William Shakespeare’s  
Love’s Labour Won
Love’s Labour Won

a play by

William Shakespeare

a sequel to Loves Labour Lost
Actus primum.

Enter Foolanand King of进度, Berowen, Longnail, and
Dumaus.

Foolanand. Let Fyone, for all else after in their lines,
Une quickened upon our braze Yambles,
And thus grace us in the dignities of death:
When amplest of consantages discovering Time,
TV: endures of this present breath may lie.
That honor which shall have the cythor banish edge,
And make us bearing of all sovranites.
Wherefore, fine Corinthians, be as you are,
That wars against your own afflictions,
And the huge Arria of the world's divinity.
Our late offer shall strongly stand in force,
Honey shall be the tender of the world.
Our Court shall be a noble Arcadian,
Mount and merriment in living Art.
You thee, Berowen, Dumaus, and Longnail,
Have owen for these fowre terms, to live with me.
My fellow Scholares, and to keps these statutes
That are recorded in this noble house.
Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names
What this oonly bound may strike his hormone down,
That violence the smallet branch hestore.
If you are not to die, as owen to do,
Subscribe to your depe oaths, and keep it to
Longnail. I am ready, Ye but a three owren fane:
The minute shall harmnot, through the holy gates,
For owren have beene gates: and dusty bins,
Hale rich the ol, but handown the win.
Dumaus. My owen Lord, Dumaus is asservi.
The greater manner of these world's delights,
He throwes oyn the greater world's happy dreams:
To feare, to want, to pangs, I pine and die,
With all these living in Philosophers
William Shakespeare

Bewa. I can but say their pronunciation once, So much, done Liage, I have already sworn, That is to say and study heere those pass, But there are other strict observances. As in my case to that in true, Which I hope well is not unrolled there, And one day in a weeke to touch no bookes, And but one smale on euyday behinde, The which I hope well is not unwritten there, And then to shewe thee this lesson in the sight, And not be move to wink at all the day, When I was wont to shew thee lesson all the night, And make a darkes sight too of half the day, Which I hope well is not unrolled there, O there are business toke, too hard to shewe, Not to see Ladies, study. See, see, not shewe.

Ferd. Your oath is past, to passe away from thee.

Bewa. Let me say so to my Liage, and if you please, I sweare, or swear to study with your grace, And shewe lessons in your Court for these space.

Lans. You swear to that Bewa, and to the rest.

Bewa. By you, and so on, that I swear to last, What is the end of study, let me know.

Ferd. Why that to know which she was she should not know.

Bewa. Things false & hard (you mean) false, and to know some.

Ferd. I, that is studying as like encompaunce.

Bewa. Come, come, I will swear to study so, To know the thing I am forbid to know: As thus, to study where I am not thyn, When I was fast expressly an hard.

Or sworne where it was sworn same Monitorius, Where Monitorius from common sense are fell, Or sworne where it was hard a helping swar, Shew to be broke, and not broke my oath, If studies gains he swar, and this he so, Shew to be sworne that which yet is dath not know, Shew me to this, and I will more swor so.

Ferd. There be the steps that hinder study quite, And too much intelligence to come delight.

Laws. Labour Won

Bew. Why? all delights are stone, and that most stone Which with paine purchase'd, dott inher't paine, As gracefull to passe upon a Bookke, To make the sight of truth, while truth the while Doth falsely blind the eye sight of his Bookke, Light seeking light, dark light of light begijde, So you finde where light in darkness lies, Your light grorses darkes by being of your eyes, Shew me how to passe the eye intunds, By fixing it upon a fater eye, Who darling us, the eye shall be his lord, And one day in a weeke to touch no bookes, And but one smale on euyday behinde, The which I hope well is not unrolled there, O there are business toke, too hard to shewe, Not to see Ladies, study. See, see, not shewe.

Ferd. How well has't read, to reason against reading.

Doom. Proceeded well, to stop all past proceeding.

Lau. Have wasted the course, and still less grow the tooting

Bew. The Spring is more when proven grave are a tooting

Doom. How follows that?

Bew. Fly in his place and time

Doom. In season nothing

Bew. Something then in time

Ferd. Bewa is like an envious musing Foxe, That vnto the flower intempts of the Spring

Bew. Well, say I am, why should proud Summer boast, Before the Mudd have step come to sing, Why should I say to any distant birth. Do Christmas I no more desire a Rose, Then with a shew in Mays we sung the cheeses, But like of such thing that in season growes.
William Shakespeare

So you to study now it is too late,
That wise in study see the house to valehke the gain

Fair. Well, see you can go home therefore alive.

But. No my good Lord, I have sworn to stay with you,
And though I owe for barbarous make more,
Then for that Angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident he know what I have sworn,
And give the promise of such three yeeres day.
Give me the paper; let me read the same,
And to the ancient verses he write my name

Fair. Now well this yeulding sense flie from shuns

But. Then, that no woman shall come within a mile
Of my Court. Mark this his proclaimed?

Lam. Even these dayes agoe

But. Let's see the possible
On paine of losing her regre.
Who doth it this possible?

Lam. Mercy that did I

But. Swears Lord, and why?

Lam. To sight these hence with that dread possibile,
A dangerous war against possibile.
But. If any man be aware to wite with a woman within
The course of these three years, he shall make such
Republicke shuns as the rest of the Court shall possibly desire

But. This Article my Judge your words most break;
For well you know have comes in Embarras,
The French Kings daughte, with your words to speake,
A Middle of grace and compleate manners,
About surcease up of Aquitaine,
To hire a knight, stile, and bed old Father,
Therefore this Article is made to wite,
Or voidly commits ye admirall Princeame Wlbbe

But. What say you Lord?
Why, this was quite forget

But. Ye Study uncertain is uncertain,
While it dare study to know what it would.
William Shakespeare

his grace Thurso. But I would see his own person in flesh and blood

But. This is he

Gam. Signore Arno, Arno commend you.
That's ominous abroad, this letter will tell you more.

Chew. So the Countess thereof are so touching me.

Puc. A letter from the magnificent Arnaudo.

But. How late answer the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Lun. A high hope for a low humour. God grant us patience.

But. To hear, or forbear hearing?

Lun. To hear modestly sit, and to laugh modestly, or to forbear both.

But. Well sit, be it as the will shall guide us come to clamp to the marrowbone.

Chew. The matter is to me sit, on considering Spermin. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

But. Is what manner?

Chew. In manner and forms following sit, all those three. I was come with her to the manner house, sitting with her upon the forms, and taking having her into the Parke, which put us together, is in manner and forms following. Now sit for the manner. It is the manner of a man to speak to a woman, for the forms in same forms.

But. For the following sit.

Chew. As it shall follow in my correcion, and God defend the right.

But. Will you hear this Letter with attention?

Chew. So we would hear as Oracle.

Chew. Such is the simplicity of men to hearken after the Book.

Loves Labour Won

Frosh Ward. Great Dutch, the Wolke Vaisgont, and sole dominance of Spermin, my uncle on the God, and bodies hunting patterns.

Gam. Not a word of Counsel yet.

Frosh. So it is.

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

Frosh. Peace.

Chew. So to me, an every man that does not light.

Frosh. No words.

Chew. Of other man accours chased you.

Frosh. So it is bound with able-coloured melancholia, I did commit the Shade approaching humour to the most whimsical Physicke of thy health-giving eyes. And as I am a Gentleman, to speak my wife to walk the time Where? about the six hours. Whose busts men grace, birds build reefs, and men all down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much.

Gam. For the time Where. Now for the ground Where? which I mean I walk upon, it is pygmy. Thy Parke. Then for the place Where? where I mean I did encounter that obscure and most precarious coast that draws from my snow-white joy.

the blue-coloured lake, which know these element, behold:

a screw, or seen. But to the place Where? it stands on North North-east and by East from the West corner of thy curious bounded garden. There did I see that fair spiritual Semine. that base Minstrel of thy myth.

Chew. Me?

Frosh. That coloured small knowing soul.

Chew. Me?

Frosh. That shallow vassal
William Shakespeare

Chos. Still mix?

Fare. Which as I remember, Night Courted,

Chos. Or no

Fare. Coud and consorted contrary to the established proclamation telle and containment. Common Whiche with, a with, but with this I passon to say whoesdeall.

Chos. With a Wrench

Fare. With a child of our Grandmother Eve, a female: so by thy more sweet understanding a woman, sim, I (as my heart comended) desire me one; have went to thee, to consult

The eight of punishment by the sweet Grace Officer

Anthony Dull, a man of good reports, carriage, bearing, & estimation

Ansh. Me, sir, shall please you? I am Anthony Dull

Fare. For Inqueneree (as in the weaker tongue called) which I apprehended with the aforesaid Sartine, I know he in a conseil of the Lawes State, and shall at the least of the sweet notice, bring he to trial. Thine in all complements of discreet and heart-burning heat of theirs.

Don Adriana de Armado

Bey. This is not as well as I looked for, but the best

that once I heard

Fare. I the best, for the worst. But since. What say you to this?

Chos. Sir I confesse the Wrench

Fare. Did you hear the Proclamation?

Chos. I doe confesse much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it

Fare. It was proclaimed a yeere imprisonment to be taken with a Wrench

Chos. I was taken with none sir; I was taken with a Demondell

Fare. Well, it was proclaimed Demondell

Loves Labour Won

Chos. This was no Demondell neither sir, else was a Virgile

Fare. It is so resolved, for it was proclaimed Virgile

Chos. If it were, I desire her Virgile too; I was taken with a Wrench

Fare. This Maid will not serve your turns sir

Chos. This Wrench will serve my turns sir

Kim. Sir I will pronounce your sentence. You shall

But a Wrench with Bessie and Anne

Chos. I had rather play a Monarch with Motte and Portige

Kim. And Don Armado shall by your learner.

My Lord Bertram, see him declare it on,

And give me Lucks to put in practice that,

Which such to other suit so strongly avow

Bess. So lay my hand to any great name yet,

These搒hone and brewe will prove an idle score,

Shew, come on

Chos. I suffer for the truth sir: for true it is, I was taken with Inqueneree, and Inqueneree is a true girl, and therefore welcome the sweet cup of prosperity; affliction may one day smile again, and render thee sit downe sorrow.

Don Armado and Bessie come

Arna. Boy. What signs is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Bey. A great signe sir, that he will look out

Bess. Why? unknowne is one and the self same thing these maps

Bey. Hee no, O Lord sir we

Bess. How came they part unknowne and melancholy

my tender bosom?

Bey. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my rough signe

Bess. Why rough signe? Why rough signe?
William Shakespeare

Buy. Why make Incestr? Why make Incestr?

Buy. I make it make Incestr, as a prompter apothecary, apprehending to thy young sides, which we may

Buy. And I thougth sticient, as an apocryphal title to
thy old time, which we may name Incestr

Buy. Perty and apt

Buy. How many you sit, I pretty, and my saying apt?

Buy. Is I apt, and my saying pretty?

Buy. These pretty because little

Buy. Little pretty, because little: who then apt?

Buy. And therefore apt, because quick.

Buy. Speak you this in my praise Master?

Buy. In thy confusion praise

Buy. I will praise an eke with the same praise

Buy. What! that an eke is impossible

Buy. That an eke is quick.

