

# Love's Labour's Lost

by William Shakespeare

Act 5, sc. 2 (Line 459 - Verse)

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## Berowne

Neither of either; I remit both twain.

I see the trick on't: here was a consent,

Knowing aforehand of our merriment,

To dash it like a Christmas comedy:

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,

That smiles his cheek in years and knows the trick

To make my lady laugh when she's disposed,

Told our intents before; which once disclosed,

The ladies did change favours: and then we,

Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.

Now, to our perjury to add more terror,

We are again forsworn, in will and error.

Much upon this it is: and might not you

*To BOYET*

Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?

Do not you know my lady's foot by the squier,

And laugh upon the apple of her eye?

And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,

Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?

You put our page out: go, you are allow'd;

Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.

You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye

Wounds like a leaden sword.