

Love's Labour's Lost

4.3

Enter Biron with a paper in his hand, alone

BIRON The King, he is hunting the deer. I am coursing myself. They have pitched a toil, I am toiling in a pitch±pitch that defiles. Defile±±a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow; for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the Lord, 5
this love is as mad as Ajax, it kills sheep, it kills me, I a sheep±±well proved again o' my side. I will not love. If I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye! By this light, but for her eye I would not love her. Yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but 10
lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love, and it hath taught me to rhyme and to be melancholy, and here *(showing a paper)* is part of my rhyme, and here *(touching his breast)* my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already. The clown bore it, the fool sent 15
it, and the lady hath it. Sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady. By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper. God give him grace to groan.

He stands aside. The King entereth with a paper

KING Ay me! 20

BIRON *(aside)* Shot, by heaven! Proceed, sweet Cupid, thou hast thumped him with thy birdbolt under the left pap. In faith, secrets.

KING *(reads)*

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose 25
As thy eyebeams when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows.
Nor shines the silver moon one-half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light. 30
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep.
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.

Do but behold the tears that swell in me
And they thy glory through my grief will show. 35

But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.

O Queen of queens, how far dost thou excel,
No thought can think nor tongue of mortal tell.'
How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper. 40
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?

Enter Longueville with papers. The King steps aside
What, Longueville, and reading±±listen, ear!

BIRON (*aside*)

Now in thy likeness one more fool appear!

LONGUEVILLE Ay me! I am forsworn.

BIRON (*aside*)

Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers. 45

KING (*aside*)

In love, I hope! Sweet fellowship in shame.

BIRON (*aside*)

One drunkard loves another of the name.

LONGUEVILLE

Am I the first that have been perjured so?

BIRON (*aside*)

I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I know.
Thou makest the triumvir, the corner-cap of society, 50
The shape of love's Tyburn, that hangs up simplicity.

LONGUEVILLE

I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move.
O sweet Maria, empress of my love,
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

BIRON (*aside*)

O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose, 55
Disfigure not his slop.

LONGUEVILLE This same shall go.

He reads the sonnet

'Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment. 60

A woman I forswore, but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee.

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love.
Thy grace being gained cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is. 65
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour-vow; in thee it is.
If broken then, it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a paradise?' 70

BIRON (*aside*)

This is the liver vein, which makes flesh a deity,
A green goose a goddess, pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend: we are much out o'th'
way.

Enter Dumaine with a paper

LONGUEVILLE (*aside*)

By whom shall I send this? Company? Stay.
He steps aside

BIRON (*aside*)

All hid, all hid±±an old infant play. 75
Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish.
Dumaine transformed±±four woodcocks in a dish!

DUMAINE O most divine Kate! 80

BIRON (*aside*) O most profane coxcomb!

DUMAINE

By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye!

BIRON (*aside*)

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

DUMAINE

Her amber hairs for foul hath amber quoted.

BIRON (*aside*)

An amber-coloured raven was well noted. 85

DUMAINE

As upright as the cedar.

BIRON (*aside*) Stoop, I say.

Her shoulder is with child.

DUMAINE

As fair as day.

BIRON (*aside*)

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

DUMAINE O that I had my wish!

LONGUEVILLE (*aside*) And I had mine! 90

KING (*aside*) And I mine too, good Lord!

BIRON (*aside*)

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

DUMAINE

I would forget her, but a fever she
Reigns in my blood and will remembered be.

BIRON (*aside*)

A fever in your blood±±why then, incision 95
Would let her out in saucers±±sweet misprision.

DUMAINE

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

BIRON (*aside*)

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

Dumaine reads his sonnet

DUMAINE

On a day±±alack the day±±
Love, whose month is ever May, 100
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air.

Through the velvet leaves the wind
All unseen can passage find,
That the lover, sick to death, 105
Wished himself the heavens' breath.

^aAir^o, quoth he, ^athy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so.

But, alack, my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn±± 110
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.

