

Love's Labour's Lost

1.2

Enter Armado and Mote, his page

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

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

ARMADO Why, sadness is one and the selfsame thing, dear imp. 5

MOTE No, no, O Lord, sir, no.

ARMADO How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

MOTE By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senÄor. 10

ARMADO Why `tough senÄor'? Why `tough senÄor'?

MOTE Why `tender juvenal'? Why `tender juvenal'?

ARMADO I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate `tender'. 15

MOTE And I, tough senÄor, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name `tough'.

ARMADO Pretty and apt.

MOTE How mean you, sir? I `pretty' and my saying `apt'? Or I `apt' and my saying `pretty'? 20

ARMADO Thou `pretty', because little.

MOTE Little pretty, because little. Wherefore `apt'?

ARMADO And therefore `apt' because quick.

MOTE Speak you this in my praise, master?

ARMADO In thy condign praise. 25

MOTE I will praise an eel with the same praise.

ARMADO What±±that an eel is ingenious?

MOTE That an eel is quick.

ARMADO I do say thou art quick in answers. Thou heatest my blood. 30

MOTE I am answered, sir.

ARMADO I love not to be crossed.

MOTE (*aside*) He speaks the mere contrary±±crosses love not him.

ARMADO I have promised to study three years with the 35

Duke.

MOTE You may do it in an hour, sir.

ARMADO Impossible.

MOTE How many is one, thrice told?

ARMADO I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a 40
tapster.

MOTE You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

ARMADO I confess both. They are both the varnish of a
complete man.

MOTE Then I am sure you know how much the gross 45
sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

ARMADO It doth amount to one more than two.

MOTE Which the base vulgar do call three.

ARMADO True.

MOTE Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here 50
is 'three' studied ere ye'll thrice wink, and how easy it
is to put 'years' to the word 'three' and study 'three
years' in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

ARMADO A most fine figure.

MOTE (*aside*) To prove you a cipher. 55

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

MOTE Hercules, master.

ARMADO Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy. 65
Name more±±and, sweet my child, let them be men of
good repute and carriage.

MOTE Samson, master; he was a man of good carriage,
great carriage, for he carried the town-gates on his
back like a porter, and he was in love. 70

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

MOTE A woman, master.

ARMADO Of what complexion?

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

ARMADO Tell me precisely of what complexion?

MOTE Of the sea-water green, sir. 80

ARMADO Is that one of the four complexions?

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

ARMADO Green indeed is the colour of lovers, but to have a love of that colour, methinks Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit. 85

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

ARMADO My love is most immaculate white and red.

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

ARMADO Define, define, well-educated infant. 90

MOTE My father's wit and my mother's tongue assist me!

ARMADO Sweet invocation of a child!±±most pretty and pathetic.

MOTE

If she be made of white and red
Her faults will ne'er be known, 95
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred
And fears by pale white shown.
Then if she fear or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same 100
Which native she doth owe.

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

ARMADO Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar? 105

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

ARMADO I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I 110
may example my digression by some mighty precedent.
Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park
with the rational hind Costard. She deserves well.

MOTE (*aside*) To be whipped±±and yet a better love than

my master.

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

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

ARMADO I say, sing.

MOTE Forbear till this company be past.

*Enter Costard the clown, Constable Dull, and
Jaquenetta, a wench*

DULL (to Armado) Sir, the Duke's pleasure is that you keep 120
Costard safe, and you must suffer him to take no
delight, nor no penance, but a must fast three days a
week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park. She
is allowed for the dey-woman. Fare you well.

ARMADO (aside) I do betray myself with blushing.±±Maid. 125

JAQUENETTA Man.

ARMADO I will visit thee at the lodge.

JAQUENETTA That's hereby.

ARMADO I know where it is situate.

JAQUENETTA Lord, how wise you are! 130

ARMADO I will tell thee wonders.

JAQUENETTA With that face?

ARMADO I love thee.

JAQUENETTA So I heard you say.

ARMADO And so farewell. 135

JAQUENETTA Fair weather after you.

[DULL] Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta]

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

COSTARD Well, sir, I hope when I do it I shall do it on a 140
full stomach.

ARMADO Thou shalt be heavily punished.

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

ARMADO Take away this villain. Shut him up. 145

MOTE Come, you transgressing slave. Away!

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

MOTE No, sir. That were fast and loose. Thou shalt to
prison. 150

COSTARD Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation

that I have seen, some shall see.

MOTE What shall some see?

COSTARD Nay, nothing, Master Mote, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing. I thank God I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. 155

Exeunt Mote and Costard

ARMADO I do affect the very ground±±which is base±± where her shoe±±which is baser±±guided by her foot±± 160 which is basest±±doth tread. I shall be forsworn±±which is a great argument of falsehood±±if I love. And how can that be true love which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil. There is no evil angel but love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength. Yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn: the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not. His disgrace is to be called boy, but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour; rust, rapier; be still, drum: for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. 165 Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnet. Devise wit, write pen, for I am for whole volumes, in folio. 170

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