Buy. I doe say them art quick as answers. Then

Buy. I am answer'd sir

Buy. I have not to be count:

Buy. He speaks the noise contrary, casets hear not him

Buy. I have promised to study 12, yore with the Duke

Buy. You may doe it in an house sir

Buy. Impossible

Buy. How many is one three told?

Buy. I am ill at meaning, it be the spirit of a Tapster

Love's Labour Won

Buy. You are a professor and a grammar he

Buy. I confine both, they are both the authors of a

Buy. Then I say you know how much the gross

Buy. It doth amount to one more than two

Buy. Which the base vulgar call three

Buy. True

Buy. Why sit in this such a piece of study?

Buy. But since these studied, see you'll thieve wikk, & how

Buy. It is to put yours to the word three, and study these

Buy. The dancing horse will tell you

Buy. A most fine figure

Buy. To praise you a Cypher

Buy. I will in fewse we confine I am in love and as

Buy. I am but for a spectacles to love, so am I love with a

Buy. If drawing my sword against the honour

Buy. I would take desire prison, and sentence

Buy. To the French Count for a new desire'd curate, I

Buy. Hercules Master

Buy. Most scribes Hercules more authority shew:

Buy. fame name, and court my child for them be more

Buy. Sampson Master, he was a man of good carriage,

Buy. Sampson Master, he was a man of good carriage,

Buy. 0 will I do Sampson, strong Impertinent Sampson;

Buy. I do so feel thee in my vuper, as much as thee didst

Buy. Why was Sampson love my dear Mehit?
William Shakespeare

Brag. Of what complexion?

Bau. Of all the faces, or the three, or the two, or one of the faces.

Brag. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Bau. Of the sun-warm, Roscian air.

Brag. Is that one of the faces, complexion?

Bau. As I have read air, and the best of these too.

Brag. Roscian indeed is the colour of Roscian but to leave a face of that colour, multitudes swamp the small reason for it. He never affected her for her wit.

Bau. It was so air, for she had a Roscian wit.

Brag. My face is most immaculate white and red.

Bau. Most immaculate thoughts Master, are made to under such colours.

Brag. Deline, deline, well-elevated infant.

Bau. My fellow wise, and my mother's tongue assist me.

Brag. Sweet invective of a child, most pretty and pathetically.

Bau. If thou be made of white and red,

The faults will never be innocent.

For Whist's cheques by faults are bled,

And leaves by pale white showers:

Then if she love, or be to blame,

By this you shall she know,

For still her cheeks present the same,

Which naught she dares dissemble.

A dangerous time master against the reason of white and red.

Brag. Is there not a gallery Bau, of the King and the Ruggio?

Bau. The world was very guilty of such a gallery 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 time.

Love's Labour's Won

Brag. I will have that subject newly with me, that I may compare my digestion by some mighty prescriber.

Bau. I also have that Country girls that I make to the Parkes with the rational Duke Cozard: she does not well.

Brag. To see whether, and yet a better love than my Master.

Bau. Mug Bay, my spirit grows heavy in love.

Bau. And that's now manifest, being a light wench.

Bau. Say ring.

Bau. Farewell till his company be past.

[Enter Clout, Cozard, and Wrench]

Clout. Sir, the Duke's pleasure, is that you keep Cozard safe, and you must be him take no delight, nor no presence, but he must but these three days a wear to this Duke. I must keep her at the Parkes, she is allowed for the Duke woman. Fare you well.

[Exit

Brag. I do betray my self to the Shaking Mistle.

Mist. Mau.

Brag. I will visit thee at the Lodge.

Mist. That's love by

Brag. I know where it is done.

Mist. Lord how wise you are!

Brag. I will tell thee wondrous.

Mau. With what face?

Brag. I know thee.

Mau. So I heard you say.

Brag. And so likewise.

Mau. Fine weather after you.
William Shakespeare

Chs. Come Impomptus, away.

Enter:

Drog. Villians, those shall last for thy offenses so they be pardoned.

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

Drog. Those shall be handsomely punished.

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

Chs. Take away this villian, that hire up.

Drog. Come ye conspicious slaves, away.

Chs. Let me not see power up sir, I will last being live.

Drog. No sir, that were last and loose, thou shalt not live.

Chs. Well, if you do see the marry days of dissolution that I know more, come shall we.

Drog. What shall come ac out?

Chs. Nay nothing, Master Mopp, but what they look at, it is not the princes to be silent in their words, and therefore we will say nothing, thanks God, I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can say quiet.

Enter:

Drog. I die accost the very ground (which is base) where her doute (which is base) plotted by her basic (which is base) doth stand, I shall be bones (which is a great argument of falsehood) if I lose. And how can that he true base, which is likely attemped? Loss is a familiar.

Lines. Loss is a Dull. There is no call! Angell but Loss, yet Bumpness was so tempted, and he had no excellent strength. Yet was Balonous so absconded, and he had a very good wife. Capita Bunchall is too hard for Hercules Clapte, and therefore too much ado for a Spaniard.
Act Two Scene Three.

Enter the Princess of France, with three attending Ladies, and three Lords.

Bayan. Now Makau summons up your dauntless spirits,
Consider how the King your father woulds
To whom he swears, and what’s his Authoritie.
Your souls, hold you in the world, intense,
To gather with the wise inheritors
Of all perfection that a man may see,
Match your masques, the plays of no base weight
When Augustus, a Divine for a Queen,
Be now as prodigy of all danses grace,
As Nature was in making Graces dance,
When she did move the generall world to dance,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Queen. Good Lord, Bayan, my beauty though but mean,
Waste not the painted flower of your praise,
Beauty is bought by indignation of the eye,
Not virtue by base sale of shameous imagin:
I am base proud to know you till my worth,
Then you much willing to be counted wise,
In speckling your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to make the taskers, good Bayan.

Pisan. You are not ignorant all-willing base,
Dost suppose abroad Nasir hath made a war,
The painted skich shall not rescue these years,
His owne may approach his station even.
Therefore ye’s so much in a woodfull course,
Before we come his forbbiddent gate,
To know his pleasure, and to that behold
Bolt of your worthiness, we slight you,
As our best meaning into solicite.
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
The serious businesse convening quickly dispatch,
Importance personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify as much while we attend.
Mr. Longavill is near.

Prithee, know you the man?

I, Lady. I know this Madame at a marriage feast,
Besse, Count, and the honourable ladies
Of Noun and Fontevraille, amongst them,
In Normandy, saw I this Longavill,
A man of unexampled parts he is, or none;
Well known in Arms, glorious in Arms.
Nothing he knows but that he would well.
The early stage of his fairest, virtuous graces,
If virtuous graces will shine with any smile,
In a damp, wet match with a brave, brave girl.
Who's edge hath power to cut whom will still wills,
It should some space that come within his power.

Prithee, some merry mocking Lord beholds, let us?

Lady. They say so meet, that meet his manners know.

Prithee, each other he'll win do either as they grow.

I, Lady. The young Domains, a very accomplish youth,
Of all that Vertice Sane, Sir Vertice Sane.
Most power to the most adored, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though she be not; he,
I saw him at the Nobe; Alouders once,
And much too little of that good I saw,
To my report to his great worthlessnesse.

Rome. Another of those Students at that time,
Was there with him, as I have heard a truth.
Because they call him, but a measurer man,
Within the face of becoming truth,
I must again be bounds well withall.
Hus. Your Lushship is ignorant what it is

Petr. Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I have my grace hath sworn our House keeping.
'Tis deathly time to keep that oath my Lord,
And time to break it.
But pardon me, I am too solemn hold,
To teach a Teacher to teach me,
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And solemnly converse me in my tale.

Hus. M. If I will, I may.

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

Rom. Did not I dance with you in Buda race?

Petr. Did not I dance with you in Buda race?

Rom. I know you did.

Rom. How excellent was it then to ask the question?

Rom. You must not be so quick.

Rom. 'Tis long of you you gave me with such questions.

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

Rom. Not till it losses the Rider in the maze.

Rom. What time a day?

Rom. The hours that hours should ask.

Rom. Now haste behold your master.

Rom. Fairest fill the face it comes.

Rom. And shall you many hours.

Rom. Amen, as you be sane.

Rom. Nay these will I be gone.

Rom. Madman, your father bears dark intimate.
The palmeur of a hundred thousand Crownes.
William Shakespeare

But hence without you shall be so sore'd.
As you shall throw your wife's habiliments.
Though as dry'd if further harbor be in your house,
Your owne good thoughts exceed me, and farewell.
To morrow we shall visit you againe.

Pria. Sweet health & faire desires content your eyes.

Kim. Thy own wish with wish I thee, in every place.

Enter.

Buy. Lady, I will commend you to my owne heart.

La.Ro. Pray you shew my commendations,
I would be glad to see it.

Buy. I would you had it giue me.

La.Ro. Is the same slide?

Buy. Slicke at the heart.

La.Ro. Alacke, let it bleed.

Buy. Would that doe it good?

La.Ro. My Prithee solace I

Buy. Will you prick't with your eye?

La.Ro. No pricker, with my hands.

Buy. Now God save thy selfe.

La.Ro. And yours from long living.

Enter. I cannot stay thankes giuing.

Enter Diane.

Dian. Sir, I pray you a word. What Lady is that same?

Buy. The wife of Alphonse, Rosaline her name.

Dian. A fairest Lady, Moste wise for you well.

Long. I beseech you a word; what is she in the white?

Loves Labour Won

Buy. A woman sometime, if you saw her in the light

Long. Fortunate light in the light: I desire her name

Buy. How hath she once for her wills,
To desire that were a shame.

Long. Pray you sir, whose daughter?

Buy. Her Mothers, I have heard

Long. Godd Blessing a you heard

Buy. Good sir do me not offend.
Shew is an heire of Fouchubridge.

Long. Nay, my daughters sister:
Shew is a most strange Lady.

Exit Long.

Buy. Not unlike sir, that may be.

Enter Bosman.

Buy. What's her name in the cup

Buy. Katharine by good buy

Buy. In she wedded, or no

Buy. To her will sir, or no

Buy. You are welcome sir, adiew

Buy. Fare well to me sir, and welcome to you.

Enter.

La.Mr. That last is Rosaline, the many maid-cup Lord.
Not a word with him, but a look.

Buy. And many look but a word.

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

Buy. We were willing to grapple, as he was to hand.

La.Mr. Two hot Spanish horses.
And where does our Nigell?
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Benv. No Shapes (sweet Lamb) viole we feel on your lips.

La. You Shape & I pasture shall that finish the test.

Benv. No you great pasture for me.

La. Not so gentle heart
My lips are so Common, though yourself they be.

Benv. Belonging to whom?

La. To my fortunes and me.

Petr. Good wine will be tantalizing, but gentle wine, This small sense of wine were much better used.

On nurse and his bounties, for hours 'tis about

Benv. If my observation (which very seldom lies)
By the honest still chronicles, disclosed with spoil

Disturb me not more, nurse is infected.

Petr. With what?

Benv. With that which we Lesser wits infallibly,

Petr. Your reason.

Benv. Why all his beholders die make their votes,
To the court of his eye, peering through desire.
His hair like an Agist, with your print impressed,
Proud with his fores, in his six pride engrossed.
His tongue all important to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his six sight to be.
All sense so that sense did make their rapture.
To look stately looking on favour of fate.

Benv. Thought all his senses were highly in his eye, As friends in Christall for some Prince to buy.
Where wanting their worth from whence they were green.

