .
1. 108. *Those thoughts . . . bow'd:* Biron's vows, when he swore to them, seemed as firm as oak trees, but, on Rosaline's appearance, they proved as flexible as willows.
1. 109. *Bias* : tendency, bent ; its special leaning.
1. 119. *Apostraphas* ; As there seems to be no occasion for an apostrophe (to mark an elision) in the foregoing lines, we must assume that Holofernes, in his ignorance, means precisely the opposite. A diaeresis in the last line (*singes* for *sings*) would give it the full twelve syllables that the others have.
1. 120. *Canzonet:* a short lyric or song.
- I. 121. *Numbers ratified:* *i.e.* metrically correct verses. Presumably Holofernes means that, even if correctly read, the lines are merely verse and have no touch of true poetry in them.
Facility: fluency—such, for instance, as Holofernes himself had displayed in the poem on the deer !
- II. 124-125. *The jerks of invention* : strokes of wit or fancy. Holofernes does not use " invention " or " imitation " as a true Renaissance critical theorist would do. *Imitari*) for him, means merely " to copy."
- II. 128-129. *From one . . . lords:* This contradicts II. 90-91, where Jaquenetta says that the letter was sent to her from Don Armado and delivered by Costard. Moreover, Biron was not *one of the strange queen's lords*. Boyet, however, was, and perhaps we should read *Boyet* for *Biron*, although this would presuppose that Boyet was responsible for Costard's wrong delivery of the letters. *Directed* (I. 127) would then mean *' given," " imparted."
1. 129. *Strange* : foreign.
1. 130. *Superscript* : address.
1. 132. *Intellect:* "We take it as one of Holofernes' quibbles ; intellect = understanding = what stands under the letter = the signature " (Prof. J. Dover Wilson). Other editors explain *intellect* as " meaning," " intelligence conveyed in."

1. 137. *Sequent*: follower.
1. 139. *Trip and go*: This is part of the first line of a song sung to a favourite morris dance of the time.
- I. 141. *Concern much*: be of great importance.
- II. 141-142. *Compliment . . . duty*: Holofernes, in his anxiety to despatch Jaquenetta speedily to the King, bids her not delay to make her curtsy or other dutiful sign of respect to him.
- II. 148-149. *Colourable colours*: plausible pretexts.
1. 151. *For the pen*: considering who wrote them.
- I. 156. *Ben venuto*: welcome (Italian).
- II. 160-161. *Saith the text*: The text has not been identified.

Scene in

The King, Longaville, and Dumain are revealed to Biron and to each other as lovers. Biron is taunting them with their perjury when Jaquenetta arrives with his letter, and his hypocrisy is uncovered. At the request of his fellows, he justifies their infidelity to their vows by vindicating the superior claims of love. They decide to become "plain-dealing" lovers.

1. 2. *Coursing*: hunting.
Pitched a toil: set a snare.
1. 3. *Toiling in a pitch*: Biron means that he is ensnared in Rosaline's pitch-black eyes; cf. III. i. 198.
1. 5. *The fool said*: In I. i. 311-312.
1. 12. *Lie in my throat*: i.e. tell serious lies.
1. 23. *Bird-bolt*: a short, blunt-headed arrow used for shooting at birds. It was popularly regarded as Cupid's own weapon.
1. 29. *Night of dew*: "the night's allowance of tears" (Hart).
1. 45. *In thy likeness*: i.e. in the same state of love as the King.
- I. 47. *Perjure*: perjurer.
- II. 47-48. *Wearing papers*: At this time perjurers were punished by being exposed to public view with a paper describing their guilt displayed on their head or breast.
1. 53. *Corner-cap*: "a cap with four (or three) corners,

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worn by divines and members of the universities in sixteenth-seventeenth century" (N.E.D.). It was also worn by judges. Hence it came to be a symbol of authority.

1. 54. *Tyburn* : Malefactors were hanged at Tyburn, and the gallows of the time were triangular structures.
Simplicity : folly.
1. 58. *Guards* : trimmings.
1. 59. *Slop* : wide, loose breeches.
1. 70. *Exhalest*: Shakespeare uses "exhale" in the sense of "absorb," "suck up."
1. 74. *Liver-vein* : the vein or style of passionate love.
1. 75. *Green goose* : see note on I. i. 97.
1. 76. *Out O' the way* : off the right road, wrong.
1. 78. *All hid* : the cry of children playing hide-and-seek.
1. 79. *In the sky* : Biron was probably in the balcony, close to the stage "heavens." The Stage Direction at 1. 20, however, had merely said *Stands aside*.
1. 81. *More sacks to the mill!* : may there be more grist to the mill, more folly of this sort!
1. 82. *Woodcocks* : supposedly foolish birds; hence, "simpletons."
1. 86. *Corporal* : see note on III. i. 188. Possibly there is a quibble on the sense "corporeal."
1. 87. *Foul* : ugly.
Quoted : set down. "Her amber-coloured hair is so rich that it makes amber itself look ugly" (Prof. H. B. Charlton).
1. 88. *Raven* : A pun on Dumain's ybw/ (fowl).
1. 89. *Stoop*: An ungrammatical contradiction of Dumain's *upright*.
1. 90. *Is with child* : protrudes.
1. 94. *A good word* : a generous saying.
1. 97. *Incision* : cutting for blood-letting. Fevers were often treated in this way. Saucers were the receptacles used for the blood.
1. 98. *Misprision* : mistake.
1. 99. *Ode* : ditty. *Ode* is not used in its strict sense here.
1. 106. *Can* : "gan," did.
1. 108. *Wish*: may wish; subjunctive after *that* (1. 107), "so that."
1. 113. *Unmeet*: unfit.

1. 118. *Ethiope*: an Ethiopian, blackamoor; used to typify ugliness.
1. 119. *Deny . . . Jove*: disclaim his divinity as Jove.
1. 122. *Fasting*: hungry.
1. 125. *Perjured note*: see note on ll. 47—48 above.
1. 135. *Lay . . . athwart*: fold his arms on his breast, like a true lover. See note on III. i. 182.
1. 150. *By*: concerning.
- I. 160. *O'ershot*: gone astray.
- II. 161-162. *Mote . . . beam*: cf. Matthew vii. 3-5.
1. 164. *Teen*: grief, vexation.
1. 166. *Gnat*: a type of insignificant creature.
1. 167. *Gig*: whipping-top.
1. 168. *Jig*: a lively dance, or the music of such a dance.
1. 169. *Push-pin*: put-pin, "a child's game in which each player pushes his pin in turn with the object of crossing that of another player" (Prof. H. B. Charlton).
1. 170. *Critic*: critical.
Toys: trifles.
1. 174. *Caudle*: This is the reading of the Quarto and means warm, spiced gruel such as was given to invalids. Some editors prefer the Folio reading *candle*: Biron would thus call for a light to search for the sources of his fellows' pain.
1. 180. *With men . . . inconstancy*: The line as it stands lacks a syllable. *If you*, were inserted after *like* this lack would be remedied without the meaning being materially affected. Professor J. Dover Wilson suggests *moon-like men, men of inconstancy*.
1. 182. *Love*: This is the reading of the Duke of Devonshire's copy of the Quarto. Other copies read *Jone* and the Folio reads *Joane*. Most editors read *Joan*.
1. 183. *Pruning*: preening, smoothing my feathers.
1. 185. *State*: pose.
1. 187. *True*: honest.
1. 188. *Post*: travel post-haste.
1. 189. *Present*: presentment, writing; cf. "by these presents" in legal phraseology.
1. 194. *Afisdoubts*: suspects.
1. 201. *Toy*: trifle.
1. 204. *Whoreson loggerhead*: wretched idiot.

