

**УИЛЬЯМ
ШЕКСПИР**

LOVE'S

LABOUR'S

LOST

Уильям Шекспир
Love's Labour's Lost

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Содержание

| | |
|--|----|
| SCENE: Navarre | 6 |
| ACT I. SCENE I. Navarre. The King's park | 6 |
| SCENE II. The park | 13 |
| ACT II. SCENE II. The park | 18 |
| Конец ознакомительного фрагмента. | 24 |

William Shakespeare

Love's Labour's Lost

Dramatis Personae

FERDINAND, King of Navarre
BEROWNE, lord attending on the King
LONGAVILLE, " " " " "
DUMAIN, " " " " "
BOYET, lord attending on the Princess of France
MARCADE, " " " " " "
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, fantastical Spaniard
SIR NATHANIEL, a curate
HOLOFERNES, a schoolmaster
DULL, a constable
COSTARD, a clown
MOTH, page to Armado
A FORESTER
THE PRINCESS OF FRANCE
ROSALINE, lady attending on the Princess
MARIA, " " " " "
KATHARINE, lady attending on the Princess
JAQUENETTA, a country wench
Lords, Attendants, etc.

SCENE: Navarre

ACT I. SCENE I. Navarre. The King's park

Enter the King, BEROWNE, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN

KING. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live regist'ed upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
Th' 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, Berowne, 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.

LONGAVILLE. 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.

DUMAIN. 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.

BEROWNE. 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.

BEROWNE. 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.

LONGAVILLE. You swore to that, Berowne, and to the rest.

BEROWNE. 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.

BEROWNE. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?

KING. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

BEROWNE. 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 feast 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.

BEROWNE. 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 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!

DUMAIN. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

LONGAVILLE. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

BEROWNE. The spring is near, when green geese are a-breeding.

DUMAIN. How follows that?

BEROWNE. Fit in his place and time.

DUMAIN. In reason nothing.

BEROWNE. Something then in rhyme.

LONGAVILLE. Berowne is like an envious sneaping frost

That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

BEROWNE. 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 out; go home, Berowne; adieu.

BEROWNE. 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.

Give me the paper; let me read the same;

And to the strictest decrees I'll write my name.

KING. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

BEROWNE. [Reads] 'Item. That no woman shall come within a mile
of

my court'— Hath this been proclaimed?

LONGAVILLE. Four days ago.

BEROWNE. Let's see the penalty. [Reads] '-on pain of losing her
tongue.' Who devis'd this penalty?

LONGAVILLE. Marry, that did I.

BEROWNE. Sweet lord, and why?

LONGAVILLE. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

BEROWNE. 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 mild of grace and complete 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.
BEROWNE. So study evermore is over-shot.
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,
'Tis won as towns with fire- so won, so lost.
KING. We must of force dispense with this decree;
She must lie here on mere necessity.
BEROWNE. 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 mast' red, 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 are to other 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 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 who the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements, 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.
BEROWNE. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.
LONGAVILLE. Costard the swain and he shall be our sport;
And so to study three years is but short.

Enter DULL, a constable, with a letter, and COSTARD

DULL. Which is the Duke's own person?
BEROWNE. This, fellow. What wouldst?
DULL. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his Grace's

farborough; but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

BEROWNE. This is he.

DULL. Signior Arme- Arme- commends you. There's villainy abroad;

this letter will tell you more.

COSTARD. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

KING. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

BEROWNE. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

LONGAVILLE. A high hope for a low heaven. God grant us patience!

BEROWNE. To hear, or forbear hearing?

LONGAVILLE. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or, to

forbear both.

BEROWNE. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb

in the merriness.

COSTARD. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta.

The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

BEROWNE. In what manner?

COSTARD. 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 of a man to speak to a woman. For the form- in some form.

BEROWNE. For the following, sir?

COSTARD. As it shall follow in my correction; and God defend the

right!

KING. Will you hear this letter with attention?

BEROWNE. As we would hear an oracle.

COSTARD. 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 fost'ring

patron'-

COSTARD. Not a word of Costard yet.