Did point out to buy them along as you past.

His face ever margined did come each assume,

Thick all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with green.

He give you Agistines, and all that is his.
And you give him for my sake, but one loving kiss.

Petr. Come to our Pavillion, Benvet is disposed.

Benv. But to speak that in words, which his six hath daubed it.
I smile some sweet a mouth of his six.
Act I, Scene ii.

Enter, Braggart and Boy.

Song.

Boy. Worth's child, make passionate my sense of hearing.

Brag. Conceal'd!

Boy, with your eyes, go understand you; take this key, give employment to the oyster, bring him to me.

Brag. Either I must inform him in a letter to my Lord.

Boy. Will you write your love with a French hand?

Brag. How meanest thou, handwriting in French?

Boy. No my complexion master, but to ligge off a tone of the tongues end, cast on it with the lines, invent it with turning up your eye-ribs a note and sing a note, sometime through the throat; if you swallowed love with singing, love sometime through note as if you wind up love by meandering love with your eye-priests; take to the shop of your eyes, with your arms cast on your thinelle doubts, like a rabble on a spit, or your hands in your pockets, like a man after the old painting, and keep not too long to one note; but a slip and away: these are compliments, these are homens, these brittle mice watches that would be beaten without them, and make them men of note: do you note men that must be affected to these?

Brag. How have they purchased this experience?

Boy. By my prime of observation.

Brag. But O! But O!
William Shakespeare

Boy. The Hobbie house is forgot

Boy. Call to thee my love Hobbie house

Boy. No Master, the Hobbie house is but a Colly, and  

neath your lower garthage, a Hobbie:  

that love you forget your love?

Brug. Almost I had

Boy. Negligent student, leave her by heart

Brug. By heart, and in heart Boy

Boy. And out of heart Master, all those three I will  

prove

Brug. What will these prove?

Boy. A man, if I love Lord thy’s 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 heart with her: and out of heart you love  

her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her

Brug. I am all these three

Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing  

at all

Brug. Fitch fitch the Swain, he must court me a  

letter

Boy. A message well-shapen’d, a Home to be ambassador:  

for an Amour

Brug. Ha, ha, What name these?

Boy. Marry sir, you must send the Amour upon the Home  

for he is very slow gaunt but I see

Brug. The way is but short, away

Boy. As swift as Lord sir

Brug. Thy meaning pacify inexpressions, is not Lord a  

mortal blazon, deal, and show?

Boy. Milestone Master, or rather Master an

Loves Labour Won

Brug. I say Lord is sweet

Boy. You are too swift sir to say so,  

Is that Lord show which is fit’d from a Gravens?

Brug. Sweet in smocks of Hobbidee,  

He regrets me a Gravens, and the Easter that’s he;  

I choose thee at the Swain

Boy. These thee, and I her

Boy. A most acute foal, valuable and free of grace,  

By thy Gravens sweet Wotton, I must sigh to thy face.  

Most rich malachite, valuable grave thee place,  

My Beaulah in return’d.

Enter Page and Cressens

Pag. A wonder Master, here’s a Couplet broken in a  

title

Arm. Some enigmas, some riddles, some, thy Lyrancy  

sooth

Chir. No signo, no riddle, no enigmas, no value. In thee  

make six. Or sir, Phantum, a phaire Phantum, no enigmas,  

no value, no value six, but a Phantum

Arm. My various, thou incomprehensible, thy stables  

thought, my enigmas, the borrowing of my letters proceed  

me to conclude nothing: O pardon me my staves, both  

the incomprehensible value for enigmas, and the word  

enigmas  

for a value?

Pag. Does the wise think these other, is no enigmas a  

value?

Arm. No Page, it is an enigme or discourse to make plains,  

some obscure proceedence that hath value the other.  

How shall Ughta thy uncomely, and do you follow with  

my enigmas.  

The Phantum the Signo, and the Hobbidee face,  

Were still at stables, being but three

Arm. Verily the Gravens came out of these,  

Staying the stables by adding Phantum

Pag. A good Lyrancy, ending in the Gravens would you  

desire more?
William Shakespeare

Loves Labour Won

Signor Cousin aloof.

Enter.

Chow. My sweet's name's not more than she, my honour

her. How will she take to his conscription?

Counsellor. O, that's the Latin word for these forlings;

These forlings conscription. What's the price

of this youth? (i.e. Hm). Be gone you a conscription Why?

It carries it conscription. Why? It is a false name then

a French Consuelo. I will never buy, and sell out of this

world.

Enter Serenade.

But. O my good house Consuelo, accordingly well met

Chow. Pray you, sir. How much Consuelo Rambou

may a man buy for a conscription?

But. What is a conscription?

Coun. Merve cie, suit poetic forlings

But. O, Why does these forlings worth of herbs

Coun. I thank your worship, God be with you

But. O stay, sir, I must push you:

As they will win my favour, good my brains,

Do one thing for me that I shall know;

Chow. Where would you have it done alo?

But. O this after noon.

Chow. Well, I will do it alo. Fare you well

But. O then know me what it is

Chow. I shall know alo, when I have done it

But. Why villainous thou must know first

Chow. I will come to your worship to answer meaning

But. It must be done this after noon.

Serel de, it is but this:

The Prince of love is head here in the Park,

And in her train there is a gentle Lady.
William Shakespeare

When tongues speak sorer, then they name her name,
And Rumour call her, ask for her.
And to her white hand we then do commend
This and it up command. That's thy pardon got.

O, Gondem, O covert garden, better than communion,
A levanting forlorn letter, most covert garden.
I will she it air in princely garden, communion.

ince.

But, O, and I am found in less,
I that have seen someRich?
A wise Baudice to a businesse sight. A Critical.
Bay, a sight-see Camilla.
A dominoing that I see the Bay,
There where are mortal so magnificent,
This winged, whitening, peacocklike, whistle Bay,
This sight for one more grace deserve, a fo Capit.
Begone of Lean-sawrs, Lord of fLETED armes,
Th' associated sovereign of sight and grace.
Lodge of all hysteres and multitudes.
Dread Prince of Peace, King of Comforts,
Sole Empresse and great gencell
Of worthy Princes (O my little heart.)
And I to be a Company of his fold,
And wear his colours like a Ttbilenns soigne.
What? None, I say, I make a wife,
A woman that is like a German Chaste,
Still a repitting, once out of Soune,
And never going a right, being a Witty
But being witty, that it may still go right.
Bay, to be prudent, which is worse of all.
And among these, to crown the worst of all,
A witty woman, with a sober brow.
With two pitch bolts in her face for eyes,
I, and by Gondem, one that will she the doodle,
Though Augus wore her Stomach and her garde.
And I to sigh for her, to sigh for her.
To pray for her, go to it it is a plague.
That Capit will impose for my neglect.
Of this oligarchy, dishabill'd little knight.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, show, give,
Some man must love my Lady, and some love.
William Shakespeare

Not wounding, gentle would not let me die.
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise, that purpose meant to fill.
And out of question, as it is sometimes:
Glorious proveable of distant crimes,
Where he Furies call, for praise are outward part;
We head to that, the working of the heart.
As I`ve promise done since wake to spill.
The poore heroes blood, that my heart means no ill.

Buy. Do our cause winces hold that unfelt awesomengistic
Gently for praise sake, when theycribe to be
Lords unto their Lords?

Qs. Only for praise, and praise we may afford,
To any Lady that subdues a Lord.

Enter Chorus.

Buy. Here comes a member of the common wealth

Cho. God did you done all, pray you which is the head Lady?

Q. Thou shalt know her fellow, by the nose that haise the beard.

Cho. Which is the greatest Lady, the highest?

Q. The thickest, and the tallest.

Cho. The thickest, & the tallest it is so, truth is truth.
And your nose Mutistee, want as dother as my wit.
One a three wrinkles grooves for your nose should be li.
Are not you the chief woman? Are you the thickest beard?

Q. What`s your will? What`s your will?

Cho. I have a LETTER from Monsieur Berowne,
To one Lady Rosaline.

Q. O`th letter, O`th letter, He`s a good friend of mine.
Send a side good bear.
Letter, you can sends, Break up this Capes.

Rosaline. I am bound to serve.
This Letter is miserable, it importune some here.
It is well to importune

Loes Labour Won

Q. We will read it, I trow.
Break the nuche of the Wine, and every one place ears

Ruger reads.

By license, that these are fairies, in most ineffable true
That these are honest, truth it islall that these are
Loomy; more faire than faire, beautiful than beautiful,
true than truth it is; borne continuance on thy benefic
Vessey. The magnifious and most illustrious King
Clyton sets ecce upon the preciusous and sublimus Bagge
Scrooge, and he it was that righteously say, Yeast, rool, rich.
Which to unnaturalize in this vulgar, O
 innate, and obscure vulger, idlehit, He came, Song, and
importance, he came one; one, two, overcome three.
Who came? the King. Why did he come? to see. Why did he see? to overcome. To whom came he? to the
Bagge. What came he? the Bagge. Who overcome he? the Bagge. The conclusion is victory. On whose side? the King; the captive is in victorie. On whose side? the Bagge. The catastrophe is a Nephew on whose side? the Kings: we, on both in one, or one in both. I am the King (he so words the companions) thus the Bagge, for as truuth as thy lawfulness, Shall we command thy lose? I say. Shall I reduce thy lose? I could.
Shall I reduce thy lose? I will. What, shall we exchange for viges, matches for titles, for thy noble son. Then expecting thy reply, I proffess my lips on thy feet, my eye on thy picture, and my heart on thy virtuous part.

Three to the dearest designs of Industrie,
Don Adriano de Armollo,
Then he that bears the Nouns Line noses,
Ganet sSTRUCTIONS, that roome as his pray.
Infanthe heart his princely love before,
And he from oversea will incline to play.
But of those stoles (once scold) what are them then?
Fools for his rage, spectators for his dry.

Q. What plagued of feathers is here that inherited this Letter? What voice? What Witcheswords? Did you never hear better?

Buy. I am much deceived, but I remember the silly

Q. Did your memory is bad, going on it conceivable

Buy. This Armonde is a Spanish that keeps here in court
A Phantomine, a Monarche, and one that makes sport
To the Prince and his Broder mates.
William Shakespeare

Qu. Tho’ thin a fowk, a word.
Why give thee this letter?

Chor. I told you, my Lord.

Qu. To whom should it then go to?

Chor. From my Lord to my Lady.

Qu. From which Lord, to which Lady?

Chor. From my Lord Rosencrantz, a good master of mine.
To a Lady of France, that he call’d Rosaline.

Qu. These have mistaken his letter. Come Lords away.
Here scarce a day, for I’ll be there another day.

Enter

Buy. Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter?

Romeo. Shall I teach you to know

Buy. I my continent of honored.

Romeo. Why she that burns the bow. Florizel put off

Buy. My Lady goes to kill herself, but if she marrie,
Shall we be the truth? If she that burns misfortune.
Florizel put on

Benv. Well then, I am the shooter

Buy. And who is your Dear?

Romeo. If we choose by the bowman, your wills come not.
Florizel put on himself

Maria. You still woe-waugh with her Benvie, and she
arises at the bowe

Benv. But she her wills in hit bowers:
Thus I hit her now

Romeo. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that
was a man when King Pigge of Francie was a little boy, as
touching the hit it

Loves Labour Won

Benv. So I may answer thee with an old saying that
was a man when Queen Guinesse of Britaine was a
little woman, as touching the hit it

Rome. This cannon rent it, hit it, hit it,
This cannon rent it my good men

Buy. I cannot, cannot, cannot.

