

Ferdinand - Act 1, Scene 1

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 endeavor 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.

Moth - Act 3, Scene 1

No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at 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 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, these are humours; these betray nice wenches, that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note--do you note me?--that most are affected to these.

Armado - Act 1, Scene 2

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.

Biron - Act 4, Scene 3

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;
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.
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 enrich'd you with?
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
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 ought proves excellent.
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,
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 fulfills the law,
And who can sever love from charity?

Princess - Act 5, Scene 2

A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjured much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about the annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine
I will be thine; and till that instant shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither entitled in the other's heart.

Thursday Callback Sides (Please be familiar with these but no need to memorize)

Ferdinand/Costard – Act 1, Scene 1

COSTARD The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

BIRON 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.

FERDINAND But, sirrah, what say you to this?

COSTARD Sir, I confess the wench.

FERDINAND Did you hear the proclamation?

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

FERDINAND 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.

FERDINAND Well, it was proclaimed 'damsel.'

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

FERDINAND It is so varied, too; for it was proclaimed 'virgin.'

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

FERDINAND This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

COSTARD This maid will serve my turn, sir.

FERDINAND 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.

Ferdinand/Princess – Act 2, Scene 1

FERDINAND Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

PRINCESS '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.

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

PRINCESS I will be welcome, then: conduct me thither.

FERDINAND Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.

PRINCESS Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

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

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

FERDINAND Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

PRINCESS 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.

FERDINAND Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Biron/Rosaline – Act 2, Scene 1

BIRON Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

ROSALINE Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

BIRON I know you did.

ROSALINE How needless was it then To ask the question!

BIRON You must not be so quick.

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

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

ROSALINE Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

BIRON What time o' day?

ROSALINE The hour that fools should ask.

BIRON Now fair befall your mask!

ROSALINE Fair fall the face it covers!

BIRON And send you many lovers!

ROSALINE Amen, so you be none.

BIRON Nay, then will I be gone.

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

ROSALINE Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.

BIRON I would you heard it groan.

ROSALINE Is the fool sick?

BIRON Sick at the heart.

ROSALINE Alack, let it blood.

BIRON Would that do it good?

ROSALINE My physic says 'ay.'

BIRON Will you prick't with your eye?

ROSALINE Non point, with my knife.

BIRON Now, God save thy life!

ROSALINE And yours from long living!

BIRON I cannot stay thanksgiving.

Biron/Costard – Act 3, Scene 1

COSTARD 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 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 O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

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.

COSTARD I thank your worship: God be wi' you!

BIRON 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?

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.

COSTARD I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

BIRON It must be done this afternoon.

Hark, knave, it is but this:

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,

And in her train there is a gentle lady;

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 seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon. *(Giving him a shilling)*

COSTARD Gardon, O sweet gardon! better than remuneration, a'leven-pence farthing better: most sweet gardon! I will do it sir, in print. Gardon! Remuneration!

Armado/Moth – Act 1, Scene 2

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 senior.

ARMADO Why tough senior? why tough senior?

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 senior, 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. 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 What, that an eel is ingenious?

MOTH That an eel is quick.

ARMADO I do say thou art quick in answers: thou heatest my blood.

MOTH I am answered, sir.

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 reckoning; 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! 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. I think scorn to sigh: methinks I should outswear Cupid. Comfort, me, boy: what great men have been in love?

Holofernes/Nathaniel/Dull – Act 4, Scene 2

SIR NATHANIEL Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

HOLOFERNES The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*, in blood; ripe as the pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *caelo*, the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of *terra*, the soil, the land, the earth.

SIR NATHANIEL Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

HOLOFERNES Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

DULL 'Twas not a 'auld grey doe'; 'twas a pricket.

HOLOFERNES Most barbarous intimation! Yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination, after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather, unlettered, or ratherest, unconfirmed fashion, to insert again my '*haud credo*' for a deer.

DULL I said the deer was not a 'auld grey doe'; 'twas a pricket.

HOLOFERNES Twice-sod simplicity, *bis coctus*!

O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

SIR NATHANIEL Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book. He hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts.

DULL You two are book-men: can you tell me by your wit
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

HOLOFERNES *Dictynna*, goodman Dull; *Dictynna*, goodman Dull.

DULL What is 'Dictima'?

SIR NATHANIEL A title to Phoebe, to *Luna*, to the moon.

HOLOFERNES The moon was a month old when Adam was no more,
And raught not to five weeks when he came to five-score.
The allusion holds in the exchange.

DULL 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

HOLOFERNES God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

DULL And I say, the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside that, 'twas a pricket that the princess killed.