LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

NOTES AND INTRODUCTION

BY

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.[1]

FERDINAND, King of Navarre.

BIRON,[2]
LONGAVILLE,[3] } Lords attending on the King.
DUMAIN,

BOYET,[4]
MERCADE,[5] } Lords attending on the Princess of France.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO,[6] a Spaniard.
SIR NATHANIEL, a Curate.
HOLOFERNES, a Schoolmaster.
DULL, a Constable.
COSTARD,[7] a Clown.
MOTH,[8] Page to Armado.
A FORESTER.

PRINCESS OF FRANCE.

ROSALINE,[9]
MARIA,
KATHARINE, } Ladies attending on the Princess.

JAQUENETTA, a Country Wench.

Lords, Attendants, &c.

THE SCENE IS LAID IN NAVARRE.

HISTORICAL PERIOD: about the year 1427.[10]

TIME OF ACTION,

TWO DAYS:[11]—First day, Acts I. and II.; Second day, Acts III. to V.

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[1] DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: first enumerated by Rowe.

[2] BIRON, spelt *Berowne* in Q. 1, F. 1, Q. 2: the accent is invariably on the last syllable. On the title-pages of the two plays of Chapman founded on the history of the celebrated Duc De Biron, the name is spelt in both instances *Byron*.

[3] LONGAVILLE, spelt *Longavill* in Q. 1, F. 1, Q. 2; made to rhyme with *ill* in iv. 3. 123.

[4] BOYET, pronounced with the accent on the last syllable; made to rhyme to *debt* in v. 2. 334.

[5] MERCADE, printed *Marcade* in Qq. and Ff.

[6] ARMADO, sometimes written *Armatho;* in Q. 1 and F. 1 often called the *Braggart*.

[7] COSTARD, often called in Q. 1, F. 1 simply *Clown*.

[8] MOTH. Grant White suggests that *Moth* should be written *Mote*, "as it was clearly thus pronounced." Certainly *mote* is written *moth* both by Q. 1 and F. 1, in iv. 3. 161.

[9] ROSALINE, made to rhyme with *thine*, iv. 3. 221.

[10] See Hunter's Illustrations, vol. i. p. 257 and note 41.

[11] This is Mr. P. A. Daniel's calculation, and is manifestly right.

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INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST was published for the first time in quarto with the following title:—

"A | Pleasant | Conceited Comedie | called | Loues labors lost. | As it was presented before her Highnes | this last Christmas | Newly corrected and augmented | By W. Shakespere. | Imprinted at London by W. W. | for *Cuthbert Burby*, 1598."

The folio edition is, more or less, a reprint of this quarto, differing mainly in its being divided into acts. The Cambridge editors add, "and as usual inferior in accuracy;" but in that sweeping judgment I cannot agree.[1] In some cases the readings of the Quarto are preferable, in others those of the Folio. The Second Quarto (Q. 2) is reprinted from the First Folio.

It bears the following title:—

"Loues Labours lost. | A wittie and pleasant | comedie, | As it was Acted by his Maiesties Seruants at | *the* Blacke-Friers *and the* Globe. | *Written* | By William Shakespeare. | London, | Printed by W. S. for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be | sold at his shop in Saint Dunstones Church-yard vnder the Diall. | 1631."

The date of this play may be fixed with tolerable accuracy about 1589–90. It certainly is one of Shakespeare's earliest, if the evidence, afforded by metre and style, is worth anything. As compared with The Comedy of Errors, Love's Labour's Lost has nearly twice as many rhymed lines as blank verse, while the former play has only one rhyme in three. In the scarcity of eleven-syllable lines among the blank verse; in the quantity of doggerel and of alternate rhymes, this play bears the usual characteristics of Shakespeare's earliest style more strongly marked than The Comedy of Errors or The Two Gentlemen of Verona The allusions contained in Love's Labour's Lost, which help to settle the date of it, are the references to "Bankes's horse" (i. 2. 57), whose first exhibition is said to have been in 1589; to "Monarcho," a crazy Italian,[2] so called because he claimed to be the monarch of the world, to whom allusions may be found in an epitaph by Churchyard (1580), and in A Brief Discourse of the Spanish State, 4to, 1590; as well as the adoption by Shakespeare of names for some of his principal characters from those of persons who figured prominently in French politics from 1581 to 1590, such as Biron, Longaville, Dumain (Duc du Maine). (See S. L. Lee's communication, given in Furnivall's "Forewords" to Facsimile of First Quarto.)