Florizel.

Chor. By my truth, most pleasant, how both did hit it

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

Buy. A mark, O mark! But that marks! a mark so mine my
Lady.
Let the mark have a prick in’t, to meet at, if it may be

Mar. With d’t o’th bowman, thine your hand is out

Chor. Indeeds, a’ most shoot scarce, or else we’re hit
the close

Buy. And if my hand be out, then beliefe your hand is in

Chor. They will dare the upshot by shooting the it in

Mon. Come, come, you walk piously, your lips grow more.

Chor. She’s too hard for you at prickes, sir challenge her to shoote

Buy. I have too much cunning; good right my good
Child

Chor. By my soul a Sidoness, a most simple Cheever.
Lord, Lord, how the Ladys and I have put him down.
O my truth how sweete: note, most tantrous vulgar wit,
When it comes so smoothly off, so abounds, as it were, so
thou.

Another sit to the side, O a most defray man,
To see him walk before a Lady, and to loose his bane
To see him kiss his hand, and how most secondly he will
remove.

And his Page another side, that handfull of wit,
O Sidoness, it is most pantethall wit.
Nowe, nowe.


Loves Labour Lost

Many can divide the minutes, but none the winds

Dull. You two are both wise. Can you tell by your

text, What was a month old at Calais Birth, that's not five

months old as yet?

Dull. Decision, decision, Dull, decision, decision Dull

Dull. What is decision?

Nath. A title to Phoebus, to Lune, to the Moon

Dull. The Moon was a month old when Adam was no more.

And was out to three weeks when he came to Palestine.

TV: affection holds in the Exchange

Dull. To true knowledge, the Collection holds in the Exchange

Dull. God comfort thy capacity. I say O! affection holds

in the Exchange

Dull. And I say the affection holds in the Exchange:

For the Moon was seven but a month old; and I say着力打造

that, 'tis a Robin that the Prime Minister of

Nath. Sir Nathaniel, will you please an episcopal

Episcop thinks the beast, and to humour

the ignorant call it the Beast, the Prime Minister it a

Dull. Pray, good Nathaniel, Hide your face, so it shall

please you to observe ourselves

Dull. I will something affect a letter, for it express virtue.

The gosspill Prime Minister and pride

a pretty pleasing Dull, in so say I saw, but not a sense,

off now made ways with shooting.

The Dragons did yell, get off to town, then myself came from sickness.

On Dull went, on else Dull, the people felt a bewailing.

I was be sure, then off to town, makes fifty sense 0 sense

Of one sense I am hundred make by adding but one sense I

Nath. A rare talent

Dull. If a talent be a claw, how he processor him
William Shakespeare

with a vail.

Nath. This is a gift that I have simple singly, a foolish extravagant spirit, full of liars, figures, shapes, obstinacies, apprehensions, motions, conclusions. These are beggar in the very title of nonsense,asmuch in the wounds of personage, and delivered upon the outward^ of occasion for the gift is good in those in whom it is not, and I am thankful for it.

Mai. No, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my generation, for their voices are well-nourished by you, and their Daughters profuse very greatly under you. You are a godly member of the commonwealth.

Nath. My friends, if their opinions be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction. If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But Virgins yet peace together, a youth Enterprise subtracts us.

Enter Superstition and the Chorus.

Sago. God give you good morrow [Master], Persona.

Nath. Master Persona, good Persona! And if one should be poet, Which is the one?

Chor. Merry [Master], Schoolmaster, see that he drinks to a hospitable.

Nath. Of proving a Shakespeare, a good lutanist of music, in a manner of Earth, Fire enough for a Flute, Fresh enough for a Swine; so prudent, it is well.

Sago. Good Master Persona be so good as read this Letter. It was given me by Conted, and sent me from Dan. Amen! Amen! I beseech you read it.

Nath. Fairest praise gilds, whiles pure soul smiles sub vittura constant, and so forth. All good old Masters, I may speak of thee as the maistrefl of Venice, comical, comical, quo non te vides, quo non te vides. Old Masters.

old Masters, Who understandeth does not, ot no not ot not ot not at Venice pardon et. What are the contents? or rather as Horace says to his, What my soul reverence.

Mai. I sit, and very learned.

Loves Labour Won

Mai. Let me hear a staff, a statue, a verse, Logos meaning, If love make me knowe you, how shall I appear to love? All most faith might hold, if not to understand learned. Though to my selfe knowe you, so thou by faithfull praise? Those thoughts to me were once, to thee the oblate intreduit.

Sago. His lyre knowne, and makes his books a lume, Where all those pleasures live, that Art would comprehend. Do knowledge in the marks, to knowe thou shalt sufrrace. Well learned is that Sapere, that well can thou comprehend. All unseen that souls, that can see without wonder. Which is to me some praise, that I thy parte starve. Thy eye issues lightning beames, thy voice his wondrous sonar. Which not to angir hint, in mystery, and overse fire. Convent all as this art, Oh pardon me this wrong. That stings beastes praise, with such as earthly song.

Sago. You found not the appropinhas, and so mine the accent. Let me suppose the cantanter.

Nath. Here are they numbers certified, but for the allusion, facility, A golden calumet of poetic care.

Odi! Odi! Name was the man, And why in dead name, but for troubling the sublimous flowers of fancy? the index of invention instinct is nothing. So doth the Hoard his master, the Age his beauteous, the tyrant None his father. But Diamonde right, Was this divinated to you?

Sago. I sit from one monaster, Bovone, one of the strange Quones Lords.

Nath. I will exhaluce the suprime, To the wise white hand of the most beausities Lady Rosseed.

I will look againe on the intellect of the Letter, for the exhaluce of the parte written to the person written unto.

Your Ladships in all dueled impeachment, Bovone.

Sago. Sir Shalhofile, this Bovone is one of the Venites with the King, and here hath found a Letter to Part II of the stranger Quonee, which accidentally, or by the way of propagation, hath miscarried. Try and give me answers. Deliver this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concern much. may not thy complement, I begone thy durties, also.

Nath. Good Conted go with me.
William Shakespeare

Sir God save your life.

Curt. None with thee my lord.

Enter.

Hal. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God very religiously: and as a certain Father with

P偶. Sir tell me one of the fathers, I do fear colourable colours. But to return to the Venus, Did they please you sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Miserable well for the pen.

P偶. I do shine to day at the fathers of a certain Freiheit of mine, where I being expert it shall please you to gentilise the table with a Grace, I will on my word give you the parents of the somniolent child or Freiheit, vendebrate your vows vext, where I will praise these Venus to be very vext, neither answering of Fusticia. Wit, our Inatuation. I touch your face with a pen.

Hal. And thanks you for the主业 (within the text) is the happiness of life.

P偶. And since the text most indefinitely concludes we, Sir I do invite you now, you shall not say me any place thus.

Away, the ghosts are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

Exit.

Enter Boon with a Paper in his hand, aloud:

Boon. The King he is hearing the Queen, I am covering my wife.

They have join a Triumvirate, I am taking in a gethen, gethen that defiles defiles, a base word: Well, we are done of this source: for so they say the fools said, and so I, and I the fools: Well ground wit. By the Lord this Love is as mad as Aras, it life sofrey, it life save, it cheap. Well ground against a mad side. I will not buy; if I do hang me, ye shall not get me. O but her eye by this light, but for her eye, I would not lose her, oye, for her two eyes. Well, I die nothing in the world but life, and life in my dreams. By measure I die here, and it hath taught more to woman, and in so small butter: and here is part of my Rima, and leave my mulberry. Well, she hath one s my sonne already, the Cleone she is, the Fools sent it, and the Lady hath to swear Cleone, swearor Fools, swearor Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other these were in. Here comes one with a paper, God give him grace to please.

Boon. Ay me!

King. Ay me! Now by honest, here comes Mr. Captiale, they hunt through him with the redcoat under the left paw, in both secretes.

King. So owart a time the golden house please me, To these fresh morning drops upon the Rima, The sky eye beams, where their fresh eyes have seen. The sight of dew that on my churchs downe flower, Nor shames the other house one behols so bright, Through the transparent beams of the house. As doth thy face through beams of mine glass lights. These sight in every sense that I do see, His droop, but on a Couch doth carry them. So either than triumphing in my way. Do behold the roses that swell in me, And they thy glory through my guides will show: But do not lose thy wife, thou there will keep My roses for guides, and still make me weep. O Queen of Queens, know heere that these are cold. So thought one thinks, our vages of mortal will, How shall she know my guides? To drop the paper. Sweet roses shade folly. Who is he comes hither?

Enter Longueil. The King steps aside:

What Longueil, and roasting listen one.

Bar. Now in thy darkness, one more fool appears

Long. Ay me, I am forsworne

Bar. Why he comes in like a pittance, roasting papers

Long. As fast Utopia, sweet fellowship in shame

Bar. One shrivell loose another of the same

Lose. Am I the first you have been gentle'd me?
William Shakespeare

Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by thee that I leave,
That makest the triumph, the corner cup of victory.
The shape of Loues is, that hang on simplicite.

Lou. I have those stubborn lines lack power to move.
O Queen Maria, Empresse of my Loue.
These numbers will I trace, and write in prose.

Ber. O Loues are gods of wanton Cupids bow.
Hipparchus at his Shops.

Lou. This same shall you.

He reads the Sonnet.

Didst not the handsomely Wondrous of thine eye,
Glisten where the world cannot hold agast,
Knowest not how to make it to this faire picture?
Verse for then broke darke out punishment.
A Womans I darone, but I will prove,
These being a Goddesse, I darone not then,
My Verse was earthly, then a handsomely Loue.
Thy grace being paint'd, were all dispose in me.
Womans are breath breath, and breath a vapour is,
Then those faire thou, which on my earth doth shine.
Exhale this vapour vane, in thee it is.
If broken then, it is no snack of mine.
If by me broken, What Sode is not a wine,
To looke an earth, to win a Paradise?

Ber. This is the faire vaine, which makes flesh a deity.
A graceful grace, a Goddesse, pure pure delight.
God amaz'd, God amaz'd, we are much out of our way.

Enter Domains.

Lou. By whose weal shall I send this Company? Stay.

Ber. All hail, all hail, an old labour play.
Like a dainty God, here at my ceiling.
And wretched fates scarce heavenly one eye.
Moore flacks to the staff. O heavens, I have my wish.
Domaine transform'd, now Woodcocke to his dish.

Dom. O most divine Kate.

Ber. O most prophetic conceit.

Dom. By license the wonder of a mortal eye.

Loves Labour Won

Ber. By earth she is not, corporeal, there you lye.

Dom. She Author banes for else heath author voted.

Ber. An Author colour'd Roues was well noted.

Dom. As up right as the Cedar.

Ber. Ape 6 was y, but her shoulder is with child.

Dom. An faire as day.

Ber. I am some days, but then no more must shine.

Dom. O that I had my wish.

Lou. And I had mine.

Kim. And mine too good Lord.

Ber. Amuse, so I had mine. Is not that a good word?

Dom. I would singe her, but a Fairer she.

Ber. In my Blood, why then licentious.

Domaine. Would lye her out in Loues, sweetest imagination.

Ber. Once more he read the Ode that I have writ.

