

## Love's Labor's Lost abbreviated

Act 3, Scene 1

### Love

**Situation: Berowne lets us know that he believes Cupid has trapped him and that he is in love with Rosaline. Berowne asks Costard to deliver his letter to her.**

BEROWNE: Stay, slave. I must employ thee. Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

COSTARD: I will come to your Worship tomorrow morning.

BEROWNE: It must be done this afternoon. It is but this: the Princess comes to hunt here in the park, and in her train there is a gentle lady. They name her Rosaline. Ask for her. And to her white hand see thou do commend this sealed-up counsel. Go.

COSTARD: I will do it, sir.

He exits.

### Berowne to himself

And I in love! I that have been love's whip,  
Let that wimpled, purblind boy, Cupid, slip  
In and get me. O my little heart. I,  
A domineering schoolmaster o'er that  
Boy, a critic to a humorous sigh.  
Am I to be but a corporal at  
The call of this whining, wayward boy, this  
Anointed sovereign of groans and the kiss,  
This regent of love rhymes that plays unfair?  
What? I seek a wife, a woman wound tight  
Like a clock that's always under repair,  
Not aright, yet watched that it may go right?  
'Twas through neglect that I without a fight  
Let this Cupid impose his little might.