

Love's Labor's Lost abbreviated

Act 2, Scene 1.1

Infatuation

Situation: Learning from “noise abroad that Navarre hath made a vow that no woman may approach the king’s silent court,” the Princess of France, having just arrived in Navarre and along with her ladies having just met the king and his lords, asks her ladies if they know any of the lords who “are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke.” The ladies had seen the lords before and they liked them.

PRINCESS: Good Lord Boyet, beauty is bought by judgment of the eye, not uttered by base sale of merchant’s tongues. But now to task the tasker: good Boyet, you are not ignorant all-telling fame doth noise abroad Navarre hath made a vow, till painful study shall outwear three years, no woman may approach his silent court. Therefore, before we enter his forbidden gates, we single you as our best-moving fair solicitor. Tell him the daughter of the King of France on serious business craving quick dispatch, begs personal conference with his Grace.

BOYET: Proud of employment, willingly I go.

PRINCESS: All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.

He exits.

PRINCESS: Who are these bound by oath, my loving lords, that are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

A LORD: Longaville is one.

PRINCESS: Know you the man?

Ladies to the Princess

**I saw this Longaville in Normandy,
A sovereign man of esteemed quality,
Learned in the arts and a glorious
Soldier. Nothing becomes him ill that he
Wants to be, but he would spare none of us
With his sharp wit. Too little did I see
Of that good I saw in young Dumaine is
My report of this polished youth and his
Great worthiness. There, too, was another
Student, called Berowne, and never I spent
Such a sweet hour’s talk with a merrier
Man. So clever the wit of this student
Who gave such words that ears dismissed the source
Of his tales, so lively was his discourse.**

PRINCESS: God bless my ladies, are they all in love, that every one her own hath garnished with such bedecking ornaments of praise?