Dom. Once more be marks how Loues can vary Wit.

Domaine reads his Sonnet.
Loves Labour Won

O what a House of God do I have here,
Of noise, of groans, of sorrow, and of terror.
O me, with what a noise patience here I see,
To see a King transformed to a fool?
To see my gracious Mercedis whipping a Beggar,
And public laughter boxing a Beggar?
And Necessy play at poet-games with the News,
And Criticis Tyrants laugh at idle-men,
Where was thy grudge? O tell me good Dordamis,
And gentle Longamis, where was thy grudge?
And where my Lodges? all about the house:
A Candle light.

Kim. This is thy last, but was not heareth thee to thy name draw?

Ber. Not you by me, but I was not drawn to you. I that am honest, I that held it shame
To break the vow I am engagethed in.
I am bound to keep my company.
With men, the men of inconceivable,
When shall you see me write a thing in time?
Oh, shrewd for reasons? or spend a minute time?
Be a spending man, when shall you know that I will praise a bond, a foot, a face, an eye, a gate, a name, a sooner, a later, a want, a bag, a house.

Kim. Self. Whither away so fast?
A true man, or a flitch, that gallops so.

Ber. I post from Loure, good Loure let me go.

Enter Improvis and Clout.

Sage. God bless the King.

Kim. What present hast thou there?

Clot. Some certain reasons.

Kim. What makes reasons bound?

Clot. Nay, it makes nothing bind.

Kim. If it were nothing neither,
The reasons and you go in peace away together?

Sage. Unofficial your Grace let this Letter be read, One person who doubts it, it was reason he said.
William Shakespeare

Kia. Beware, read it soon.
    He reads the letter.

Kia. Where be ye now?

In. Of course.

King. Where be ye now?

Gant. Of course, by course, by course.

Kia. How now, what is in you? why do ye thus run?

Bew. A toy my Livli, a toy: your grace makes me a slave.

Long. I did move him to passion, and therefore let's have it.

Doom. It is Bower's writing, and honour is in his name.

Bew. All you whose name be big, you were born to do me shame.
    Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confesse, I confesse.

Kia. What?

Bew. That you the book, the blot, and book, to make up the sense.
    He, he, and you and you my Livli, and I.

Ac. Gertrude's voice in mine, and we desire to die.
    O dishonour this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Doom. Now the number is more.

Bew. True, true, we are nearer: will these threats be done?

Kia. Here sit, away.

Chu. Walk aside the true book. A let thereyes be dry.

Bew. Sweet Livli, sweet Lumier, O let us indure,
    As true we are as flesh and blood can be.
    The sea will ebb and flow, the sun will rise
    Young blood doth not obey an old decree.
    We cannot cease the cause why we are born;
    Therefore of all hands must we be hormone.

King. What, did those open lines lose some fear of thine?
William Shakespeare

Loves Labour's Lost

Say, can you stay? your stomachs are too young.
And Absence makes beautiful. And where that you have not to abide (Lothly)
Is that of you have forever by your side.
Can you still dream of old love, and forever look
For what would you say now, or you, or you.
Now found the ground of stately excellence.
Without the beauty of a woman's face.
From woman's eyes this doctrine I derive.
They have the ground, the Booker, or the Achanon.
From woman's eyes this doctrine I derive.
They have the ground, the Booker, or the Achanon.
Lease of the eye, that is too late at night.
The stately eyes in the morning;
The motion and long-drawn action loving.
The stately eyes in the morning.
You have to that woman's eye.
And woman's eye, the cause of your love.
For where is any Author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as woman's eye.
Lease of the eye, that is too late at night.
The stately eyes in the morning.
You have to that woman's eye.
And woman's eye, the cause of your love.
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For where is any Author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as woman's eye.
Lease of the eye, that is too late at night.
The stately eyes in the morning.
You have to that woman's eye.
And woman's eye, the cause of your love.
For where is any Author in the world,
As bright Apollo's Lune, strong with his beams, 
And when Lune alights, the view of all the Gods, 
Make heauen delightfull in the heavens.
Shone thus Part track a pace to write; 
Virtue in heauen was spoyned with Lune alights; 
Or thus hee knew would estish on heauen some, 
And place he Tyeana, solehe heavenly.
From women eyes this doctrine I deere, 
They speakest still the right prometheous fire; 
They are the Soledes, the Arts, the Achateano,
That shee, contain, and suuoch all the world.
Ehe sueth at all in ought poes excellant,
Thee feyshes yet those women to suuoch, 
Or keeping what is overseen you will proesse seek.
To Wightheano saith, a word that all men love; 
Or for Lune saith, a word that loose all men.
Or for Muse saith, the mother of these Womans; 
Or Womans saith, by whose we may be Men.
Let's since away our orthes to finde our behove, 
Or else we loose our selves, to loose our behove.
It is riguer to be these forsorne, 
For Charity it saith fullfille the Lawe; 
And who can wear their saue from Charity.

Kyn, sate Capit there, and bucklers to the field.

But. Advance your standards, & open them Lords, 
Fell, and drawe with them but be first adrift, In conflict that you get the honore of them.

Lord. Now to glories dealing, Lay those glories by, 
Shall we resolve to wear these glories of France?

Kyn. And winne them too, therefore let us desier, Some entertainment for them in their Tours.

But. First from the Park let us conduct them thither, 
These homeward every man attak the hand. 
Of his fates Winters, in the afternoone. 
We wil with some strange pasteine solace them, Such as the shortene of the time can shape. 
For Roasts, Dances, Musick, and merry banter, 
Even casse into Lune, steering her way with flowers.

Kyn. Away, away, no time shall be omitted, 
That will be time, and may be so be fitted.

But. Abow, abow seved Cucko, may't be Cucke. 
And justice aboweth whethers to enuail measure.
Act 4 Scene 3

Enter the Palates, C worse and Dull.

Palates. Satis quiat sufficit

C worse. I praine God for you sir, your reasons at dinner
these have sharp & sonorous pleased with ascendency,
with wit and affections, malice without impudence,
learned without opinion, and strange without
incurv. I did converse this season past with a companion
of the Kings, who is in both, nominate, or called,
Dre Adriano de Arrambate

Pal. Noel tromious magnifico is, His honour is lofty,
His discourse proceeds, his tongue filled, his eye
ambitious, his pace sustained, and his general behaviour
vain, affectious, and theoretick. He is too picked,
too precise, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peremptory,
so I may call it

C worse. A sure singular and choice Epithet,


Dress our fee Table bade.

Pala. He dreswth exit the thing of his verball, finer
then the singe of his argument. I thinke such phantastical
phantomis, such invincible and petty devises
compositions, such rhymes of versificat, as to spake
does fine, where he should he doubles, as when he should
prove his dotes, does, not does he chugh a Caff, Grido
happ. usuales neighbour vacant subiects, weigh dissoluted
me, this is dissoluble, which he would call dissoluble
it bestoweth me of inanimate as entertains dominus, to
make frencis, damaged?

C worse. Leso do, your intellige.

Pala. Some know for the know precision, a little scutch, you'll
see.
Loves Labour Lost

Page. Offer'd by a child to an old man, which is wis old

Pind. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Page. Horse.

Pind. Those disposed like an old man, you whip thy Gigge.

Page. Lead me your Horse to make one, and I will whip about your infant's room into a gigge of a Cocke's horse.

Chew. And I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy Ginger bread. Hold, there is the very Remembrance I bad of thy Master. Those halfpenny pieces of wax, those Pilgrims eggs of discretion. O, the loaves were so pleasant, and thou went hast by them, and said What is that young labourer wouldst thou make me? Give me, thou hast it all dethed, at the Dragon cost, as they say.

Pind. Oh I smell fine Latine, dethed for variants.

Brog. Aye, man proconsul, we will have singed from the bathhouses. Do you not educate youth at the Chymphonie on the top of the Mountains?

Pind. Or might the Hill.

Brog. In your sweet pleasure, for the Mountains.

Pind. A fine same question.

Ben. Sir, it is the Kings most sweet pleasure and affectation, to congratulate the Princess at her Pavillon, in the presence of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-mane.

Pind. The presence of the day, most generous sir. Is notable, cognizant, and measurable for the after-mane: the word is well said, chose, sweet, and apt. I doe assure you sir, I doe assure.

Brog. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar, I doe assure ye very good friend for what is toward historicke in, let it be. I doe assured thee remember thy courteous. I choose thee apparel thy head and among other temperaments, such fine scintiles deserve, and of your import indeed too but let that pass. For I must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the world) sometime to brome upon his own shoulder, and with
William Shakespeare

his royal figure than able with my countenance, with my mustache but sweet heart for that cause. By the world I recount no bible, some venturespecial because I proclaim his greatness in impact to Arnold a fool fodder, a man of trust, that hath some the world but for that cause, the very all of all in that sweet heart I do implore according, that the King would have me present the Princeonce (count check) with some delightful entertainment, or show, or pageant, or act, or the other.

Now, understanding that the Count and your sweet self are god at such cretions, and subtle breaking out of myth (as it were) I have acquainted you withall, to the end to cause your assistance.

Pola. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies, Sir Holkhaman, as concerning some entertainment of this, some show in the posterion of this day, to be revealed by our assistant the King's command, and this noble gallant, illustrious and learned gentleman, before the Princeonce to your name as fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Curt. Whose will you find more worthy enough to present them?

Pola. Some, your sells, my sells, and this gallant gentleman John Madhabone, this statue because of his great name or topic to shall paint Pompey the great, the Page Hercules.

Beg. Father sir, sower. He is not questionable enough for that Worthies though, he is not as big as the end of his Club.

Pola. Shall I have audience he shall present Hercules in monstrous his name, and shall bear strangling a Snake, and it will have an Apology for that purpose.

Pag. An excellent device so as any of the audience hence, you may say, Well done Hercules, now there crooked the Snake, that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Beg. For the rest of the Worthies?

Pola. I will play these my self.

Pag. These worthy Gentlemen.

 Loves Labour Won

Beg. Shall I tell you a thing?

Pola. We afraid

Beg. We will have, if this guide not, an Antiqua. I searched you fellow

Pola. We good man Doll, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Doll. Nor understand none neither sir

Pola. Amen, we will employ thee.

Doll. To make one in a dance, or so or I will play on the tuber to the Worthies, & let them dance the holiday.

Pag. Master Doll, Master Doll, to our sport away.

Error. 

Error Master.

Qn. Sweet hearts we shall be rich ere we depart, If hirings come thus plentifully in. A Lady will it with Diamonds. Look you, what I have from the loving King.

Rosa. Master, came nothing else along with that?

Qn. Nothing but this, you so much lone in Rime, As would be count it up in a chart of paper. With on both sides the head, message and all, That he was sine to sake on Capable name.

Rosa. That was the way to make his girl head wise, For he hath done fine thousand year's a Boy.

Kath. I, and a shared volubly galler saw too.

Rosa. You'll make by friends with him, a kind your mine.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy, as he said, had she known Light like you, of such a mystic smile, ever spirit, she might a been a Grandson or she shook. And so may you. For a light heart since long.

Rosa. What's your desire morning morn, of this light word?
William Shakespeare

Kat. A light condition to a heavy drake.

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

Kat. You'll never the light by taking it too suddenly. Therefore be darkness and the argument.

Ros. Look what you do, you give it all up in darkness.

