

# Love's Labour's Lost

## 3.1

*Enter Armado the braggart, and Mote his boy*

**ARMADO** Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

**MOTE** (*sings*) Concolinel.

**ARMADO** Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years, take this key. Give enlargement to the swain. Bring him festinately 5  
hither. I must employ him in a letter to my love.

**MOTE** Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?

**ARMADO** How meanest thou±±brawling in French?

**MOTE** No, my complete master; but to jig off a tune at 10  
the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids, sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throat as if you swallowed love with singing love, sometime through the nose as if you snuffed up love by smelling love, with your hat 15  
penthouse-like o'er the shop of your eyes, with your arms crossed on your thin-belly doublet like a rabbit on a spit, or your hands in your pocket like a man after the old painting, and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements, 20  
these are humours; these betray nice wenches that would be betrayed without these, and make them men of note±±do you note? *men±±*that most are affected to these.

**ARMADO** How hast thou purchased this experience? 25

**MOTE** By my penny of observation.

**ARMADO** But O, but O±±

**MOTE** `The hobby-horse is forgot.'

**ARMADO** Call'st thou my love hobby-horse?

**MOTE** No, master, the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your 30  
love perhaps a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

**ARMADO** Almost I had.

**MOTE** Negligent student, learn her by heart.

**ARMADO** By heart and in heart, boy.

**MOTE** And out of heart, master. All those three I will 35

prove.

**ARMADO** What wilt thou prove?

**MOTE** A man, if I live; and this, `by', `in', and `without',  
upon the instant: `by' heart you love her because your  
heart cannot come *by* her; `in' heart you love her 40  
because your heart is *in* love with her; and `out' of  
heart you love her, being *out* of heart that you cannot  
enjoy her.

**ARMADO** I am all these three.

**MOTE** (*aside*) And three times as much more, and yet 45  
nothing at all.

**ARMADO** Fetch hither the swain. He must carry me a  
letter.

**MOTE** (*aside*) A message well sympathized±±a horse to be  
ambassador for an ass. 50

**ARMADO** Ha, ha! What sayst thou?

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

**ARMADO** The way is but short. Away!

**MOTE** As swift as lead, sir. 55

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

**MOTE**  
*Minime*, honest master±±or rather, master, no.

**ARMADO**  
I say lead is slow.

**MOTE** You are too swift, sir, to say so.  
Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun? 60

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

**MOTE** Thump, then, and I flee.

*Exit*

**ARMADO**  
A most acute juvenal±±voluble and free of grace.  
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face. 65  
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.  
My herald is returned.

*Enter Mote the page, and Costard the clown*

**MOTE**

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

**ARMADO**

Some enigma, some riddle; come, thy *l'envoi*. Begin.

**COSTARD** No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoi*, no salve in the 70  
mail, sir. O sir, plantain, a plain plantain±±no *l'envoi*,  
no *l'envoi*, no salve, sir, but a plantain.

**ARMADO** By virtue, thou enforcest laughter±±thy silly  
thought my spleen. The heaving of my lungs provokes  
me to ridiculous smiling. O pardon me, my stars! Doth 75  
the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoi*, and the word  
*l'envoi* for a salve?

**MOTE**

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

**ARMADO**

No, page, it is an epilogue or discourse to make plain  
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain. 80  
I will example it.

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

There's the moral. Now the *l'envoi*.

**MOTE** I will add the *l'envoi*. Say the moral again. 85

**ARMADO**

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

**MOTE**

Until the goose came out of door  
And stayed the odds by adding four.  
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with 90  
my *l'envoi*.

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

**ARMADO**

Until the goose came out of door,  
Staying the odds by adding four. 95

**MOTE** A good *l'envoi*, ending in the goose. Would you  
desire more?

**COSTARD**

The boy hath sold him a bargain±±a goose, that's flat.  
Sir, your pennyworth is good an your goose be fat.  
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose. 100  
Let me see, a fat *l'envoi*±±ay, that's a fat goose.

**ARMADO**

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

**MOTE**

By saying that a costard was broken in a shin.  
Then called you for the *l'envoi*.

**COSTARD** True, and I for a plantain. Thus came your 105  
argument in. Then the boy's fat *l'envoi*, the goose that  
you bought, and he ended the market.

**ARMADO** But tell me, how was there a costard broken in  
a shin?

**MOTE** I will tell you sensibly. 110

**COSTARD** Thou hast no feeling of it. Mote, I will speak  
that *l'envoi*.

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

**ARMADO** We will talk no more of this matter. 115

**COSTARD** Till there be more matter in the shin.

**ARMADO** Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

**COSTARD** O, marry me to one Frances! I smell some *l'envoi*,  
some goose, in this.

**ARMADO** By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at liberty, 120  
enfreesing thy person. Thou wert immured,  
restrained, captivated, bound.

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

**ARMADO** I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance, 125  
and in lieu thereof impose on thee nothing but this:  
bear this significant to the country maid, Jaquenetta.  
(*Giving him a letter*) There is remuneration (*giving him  
money*) , for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding  
my dependants. Mote, follow. 130

*Exit*

**MOTE**

Like the sequel, I. Signor Costard, adieu.

*Exit*

**COSTARD**

My sweet ounce of man's flesh, my incony Jew!  
Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration±±  
O, that's the Latin word for three-farthings. Three-

farthings±±remuneration. `What's the price of this 135  
inkle?' `One penny.' `No, I'll give you a remuneration.'  
Why, it carries it! Remuneration! Why, it is a fairer  
name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out  
of this word.

*Enter Biron*

**BIRON** My good knave Costard, exceedingly well met. 140

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

**BIRON** What is a remuneration?

**COSTARD** Marry, sir, halfpenny-farthing.

**BIRON** Why, then, three-farthing-worth of silk. 145

**COSTARD** I thank your worship. God be wi' you.

**BIRON** Stay, slave, I must employ thee.

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,  
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

**COSTARD** When would you have it done, sir? 150

**BIRON** This afternoon.

**COSTARD** Well, I will do it, sir. Fare you well.

**BIRON** Thou knowest not what it is.

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

**BIRON** Why, villain, thou must know first. 155

**COSTARD** I will come to your worship tomorrow morning.

**BIRON**

It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave,  
It is but this:

The Princess comes to hunt here in the park,  
And in her train there is a gentle lady. 160  
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her  
name,

And Rosaline they call her. Ask for her,  
And to her white hand see thou do commend  
This sealed-up counsel. There's thy guerdon (*giving  
him a letter and money*) , go.

**COSTARD** Guerdon! O sweet guerdon!±±better than 165  
remuneration, elevenpence-farthing better±±most sweet  
guerdon! I will do it, sir, in print. Guerdon±±  
remuneration.

*Exit*

**BIRON**

And I, forsooth, in love±±I that have been love's whip,  
A very beadle to a humorous sigh, 170  
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable,  
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,  
Than whom no mortal so magnificent.  
This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy,  
This Signor Junior, giant dwarf, Dan Cupid, 175  
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,  
Th'anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,  
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,  
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,  
Sole imperator and great general 180  
Of trotting paritors±±O my little heart!  
And I to be a corporal of his field,  
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!  
What? I love, I sue, I seek a wife?±±  
A woman, that is like a German clock, 185  
Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,  
And never going aright, being a watch,  
But being watched that it may still go right.  
Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all,  
And among three to love the worst of all±± 190  
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,  
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes±±  
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed  
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard.  
And I to sigh for her, to watch for her, 195  
To pray for her±±go to, it is a plague  
That Cupid will impose for my neglect  
Of his almighty dreadful little might.  
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, groan:  
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. 200

*Exit*