This play is mentioned, in 1598, by two writers; by Meres in the well-known passage in Palladis Tamia, and by Robert Tofte in a poem called Alba: or the Months Minde of a Melancholy Lover, who speaks of it as a play he "once did see," implying that he saw it some time before. Dr. Grosart, in his edition of Robert Southwell's poems (written about 1594), professes to find an adaptation of a passage from this play (iv. 3. 350–353) in a description of the eyes of our Saviour. Drummond of Hawthornden enumerates among the books he read in 1606, *Loues Labors Lost*.

As to the source from which Shakespeare derived the story of Love's Labour's Lost, no-

[1] See Mr. Furnivall's admirable analysis of the differences between Q. 1 and F. 1, in his "Forewords" to Griggs' Facsimile of Q. 1.

[2] His real name was Bergamasco, as appears from A Brief Discourse of the Spanish State, &c., 4to, quoted by Staunton.

thing is known. No older play on the same subject has yet been discovered, nor any story upon which it could have been founded.[1] Undoubtedly it was revised and altered by Shakespeare, considerably, between the date of its first production and that of its publication. The last two acts, especially, bear unmistakable marks of the author's revision. The lines (iv. 3. 299–304)[2] are evidently the first version of the subsequent lines 320–323, and 350–353; as are the lines v. 2. 827–832,[2] of lines 850–863 in the same scene. In both cases the earlier versions are very much inferior to the later amplifications.

STAGE HISTORY.

Very little is known of the stage history of this play. From the title-page of the first quarto we know that it was acted at court at Christmas, 1597, before Queen Elizabeth; that it was revived in 1604 we know from a letter[3] of Sir Walter Cope, addressed to Lord Cranborne, and endorsed 1604.

"I have sent and been all this morning hunting for players, jugglers, and such kind of creatures, but find them hard to find; wherefore, leaving notes for them to seek me, Burbage is come, and says there is no new play which the queen hath not seen; but they have revived an old one, called *Loves Labore Lost*, which for wit and mirth he says will please her exceedingly. And this is appointed to be played to-morrow night at my Lord of Southampton's, unless you send a writ to remove the corpus cum causa to your house in Strand. Burbage is my messenger. Ready attending your pleasure.—Yours most humbly, WALTER COPE."

No mention of this play having been acted occurs in Henslowe's Diary, 1591–1609, nor in Pepys, nor in Genest, whose work embraces the period between 1660 and 1830. In October, 1839, under the management of Madame Vestris, Love's Labour's Lost was played at Covent Garden; the cast of this performance, as given in Duncombe's acting edition, included, among other well-known names, Mr. Harley as *Don Adriano*, Mr. Keeley as *Costard*, Mrs. Nisbett as the *Princess*, and Madame Vestris as *Rosaline*. It was also acted in 1853 at Sadlers Wells, under the management of Mr. Phelps, who himself took the part of *Don Adriano*.[4] I can find no instance of its subsequent representation in our time.

Genest mentions a play called Students, and dated 1762, but never acted. He says: "This is professedly Love's Labour's Lost adapted to the stage; but it does not seem to have been ever acted—the maker of the alteration (as is usual in these cases) has left out too much of Shakespeare, and put in too much of his own stuff—Biron is foolishly made to put on Costard's coat—in this disguise he speaks part of what belongs to Costard, and is mistaken for him by several of the characters. The curate and schoolmaster are omitted, but one of the pedantic speeches belonging to the latter is absurdly given to a player. One thing is very happily altered; Armado's letter to the king is omitted as a letter, and the contents of it are thrown into Armado's part. The cuckoo song is transferred from the end of the play to the 2d act, in which it is sung by Moth. It is now usually sung in As you Like it."

CRITICAL REMARKS.