Kat. So do not you, for you are a light fool.

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

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

Ros. Great reason for your care, is still your care.

Qsm. Well-handled book, a set of W's well-played. But Rosaline, you have a Faucon too? Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew. And if my two were but as fine as yours, my Faucon more as great, he would at once say, Hey, Francine, the numbers true, and were the wonder too. I were the latest godsones on the ground. I am compared to twenty thousand fairs. O he hath drawn his picture in his letter.

Qsm. Any thing like it?

Ros. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.

Qsm. Homogeneous as honey: a good conclusion.

Kat. Faire as a text B. in a Cupid's bowels.

Ros. Were pens! Here? Let me see this chaste, this red Dominical, my golden letter. O that your face were full of this.

Qsm. A Fae of that last, and I had know all Rosses. But Katherine, what was sent to you from fair Dominicle?

Kat. Madame, this Guese.

Qsm. Did he not send you roses?

Loves Labour Won


Ros. This, and those parts, to me sure Longissi. The Letter is too long by half a mile.

Qsm. I think no less than those with in here. The Chance were longer, and the letter shorter.

Ros. I, as I would those ends might move past.

Qsm. We are wise giles to make our Lassos so.

Ros. They are worse fakes to purchase so. That same Brosses he ventures on I see. O that I knew he were but in by the woods. Here I would make him five, and hags, and coxes, and wait the season, and observe the times, and spend his prodigal wise in boundless verse, and shape his service wholly to my desires, and make him proud to make me proud that lies. Now I have such a word to say, that be he should be my fore, and I his foe.

Qsm. None are as sorely caught, when they are catched, as W's knew'd false, false in Venus' hand it. Both wondrous wondrous, and the help of schools. And W's own grace to grace a learned fools?

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such cause. His generous seems to wantons be.

Qsm. Foolish is Faucon burns not so strong a note, the faulcy in the Wine, when W's doth daunt. Since all the power thereof it daunt apply. To praise by W's, worth in simplicity.

Enter Bagues.

Qsm. How come Bagues, and mirth in his face.

Ray. If I can end it with laughter, W's her Grace?

Qsm. Thy newes Bagues?

William Shakespeare

Armed in argument, you'll be surpris'd,
Maste your Wit, stand in your own defence,
Or hide your heads like Cowards, and be base.

Qu. Saint Dennis to Saint, Capitl: What are they, That change their breath against ye? Say what say ye?

Boy. Under the cool shade of a Ficuress, I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour; When lo, to interrupt my purpose thus: Toward that shade I might suppose this Silence; The King and his companions: slyly I stole into a neighbour thicket by, And once heard, what you shall once hear; That by and by diapason they will be heard. Their Herald is a pretty servings Page; That well by heart hath cou'd his embargo, Action and accent did they each line there; Thus must these speak, and thus they tally Louis; And once and anon they make a doubt, Presence manufactour would put him out. For sooth the King, as Angel shall these see; Ye hear nor see, but speakes audible mad. The Boy replys it. An Angel is not cold; I should have fear'd it not, but she safe a doubt. With that all laugh'd, and clap'd his hand on the shoulder, Making the bell wag by their praises hoarse; One call'd his edge then, and shew'd it, and sewes; A better speech was never spoke before. Another with his Page and his head, CRY'd up, we will see, come what will come; The third he spake it and cried. All join'd well, The fourth turn'd it on the toe, and dance he sell. With that they all did tumble on the ground; With such a solemn laughter so profound, That in this applause ridiculous appears, To check their folly passion solemn traces.

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

Boy. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus, Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess. Their purpose is to parley, to court, and dance; And every one his Lute that will advance, Vows his several stance, which they'll know By forenoon wind, which they did better.

Qu. Quo. And will they eat? the Gallants shall be made; For Ladies, we will every one be made;

Loves Labour Won

And not a man of them shall have the grace, Droght of wine, to see a Ladies face. Hold Rosaline, this Pooness thee shall wear, And then the King will court thee for his Heart. Hold, take thou this my sweet, and give me thine, So shall Rosaline take me for Rosaline. And change your Pooness too, as shall your loves Woes contrary, devise by these senses.

Boy. Come on then, wear the Pooness most to right.

Kath. But in this changing. What is your intent?

Qu. The effect of my intent is to cause them to flower by false pretense, And mock for mock be end my intent. Their several engines they will soon make, To Louis ministre, and so he mock withall. Upon the next occasion that we meet, With Yves display'd to talk and groan.

Boy. But shall we dance, if they desire us too?

Qu. No, no, the dance we will not move a foot, Nor to their part they speech make we no grace. But while ye speak, each turnes away his face

Boy. Why that courtiers will kill the keepers heart, And gain dispose his money from his part

Qu. Therefore I say it, and I make no doubt, The cure will come in, if be be out. There is no sport, as sport by sport unbecoming To make theirs care, and ours some but our own. So shall we stay making coloured games, And they will mock, depart away with shame.

Hood.

Boy. The Trumpeter sounds, he stands, the maesters come.

Enter Black moore with muskets, the Boy with a speech, and the rest of the Lords disarrayed.

Page. All hale, the richest Bouvais on the earth.

Boy. Bouvais no richer than rich Tallans.

Pag. A holy pair of the fairest dances that ears ever heard.
William Shakespeare

their beques to mortal viewes.

The Ladyes name their beques to him.

Boy. Their eyes cliame, their eyes

Pug. That once sawd their eyes to mortal viewes. Out

Boy. True, not indeed

Pug. Out of your favouresRoundly spirits vouchsafe but to behold.

Boy. Once to behold, vouchsafe

Pug. Once to behold with your favoure aoes, With your favoure aoes

Boy. They will not answer to that Ephed, you were best call it Daughter aoes

Pug. They do not nuche me, and that brings me out

Rosa. Is this your performances? he giv you vaguely

Rosa. What would those strangers? Know their minds Boy.

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will That some place may recount their purpose. Know what they would?

Boy. What would you with the Prince?

Rosa. Nothing but peace, and gentle vioation

Rosa. What would they, say they?

Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle vioation.

Rosa. Why that they have, and bid them so he giv

Boy. She vouchs you have it, and you may be giv

Kim. Say to her we have vouchs'd many miles To tread a Measure with you on the ground

Boy. They say that they have vouchs'd many a mile, To tread a Measure with you on the ground

Love Labour's Lost

Rosa. It is not so. Ask them how many inches In one mile? If they have measure'd inches, The measure then of one is easily told

Boy. If to come hither, you have measure'd miles, And many miles the Princess bid you tell, How many inches doth fill up one mile?

Rosa. Tell her we measure them by weary steps

Boy. She features her miles

Rosa. How many weary steps, Of many weary miles you have gone, Are numbered in the yoke of one mile?

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

Rosa. My face is but a Moonne and clouded too

Kim. Hymned are clouds, to die as such clouds do. Vouchsafe bright Moonne, and show the stars to shine, (Those clouds removed) upon our watery eye

Rosa. O vaine purseower, buy a greater master, There new equestes but Moonshine to the water

Kim. Then in our measures, vouchsafe but one change There hide me begg, this begg is not strange

Rosa. Play musick there, say you must doe it same, Not yet me dance: then change I like the Moonne

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

Rosa. You toke the Moonne at fall, but now she's changed?

Kim. Yet still she is the Moonne, and I the Sunne

Rosa. The musick players, vouchsafe some motion in to One case vouchsafe it

Kim. But your begg is should doe it

Rosa. Since you are strangers, & come hine by chance, Was't not be nice, take beams, we will not dance
William Shakespeare

Kia. Why take you hands then?
Rom. Ovals to part friends,
Curst are sweet hearts, and so the Measure ends
Kim. More measure of this measure, be not wise
Rom. We can afford no more at such a price
Kim. Prive your selves. What hopes your companis?
Rom. Your absence raises;
Kim. That can never be
Rom. Then cannot we be bought and as alive,
Twice to your Venus, and half once to you
Kim. If you desire to dance, let's hold more chat
Rom. In private then
Kim. I am best pleas'd with that
Be. White handed Merce, read sweeter word with that
Qon. Hon. and Billy, and longer than three
Bev. Nay then two voices, as if you gave us this
Methoughts, Wish, and Miscom, well come once
There's half a dozen owls
Qon. Though sweeter words, since you can sang,
Be play no more with you
Bev. One word to accost
Qon. Let it not be smooth
Bev. Then guess at my gall
Qon. Gall, bitter
Bev. Therefore more
Dud. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Marm. None it

Loves Labour Won

Dud. Fair Lady
Minc. Nay you sit? Fair Lord
Take you that for your sweet Lady
Dud. Prive it you,
As much as private, and be not adieu;
Minc. What was your vision made without a song?
Lang. I know the reason, Lady why you ask
Minc. O for your reason, quickly sit, I long
Lang. You have a double tongue within your mouth,
And would offend my speechless visored bally
Minc. Ye gods, where the Dutch man is not Yanks a Caff?
Lang. A Caff, fair Lady?
Minc. No, a fair Lord Caff
Lang. Let's part the word
Minc. No, he not be your bally;
Take all and wear it, it may prove an one
Lang. Looks you how but your smile in these charge match's,
Will you please because count Lady? Do not so
Minc. Then die a Caff, before your house do grove
Lang. One word in private with you are I die
Minc. Short softly then, the.wxhee baron you cry
Burg. The tongues of mocking match's are as keen
As is the roses edge, imitable
Cutting a smaller note then may be state,
About the sense of senses so smable
Sweat their conference, their corps fame wings,
Plaunc then ares, bulls wind, death, another things
Rom. Not one word more my matches, break off,
Break off
Bev. By heaven, all this beaten with poor scalls
William Shakespeare

King. Farewell noble Wenchus, you have simple wits,
             Ernst.
Qn. Twainst whensoe my house Mescudius.
     Are these the breed of wits we wandred at?
Repr. Twice these are, with your woman breathe pull out.
Ros. Wilt King wits they liue, proze, prose, let, let
Qn. O gentle in wit, Kingly pious Flaut.
     Will they not (think) you hang themselves to night?
     Or ever in claushe show their face?
This part Roscues was out of countenance quite.
Ros. They were all in invisible cases.
     The King was soaping zips for a good word.
Qn. Roscues did scarce himself out of all estate.
Mar. Domusius was at my service, and his owne.
     No power (proph) my sentence straight was made.
Ros. Lord Longueuil said I came on his heart.
     And now you what he call'd me?
Qn. Goloric perhaps.
Kat. Yes, in good faith.
Qn. Go wicked as these art.
Ros. Well, better wits have worse plate statute capes.
     But will you know, the King is my base owne.
Qn. And quickly Roscues hath plighted faith to me.
Kat. And Longueuil was for my service borne.
Mar. Domusius is mine as sure as banking on thee.
Repr. Malus, and politic minstrosses guise care,
     Immediately they will againe he know.
     In their own shapes for it can never be.
     They will digest this hard judgment.
Qn. Will they returne?
William Shakespeare

He can come too, and hope. Why this is he,
That lies away his hand in earnest.
This is the Age of Errors. Monstrous the vice,
That when he puts at Table, drinks the Dish
In honourable company. Nay he can sing
A measure most merrily, and in Valentine's
Mind him who can: the Ladies call him sweet.
The statues as he touches on them kiss his Foot.
This is the Flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as Whales bone.
And consider, that will not die to shift,
Put into the dish of boote (tongued Boy).

