# Love’s Labour’s Lost

by William Shakespeare

Act 5, sc. 2 (Line 757 - Verse)

## Berowne

Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;

And by these badges understand the king.

For your fair sakes have we neglected time,

Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,

Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours

Even to the opposed end of our intents:

And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,--

As love is full of unbefitting strains,

All wanton as a child, skipping and vain,

Form'd by the eye and therefore, like the eye,

Full of strange shapes, of habits and of forms,

Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll

To every varied object in his glance:

Which parti-coated presence of loose love

Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,

Have misbecomed our oaths and gravities,

Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,

Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,

Our love being yours, the error that love makes

Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,

By being once false for ever to be true

To those that make us both,--fair ladies, you:

And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,

Thus purifies itself and turns to grace.