

Love's Labour's Lost

by William Shakespeare

Act 5, sc. 2 (Line 395 - Verse)

Berowne

Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?

Here stand I lady, dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O, never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue,

Nor never come in vizard to my friend,

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song!

Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,

Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,

Figures pedantical; these summer-flies

Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:

I do forswear them; and I here protest,

By this white glove;--how white the hand, God knows!--

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd

In russet yeas and honest kersey noes:

And, to begin, wench,--so God help me, la!--

My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.