Loves Labours Lost

Act V, sc. 2 (line 59)

ROSALIND

They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.

That same Biron I'll torture ere I go:

O that I knew he were but in by the week!

How I would make him fawn and beg and seek

And wait the season and observe the times

And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes

And shape his service wholly to my hests

And make him proud to make me proud that jests!

So perttaunt-like would I o'ersway his state

That he should be my fool and I his fate.

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