KING. [Reads] 'So it is'-

COSTARD. It may be so; but if he say it is so, he is, in telling

true, but so.

KING. Peace!

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

KING. No words!

COSTARD. 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 upon; it is ycleped thy park. Then

for the place Where? where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene

and most prepost'rous event that draweth from my snow-white pen

the ebon-coloured ink which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the place Where? It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden. There did I see that low-spirited swain,

that base minnow of thy mirth,'

COSTARD. Me?

KING. 'that unlettered small-knowing soul,'

COSTARD. Me?

KING. 'that shallow vassal,'

COSTARD. Still me?

KING. 'which, as I remember, hight Costard,'

COSTARD. O, me!

KING. 'sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed

edict and continent canon; which, with, O, with- but with this I

passion to say wherewith-'

COSTARD. With a wench.

King. 'with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy

more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I, as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on, have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet Grace's officer, Antony Dull, a man of

good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.'

DULL. Me, an't shall please you; I am Antony Dull.

KING. 'For Jaquenetta- so is the weaker vessel called, which I

apprehended with the aforesaid swain- I keep her as a vessel
of
thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice,
bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and
heart-burning heat of duty,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.'

BEROWNE. This is not so well as I look'd for, but the best that
ever I heard.

KING. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to
this?

COSTARD. Sir, I confess the wench.

KING. Did you hear the proclamation?

COSTARD. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the
marking of it.

KING. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment to be taken with
a
wench.

COSTARD. I was taken with none, sir; I was taken with a damsel.

KING. Well, it was proclaimed damsel.

COSTARD. This was no damsel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

KING. It is so varied too, for it was proclaimed virgin.

COSTARD. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a
maid.

KING. This 'maid' not serve your turn, sir.

COSTARD. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

KING. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a
week
with bran and water.

COSTARD. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

KING. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.

My Lord Berowne, see him delivered o'er;

And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

Exeunt KING, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN

BEROWNE. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.

Sirrah, come on.

COSTARD. I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is I was
taken

with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore
welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day
smile

again; and till then, sit thee down, sorrow.

Exeunt

SCENE II. The park

Enter ARMADO and MOTH, his page

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

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

ARMADO. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

MOTH. No, no; O Lord, sir, no!

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

MOTH. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough signior.

ARMADO. Why tough signior? Why tough signior?

MOTH. 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.

MOTH. And I, tough signior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

ARMADO. Pretty and apt.

MOTH. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and

my saying pretty?

ARMADO. Thou pretty, because little.

MOTH. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

ARMADO. And therefore apt, because quick.

MOTH. Speak you this in my praise, master?

ARMADO. In thy condign praise.

MOTH. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

ARMADO. that an eel is ingenious?

MOTH. That an eel is quick.

ARMADO. I do say thou art quick in answers; thou heat'st my blood.

MOTH. I am answer'd, sir.

ARMADO. I love not to be cross'd.

MOTH. [Aside] He speaks the mere contrary: crosses love not him.

ARMADO. I have promised to study three years with the Duke.

MOTH. You may do it in an hour, sir.

ARMADO. Impossible.

MOTH. How many is one thrice told?

ARMADO. I am ill at reck'ning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

MOTH. You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

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

MOTH. Then I am sure you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace

amounts to.

ARMADO. It doth amount to one more than two.

MOTH. Which the base vulgar do call three.

ARMADO. True.

MOTH. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here 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!

MOTH. [Aside] To prove you a cipher.

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 any French courtier for a new-devis'd curtsy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks I should out-swear Cupid.

Comfort

me, boy; what great men have been in love?

MOTH. Hercules, master.

ARMADO. Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name more;

and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

MOTH. 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.

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 Moth?

MOTH. A woman, master.

ARMADO. Of what complexion?

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

ARMADO. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

MOTH. Of the sea-water green, sir.

ARMADO. Is that one of the four complexions?

MOTH. 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.

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

ARMADO. My love is most immaculate white and red.

MOTH. Most maculate thoughts, master, are mask'd under such colours.

ARMADO. Define, define, well-educated infant.