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1. 207. *Mess* : party of four, usually at a dinner.
1. 212. *Sirs*: The plural was used to address members of either sex, or of both.
1. 219. *Of all hands* : on every side.
1. 226. *Peremptory* : arrogant, over-confident.
Eagle-sighted: Eagles were supposed to be able to gaze at the sun without blinking.
-] 231. *Attending star* : The moon was formerly supposed to have such an attending star.
1. 236. *Worthies* : excellencies.
1. 237. *Where . . . seek* : *i.e.* Where nothing is lacking, not even the smallest thing.
1. 239. *Painted* : unreal.
1. 245. *Crutch* : a symbol of old age.
1. 255. *School of night*: *School* is the reading of the Quarto and the Folio, and the many emendations that have been suggested by editors who failed to grasp the topical allusion are unnecessary. It was first suggested by Mr. Arthur Acheson, in his "Shakespeare and the Rival Poet" (1903), that a School of Night actually existed at the time. This was an academy interested in mystic philosophy, astronomy, and mathematics, and its daring speculations led to its being called by its enemies the School of Atheism. Its members included Sir Walter Raleigh, Chapman, Matthew Roydon, and Marlowe. Mr. Acheson and Prof. J. Dover Wilson contend that Shakespeare was satirising this academy in his picture of Navarre's "academe." They point to the general satire of austere study, to the special inability of the worthies to count as a fling at the mathematical interests of this academy, and to Biron's lines on "These earthly godfathers of heaven's light," etc. (I. i. 88-93), as a reference to its astronomical interests. Furthermore, they see allusions to Chapman, the "rival poet" of the "Sonnets" and a member of the School of Night, in the Princess's remark :—

"Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
 Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues"
 . (II. i. 15-16),

and in the lines :—

"Never durst poet touch a pen to write

Until his ink were tempered with Love's sighs "
(iv. m. 346-347).

These last they take to be Shakespeare's retort to Chapman's remark in *'The Shadow of Night' (1594):—

"No pen can anything eternal write

That is not steeped in humour of the Night."

Chapman's "The Shadow of Night" was a product of the School of Night, and was dedicated to his fellow-member, Roydon. Prof. Dover Wilson believes that "Love's Labour's Lost" was written for private performance at the house of the Earl of Southampton, a staunch supporter of the Earl of Essex, and that its satire was in part directed against their rival Raleigh (whom he identifies with Armado) and his fellow-academicians.

It may be added that attempts to identify the characters of the play with living figures of the time produce very varied results, and that, with the exception of the identification of Moth with Nashe, none of these can be supported by very plausible evidence. Thus Armado has been variously identified with Raleigh, John Lyly, John Florio, Philip of Spain, his ambassador Antonio Perez, and the Monarchic; Holofernes with Chapman, Florio, Bishop Cooper, and Thomas Harriot; Sir Nathaniel with Roydon; and so on. Moreover, Rosaline is held to reflect the Dark Lady of the "Sonnets," and the whole play has been brought into the controversy over Shakespeare and the Rival Poet.

1. 256. *Beauty's crest*: The predominant quality of such a crest would be brightness, in contrast with the *black* which was *the badge of hell*.
1. 257. *Devils . . . light*: cf. 2 Corinthians xi. 14.
1. 259. *Usurping*: counterfeit, false.
1. 263. *Native blood*: rosy cheeks, a fair complexion, *red* (1. 264).
1. 268. *Crack*: boast.
1. 286. *Flattery*: excuses, *salve for peijury* (1. 289).
1. 288. *Quillies*: subtleties.
- I. 290. *Affection's*: Love's.
- II. 296-317. *And where . . . learning there?*: the sub-

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- stance of these lines is repeated in ll. 318-365. See *Introduction*, p. xxxii.
1. 300. *Ground* : basis.
 1. 322. *Fiery numbers* : passionate poems.
 1. 324. *Keep* : remain in.
 1. 336. *When . . . stopped*: when even the thief, alert and suspicious of every sound, would fail to hear it. Sir E. M. Thompson (quoted by Prof. Dover Wilson) suggests that *theft* should be *th'eft*, the eft, or newt. This would agree well with *the tender horns of cockled snails*.
 1. 337. *Sensible* : sensitive.
 1. 338. *Cockled*: having a shell. Cf. "Venus and Adonis" :—
 "Or as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
 Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain."
 1. 341. *Hesperides* : the garden in the Isles of the Blest where the golden apples grew. Properly the *Hesperides* were the daughters of Hesperus who watched over the garden.
 1. 358. *Loves* : sets a value on, gives a value to.
 1. 364. *Charity . . . law* : cf. Romans xiii. 8.
 1. 369. *Get the sun of them* : have the sun at your back— a piece of strategy of great importance in the days of archery.
 1. 370. *Plain-dealing* : honest wooing, without concealment.
 Glozes : pretences.
 1. 382. *Betime* : betide.
 1. 383. *Cockel*: tares. Biron means that active and appropriate measures must be taken to win the ladies. This speech of his comes as an anti-climax after his fine praise of love and ladies.
 1. 386. *Copper* : "base coin. Their efforts, originally debased by perjury, will obtain no more than would base coin" (Prof. H. B. Charlton).

Act V

Scene i

Armado invites Holofernes to co-operate with him in providing an entertainment for the Princess. They decide to present the pageant of the Nine Worthies.

1. i. *Satis quod sufficit* : " enough is as good as a feast."
 1. 2. *Reasons* : remarks.
 1. 3. *Sententious*: pithy.
 1. 4. *Affection* : affectation.
 Audacious : confident, bold.
 1. 5. *Opinion* : self-conceit.
 1. 6. *Strange* : original.
 1. 9. *Novi . . . te* : I know the man as well as I know you.
 Humour : temperament, disposition.
 1. 10. *Filed*: polished.
 1. 12. *Thrasonical* : boastful. Thraso was the braggart in the " Eunuchus " of Terence.
 1. 13. *Picked*: over-refined, elaborate.
 1. 14. *Peregrinate* : outlandish, having the air of a traveller or foreigner.
 1. 15. *Singular* : unparalleled.
 1. 17. *Staple* : thread, texture of wool or flax.
 1. 18. *Fanatical phantasimes* : extravagant fantastic persons.
 Insociable : intolerable.
 II. 18-19. *Point-devise* : over precise.
 1. 19. *Rackers* : distorters.
 1. 22. *Clepeth* : calls.
 1. 24. *Abominable* : This spelling is based on a mistaken derivation from *ab homine* ; actually it comes from *ab omine*.
 1. 25. *Insinuateth me of insanie* : suggests insanity to me. Only one other example of the form *insanie* has been found.
 1. 27. *Bone intelligo*: The Quarto and Folio read *bene*, but Holofernes' next remark shows that Nathaniel's Latin is at fault. Theobald's reading *bone* seems to be certainly correct.
 1. 28. *Bone?... bonf*: This seems to be the best emendation of the corrupt *Borne boonfor boon* of the Quarto and Folio.
 Priscian a little scratched: the Latin a little in error. Priscian was a sixth-century Roman grammarian who taught at Constantinople about A.D. 525 ; he was the author of " *De Arte Grammatical* " The English phrase " to break Priscian's head " meant " to speak false Latin."