It may be difficult to point out Shakespeare's best play, but there is little difficulty in pointing out his worst. Love's Labour's Lost, whether we consider it as a drama, or as a study of character, or as a poetical work, is certainly the least to be admired of all his plays. How little real attraction it possesses as a drama is proved by the fact that, during the whole period over which Genest's record extends, Love's Labour's Lost was never once acted. It appears to have been fortunate enough to please Queen Elizabeth; but considering that Lilly's plays found so great favour with that

[1] Hunter gives a passage from Monstrelet, in which a payment of "two hundred thousand gold crowns" by the King of France to Charles, King of Navarre, is spoken of. See ii. 1. 129–132, in the note on which passage I have given the quotation in full.

[2] The references here are to the lines in the Globe Edition, as in this edition the redundant lines are omitted altogether.

[3] Ingleby's Centurie of Prayse, second edition, p. 62.

[4] I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. E. L. Blanchard for the above information.

learned and virtuous sovereign, this fact does not say much for the intrinsic merits of Love's Labour's Lost. There is scarcely one scene which contains any real dramatic interest. Perhaps the best is the one, in which Biron overhears the confessions of love on the part of the king and the other two lords. His stepping forth to whip hypocrisy is very amusing, considering that he has already confessed to the audience his own passion for Rosaline, and that he is almost immediately convicted of being equally false to his vows with those whom he has denounced, through the clumsy intervention of Costard and Jaquenetta. In all Shakespeare's other plays, not excepting Timon of Athens, there is a gradually increasing dramatic interest; but in this play no one who reads it, or who sees it acted, can care very much about the fate of any character in it. None of the female characters are developed sufficiently to enlist our sympathies; while the male ones produce, for the most part, only a sense of weariness in the reader or spectator. The individuality of each character is very slight. Biron and Boyet, Armado and Holofernes, Costard and Dull, Rosaline and Maria, are each like faint reflections of the other; they run in pairs, as it were, and the power which should have been concentrated on the one is frittered away on both. The end of the play is, to an audience, eminently unsatisfactory; no definite result is attained, and the spectator is simply left to imagine that, in the course of a year or so, the various couples, male and female, are joined together in holy matrimony. The comic element is infinitely weaker even than in The Two Gentlemen of Verona; while, for construction and situation, The Comedy of Errors ranks far above Love's Labour's Lost.

It would seem that Shakespeare had two main objects in writing Love's Labour's Lost; first, to ridicule the euphuistic school, to satirize the pedantic tone and tedious antitheses of Lilly's plays; secondly, to laugh good-humouredly at the clumsy and ineffective pageants, which it was then the custom for the country people to present at the houses and in the gardens of the nobility, or at village fairs and festivals. One can well imagine that Shakespeare, when quite a young man, feeling within himself the latent power of a great dramatist, must have been more or less incensed at the ridiculous extravagance of the praise awarded to John Lilly, who was at that time, undoubtedly, the most popular playwright. Lilly's comedies, or whatever he was pleased to call them, were performed by companies of boys in the presence of her gracious majesty Queen Elizabeth, who led the applause. The laborious and sententious style of dialogue, the vulgarly paraded scholarship—if we may use such a term for the lavish sprinkling of Latin phrases,[1] which Lilly puts into the mouth of every character, whether heathen god, or Christian clown—the utterly affected and unnatural sentiments, the absence of any real passion, all these points were just of the nature which Queen Elizabeth could thoroughly appreciate. Whatever the talent of her courtiers might be, they were far too submissive to dispute her judgment; and the lower classes, as far as they took any interest in the matter, followed suit: so that, during the period when Shakespeare was growing from boyhood to manhood, John Lilly was accepted as the leading dramatist of the age. It cannot be denied that Lilly had talent, or that his plays contain, here and there, flashes of merit and even of poetry; but his was essentially a false and unwholesome style of writing; and, indeed, had it been otherwise, he would scarcely have found favour at court then, or in later days. It is also true that Queen Elizabeth made some pretence, at a subsequent time, of appreciating Shakespeare;[2]

[1] Dr. Landmann in his interesting paper on "Shakspere and Euphuism" (New Shak. Soc. Transactions, Feb. 10, 1822), makes the astounding statement that "Lilly's style is free from Latin and foreign-English, nor does he *indulge in Latin quotations.*" No one who reads Lilly's plays can fail to notice the ridiculous abundance of Latin quotations and sentences, assigned to every character, without the slightest regard to their appropriateness in the mouth of the person who speaks them.