MOTH. My father's wit my mother's tongue assist me!

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

MOTH. If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known;

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

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?

MOTH. 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 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.

MOTH. [Aside] To be whipt; and yet a better love than my master.

ARMADO. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

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

ARMADO. I say, sing.

MOTH. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA

DULL. Sir, the Duke's pleasure is that you keep 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 allow'd for the day-woman. Fare you well.

ARMADO. I do betray myself with blushing. Maid!

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!

ARMADO. I will tell thee wonders.

JAQUENETTA. With that face?

ARMADO. I love thee.

JAQUENETTA. So I heard you say.

ARMADO. And so, farewell.

JAQUENETTA. Fair weather after you!

DULL. Come, Jaquenetta, away. Exit with 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 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.

MOTH. Come, you transgressing slave, away.

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

MOTH. No, sir; that were fast, and loose. Thou shalt to prison.

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

have seen, some shall see.

MOTH. What shall some see?

COSTARD. Nay, nothing, Master Moth, 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.

Exeunt MOTH and COSTARD

ARMADO. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe,

which is baser, guided by her foot, 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. 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.
Exit

ACT II. SCENE II. The park

Enter the PRINCESS OF FRANCE, with three attending ladies, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, and two other LORDS

BOYET. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits.

Consider who the King your father sends,
To whom he sends, and what's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace
As Nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside
And prodigally gave them all to you.

PRINCESS OF FRANCE. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,

Needs not the painted flourish of your praise.
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utt'red by base sale of chapmen's tongues;
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker: good Boyet,
You are not ignorant all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall outwear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court.
Therefore to's seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor.
Tell him the daughter of the King of France,
On serious business, craving quick dispatch,
Importunes personal conference with his Grace.
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

BOYET. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

PRINCESS OF FRANCE. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.

Exit BOYET

Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

FIRST LORD. Lord Longaville is one.

PRINCESS OF FRANCE. Know you the man?

MARIA. I know him, madam; at a marriage feast,
Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville.
A man of sovereign parts, peerless esteem'd,
Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms;
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will,
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.

PRINCESS OF FRANCE. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?

MARIA. They say so most that most his humours know.

PRINCESS OF FRANCE. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they
grow.

Who are the rest?

KATHARINE. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue loved;
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill,
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke Alencon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw
Is my report to his great worthiness.

ROSALINE. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, if I have heard a truth.
Berowne they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit,
For every object that the one doth catch
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
Delivers in such apt and gracious words
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

PRINCESS OF FRANCE. God bless my ladies! Are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

FIRST LORD. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET

PRINCESS OF FRANCE. Now, what admittance, lord?

BOYET. Navarre had notice of your fair approach,
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,

Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt:
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.

[The LADIES-IN-WAITING mask]

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BEROWNE, and ATTENDANTS

Here comes Navarre.

KING. Fair Princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

PRINCESS OF FRANCE. 'Fair' I give you back again; and 'welcome'
I

have not yet. The roof of this court is too high to be yours,
and

welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

KING. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

PRINCESS OF FRANCE. I will be welcome then; conduct me
thither.

KING. Hear me, dear lady: I have sworn an oath-

PRINCESS OF FRANCE. Our Lady help my lord! He'll be forsworn.

KING. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

PRINCESS OF FRANCE. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing
else.

KING. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

PRINCESS OF FRANCE. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

I hear your Grace hath sworn out house-keeping.

'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,

And sin to break it.

But pardon me, I am too sudden bold;

To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,

And suddenly resolve me in my suit. [Giving a paper]

KING. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

PRINCESS OF FRANCE. YOU Will the sooner that I were away,
For you'll prove perjur'd if you make me stay.

BEROWNE. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

KATHARINE. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

BEROWNE. I know you did.

KATHARINE. How needless was it then to ask the question!

BEROWNE. You must not be so quick.

KATHARINE. 'Tis long of you, that spur me with such questions.

BEROWNE. Your wit 's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

KATHARINE. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

BEROWNE. What time o' day?

KATHARINE. The hour that fools should ask.