1. 32. *Chirrah* ! : Armado's affected form of *sirrah*, the normal form of address to inferiors or servants.
1. 38. *Alms-basket*: The scraps left over at a feast would be collected in a basket for distribution to the poor.
1. 41. *Honorificabilitudinitatibus*: the ablative plural of a word meaning " the state of being loaded with honours." Here, however, it is quoted as the longest word known. It has been traced as far back as the twelfth century.
1. 42. *Flap-dragon* : apparently some such thing as a burning plum or raisin set afloat in a glass of liquor and to be swallowed with the liquor. *Flap-dragon* seems to be of Dutch origin, and the game of swallowing or seizing a *flap-dragon* has its English equivalent in the Christmas game of *snap-dragon*.
1. 43. *The peal begins* : *i.e.* the jangle of words begins—and, as with bells, the hollow echoes will follow.
1. 45. *Hornbook* : "a leaf of paper containing the alphabet (often with the addition of the ten digits, some elements of spelling, and the Lord's Prayer), protected by a thin plate of translucent horn, and mounted on a tablet of wood with a projecting piece for a handle" (N.E.D.).
1. 51. *Consonant*: nonentity ; like a consonant, which can only stand in conjunction with a vowel.
1. 58. *Venue* : thrust, stroke. The term is from fencing.
1. 61. *Wit-old*: There is a quibble on " wittol," a cuckold.
1. 62. *Figure* : figure of speech.
1. 65. *Gig* : whipping-top.
- I. 67. *Circum circa* : about and about. The Quarto and Folio read *unum cita*.
- II. 71-72. *Halfpenny purse* : a small purse for holding the silver halfpence of the time. See note on I. n. 8.
1. 77. *Unguem* : *ad unguent* means " to the nail," " perfectly."
1. 78. *Arts-man* : scholar.
1. 80. *Charge-house*: church house, or school. The word does not occur elsewhere.
1. 81. *Or mans, the hill*: The way in which Armado's irrelevant query is emphasized suggests that there is some topical allusion here. Until the present Harrow

School was founded early in the seventeenth century a village school had been carried on in the Church House (*charge-house*) on Harrow Hill for many generations, and it is suggested that Shakespeare is alluding to it here (see A. R. Bayley's articles in "Notes and Queries," 1925, vol. 148, pp. 399 and 417).

1. 85. *Affection* : inclination.
1. 86. *Rude multitude* : uneducated mob.
1. 89. *Liabile* : suitable.
Congruent: apt, harmonious.
Measurable : meet, competent.
1. 93. *Familiar* : intimate friend.
1. 94. *Inward* : confidential.
- I. 95. *Remember thy courtesy* : Normally this would mean "Remember to take off your hat/" but, as Armado's next words show, it means the opposite here. Holofernes has been standing bare-headed in his presence, and now Armado suggests with excessive politeness that he should be covered.
- II. 97-98. *But let that pass* : but we'll say no more about that now.
1. 105. *All of all*: sum-total of everything.
1. 107. *Chuck* : chick, chicken. Familiarly used as a term of endearment.
1. 109. *Antique* : grotesque entertainment, "antic."
- II.114-115. *Nine Worthies*: The Nine Worthies of tradition were Hector, Alexander, Julius Caesar, Joshua, David, Judas Maccabaeus, Arthur, Charlemagne, and Guy of Warwick, or Godfrey of Boulogne. Different writers vary the list somewhat, but Shakespeare seems to be unique in introducing Hercules and Pompey.
1. 115. *Sir Nathaniel*: The Quarto and Folio read *Sir 7/0/0-fernes*.
- I. 117. *Assistance*: The Quarto and Folio read *assistants*, which is probably an alternative spelling, or a misspelling, of *assistance*.
- II. 123-124. *Joshua . . . Maccabaeus*: A corrupt passage. Actually Sir Nathaniel plays Alexander, Holofernes Judas Maccabaeus, and Armado Hector. Some editors change *and* to *Or*, but this only partially meets a difficulty for which no certain explanation can be offered.

- 1. 125. *Pass* : perform.
- 1. 130. *Have audience* : be heard.
- 1. 144. *Fadge* : succeed, serve.
- 1. 146. *Via* : Away ! Come !
- 1. 150. *Make one in* : join in.
- 1. 151. *Tabor* : a small drum.

Hay : "a country dance, having a winding or serpentine nature, or being of the nature of a reel " (N.E.D.).

Scene n

The gallants renew their courtship, first by means of a Russian masquerade, which is rendered fruitless by a stratagem of the masked ladies, and then by straightforward pleading. The pageant of the Nine Worthies is presented, but is interrupted by the news of the Princesses bereavement. Thereupon the gallants propose marriage to their ladies, who make their acceptance contingent upon the successful endurance by their lovers of the penitential tasks which they impose upon them. Armado, after being maligned by Costard, announces that he has won the favour of Jaquenetta.

- 1. 2. *Fairings* : gifts (literally, gifts purchased at fairs).
- 1. 3. *A lady . . . diamonds* : a favourite piece of jewelry at the time, usually in the form of a pendant or brooch, wherein a figure was set in diamonds. 11. 3 and 4 would read better if transposed.
- 1. 10. *Wax* : with a quibble on the sense of " grow."
- I. 12. *Shrewd . . . gallows*: cursed, mischievous gallows bird.
- II. 13-17. *A' kilVd . . . she died*: This serious touch is so unexpected and irrelevant that critics have attempted to explain it as a survival from some undiscovered source of the plot as a whole. A. Lcfranc (" Sous le Masque de William Shakespeare," 1919, vol. ii. pp. 87-100) suggests that it is an allusion to the pathetic story of the death in 1576 of Helene de Tournon which Marguerite de Valois tells in her " Mempires," where also her visit to Henri IV at N[^]rac in 1578 is described (see *Introduction*, p. xxxiv). These " Memoires," however, were not published

before "Love's Labour's Lost," so that Shakespeare, if he is indeed thinking of Hclene de Tournon's story, must have learnt of it from some other source, possibly from hearsay.