[2] Although Queen Elizabeth's style is generally oversententious and affected, yet some of her writings—her letter to Essex, for instance (Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. i. p. 302)—are so clear and masterly, that one cannot well believe she really held Lilly superior to Shakespeare. But her vanity was so great, that she would not show any marked favour to one who declined to condescend to such adulations as Lilly did in his Cynthia's Revels, or Peele in his Arraignment of Paris. It is to Shakespeare's honour that his writings are nowhere disfigured by such sycophancy.

that is not the question at present. What I wish to point out is, that the extravagance and tediousness of Love's Labour's Lost may be attributed, in a great measure, to the over-anxiety of a young writer to satirize one, whose popularity he felt to be undeserved; and whose superior he knew himself to be, not with the self-conceit of a merely clever man, but with the intuition of genius. Shakespeare, however, fell into the fault which young writers, actuated by similar motives, generally display. His satire was so elaborate, that it became equally tedious with that which it sought to ridicule. Armado is quite as great a bore as Sir Tophas in Lilly's Endymion, and Moth may rival for his impertinence—in the strict sense of the word—any of the numerous young prodigies who, under the title of "pages," infest Lilly's plays. But, in spite of all its faults, the satire of Love's Labour's Lost was, no doubt, very effective. The popularity of Lilly seems to have faded before the rising star of those dramatists who, like Shakespeare, imitated his epigrammatic force, while they infused into *their* characters what *his* wanted, life and nature. For some time conceits had their day. It was a long day; but, by the time Shakespeare's genius had begun to mature, he was able to discard such adventitious aid and ornament.

The character of Holofernes has been supposed by some commentators to have been intended for John Florio, the author of many works, and especially of the well-known Italian-English Dictionary which bears his name. Apart from other reasons, it may be doubted whether Shakespeare would have ridiculed one who was so especial a protégé of the Earl of Southampton as Florio was. It is more probable that under cover of a character found, as The Pedant, in many old Italian comedies, Shakespeare intended to satirize the silly display of Latinity which Lilly was so fond of making in his plays. Doubtless, as Dr. Landmann points out, the Spanish bombastic style is more specially ridiculed in Don Armado, and, in the king and his courtiers, the love-sick affectations of the school which professed to follow Petrarch.

In his ridicule of such pageants as the clowns of Warwickshire presented before their liege lords, Shakespeare was more happy, because less tedious; of course, in the admirable "Clown's scenes" of Midsummer's Night's Dream he reaches a far higher point than he does in this play. One can easily imagine the humorous, thoughtful face of the young lad from Stratford-upon-Avon amongst the crowd of spectators at one of those "*pleasant interludes;*" one can picture him as he notes down in his mind the amusing blunders of the rustic actors, and evolves from such scanty materials the rich humour of "Pyramus and Thisbe."

As to the bearing of this play on the social questions of Shakespeare's day, I doubt if he had any intention to treat such serious matters, as the intellectual position of women compared with that of men, in the work before us; nor can we draw any parallel between this play and Tennyson's Princess, without stretching conjecture to unjustifiable limits.

In all Shakespeare's earlier plays there is some idea imperfectly worked out which foreshadows one of his later and more perfect creations. The weak wit-combats, if they can be called so, of Biron and Rosaline, of Boyet and Maria, contain the feeble embryo of those matchless creations, Benedick and Beatrice.

