



Arts Engagement
and Education

Berowne/Biron

“And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love’s whip.”

From *Love's Labour's Lost*

by William Shakespeare: <https://www.shakespeare.org.uk>

Gender: Male/Male Presenting

Style: Classical Dramatic

Age Range: Mid 20s-40s

Link to buy Script www.target.com

Play Synopsis

The King of Navarre and his three companions - Berowne, Dumaine and Longaville - commit to a life of study and self-improvement for three years. This means putting aside all thoughts of women and love. Berowne in particular is skeptical about such a scheme.

To help them keep their oath, the King demands that all women must remain at least a mile from the court. Soon after the oath, the Princess of France and her three ladies in waiting, Rosaline, Katharine, and Maria, arrive on an embassy. They soon discover that they have all met before. Furthermore, the King falls in love with the Princess and each of his lords with one of her ladies.

Before this Moment

Berowne has just given Costard a love letter for Rosalind. After he exits, Berowne has a monologue expressing his shock and amazement that he, the most cynical about love, has fallen in love.

Monologue (Act III, Scene1)

And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy;
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This whimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
Sole imperator and great general
Of trotting 'paritors:--O my little heart:--
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!
What, I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,

Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right!
Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A wightly wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and by heaven, one that will do the deed
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!

Helpful Links : <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=05RTpjf5EJw>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qrkXxFm4N-4>