11. 15, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 25, 26. *Light*: The various meanings of this word are, in the order of their occurrence: wanton; merry; casual; frivolous; information; a candle; wanton; light in weight.
11. 19, 20, 24. *Dark*: obscure; dark-complexioned; night.
1. 19. *Mouse*: a term of endearment.
1. 22. *Snuff*: a quibble on the meanings "resentment" and "the burnt wick of a candle."
1. 30. *Favour*: love token.
- !• 35- *Numbers*: verses.
Numbering: contents.
1. 37. *Fairs*: fair ones, beautiful women.
1. 40. *Much in the letters*: i.e. the handwriting pleased me; see note on IV. n. 151. Furness, however, remarks: "I suppose that this rather obscure sentence means that the resemblance was great in the dark colour of the letters, but not at all in the substance of the praise. The Princess catches the idea and replies, 'Beauteous as ink.'"
1. 42. *Text B*: Text hand is large round handwriting. The "B" may stand for "black" or it may be chosen because it would be a prominent letter.
1. 43. *Pencils*: finely pointed brushes used for painting in lines or spots.
Let me . . . debtor: I will get my own back for your jest.
1. 44. *Red dominical, my golden letter*: the red letter, possibly lined with gold, which denoted Sundays (*dies dominica*) in the old almanacs (cf. our phrase "red-letter days"). Rosaline is alluding to Katharine's amber-coloured hair.
1. 45. *O's*: pockmarks.
1. 46. *Beshrew all shrows*: curse all shrews. The Quarto and Folio give this line, as well as the next, to the Princess.
1. 52. *Simplicity*: folly (as in 1. 78).
1. 57. *These hands . . . part*: Maria presumably has the chain wound about her hands.

1. 61. *In by the week* : trapped, caught. The origin of the phrase is unknown.
1. 65. *Service* : love service.
Hests : behests.
1. 67. *Per Haunt-like* : No meaning has been found for this. Of the emendations suggested, Prof. G. G. Moore Smith's "planet-like" is by far the best, the allusion then being to planetary influence.
O'erswqy his state : control his condition.
1. 71. *School*: learning.
1. 72. *Wit's* : wisdom's.
1. 75. *Note* : reproach.
1. 82. *Encounters* : those who encounter, attackers.
Mounted : in readiness, as guns are when mounted.
1. 88. *Charge* : The metaphor of the gun is continued.
1. 92. *Might*: could.
Adrest : directed, coming.
1. 102. *Presence majestical*: *i.e.* the presence of the Princess.
1. 104. *Audaciously* : boldly.
1. 107. *Clapp'd him on the shoulder* : patted him on the back.
1. 109. *One rubb'd his elbow* : The itching of the elbow was a sign of satisfaction or joy.
Fleer'd: grinned.
1. 111. *With . . . thumb* : snapped his fingers as a sign of delight.
1. 114. *Turned on his toe* : presumably "pirouetted."
1. 118. *Passion's solemn tears*: In this case the *passion* which draws tears, usually the result of *solemn*, serious emotion, is *spleen*, laughter, which makes their eyes water.
1. 121. *Like Muscovites or Russians* : The device of the Muscovite mask may be held to reflect a general interest in Russian affairs at this time rather than to refer to the visit, so far back as 1583, of a Russian ambassador sent to Elizabeth's court to secure Lady Mary Hastings as a bride for the Czar, Ivan the Terrible. A mask of Russians formed part of the "Gesta Grayorum," revels presented by the members of Gray's Inn on January 6, 1595, wherein also Shakespeare's "Gomedy of Errors" was presented,

1. 122. *Parle* : parley, hold conference.
1. 123. *Love-feat*: love-suit.
1. 124. *Several*: separate.
1. 135. *Removes*: changes.
1. 138. *Effect* : aim, end.
- I. 146. *JV0, to the death* : not as long as we live ; never.
1. 147. *Penn'd speech* : the prologue written out for Moth to deliver.
- I. 149. *Kill . . . heart*: utterly dishearten Moth.
- I. 151. *Therefore* : for that very reason.
1. 152. *Out*: out of his part.
- I. 157. *Enter Blackamoors* : African negroes seem to have been popular for the purposes of Elizabethan masking. Their propriety in a Russian masquerade is questionable, and they take no part in the dialogue.
1. 159. *Taffeta* : a kind of silk. Boyet implies that only •the taffeta masks, or perhaps dresses, of the ladies are visible.
1. 160. *Parcel*: company.
1. 172. *Brings me out*: puts me out of my part.
1. 181. *Visitation*: visiting.
1. 1*84. *Measured*: paced, traversed. Rosaline uses it in its common sense in 1. 189.
1. 185. *Measure* : a stately dance. Rosaline uses it in its usual sense of " measurement " in 1. 190.
- I. 190. *Told*: reckoned, counted.
1. 203. *Clouded* : *i.e.* hidden by her mask.
1. 206. *Eyne* : the archaic plural of " eyes."
1. 208. *Moonshine in the water*: a thing of naught, something less than " mere moonshine."
- I. 210. *Strange* : foreign, in a foreign tongue.
- II. 2ii—212. *Nay, you . . . dance!* : Rosaline feigns sudden changeability. First she orders the music to play immediately, then seems astonished that it is " not yet " playing, and so refuses to dance.
1. 219. *Nice* : coy.
Take hands : Taking hands, curtsying, and kissing were then the preliminaries to a dance.
1. 222. *More measwe* : more quantity, *i.e.* the kiss as well as the taking of hands.
1. 227. *Twice . . . to you* : " Rosaline means her courtesy is not given to the King, for whom she has

none to spare ; but to the mask which is identical with Biron's. There are two kisses for it " (Hart). This may be the explanation, but Rosaline's remark probably meant more to an Elizabethan audience than it does to us.

1. 228. *Deny* : refuse.
1. 232. *Treys* : threes, at dice.
Nice : subtle.
1. 233. *Metheglin* : a spiced drink, of Welsh origin, made from honey, water, and herbs.
Wort : sweet unfermented beer.
Malmsey : a strong, sweet wine.
1. 235. *Cog* : cheat (originally, at dice).
1. 238. *Change* : exchange.
1. 242. *Vizard* : visor, mask.
1. 245. *Double tongue . . . mask* : *i.e.* her own tongue and the tongue of the mask. "The vizard was . . . made of black velvet on a leather base, it covered the entire features and was kept in place by a tongue, or interior projection, grasped in the mouth " (Dr. W. J. Lawrence).
1. 247. *Veal*: the foreigner's pronunciation of " Well " and also the same sound as the latter part of Longaville's name. Longaville, by implication, is the calf.
1. 249. *Part*: probably "depart from," "leave " ; but Katharine takes it literally.
Half: wife, "better-half."
1. 250. *Ox* : with a quibble on the sense "fool," as in "to make an ox of one."
1. 259. *Sense of sense* : understanding of reason.
1. 263. *Dry-beaten* : severely beaten ; literally, beaten without blood being drawn.
1. 268. *Well-liking* : in good condition, fat.
1. 269. *Kingly-poor flout*: "The Princess reverses Rosaline's quip : their wit shows poverty, not fatness ; it is king-ly-poor not well-ly-king " (Prof. J. Dover Wilson).
1. 273. *Cases* : condition, with a pun on the meaning "masks."
1. 274. *Weeping-ripe* : ready to weep, on the point of tears.
1. 275. *Suit* : There is perhaps a quibble on the senses "love-service " and "suitability."