BEROWNE. Now fair befall your mask!

KATHARINE. Fair fall the face it covers!

BEROWNE. And send you many lovers!

KATHARINE. Amen, so you be none.

BEROWNE. Nay, then will I be gone.

KING. Madam, your father here doth intimate

The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;

Being but the one half of an entire sum

Disbursed by my father in his wars.

But say that he or we, as neither have,

Receiv'd that sum, yet there remains unpaid

A hundred thousand more, in surety of the which,

One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,

Although not valued to the money's worth.

If then the King your father will restore

But that one half which is unsatisfied,

We will give up our right in Aquitaine,

And hold fair friendship with his Majesty.

But that, it seems, he little purposeth,

For here he doth demand to have repaid

A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,

On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,

To have his title live in Aquitaine;

Which we much rather had depart withal,

And have the money by our father lent,

Than Aquitaine so gelded as it is.

Dear Princess, were not his requests so far

From reason's yielding, your fair self should make

A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast,

And go well satisfied to France again.

PRINCESS OF FRANCE. You do the King my father too much
wrong,

And wrong the reputation of your name,

In so unseeming to confess receipt

Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

KING. I do protest I never heard of it;

And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back

Or yield up Aquitaine.

PRINCESS OF FRANCE. We arrest your word.

Boyet, you can produce acquittances

For such a sum from special officers

Of Charles his father.

KING. Satisfy me so.

BOYET. So please your Grace, the packet is not come,

Where that and other specialties are bound;

To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

KING. It shall suffice me; at which interview

All liberal reason I will yield unto.

Meantime receive such welcome at my hand

As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness.
You may not come, fair Princess, within my gates;
But here without you shall be so receiv'd
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell.
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

PRINCESS OF FRANCE. Sweet health and fair desires consort your
Grace!

KING. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place.

Exit with attendants

BEROWNE. Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.

ROSALINE. Pray you, do my commendations;

I would be glad to see it.

BEROWNE. I would you heard it groan.

ROSALINE. Is the fool sick?

BEROWNE. Sick at the heart.

ROSALINE. Alack, let it blood.

BEROWNE. Would that do it good?

ROSALINE. My physic says 'ay.'

BEROWNE. Will YOU prick't with your eye?

ROSALINE. No point, with my knife.

BEROWNE. Now, God save thy life!

ROSALINE. And yours from long living!

BEROWNE. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [Retiring]

DUMAIN. Sir, I pray you, a word: what lady is that same?

BOYET. The heir of Alencon, Katharine her name.

DUMAIN. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well. Exit

LONGAVILLE. I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?

BOYET. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

LONGAVILLE. Perchance light in the light. I desire her name.

BOYET. She hath but one for herself; to desire that were a
shame.

LONGAVILLE. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

BOYET. Her mother's, I have heard.

LONGAVILLE. God's blessing on your beard!

BOYET. Good sir, be not offended;

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

LONGAVILLE. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

BOYET. Not unlike, sir; that may be. Exit LONGAVILLE

BEROWNE. What's her name in the cap?

BOYET. Rosaline, by good hap.

BEROWNE. Is she wedded or no?

BOYET. To her will, sir, or so.

BEROWNE. You are welcome, sir; adieu!

BOYET. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

Exit BEROWNE. LADIES Unmask

MARIA. That last is Berowne, the merry mad-cap lord;
Not a word with him but a jest.
BOYET. And every jest but a word.
PRINCESS OF FRANCE. It was well done of you to take him at his
word.
BOYET. I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.
KATHARINE. Two hot sheeps, marry!
BOYET. And wherefore not ships?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.
KATHARINE. You sheep and I pasture- shall that finish the jest?
BOYET. So you grant pasture for me. [Offering to kiss her]
KATHARINE. Not so, gentle beast;
My lips are no common, though several they be.
BOYET. Belonging to whom?
KATHARINE. To my fortunes and me.
PRINCESS OF FRANCE. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles,
agree;
This civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men, for here 'tis abused.
BOYET. If my observation, which very seldom lies,
By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.
PRINCESS OF FRANCE. With what?

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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