

Love's Labour's Lost

by William Shakespeare

Act 4, sc. 3 (Line 58 - Verse)

Dumaine

On a day--alack the day!--

Love, whose month is ever May,

Spied a blossom passing fair

Playing in the wanton air:

Through the velvet leaves the wind,

All unseen, can passage find;

That the lover, sick to death,

Wish himself the heaven's breath.

Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;

Air, would I might triumph so!

But, alack, my hand is sworn

Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;

Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,

Youth so apt to pluck a sweet!

Do not call it sin in me,

That I am forsworn for thee;

Thou for whom Jove would swear

Juno but an Ethiopie were;

And deny himself for Jove,

Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I send, and something else more plain,

That shall express my true love's fasting pain.

O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,

Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note;
For none offend where all alike do dote.