1. 277. *No point*: Another quibble, for the phrase could mean "not at all."
- 1-²⁷⁹« *Qualm*: Presumably the pronunciation resembled that of *came* (1. 278) ; otherwise the pun would be over-obscure.
1. 280. *Sickness* : An allusion to the literal meaning of *qualm*.
1. 281. *Plain statute-caps* : Hart explains this by reference to the "Regulations" enacted in 1582 by the Lord Mayor and Common Council for the apparel of London apprentices : "from henceforth no Apprentice should presume (i) to wear any apparel but what he receives from his master ; (2) to wear any hat within the City and liberty thereof, but a woollen cap, without any silk in or about the same." Rosaline therefore means that there have been better wits than the courtiers among London apprentices.
1. 285. *Bark on tree* : a symbol of close union.
1. 292. *Repair*: return.
1. 293. *Blow* : bloom.
1. 296. *Damask* : red and white, like the Damascus rose.
1. 297. *Vailing* : lowering. When the ladies discard their masks they will appear like angels who have lowered the clouds that hid them.
1. 303. *Shapeless gear* : uncouth dress.
1. 306. *Carriage* : behaviour.
1. 309. *Whip* : move quickly.
Land : "laund," lawn.
1. 318. *Wakes* : Originally a wake was a solemn vigil at the dedication of a church, then the festival on anniversaries of the event, and finally fairs and occasions for merrymaking with no religious significance.
Wassails : toasts, revelries.
- 1.319. *By gross* : wholesale.
1. 321. *Pins . . . sleeve*: The idea comes from wearing favours on the sleeve.
1. 323. *Carve* : make overtures in love.
1. 325. *Form* : manners, "good form."
Nice : precise.
1. 326. *Tables* : backgammon.
1. 328. *Mean* : tenor.
1. 329. *Mend* : amend, improve on.

1. 332. *Whale's bone* : the ivory of the walrus. *Whale's* is a dissyllable.
1. 338. *Madman* : jester.
Showed : showed off, displayed.
1. 348. *Virtue* : power. In ll. 349, 350 the Princess uses it in the sense of " goodness."
1. 349. *Nickname* : miscall.
1. 365. *To the manner* : according to the fashion.
1. 373. *Dry* : dull.
1. 395. *Face of brass* : brazen-faced person.
1. 399. *Conceit*: wit.
1. 404. *Friend*: sweetheart.
1. 407. *Three-piled* : like the best " three-pile " velvet.
Spruce : affected.
Affection : The Quarto and Folio read *affection*, which would have the meaning " affectation " and would be pronounced as a four-syllable word.
1. 408. *Figures* : *i.e.* of speech, turns of rhetoric.
- 1.409. *Blown*: cf. "fly-blown." *Blow* : to fill with eggs.
Ostentation : vain show, vanity.
1. 413. *Russet* : coarse cloth of russet colour, worn by peasants.
Kersey : a kind of coarse cloth. Biron will henceforth woo in plain, homely language.
1. 416. *Sans sans* : without the affectation *sans*.
1. 419. " *Lord . . . us* " : "The inscription placed as a warning on a plague-stricken house or pinned on a corpse being carried to burial.
1. 422. *Visited* : attacked by the plague.
1. 423. *Lord's tokens* : plague spots, with a quibble on the tokens or favours given by the lords to the ladies.
1. 424. *Free* : with a quibble on " heart-free " and " plague-free."
- I. 425. *States* : with a quibble on " states of health " and " estates."
- Undo* : untie, relieve.
- II. 426—427. *How can . . . sue ?* : how can you, being the plaintiffs, be liable to forfeiture ?
1. 434. *Well advised* : acting sanely, in your right mind.
1. 440. *Force not to forswear*: make no bones about forswearing yourself.
1. 460. *Consent*: agreement.

SC. II] NOTES

1. 462. *Dash . . . comedy* : frustrate it as one would a Christinas comedy : as, indeed, the gallants and ladies *dash* the entertainment of the Nine Worthies.
1. 463. *Carry-tale* : tale-bearer.
Phase-man : one who curries favour.
Zany : an attendant on the fool or clown, whose antics he would ape.
1. 464. *Mumble-nevus* : "carry-tale."
Trencher-knight: parasite, table-friend.
Dick : fellow.
1. 465. *Smiles . . . years* : laughs his face into wrinkles.
1. 466. *Disposed* : *i.e.* to be merry.
1. 469. *She* : mistress, woman.
1. 472. *Much . . . it is* : it is very much after this fashion that we were deceived.
1. 474. *Squier* : carpenter's set-square. *By the squier* : exactly, to a nicety. Biron means : "Do you not know my lady's humours, moods, to a nicety?"
1. 475. *Laugh . . . eye*: laugh intimately with her.
Apple: pupil.
1. 478. *Allowed* : permitted the privileges of a jester.
1. 479. *A smock . . . s-hroud*: "Women will be the death of you" (Hart).
1. 481. *Leaden sword*: such harmless, imitation swords would be used as stage properties.
1. 482. *Manage . . . career* : Two technical terms from horsemanship, both meaning *'a short gallop at full speed."
1. 488. *Pursents* : presents, represents.
1. 490. *Ton cannot beg us* : we are not fools. "To beg a person" was to petition the court of wards for the guardianship of a minor, an heiress, or an idiot ; the guardian would control the ward's revenue—often a profitable business. Costard seems to think that Biron's arithmetical query is a test of his mental competence. "One of the legal tests of a *natural* is to try whether he can number" (Johnson).
1. 493. *Whereuntil*: whereunto.
1. 501. *Parfect*: probably Costard's blunder for "perform."
1. 502. *Pompion* : The blunder permits a joke, for *Pompion* means "pumpkin."

11. 515-516. *Where zeal . . . presents* : " *Contents* is the subject matter of the play, used with a singular verb (*dies*) and referred to by *it*, the object of *presents*, that being ' the player ' " (Prof. H. B. Charlton). We may paraphrase : " where the zealous actor strives to give contentment, and the matter of the play is spoilt through the very zeal of the one who performs it (*i.e.* by over-acting)." For the sentiment, compare Theseus' speech in " *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*," V. I. 81-105.
- I. 517. *Form . . . form*: correct acting . . . substance.
- 11.530-531. *Couplement*: couple.
- II. 539-540. *Hedge-priest* : an illiterate priest of inferior status.
1. 541. *Abate throw at novum* : Omit a throw at the dice game of *novum quinque*, in which nine was one of the winning throws and five the other.
1. 545. *LibbarCs* : leopard's. A reference to heraldry.
1. 550. *Targe* : shield.
1. 561. *Plain* : plainly.
1. 562. *Tour nose . . . right*: Alexander was reported to have been wry-rieked.
- I. 563. *Tour nose . . . knight* : Alexander's skin and breath " had a marvellous good savour," according to North's " *Plutarch* " ; and so Boyet, the *tender-smelling knight*, can, according to Biron, distinguish Nathaniel from Alexander by his scent.
1. 573- *The painted cloth* : cloth or canvas, with figures, scenes, or devices painted on it, used as a hanging to cover walls or partition rooms. The Nine Worthies were favourite subjects for painted cloths.
- II. 573-574. *Lion . . . poll-axe*: Alexander's arms, according to Gerard Legh's " *Accedens of Armorye* " (1562, reprinted 1591), were " a Lion Or seiantein a chayer, holding a battle-ax argent."
- 11.575- *Ajax* : a pun on " a jakes."
- 11.579. *Dashed* : abashed, daunted.
- 11.581. *O'erparted* : give too big a part.
- 11.591. *State* : dignity.
- 11.595. *Ycliped*: called. Dumain plays on the pronunciation in his *dipt*.
- 1.597- *Kissing* : Biron is playing on the secondary sense

