

## **Audition Side: Love's Labour's Lost | Berowne, King, Longaville, Dumaine**

*Note: Sides have been abridged for auditions.*

### **Act 4 Scene 3: Berowne, King, Longaville, Dumaine**

BEROWNE

The King, he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself. They have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch—pitch that defiles. Defile! A foul word. Well, “set thee down, sorrow”; for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit. By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax. It kills sheep, it kills me, I a sheep. Well proved again, o’ my side. I will not love. If I do, hang me. I’ faith, I will not. O, but her eye! By this light, but for her eye I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love, and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy. And here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o’ my sonnets already. The clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it. Sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper. God give him grace to groan.

*The King enters with a paper*

KING

Ay me!

BEROWNE, *aside*

Shot, by heaven! Proceed, sweet Cupid. Thou hast thumped him with thy birdbolt under the left pap. In faith, secrets!

KING *reads*

“So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not  
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose  
As thy eyebeams, when their fresh rays have smote  
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows.  
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.  
O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel  
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.”

How shall she know my griefs? I’ll drop the paper.  
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?

*Enter Longaville, with papers. The King steps aside.*

What, Longaville, and reading! Listen, ear.

BEROWNE, *aside*

Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

LONGAVILLE

Ay me! I am forsworn.

BEROWNE, *aside*

Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers!

KING, *aside*

In love, I hope! Sweet fellowship in shame.

BEROWNE, *aside*

One drunkard loves another of the name.

LONGAVILLE

Am I the first that have been perjured so?

BEROWNE, *aside*

I could put thee in comfort: not by two that I know. Thou makest the triumvir, the corner-cap of society.

LONGAVILLE

I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move.

*Reads.* O sweet Maria, empress of my love— These numbers will I tear and write in prose.

*He tears the paper.*

BEROWNE, *aside*

O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose. Disfigure not his shop!

LONGAVILLE, *taking another paper*

This same shall go.

“Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,  
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?  
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.  
A woman I forswore, but I will prove,  
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee.  
If broken, then, it is no fault of mine.  
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise  
To lose an oath to win a paradise?"

BEROWNE, *aside*

This is the liver vein, which makes flesh a deity, A green goose a goddess. Pure, pure idolatry. God amend us, God amend. We are much out o' th' way.

LONGAVILLE

By whom shall I send this?—Company? Stay.

*He steps aside.*

*Enter Dumaine, with a paper.*

BEROWNE, *aside*

All hid, all hid—an old infant play. Like a demigod here sit I in the sky, And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'ereye. More sacks to the mill. O heavens, I have my wish. Dumaine transformed! Four woodcocks in a dish.

DUMAINE

O most divine Kate!

BEROWNE, *aside*

O most profane coxcomb!

DUMAINE

By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye!

BEROWNE, *aside*

By Earth, she is not, corporal. There you lie.

DUMAINE

Her amber hairs for foul hath amber quoted.

BEROWNE, *aside*

An amber-colored raven was well noted.

DUMAINE

As upright as the cedar.

BEROWNE, *aside* Stoop, I say.

Her shoulder is with child.

DUMAINE As fair as day.

BEROWNE, *aside*

Ay, as some days, but then no sun must shine.

DUMAINE

O, that I had my wish!

LONGAVILLE, *aside*

And I had mine!

KING, *aside*

And mine too, good Lord!

BEROWNE, *aside*

Amen, so I had mine. Is not that a good word?

DUMAINE

I would forget her, but a fever she Reigns in my blood, and will remembered be.

BEROWNE, *aside*

A fever in your blood? Why, then incision Would let her out in saucers! Sweet misprision.

DUMAINE

Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

BEROWNE, *aside*

Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.

DUMAINE *reads his sonnet.*

“ On a day—alack the day!—

Love, whose month is ever May,  
Spied a blossom passing fair,  
Playing in the wanton air.”

This will I send, and something else more plain That shall express my true love's fasting  
pain. O, would the King, Berowne, and Longaville Were lovers too! Ill to example ill  
Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note, For none offend where all alike do dote.

LONGAVILLE, *coming forward*

Dumaine, thy love is far from charity, That in love's grief desir'st society. You may look  
pale, but I should blush, I know, To be o'er-heard and taken napping so.

KING, *coming forward*

*To Longaville.* Come, sir, you blush! As his, your case is such.

You chide at him, offending twice as much. You do not love Maria?

I have been closely shrouded in this bush And marked you both, and for you both did  
blush. I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your fashion, Saw sighs reek from you,  
noted well your passion. What will Berowne say when that he shall hear Faith infringed,  
which such zeal did swear?

BEROWNE, *coming forward*

Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy. Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me. Good  
heart, what grace hast thou thus to reprove These worms for loving, that art most in  
love? Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears There is no certain princess that  
appears. You'll not be perjured, 'tis a hateful thing! Tush, none but minstrels like of  
sonneting! But are you not ashamed? Nay, are you not, All three of you, to be thus  
much o'ershot?