King. A Muse on his own tongue with my hart,
That put Astantine Page out of his part.

Enter the Ladies.

Ser. See where it comes. Behold now what won't thou,
Till this madness shew'd thee? And what art thou now?

King. All hail sweet Madame, and later time of day

Qn. Faith in all Hads is Soke, as I remember.

King. Consent my speeches better, if you may

Qn. Those wish me better, I will please you hence

King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our Court, consendeth it then

Qn. This bold and bold he was, and so hold your vow;
Hear God, nor I, delights in promises more

King. Behold me nought for that which you promise;
The virtue of your oie must break my oath

Qn. You sickness every wise you should have spoke
For every office every wise every oath.

Now by my mother's heart, yee past
The vessel of holiness, I protest;
A world of nonsense though I should endure;
I would not yield to be your heaviest guest:
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of honest and sooth, won't with inanimate

Km. O you know he'll in doxology know,
Voxner, continued, much in our shame

Loves Labour Won

Qn. Not so my Lord, it is not so I reason. We have hot pasture here, and pleasant grove. A muse of Rosanero left us but half of his

Km. How Madena! Rosanoro?

Qn. I in truth, my Lord. Trust patience, soft of Countenance and of state

Km. Madena speak's true. It is not so my Lord! My Lady (to the moone of the device) In certaine glass vadeoasizing person. We sawe indeed confronte wars with France. In Rosane habit, before they stand of hours, And talk of space and in that house (my Lord) They did not shew us to one happy word. I dare not call these soke, but this I think. Where they are thrones, bootes would bite some drinks

Km. This best is done to me. Gentle soke, Your wife makes wise things foolish when we praise With wise base seeing, sees new souls here. By light we base sight, your capable Is of all motion, that to your flage ill store. Wise things some foolish, and rich things bare poore

Km. This makes you wise and rich to be in our oie

Ser. I am a soke, and full of pooreste

Km. But that you take what fash to you belong.
It was a fault to match words from my tongue

Km. O, I am yours, and all that 1 possess

Km. All the boote mine

Ser. I cannot give you love

Km. Which of the Visions what is that you want?


Km. There, there, that vision, that superhearse cure. That did the worse, and ther' the better face

Km. We are discat, They? smoke to our downright
William Shakespeare

Rad. Let us confound, and turn it to a jest.

Qn. Amen, my Lord? Why lookest thou highness suit?

Roon. Help, hold his know, how'st thou know, why lookest

you pale?

Tea-side I think coming from Moorside.

Roo. Thus peace the stirs downe plague for poety. Can any face of creature hold tongue still? Heere stand! Ladies, shut thy selfe at me. Behold mee with eyes, confound mee with a dote. Those that have grace through my ignorance, Cut me to pieces with thy humane words. And I will with thee nothing to disdain; Nor never more in Russian habit wrothe. Of course will I trust to speeches good. Let me to motion of a friends brace teague, Nor cause come in vioe to my friend. Nor war in time like a blind harpers songe. Taffeta phrenze, hollow trumpe practice. These (as Hippeolus, sappe affection; Hippo-potamus, Hope no constant Love), Hone Monnowe me full of Maggie omnination. I do forewarn thee, and I know protest. By this white Ghost (how white the hand doth know) Henceforth my wrong minds shall be exposed In seventh, and honest friends more. And to begin Wreath, so God help me say. My love to thee in reason, mine outhe pleth.

Roon. Amen, amen, I pray you

Roo. Yet I have a wish.

Off the old page, unless with me, I am sick, be know it by degrees well, let me see. Write Lord howe muste on ye, see these things, they are infected, in their hearts it lies. They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes. These Lords are vrill, you are not free. For the Lords thought you do I care.

Qn. No, they are free that gosse these theses to see

Quiz. You all are parties, made not to rade to

Roo. It is not so, for how can this be true?

That you stood forbid, being those that one

Loves Labour Won

Bess. Peace, for I will not have to do with you

Roo. Nor shall not, if I do as I should.

Bess. Speak now your reason, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us to answer Madam, for our rude transgression, some little excuse.

Qn. The answer is confusion. Were not blose but once now, slappe it?

Kim. Madam, I was

Qu. And were you well advis'd?

Kim. I was faire Madam.

Qu. Were you there were blose What did you whisper in your Ladies ear?

King. That more than all the world I did suspect her. What else, shall challenge this, you will enue her

King. Vpnon mine Honor me

Qn. Peace, peace, forbear. Your oath once broken, you force not to deserves.

King. Despite me when I break this oath of mine.

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

Roo. Madam, he sayes that he did hold me share for precious eye Sites, and did value me (make this World oldish thought monition). That he would wed me, or she die my Lovers.

Qn. God give thee lay of him, the Noble Lord. Most honourly doth uphold his word.

King. What meanes you Madam? By my life, my trash I never sawe this Lady such an oft

Roo. By because you did, and to confirm it plains, You gave me this. Not take it as again.

King. My faith and this, the Princesse I did give. I knew her by this knowd see her shame.
William Shakespeare

Qu. Faith for me sir, this is well: I did the same.
And Lord Beauraun (I thank you sir) is my sworn.
What? Will you have me, or your Pearl again?

Bea. Neither of either. I must both shrieve,
I must the witcher out by chance was a constant,
Knowing abroad of our movement.
To shrieve it like a Christian Cornelia,
Some carry tale, some plain, some slight, some noble,
Some mantle, some censure, some censure knight, some Dick
That makes the checker in pruse, and knows the trick.
To make my lady laugh, when she's disposed;
Tell me tomorrow which one shall do't.
The Ladies did change Fusorus, and then we
Following the signe, we'll but the signe of the signe,
How to our patience, to add more service,
We are again fœosure in will and sense.
Which upon this line, and might not you
Forswear our sport, to make us thus element?
Do not you know, my Ladies last by 'th against?
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between your lady's ear, and the fine,
Holding a treacherous lost unstrike?
You put our Paige out, go you are afraid,
Dye what you will, a mistake shall be your shred.
You know upon me, do you? There's an eye
Wounds like a Limerick sword.

Bea. Full much would this hence manage, this corsage.
Some sent

Qu. So, I am, he is tilting straight. Peace, I know him.

Enters Finance:

Welcome you, sir, there part in a Latin fray.

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

Bea. What, are these but three?

Cho. No, sir, but it is very fine.
For certain one presents three.

Bea. And three times three is nine.

Cho. No, as sir, you know concision sir, I hope it is not so.
You cannot buy us, I can assure you sir, we know what

Loves Labour Won

we know: I hope sir these times three are

Bea. Is not nine?

Cho. Vnder concision sir, we know whose valunt it doth amount.

Bea. By loss, I always took these three for nine.

Cho. O lord sir, it were pity you should get your

Bea. How much is it?

Cho. O Lord sir, the parties themes, the action sir
we have whose valunt it doth amount for nine times past, I am (as they say, but to perfect one man to one points mens) pronounced the great sir

Bea. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Cho. It pleased them to think me worthy of a portion
the great for nine times past, I have not the degree of the Worthies, but I am to stand for nine.

Bea. Go, bid them prepare.

Enter:

Cho. We will now it study off sir, we will take some

King. Beauraun, they will shrieve us.
Let them not approach.

Bea. We are shrieve; our Lord, and the same
police, to have one shrieve worse than the Kings and his
companie.

Cho. I say they shall not come.

Qu. Say my good Lord, let me see what you mean.
That sport least pleasant, that doth least leave foot.
Where Gods erose to content, and the contents
Dine in the soul, of that which it possesseth.
Their forme confounded, makes more forms in earth,
When great things laboured past in their birth.

Bea. A right description of our sport my Lord.
William Shakespeare

Loves Labour Lost

Dor. The great

Cho. It is great; sir; Pompey sworne't the great:
That all in field, with Troye and Troie,
Did make my face to sweat.
And swallowing this, I know we come by chance,
And lay my Actaeon before the gods this very Stowe of
France.
If your Lordship would my thanks Pompey, I had done

La. Great thanks, great Pompey

Cho. Ye are not so much sworne but I hope I was perfect,
I made a little shock in great

Bar. My hat to a noble prince; Pompey promises the
Sour Worlde:

Enter Count for Alexander.

Can. When in the world I thot't, I was the woldes
Commander.

My East, West, North, & South, I spake my composing
right;

My Scotchman philus declareth that I am, Alexander

Bar. Your name takes us, you are not:
For it seems too right

Bar. Your name swells us, in this most noble smelling
Knight.

Cho. The Countess is disposed;
Proceeds good Alexander.

Can. When in the world I thot't, I was the woldes
Commander

Bar. Most true, 'tis right, you were so Alexander

Bar. Pompey the great

Cho. Your servant and Courteed

Bar. Take away the Countess, take away Alexander

Cho. O sir, you have methrew our; Alexander the countess;
you will be so glad out of the painted cloth for
this: your Lion that holds his Polon: sitting on a close
stone, will be given to Asia. He will be the ninth worlde,

Enter Braggart

Brag. Assumptions, I challenge so much vesture of the
royal sword, that we will write a brace of words

Qs. Does this man serve God?

Bar. Why soe you?

Qs. He speak't not like a man of God's making:

Brag. That's all one my fair sweet bonnie Madoc,
For I promisse, the Schoolmaster is encroaching fantastically.
You too valiant, too valiant. But we will put it (as they say) to Fortune diligent, I wish you the peace of mind
more royalj supplement

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worlde,
He presents Master of Troye, the Swainy Pompey y great, the
Parth Conns Alexander, Armado son Pagno Beforato,
the Polon Indus Machabelon: and if those Swiss Worlde
in their first show there, those Swiss will change
habits, and possess the other Swiss

Bar. There is fine in the first show

Kim. You are deceived, it is not so

Bar. The Polon, the Braggart, the Hedge Prince, the
Parth, and the King.
There should not be no, and the whole world again,
Cannot prick out fine such, take such one let's value

Kim. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amast.

Enter Pompey

Cho. I Pompey am

Bar. You see, you are not I

Cho. I Pompey am

Brag. With Llboosch hold on there

Bar. Well said old master,
I must needs be friends with thee

Cho. I Pompey am, Pompey sworne't the big

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William Shakespeare

A Congreus, and afraid to speak? Bonne away for shame. Alexander. There are six people here: you a foolish sibille man, an honest man, Iske, you. A man shall.
He is a marvellous good neighbour bound, and a very good Brother, but for Alexander, they he are, how to a little are parted. But there are W Podelis a coming, will speak their minds in some other sort.

Exit Co.

Qne. Stand aside, good Podelis.

Enter Podelis for Ithek, and the Beg for Hercules.

Podel. Great Hercule is presented by this hospit.

Whose Club at the Government of these boundless Caves,

And where he was a sibille, a child, a sibille,

Then did he a great foe to his massive

Upontation, he smoothed his melanchtrie,

Enga, I come with this Apologies.

Rape some state to thy ould, and vanish.

Exit Beg

Podel. Iske I am

Dem. A Iske?

Podel. He is not here.

Iske I am, yelped Machabees

Dem. Iske Machabees chapt, is gologie Iske

Het. A bleating Iske. How are these good Iske?

Podel. Iske I am

Dem. The more shame for you Iske.

Podel. What amore you do?

Het. To make Iske hang himself.