Do not call it sin in me
That I am forsworn for thee,
Thou for whom great Jove would swear 115
Juno but an Ethiop were,
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.^o '

This will I send, and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain. 120

O, would the King, Biron, and Longueville

Were lovers too! Ill to example ill
Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note,
For none offend where all alike do dote.

LONGUEVILLE (*coming forward*)

Dumaine, thy love is far from charity, 125
That in love's grief desir'st society.
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard and taken napping so.

KING (*coming forward*)

Come, sir, you blush. As his, your case is such.
You chide at him, offending twice as much. 130

You do not love Maria? Longueville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile,
Nor never lay his wreathéd arms athwart
His loving bosom to keep down his heart?
I have been closely shrouded in this bush, 135

And marked you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your fashion,
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion.
`Ay me!' says one, `O Jove!' the other cries.
One, her hairs were gold; crystal the other's eyes. 140

(*To Longueville*) You would for paradise break faith and
troth,

(*To Dumaine*) And Jove for your love would infringe an
oath.

What will Biron say when that he shall hear
Faith so infringeéd, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn, how will he spend his wit! 145
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it!
For all the wealth that ever I did see
I would not have him know so much by me.

BIRON (*coming forward*)

Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me. 150

Good heart, what grace hast thou thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches. In your tears
There is no certain princess that appears.

You'll not be perjured, 'tis a hateful thing; 155
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting!

But are you not ashamed, nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
(*To Longueville*) You found his mote, the King your
mote did see,

But I a beam do find in each of three. 160

O, what a scene of fool'ry have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformeÁd to a gnat!
To see great Hercules whipping a gig, 165

And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And Nestor play at pushpin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumaine?
And, gentle Longueville, where lies thy pain? 170
And where my liege's? All about the breast.
A caudle, ho!

KING Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betrayed thus to thy over-view?

BIRON
Not you to me, but I betrayed by you.
I that am honest, I that hold it sin 175
To break the vow I am engageÁd in.
I am betrayed by keeping company
With men like you, men of inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme,
Or groan for Joan, or spend a minute's time 180
In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?

KING Soft, whither away so fast?
A true man or a thief, that gallops so? 185

BIRON
I post from love; good lover, let me go.
*Enter Jaquenetta with a letter, and Costard the
clown*

JAQUENETTA
God bless the King!

KING What present hast thou there?

COSTARD

Some certain treason.

KING What makes treason here?

COSTARD

Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

KING If it mar nothing neither,

The treason and you go in peace away together! 190

JAQUENETTA

I beseech your grace, let this letter be read.

Our parson misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.

KING Biron, read it over.

Biron takes and reads the letter

(To Jaquenetta) Where hadst thou it?

JAQUENETTA Of Costard. 195

KING *(to Costard)* Where hadst thou it?

COSTARD Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

Biron tears the letter

KING *(to Biron)*

How now, what is in you? Why dost thou tear it?

BIRON

A toy, my liege, a toy. Your grace needs not fear it.

LONGUEVILLE

It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it. 200

DUMAINE *(taking up a piece of the letter)*

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

BIRON *(to Costard)*

Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, you were born to do
me shame!

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

KING What?

BIRON

That you three fools lacked me fool to make up the
mess. 205

He, he, and you±±e'en you, my liege±±and I

Are pickpurses in love, and we deserve to die.

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

DUMAINE

Now the number is even.

BIRON True, true; we are four.

Will these turtles be gone?

KING Hence, sirs; away. 210

COSTARD

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

BIRON

Sweet lords, sweet lovers!±±O, let us embrace.
As true we are as flesh and blood can be.
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face.
Young blood doth not obey an old decree. 215
We cannot cross the cause why we were born,
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.

KING

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

BIRON

‘Did they’, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly
Rosaline
That, like a rude and savage man of Ind 220
At the first op’ning of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head and, stricken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow 225
That is not blinded by her majesty?

KING

What zeal, what fury hath inspired thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon,
She an attending star, scarce seen a light.