- of clip*, "kiss," "embrace," while alluding to the apostle Judas's kiss that betrayed Jesus.
1. 602. *Ton are my elder* : a proverbial equivalent of "After you!" Biron appreciates the jest, for tradition made the tree on which Judas hanged himself an elder.
 1. 607. *A cittern-head* : the cittern, or guitar, usually had a head grotesquely carved at the end of the neck.
 1. 608. *Bodkin* : a long jewelled pin for ladies' hair, with ornamented head. Moreover, according to Florio's "New World of Words," it also meant "a nice, a coy, or self-conceited fellow, a man that stands upon nice faultes, a findc-faulte, a carper, a scrupulous, overweening man." This description would for the most part apply to Holofernes.
 1. 609. *A Death's face in a ring* : rings engraved with a death's head or skull and bearing the motto *memento mori* were popular at this time.
 1. 611. *Pommel* : knob of the sword-hilt.
Falchion : sword.
 1. 612. *Flask* : soldier's powder-horn.
 1. 613. *Half-check* : profile, side-face.
Brooch : this ornament was sometimes worn in the hat or on the sleeve, as well as round the neck. 1. 615 shows that in this case it was worn in the hat.
 1. 625. *Humble* : gentle, courteous.
 1. 630. *Come home by me* : come home to me, return on my own head.
 - I. 632. *Troyan* : boon companion ; here used for "an ordinary, commonplace person."
 - II. 632—633. *In respect of this* : by comparison with Ar-mado.
 - 11.635. *Clean-timbered* : clean-limbed, well-built.
 - 11.637. *Calf* : with a quibble on the sense "foot."
 - 11.638. *Small* : the part of the leg below the calf.
 - 11.641. *Armipotent* : powerful in arms.
 - 11.643. *Gilt nutmeg* : a nutmeg "endored" or glazed with the yolk of an egg, according to Hart, who also shows that such nutmegs, used for spicing ale or wine, were a common lover's gift in this age.
 11. 644-645. *Lemon . . . cloves* : this also was used by drinkers for treating wine.

1. 650. *Breathed* : in good condition.
- L 656. *Hector's a greyhound* : Hector was apparently a popular name for a greyhound.
1. 661. (Stage Direction) *Biron steps forth* : This exit is indicated in both the Quarto and Folio, although most modern editors omit it. It is, however, necessary, for Biron goes off the stage, sees Costard (who has already retired at 1. 584), arranges the false accusation against Armado, and re-enters with him at 1. 667.
1. 667. *The party is gone!* : The Quarto and Folio give this in italics under Armado's italicised speech, "This Hector . . . Hannibal." Most editors make it a part of Costard's next speech, but Prof. J. Dover Wilson retains it for Armado, interpreting it as Armado's reference to Biron, who has stepped forth.
- (Stage Direction) *Costard . . . following* : Prof. J. Dover Wilson inserts this necessary stage direction. Costard thus re-enters in time to hear Armado's remark "The party is gone!" He quibbles on it, making *party* refer to Jaquenetta, emphasising the *is*, and using *gone* in the sense of pregnant. Thus Biron's cruel joke against Armado is set in motion.
1. 672. *Quick* : pregnant.
- I. 674. *Infamozize* : infamize, defame.
- J. 684. *More Ates*: "more instigations to mischief. Ate was the goddess of mischief and bloodshed" (Prof. H. B. Charlton).
- II. 690-691. / *will . . . northern man* : Hart interprets this as a reference to the border-robbers, who, according to Harrison's "Description of England" (1587), carried "excessive staves . . . whereof some are twelve or thirteen foote long, beside the pike of twelve inches."
1. 692. *My arms* : *i.e.* those which he had carried as Pompey.
1. 696. *Let me . . . lower* : Moth offers to help Armado take off his doublet, and uses a phrase which could also mean "take you down a peg."
1. 697. *Uncasing* : undressing.
1. 701. *Deny it*: refuse to do it.
1. 703. *Bloods* : gallant fellows.
1. 706. *Woolward*: with woollen next to the skin. As

- Boyet remarks, Armado's "going woolward" was due, not to religious devotion, but to the lack of linen shirts.
11. 721-722. / *have seen . . . soldier* : "i.e. I have seen the danger from Costard and have avoided it with a little discretion, which is the better part of valour, as a soldier would say" (Prof. J. Dover Wilson). *The day of wrong* seems to mean "the day when wrong has been done to me," namely, by Costard's false accusation. "To see day (i.e. daylight) at a little hole" was, moreover, a proverbial expression for "to be no fool."
- 1.732. *Converse of breath* : conversation.
- I. 734. *Humble* : complimentary, courteous. See note on 1. 625.
- II. 737-740. *The extreme . . . arbitrate* : "The sense of these four lines is : 'Whenever a decision is to be made quickly, the circumstance at the moment of decision inexorably constrains all other things to conform with it ; and in doing so it frequently resolves on the spur of the moment matters which long meditation would be unable to solve.' The King is bowing to necessity yet courteously implying that only necessity would so constrain him" (Prof. H. B. Charlton).
1. 737. *The extreme . . . time* : "the last moments when decisions are speedily to be made" (Prof. H. B. Charlton).
- Extremely* : to the extremity, rigorously.
1. 739. *Loose* : the last moment, the critical moment. A term from archery for the discharge of an arrow.
1. 743. *Convince* : give proof of.
1. 749. *Double* : i.e. she has lost her father and is about to be separated from the King, a friend but newly found. Perhaps, however, the word is used merely in the sense of "excessive."
1. 751. *Badges* : tokens.
1. 754. *Humours* : inclinations.
1. 757. *Strains* : tendencies.
1. 763. *Parti-coated* : in motley, like a fool.
1. 767. *Suggested* : tempted.
1. 778. *fombast* : stuffing of cotton-wool used to pad clothes.
1. 779. *Respects* : reflections.
1. 783. *Quote* : interpret.