Podel. Begone sir, you are my elder

Het. Well I'll know'd, Iske was hang'd on an elder

Podel. I will not be put out of countenance.

Loves Labour Won

Het. Because there have not we face

Podel. What is this?

Het. A Clitartous head

Dem. The hood of a book

Het. A double face in a ring

Lun. The face of an old Roman rime, scarce worn

Het. The premonitor of Ceres Fable

Dem. The care'd house face on a Plaque

Het. Heyde, George hall's cheek in a breach

Dem. I, and in a breach of Lead

Het. I, and worn in the cap of a Youth-dress.

And now forward, for we have put thee in countenance

Podel. You have put me out of countenance

Het. False, we have grant thee face

Podel. But you have not done it them all

Het. And there won't a Sign, we would do so

Het. Therefore so he is, an Anne, let him go

And vs advice sweet Anne. Nay, why don't thou stay?

Dem. For the basket end of his name

Het. For the Anne to the other, give it him. Iske away

Podel. This is not generous, nor gentle, nor humble

Het. A light for sometime Iske, it proves thick, he may stumble

Qne. Also poor Machabees, how hath he been hated.

Enter Braggart

Het. Hide thy head Achilles, soon comes Hector in Arms

Dem. Though my mother come home by me, I will
William Shakespeare

now be merry

King. Hector was but a Trojan to respect of this

Brp. But is this Hector?

Kim. I think he Hector was not so choice under it

Lum. His leg is too big for Hector

Dona. More Calib curative

Brp. No, he is best indeed in the small

Her. This cannot be Hector

Dona. He’s a God or a Painter, for he makes faces

Bng. The Aventurment here, of Laoncole the ab讲师, -

gave Hector a gift

Dona. A gift Naxagge

Rch. A Lernon

Lum. Sticks with Clumsy

Dona. No clums

Bng. The Aventurment here, of Laoncole the ab讲师, -

gave Hector a gift, the fruit of Bion

A man so bravish, that curative he would fight you

From sea to off right, out of his Pavillion.

I am that Phoebe

Dona. That Mist

Long. That Calamostine

Bng. Sweet Lord Longassad, rise thy tongue

Lum. I cannot false thee theرين for it reason against

Hector

Dona. I, and Hector’s a Grey Sussed

Bng. The sweet War mam is dead and cotton,

Sweet Citizens, hear out the bones of the Sussed:

But I will forward with my desire:

Loves Labour Won

Bruno Royalb honor on thee the sense of hearing,

Hovona cupper, forth

Qub. Spokes brave Hector, we are much delighted

Bng. I do adore thy sweet Claspe dippes

Brp. Leave not by the foot

Dona. He may not by the yard

Bng. This Hector here surmised Holdboll.

The party is gone

Chu. Fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way

Bng. What means thee?

Chu. Faith under you play the hotter Trojan, the

poore Wench is cast away: she’s quick, the child bogs

in her belly abounds six years.

Bng. Dear those comfortable me among Perseverance?

These shall die

Chu. Then shall Hector by whips for imputations that

is quick by him, and hang’d for Pompey, that is dead by

him:

Dona. Most rare Pompey

Brp. Remoured Pompey

Brp. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey:

Pompey the huge

Dona. Hector trembles

Brp. Pompey is armed, more. Arminmore. Armin alone

them, or alone them on

Dona. Hector will challenge them

Brp. If I have no more than blood it’s holy, then

will say a Pius

Bng. By the North pole I do challenge thee
William Shakespeare

Chm. I will not fight with a pole like a Northern man.
    Be shrewd. Be do it by the sword. I pray you let me borrow
    my answer again.

Dum. You see for the second Worthy.

Chm. So do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most welcome Pompey.

Pomp. Master, let me take you a button hole hence.
I do you not say Pompey is winning for the course? what
now say you? you will lose your reputation.

Bos. Gentlemen and soldiers pardon me, I will
not draw in my shirt.

Dum. You may not desire it. Pompey hath made the
course.

Bos. Sweet booths, I think so, and will

Her. What reason have you for't?

Bos. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt,
I gowithout for purpose.

Dum. You, and it was intended him in Rome for want of
220 litres, since when, he be overcome by worse main, but
a disquiet of augmentation, and that has weaken neath his
heart for a season.

Enter a Messenger, Montague's Servant.

Mar. God save you, Montague.

Mon. Welcome Montague, but that then interrupt our
arrangement.

Mar. I am wroth Montague, for the second I bring's
hearse in my company. The King your father

Mon. Dead for my life.

Mar. Enter as my tale is told.

Her. Worthy away, the scene begins to cloud.

Bos. For mine own part, I breathe free breath; I

Love's Labour's Won

Love's Labour's Won

Kum. How fare's your Montague?

Qm. Reproof prepar'd, I will away to night.

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

Qm. Prepare I say, I thank you gracious Lord.
For all your false conclusions and extremities.
Out of a new soul, that you would be a
In your rich windrose to exceed, or hide.
The thought less passion of our spirits,
If once boldly are hasty bounties our wish.
In the countenance of breath (your gentleness
Was gabbled of) Fallow well worth the Lord.
A wanton heart forever not a humble tongue.
Excuse me so, counting so short of thanks,
For my great sake, so easily offended.

Kum. The extreme parts of time, extremities forms
All come to the purpose of his speed.
And often at his very base decides
That, which long passage could not subside.
And though the morning show of propost
Forbid the swelling course of love.
The holy name which I would confine
Yet since some argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow shade it
From what it prepar'd since its wheels friends last.
Is not by much so wholesome preferable.
As to slavery at friends but narrowly found.

Qm. I understand you not, my greetings are double.

Sor. Honest plate words, best please the ears of griefs.
And by those bards understand the King.
For your sighs sake have we neglected time.
Fond boys play with our author's hotness.
Ladies hath much deformed us, fashioning our councillors.
Enter to the appeal end of our purpose, and
what is is not nothing like's.
As love is full of deluding streams,
All waters as a cloud, dripping and rainy.
Fount'd by the east, and therefore like the air:
Full of varying shapes, of habits, and of manner
Varying in subjects as the six dark clouds,

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William Shakespeare

To make varied oblique in his glance:
Which partly casteth of loose fine
Put on by us, if in thy honored eye,
These wheaten rods our order and graces.
These honester rods that looks into these faults,
Suggested us to make, therefore Lucent!
Our love being years, the more that Love makes
Is like wise years. We to our elder prove like,
By being since fickle, for ease to be true
To those that make ye both, Sirs Lucent you,
And cause that falsehood to it settle a stone,
Thus pollutes it, and turns to grace

Qu. We have received your Letters, full of Love;
Your Piety, the Ambassador of Love.
And in our manners comely rated them,
As courtship, pleasure text, and cortins,
the boundary and as lodging to the time:
But more about then these are our respects.
Hence we are loose, and therefore our Loose
In their own fashion, like a movement

Des. Our letters Madam, show'd much more than lost

Luca. So did our letters

Ros. We did not cast them so

Kim. Now at the latest minutes of the hour,
Grant to your leisure

Qu. A time we think short too short,
To make a world without end beguine us:
No, no my Lord, your Grace is pantid much,
Full of those goddesses, and therefore thin.
If for our Loose (as there is in each certain?)
You will do ought, this shall you do for me.
Your self I will not trust but go with speed
To some voices and called Mettings,
Remains from all the pleasures of the world.
These stay, stuff the cronew Coldstaff Signes
These straiten about their account so reckoning.
If this mutter immovable life.
Change not your offer made in haste of hand.
If loose, and last, hard helping, and this voids
Stop not the gentle blossoms of your Loose,
But that it loses this void, and last time.
This at the expiration of the years.
Come challenge us, challenge us by these doves,

Qu. And by this Virgin palm, now sitting there,
I will be thine, and till that instant shot
My youth doth rise up in a mourning house,
Reining the traces of invention,
For the remembrance of my Father's death.
If this then do detest, let our bands part,
Neither entitiled to the other half

Kim. If this, or more than this, I would detest,
To burn up these powers of mine with rest.
The solemn hand of death close up mine eye.
Hence ever hence, my heart is in thy heart

Des. And what to me my Loose? and what to me?

Ros. You must be stung, my dear sir, are called.
You are attainted with hawks and partridges.
Therefore if you your leisure mean to get,
It torchmouth shall you spend, and never visit
But make the worse both of people sides

Des. But what to me my Loose? but what to me?

With these feld loose, I wish you all these three

Des. O shall I say, I thank you gentle wish?

Kim. Not so my Lord, a torchmouth and a day.
He makes no words that unthrough it wastes my.
Come when the King doth in my Loose come.
Then if I have much loose, He gives you some

Des. He sware thee true and faithfully till then

Kim. Yet sworn not, least ye be forgotten ages

Luca. What saith Maria?

Maria. At the torchmouths end,
I charge my sweet Giovane, for a faithful friend

Luca. Be stay with patience but the time is long

Maria. The like you, few teller are so young

Des. Thus says my Loose? Wherefore, looke on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye.
What harms sole stands the answer there,
Impose some service on me for my loose


**Loves Labour Won**

**Bng.** Sweet Melody surrounds me.

**Qs.** Was not that Hector?

**Dnm.** The warlike Knight of Troy.

**Bng.** I will kiss the royal Sopra, and take home.

**Vmp.** I am a Venetian, I have vowed to impeach to hmile the Phegus for her sweet love three years. But more estimable promises, will you hear the Dialogue that the two Learned men have compiled, as pupils of the Owls and the Cuckoo? It should have followed in the end of our show.

**Kns.** Call these forth quickly, we will do so.

**Bng.** Hail, Approach.

**Enter all.

This side is Heaven, Winter.
This side the Spring, the one sustained by the Owl, the other by the Cuckoo.

**Vmp.** Sopra.

**The Song.**

When Doves pine, and Violets bloom,
And Cuckoo starts of yellow hue,
And Lark doth soar all other white,
Do you the Muses with delight.

The Cuckoo then an martial tree,
Musket married men, for thou singst so,

**Cuckoo.**

Cuckoo. Cuckoo: O word of Sopra,

**Vmp.** Threatening to a married man.

When Shepherds pipe on Union strings,
And martial Larks are Phegusous cuckoo.

When Turtle tweet, and Kookoo and Darnel,
And Madrong Mach a summer cuckoo.

The Cuckoo then an martial tree
Musket married men, for thou singst so,

**Cuckoo.**

Cuckoo. Cuckoo: O word of Sopra,

**Vmp.** Threatening to a married man.

**Winner.** When hitches hang by the wall,
And Dicksie, the Sheepebreed Muses his mate.

And Tom Dicks, Lopsticks into the hall,
And Miller comes hens home in pairs.

When Hencel is ope, and wakes in floods,
Then nightly sing the starling Orkis,
   Twit-twit-twit, etc.

While groan on groan doth clothe the groat.
When all about the stile doth shine,
   And all the birds doth increase the Parsons note;
   And birds at breeding in the groat.
And Martinus goes to bed and eat;
When raisd on tubs Orks in the groat.
Then nightly sing the starling Orkis,
   Twit-twit-twit, etc.

Exit: etc.

Finis
The corpus of William Shakespeare is not, as we know, complete. His Folio editions were a selection of his plays, not a full collection. One of the plays that had been printed, but lost to contemporary scholarship, includes a sequel to Love's Labour Lost, which we have printed in this edition of Love's Labour Won.

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