

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