- I. 788. *Dear* : grievous.
 I. 794. *Signs* : *i.e.* of the zodiac.
 I. 798. *Weeds* : garments ; cf. " widow's weeds."
 I. 800. *Last* : survive as.
 I. 808. *Deny* : refuse.
 I. 809. *Intitled* : having a claim.
 I. 8n. *Flatter up . . . with rest*: indulge in sloth.
 II. 814-819. *And what . . . people sick* ; the substance of these lines is given in expanded form in II. 835-869. See *Introduction*) p. xxxii.
 I. 815. *Racked* : extended to their utmost limit.
 I. 816. *Attaint* : dishonoured.
 I. 821. *A wife?* : The Quarto and Folio give this to Katharine.
 I. 826. *Smooth-faced*: with a quibble on the senses " plausible " and " beardless." Katharine has wished him a beard (I. 822).
 I. 832. *Friend* : lover.
 I. 835. *Studies my lady?*: Rosaline is in a " brown study," wrapped in serious thought—an omen of the serious penance which she later enjoins on Biron.
 I. 837. *Suit* : love-service.
 I. 843. *All estates* : people of all sorts.
 I. 849. *Still* : constantly.
 I. 851. *Fierce* : eager.
 I. 855. *Agony* : the agony of death.
 I. 862. *Dear* : grievous.
 I. 871. *Bring you* : conduct you.
 I. 874. *Made . . . comedy* : *i.e.* given it a happy ending.
 I. 890. *Maintained* : defended.
 I. 893. *Lady-smocks* : cuckoo-flowers.
 I. 894. *Cuckoo-buds* : probably either the buttercup or the bird's-foot trefoil.
 I. 897. *Mocks married men* : *i.e.* because his cry of " cuckoo " resembles " cuckold."
 I. 903. *Turtles* : turtle-doves.
 I. 911. *Blows his nail* : Hart rejects the obvious interpretation " warms his hands " in favour of " waits patiently while he has nothing to do," which he supports by quotations from contemporary writings. The sheep, presumably, would not be in the fields in such cold weather.

SC. II] NOTES

1. 917. *Merry* : only a defender of winter could be perverse enough to describe the owl's note as *meny*.
1. 918. *Keel*: cool, to keep it from boiling over.
1. 920. *Saw* : saying.
- I. 923. *Roasted crabs*: roasted crab-apples, used as a flavouring for ale.
- II. 928-929. *The words . . . Apollo* : " Armado's meaning is that the most eloquent prose is unacceptable after such divine music " (Hart).
1. 929. *Ton . . . this way* : These words do not appear in the Quarto, but were added in the Folio. They imply that the courtly group is to go off the stage in one direction and Armado and his fellows in another.

APPENDIX

I. THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born in 1564 at Stratford-on-Avon. His father, one of the leading citizens of the town, was a glover who also traded in agricultural produce and possibly did some farming. It is assumed that he gave his son the ordinary education of a boy of his class at the local grammar school. Nothing is definitely known of the early life of the dramatist, however, until his marriage at the age of eighteen to Anne Hathaway, a woman some eight years older than himself. About 1584 he left Stratford and came to London. Here he must soon have joined a company of players, but there is no record of his activities until 1592, in which year it appears from a satirical comment made on him by Robert Greene that he was becoming well known as a playwright. His first published work, the poem *Venus and Adonis*, appeared in 1593; it was followed by *Lucrece* in the next year. Both these poems were dedicated to the Earl of Southampton. We next hear of him as a member of the Lord Chamberlain's Company of actors (who became "the King's men" after James's accession), and he probably remained in association with them for the rest of his working life. From 1599 the company occupied the Globe Theatre on the Bankside in Southward. As an actor Shakespeare is [^]said to have taken the parts of Adam in *As You Like It* and ^{*}the Ghost in *Hamlet*. As a playwright he was the mainstay of the company; for about fifteen years he provided them on the average with two plays a year. His growing prosperity was indicated by his purchase, in 1597, of New Place, one of the largest houses in Stratford. About 1610 he left London and went to live as a retired gentleman at his Stratford home. He died there in 1616.

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2. THE ORDER OF THE PLAYS

In the collected edition of Shakespeare's plays published in 1623 no indication was given of the dates when they were first produced. Even in the case of the previously issued Quartos of some of the separate plays the dates on the title-pages are not to be taken as those of the earliest productions. The dating of Shakespeare's works is therefore a matter for conjecture based on such indirect evidence as is available. The following list gives an order which would be generally accepted:—

1590-1596

Henry VI, Pts. i, n, and in
Richard III
Comedy of Errors
Titus Andronicus
Taming of the Shrew
Two Gentlemen of Verona
Lovers Labour's Lost
Romeo and Juliet
Richard II
Midsummer-Night's Dream

1596-1600

King John
Merchant of Venice
Henry IV, Pts. I and II
Much Ado About Nothing
Henry V
Julius Caesar
Merry Wives of Windsor
As You Like It
Twelfth Night

1600-1608

Hamlet
Troilus and Cressida
AWs Well that Ends Well
Measure for Measure

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Othello
Macbeth
King Lear
Antony and Cleopatra
Coriolanus
Timon of Athens

1608-1613

Pericles
Cymbeline
Winter's Tale
Tempest
Hemy VIII
Two Noble Kinsmen

3. THE ELIZABETHAN THEATRE

Shakespeare's plays were originally acted under conditions very different from those of to-day. Playhouses were new institutions—the first of them had been built in Shoreditch in 1576—and the technique of play-production was in its infancy. Moreover, as the first theatres were by no means like those we know in plan and construction, the dramatists necessarily employed methods that would seem strange to their present-day successors.

In general form the public theatres of Shakespeare's time resembled the galleried inn-yards in which companies of actors had previously set up a temporary stage for their performances. The stage was a rectangular platform projecting into the "yard," which was open to the sky. There were no seats on the floor around the stage: the "groundlings" stood and enclosed the actors on three sides. More expensive accommodation was provided in tiers of galleries running right round the building. The topmost gallery had a thatched roof. Fashionable young gallants were allowed seats on the stage itself. The plays were performed in daylight, usually in the afternoon. There were some differences between the "public" and the "private" theatres: the private theatres, like the Blackfriars, were roofed, used artificial light, and were attended by a better-class audience. No painted scenery was used; but some indication of the

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place represented might be given by such movable properties as a bed or a single small tree symbolising a wood. The stage itself was sheltered by a roof. In the floor there was a trap-door through which ghosts and apparitions rose and descended. This is the explanation of the stage direction "Descends" in connection with the apparitions in *Macbeth*, IV. i. The main stage could not, of course, be curtained off.

At the back of the platform were two doors through which the actors entered. In the space between these doors was hung a curtain which, when drawn, revealed an inner stage. In this recess Ferdinand and Miranda would have been shown playing their game of chess, and the play-scene in *Hamlet* would have been performed. It could serve also for Lear's hovel, Prospero's cell, or the tomb of the Capulets.

Above the inner stage was a balcony forming part of the lowest gallery running round the house. This upper space could be used for the sleeping-rooms of Macbeth's castle, for Juliet's balcony, or the room in Shylock's house from which Jessica throws down the casket to Lorenzo. The stage direction "Enter Above" frequently found in the old texts means that the actors are to come on to this gallery.

The De Witt drawing of the Swan Theatre, here reproduced, is the only clear contemporary pictorial evidence of what one of the Elizabethan playhouses looked like. Even this is probably incorrect in some of the details. The original rough sketch of the theatre made by John de Witt for his *Observationes Londinenses* is lost, but a copy of it made by Arend van Buchell of Utrecht survives.