BIRON

My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron. 230
O, but for my love, day would turn to night.
Of all complexions the culled sovereignty
Do meet as at a fair in her fair cheek,
Where several worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek. 235
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues±±
Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not.
To things of sale a seller’s praise belongs.
She passes praise±±then praise too short doth blot.
A withered hermit fivescore winters worn 240
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye.
Beauty doth varnish age as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle’s infancy.

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

KING

By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

245

BIRON

Is ebony like her? O word divine!

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath? Where is a book,

That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack

If that she learn not of her eye to look? 250

No face is fair that is not full so black.

KING

O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,

The hue of dungeons and the style of night,

And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

BIRON

Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light. 255

O, if in black my lady's brows be decked,

It mourns that painting and usurping hair

Should ravish doters with a false aspect,

And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her favour turns the fashion of the days, 260

For native blood is counted painting now,

And therefore red that would avoid dispraise

Paints itself black to imitate her brow.

DUMAINE

To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.

LONGUEVILLE

And since her time are colliers counted bright. 265

KING

And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.

DUMAINE

Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

BIRON

Your mistresses dare never come in rain,

For fear their colours should be washed away.

KING

'Twere good yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain, 270

I'll find a fairer face not washed today.

BIRON

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

KING

No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

DUMAINE
I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

LONGUEVILLE (*showing his foot*)
Look, here's thy love±±my foot and her face see. 275

BIRON
O, if the streets were paveÁd with thine eyes
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.

DUMAINE
O vile! Then as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walked overhead.

KING
But what of this? Are we not all in love? 280

BIRON
Nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworn.

KING
Then leave this chat and, good Biron, now prove
Our loving lawful and our faith not torn.

DUMAINE
Ay, marry there, some flattery for this evil.

LONGUEVILLE
O, some authority how to proceed, 285
Some tricks, some quillets how to cheat the devil.

DUMAINE
Some salve for perjury.

BIRON O, 'tis more than need.
Have at you, then, affection's men-at-arms.
Consider what you first did swear unto:
To fast, to study, and to see no woman±± 290
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? Your stomachs are too young,
And abstinence engenders maladies.
O, we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books; 295
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enriched you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain, 300
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil.

But love, first learnéd in a lady's eyes,
 Lives not alone immureÁd in the brain,
 But with the motion of all elements 305
 Courses as swift as thought in every power,
 And gives to every power a double power
 Above their functions and their offices.
 It adds a precious seeing to the eye±±
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind. 310
 A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopped.
 Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
 Than are the tender horns of cockled snails.
 Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste. 315
 For valour, is not love a Hercules,
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
 Subtle as Sphinx, as sweet and musical
 As bright Apollo's lute strung with his hair;
 And when love speaks, the voice of all the gods 320
 Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write
 Until his ink were tempered with love's sighs.
 O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
 And plant in tyrants mild humility. 325
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive.
 They sparkle still the right Promethean fire.
 They are the books, the arts, the academes
 That show, contain, and nourish all the world,
 Else none at all in aught proves excellent. 330
 Then fools you were these women to forswear,
 Or keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
 For wisdom's sake±±a word that all men love±±
 Or for love's sake±±a word that loves all men±±
 Or for men's sake±±the authors of these women±± 335
 Or women's sake±±by whom we men are men±±
 Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
 Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
 It is religion to be thus forsworn,
 For charity itself fulfils the law, 340
 And who can sever love from charity?

KING

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

BIRON

Advance your standards, and upon them, lords.
Pell-mell, down with them; but be first advised
In conflict that you get the sun of them. 345

LONGUEVILLE

Now to plain dealing. Lay these glozes by.
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

KING

And win them, too! Therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

BIRON

First, from the park let us conduct them thither; 350
Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress. In the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape,
For revels, dances, masques, and merry hours 355
Forerun fair love, strewing her way with flowers.

KING

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

BIRON

Allons, allons! Sowed cockle reaped no corn,
And justice always whirls in equal measure. 360
Light wenchies may prove plagues to men forsworn.
If so, our copper buys no better treasure.

Exeunt