

Love's Labor's Lost abbreviated

Act 5, Scene 2.2

Counsel

Situation: Dumaine and Longaville receive the same probationary terms offered the king by the princess. But Berowne, having been teased the most, asks Rosaline, what about me?

BEROWNE TO ROSALINE: Behold the window of my heart, mine eye, what humble suit attends thy answer there.

Rosaline to Berowne

The world's large tongue claims you more for a man
Replete with quick scoffs and wounding flouts than
One who draws laughter; one who mocks those who
Lie within the mercy of your wit. To
Win me, without the which I am not to
Be won, you shall this twelvemonth term day to
Day visit the sick and infirm; and your
Task shall be with all the fierce endeavor
Of your wit to enforce the suffering
To smile. A jest's prosperity lies in
The ear of him that hears it; never seen
By him that blindly makes it. Try to win
Over those sickly ears that the forlorns
Hear their muted laughs, not your idle scorns.

BEROWNE: A twelvemonth? Well, befall what will befall, I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.