

Love's Labor's Lost abbreviated

Act 5, Scene 2.2

Contrition

Situation: No longer disguised, having returned to revisit the women, the men try to play it straight, but they soon learn, to their just embarrassment, having sworn oaths to the wrong women, that the ladies were on to them all along. Berowne cries out at Boyet: "might you not forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?"

KING: By my life, my troth, I never swore this lady such an oath.

ROSALINE: By heaven, you did! And to confirm it plain, you gave me this.

She shows a token.

KING: My faith and this the Princess I did give.

PRINCESS: Pardon me, sir. This jewel did she wear.

She points to Rosaline.

PRINCESS TO BEROWNE: What, will you have me, or your pearl again.

She shows the token.

BEROWNE: Neither of either.

Berowne to the other Lords

I see the trick of it. Someone, knowing
Our plan and the merriment 'twas to bring,
Dashed it like a Christmas comedy. Some
Tattletale, I'll-please-them, beggar-behold
Man who smiles his fair cheek to wrinkles, mum
Unless my lady's disposed to laugh, told
Our intents before, which once disclosed, they
Did change favors and then we, yesterday,
Following the gifts, wooed but the signs of
Them. Now to our perjury this error
We add, once more forsworn in will. Above
This fray lies the source, this merry jester,
Who may find an early death his reward
For that leer that wounds like a leaden sword.

BOYET: Full merrily hath this splendid short gallop been run.