

# Loves Labours Lost

by William Shakespeare

Act 5, sc. 2 (line 788 - Verse)

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## Princess

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:

If for my love, as there is no such cause,

You will do aught, this shall you do for me:

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.