

Love's Labor's Lost abbreviated

Act 2, Scene 1.2

Infatuation

Situation: Having seen and heard Ferdinand read the king of France's Aquitaine proposal, Boyet, the Princess' attending lord, offers the Princess his assessment: the king is in love.

BOYET: If my observation, which very seldom lies, by the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed wi' th' eyes, deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

PRINCESS: With what?

BOYET: With that which we lovers entitle "affected."

PRINCESS: Your reason?

Boyet to the Princess

His behavior did expose his heart. Why,
What he here said resided in his eye,
Peeping through with desire. His heart's like an
Agate, princess, with your image impressed
Proudly, expressed in his eye, rather than
Spoken. His eager tongue never did rest,
Stumbling with haste, tangled up by his eye,
Seeing you the fairest of the fair. My
Thought was his senses were locked in his eye
As if they were jewels encased in crystal
Tendering their own worth as you passed by.
His face was a page with his eyes the sole
Text; his enchanted gaze was hard to miss.
He'd give you Aquitaine for one sweet kiss.

PRINCESS TO HER LADIES: Come, to our pavilion. Boyet is joking.

BOYET: I only have made a mouth of his eye by adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

MARIA: Thou art an old lovomonger and speakest skillfully.