

# Love's Labour's Lost

Act IV, sc. 3 (line 6)

## KING FERDINAND

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not  
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,  
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote  
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:  
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright  
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,  
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;  
Thou shinest in every tear that I do weep:  
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;  
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.  
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,  
And they thy glory through my grief will show:  
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep  
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?

*Steps aside*

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.