



MonologueBlogger.com

# Love's Labour's Lost

## Act II, sc. 1

**BOYET:** Why, all his behaviors did make their retire  
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:  
His heart, like an agate, with your print impress'd,  
Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd:  
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,  
Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;  
All senses to that sense did make their repair,  
To feel only looking on fairest of fair:  
Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,  
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;  
Who, tendering their own worth from where they were glass'd,  
Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd:  
His face's own margent did quote such amazes  
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.  
I'll give you Aquitaine and all that is his,  
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.