It would be unfair to dismiss this play without noticing the great superiority, as far at least as poetical merit goes, of the two last acts, which were, undoubtedly, much enlarged and improved by Shakespeare, at some period later than that of their original production. There is an elevation in the language of the Princess, in the last act, which belongs to a later period of Shakespeare's career; and some of Biron's speeches contain evidence of a far more skilful touch, both in the metre and in the matter, than the writer possessed when executing the earlier portions of the play.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The king of Navarre's park.*

Enter FERDINAND, *king of Navarre*, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors,—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are pass'd; and now subscribe your names,
That his own hand may strike his honour down
That violates the smallest branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolv'd; 'tis but a three years' fast:
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates, and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified:
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over;
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances;
As, not to see a woman in that term,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there;
And one day in a week to touch no food
And but one meal on every day beside,
The which I hope is not enrolled there;
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day—
When I was wont to think no harm all night.

And make a dark night too of half the day—
Which I hope well is not enrolled there:
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep!
King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.
Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please:
I only swore to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.
[*Long.* You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.
Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the end of study? let me know.
King. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.
Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?
King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.
Biron. Come on, then; I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus,—to study where I well may dine,
When I to fast expressly am forbid;
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid;
Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.
King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.
Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which with pain purchas'd doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:
Light seeking light doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed
By fixing it upon a fairer eye,
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks:
Small[1] have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
Too much to know is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.
King. How well he 's read, to reason against reading!
Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!
Long. He weeds the corn and still lets grow the weeding.
Biron. The spring is near when green geese are a-breeding.
Dum. How follows that?
Biron. Fit in his place and time.
Dum. In reason nothing.
Biron. Something then in rhyme.
King. Biron is like an envious sneaping[2] frost
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.
Biron. Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in any abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.]
King. Well, sit you out: go home, Biron: adieu.
Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:
[And though I have for barbarism spoke more
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I 'll keep what I have swore
And bide the penance of each three years' day.]

[1] *Small,* small or little (gain). [2] *Sneaping,* checking.

Give me the paper; let me read the same;
And to the strict'st decrees I 'll write my name.
King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!
Biron [*reads*]. "Item,-That no woman shall come within a mile of my court:" Hath this been proclaimed?
Long. Four days ago.
Biron. Let 's see the penalty. [*Reads*] "On pain of losing her tongue." Who devised this penalty?
Long. Marry, that did I.
Biron. Sweet lord, and why?
Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.
Biron. A dangerous law against gentility!
[*Reads*] "Item, if any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise."
This article, my liege, yourself must break;
For well you know here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter with yourself to speak,—
A maid of grace, complete in majesty—
About surrender up of Aquitaine
To her decrepit, sick, and bedrid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes th' admired princess hither.
King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.
Biron. So study evermore is overshot:
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should,
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'T is won as towns with fire, so won, so lost.
King. We must of force dispense with this decree;
She must lie[1] here on mere necessity.
Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space;
For every man with his affects is born,
Not by might master'd but by special grace:
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me;
I am forsworn on "mere necessity."
So to the laws at large I write my name:
[*Subscribes.*
And he that breaks them in the least degree
Stands in attainder of eternal shame:
Suggestions[2] are to others as to me;
But I believe, although I seem so loath,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick[3] recreation granted?
King. Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;
One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements,[4] whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.
Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new[5] words, fashion's own knight.
Long. Costard the swain and he shall be our sport;
And so to study; three years is but short.

Enter DULL *with a letter, and* COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?
Biron. This, fellow: what would'st?
Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough:[6] but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.
Biron. This is he.
Dull. Signior Arme — Arme — commends you. There 's villany abroad: this letter will tell you more.
Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.
King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.
Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.
Long. A high hope for a low heaven: God grant us patience!
Biron. To hear? or forbear laughing?

[1] *Lie*, reside.

[2] *Suggestions*, temptations. [3] *Quick*, lively.
[4] *Complements*, ornamental accomplishments.
[5] *Fire-new*, bran-new.
[6] *Tharborough*, third borough, a peace-officer.

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately: or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.[1]

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner

Dull. There 's villany abroad: this letter will tell you more.

of a man to speak to a woman: for the form, —in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction: and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King [*reads*]. "Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's god, and body's fostering patron."

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King [*reads*]. "So it is,"—

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.

King. Peace!

Cost. Be to me and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words!

Cost. Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King [*reads*]. "So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when. About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper: so much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walk'd upon: it is yclipèd thy park. Then for the place where; [where,

[1] *With the manner*, in the fact.