With regard to the actors who performed on the Elizabethan stage, all that need be said is that they included no women in their companies. Female parts were played by boys. At one time a company consisting entirely of boys—members of the choir of the Chapel Royal—was very popular.

The peculiar conditions of the Elizabethan theatre must be taken into account when we are examining Shakespeare's stage-craft. They explain, for instance, the frequent change of scene which is a characteristic of the plays of the time. The audiences did not demand realism: they were prepared to use their imagination and accept the simplest symbolism as a means of suggesting the place of action. The extreme example of Shakespeare's free treatment of

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place and time is seen in *Antony and Cleopatra*, where he has a succession of very short scenes located in a variety of widely separated places. The typical modern dramatist would not deal with his material in this way. He works with the knowledge that a change in the supposed place demands a change in scenery, which takes time and may cause an undesirable break in the action. Moreover, every additional "set" required adds considerably to the expense of production. There is good reason, therefore, why a modern play should differ considerably in shape from an Elizabethan play.

The absence of scenery and lighting had other minor but interesting results. The dramatist was compelled, for example, to introduce into the dialogue indications of time and place that would now be superfluous. A famous instance occurs in *Julius Caesar*. In the Orchard Scene the audience is to suppose that it is night. Brutus therefore opens with the remark :—

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.

And throughout the scene the darkness of night is insisted on by the speakers. Similarly, the second act of *Macbeth* begins at night. Hence, when Banquo enters, he is preceded by a torch-bearer, and he talks about the moon and the stars. Again, the description of Macbeth's castle put into the mouth of Duncan and Banquo is introduced not merely for the sake of the lyrical touch very welcome at this point, but in order to give the spectators information which could not be conveyed to the eye by a stage-picture of a castle.

Since the actors were playing on an open platform-stage, they had to aim at different effects of grouping from those obtained in the modern theatre, where the proscenium acts like a picture-frame entirely separating performers from spectators. Processions and dancing were freely introduced, and the elaborate costumes worn by the actors gave colour to the scene. The fact that the performers were immediately surrounded by spectators obviated to some extent the difficulty experienced nowadays in speaking the soliloquies and the asides that were a regular part of the old stage convention. There was an intimacy between players and audience

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that made it seem not unnatural for a character to allow his private thoughts to be overheard.

Owing to the absence of a curtain for the main stage, the dramatist had to take special measures when he required a scene to end with a definite break in the action. He had to arrange for all his characters to leave the stage. The problem was most serious at the end of the play. The final scene of *Hamlet* illustrates the difficulty. A modern playwright would bring down the curtain at the climax, that is, when Horatio, bending over the body of his dead friend, says :—

Good night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.

But, on the Elizabethan stage, if the play had ended here, the dead would have had to rise and walk off. To obviate this absurdity, Fortinbras and the English ambassadors are brought in, and the scene is prolonged for Fortinbras to say :—

Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage . . .

There is a dead march, and the soldiers carry the bodies of Hamlet and the other dead off the stage.

It may be noted, finally, that the first theatres were used not only for dramatic performances but also for bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and athletic contests. The public liking for exhibitions of bodily skill to some extent influenced the fare provided by the playwrights. Shakespeare, for example, indulged his audiences with the wrestling match in *As You Like It*. This was a genuine contest. Similarly, the broadsword fight at the conclusion of *Macbeth* was a real trial of skill between combatants accustomed to their weapons.

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

Act I

1. State precisely all the items in the oath which the votaries swear in Scene i.
2. Give in your own words Biron's reasons for anticipating that the oath will be broken.
3. What impression of Armado do you obtain from Act I.?
4. Illustrate from Act I. the wit of (*a*) Costard and (*b*) Moth.

Act II

1. Describe as clearly as you can the meeting and conversation between the lords and the ladies in Act II.
2. " God bless my ladies, are they all in love ? " How would you answer the Princess's question after reading the whole of this act ?
3. Re-write the following passage in your own words in such a way as to bring out clearly its full meaning :—

Biron they call him ; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal :
His eye begets occasion for his wit ;
For every object that the one doth catch
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
Delivers in such apt and gracious words
That aged ears play truant at his tales
And younger hearings are quite ravished ;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.
4. Explain carefully the meaning of the following phrases :—

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Sworn out house-keeping; stay thanksgiving; My lips are no common, though several they be; the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes; His face's own margent did quote such amazes.

Act III

1. Quote from Act III. *ten* words or phrases which illustrate Armado's affectations of speech.
2. Give the context of the following passages and explain their meaning and dramatic significance :—
 - (a) A message well sympathized; a horse to be ambassador for an ass.
 - (b) There is remuneration; for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents.
 - (c) *Go to; it is a plague*
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
3. Illustrate the way in which Moth's remarks, in Act III. and elsewhere, throw light on Armado's appearance and character.
4. Quote from Act III. *six* verbal quibbles, and in each case explain the point of the original jest.

Act IV

1. Analyse Armado's epistolary style as illustrated in Act I. Scene i. and Act IV. Scene i.
2. Write critical comments on the lyrics recited in Act IV.
3. Describe as vividly as you can the unmasking of the lovers in Act IV. Scene in.
4. Give in your own words the substance of Biron's speech in defence of love (IV. m. 290-365), and write a brief appreciation of its poetic quality.
5. What is Costard's contribution to the action of the main-plot?

Act V

1. Write a brief character study of Boyet.
2. What light does Act V. throw on Elizabethan tastes in "amateur theatricals"?
3. In what respects does Act V. modify your previous

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impression of the characters of (a) the Princess, and (b) Rosaline ?

4. What new light is thrown on Armado's character in Act V.?

5. Give the context of the following passages and explain their meaning and dramatic significance :—

(a) I'll make one in a dance, or so ; or I will play
On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance
the hay.

(b) The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible.

(c) I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole
of discretion, and I will right myself like a
soldier.

ESSAY SUBJECTS

1. "A genial satire of current affectations." Discuss " Love's Labour's Lost " in the light of this description of the play.

2. Illustrate the varieties of wit displayed in " Love's Labour's Lost " and give your frank opinion of their merit.

3. What is your opinion of the theatrical effectiveness of " Love's Labour's Lost " ?

4. What different speech fashions do you find displayed in " Love's Labour's Lost " ? Discuss *one* of these in detail.

5. Consider the dramatic significance of Holofernes.

6. By what means are the main-plot and the sub-plot of " Love's Labour's Lost " bound together ?

7. What seems to you to be the most amusing scene of " Love's Labour's Lost " ? Give reasons for your choice.

8. Analyse, with illustrations, the character of Biron.

9. Write a critical appreciation of *either* the courtly dialogue *or* the poetry of " Love's Labour's Lost."

10. In what respects does the conclusion of " Love's Labour's Lost " differ from the usual ending of a Shakespearean comedy ?

11. Estimate the contribution of the comic characters to the vitality of " Love's Labour's Lost."

12. Describe the method that you would adopt if you were called upon to produce " Love's Labour's Lost " for amateur performance.

