

**THE  
Two Gentlemen of Verona.**

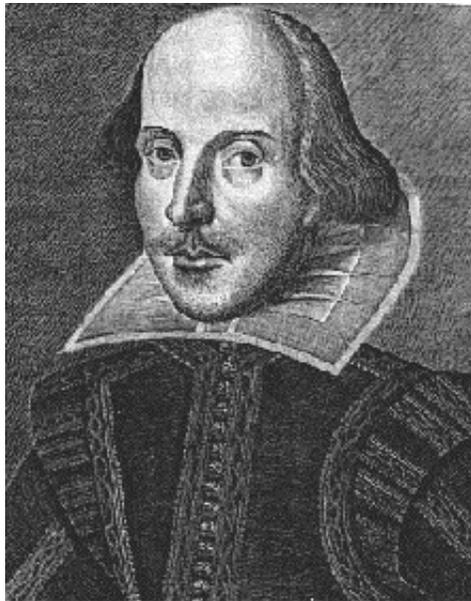
**XXX**

by

**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE**

Based on the Folio Text of 1623

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# Shakespeare: First Folio

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## The Two Gentlemen of Verona

B4v

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### *Actus primus, Scena prima.*

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2 *Valentine: Protheus, and Speed.*

3 *Valentine.*

4 Cease to perswade, my louing *Protheus*;

5 Home- keeping youth, haue euer homely wits,

6 Wer't not affection chaines thy tender dayes

7 To the sweet glaunces of thy honour'd Loue,

8 I rather would entreat thy company,

9 To see the wonders of the world abroad,

10 Then (liuing dully sluggardiz'd at home)

11 Weare out thy youth with shapelesse idlenesse.

12 But since thou lou'st; loue still, and thriue therein,

13 Euen as I would, when I to loue begin.

14 *Pro.* Wilt thou be gone? Sweet *Valentine* adew,

15 Thinke on thy *Protheus*, when thou (hap'ly) seest

16 Some rare note- worthy obiect in thy trauaile.

17 Wish me partaker in thy happinesse,

18 When thou do'st meet good hap; and in thy danger,

19 (If euer danger doe enuiron thee)

20 Commend thy griuance to my holy prayers,

21 For I will be thy beades- man, *Valentine*.

22 *Val.* And on a loue- booke pray for my successe?

23 *Pro.* Vpon some booke I loue, I'le pray for thee.

24 *Val.* That's on some shallow Storie of deepe loue,

25 How yong *Leander* crost the *Hellespont*.

26 *Pro.* That's a deepe Storie, of a deeper loue,

27 For he was more then ouer- shooes in loue.

28 *Val.* 'Tis true; for you are ouer- bootes in loue,

29 And yet you neuer swom the *Hellespont*.

30 *Pro.* Ouer the Bootes? nay giue me not the Boots.

31 *Val.* No, I will not; for it boots thee not.

32 *Pro.* What?

33 *Val.* To be in loue; where scorne is bought with |(grones:

34 Coy looks, with hart- sore sighes: one fading moments |(mirth,

35 With twenty watchfull, weary, tedious nights;

36 If hap'ly won, perhaps a haplesse gaine;

37 If lost, why then a grieuous labour won;

38 How euer: but a folly bought with wit,

39 Or else a wit, by folly vanquished.

40 *Pro.* So, by your circumstance, you call me foole.  
 41 *Val.* So, by your circumstance, I feare you'll proue.  
 42 *Pro.* 'Tis Loue you cauill at, I am not Loue.  
 43 *Val.* Loue is your master, for he masters you;  
 44 And he that is so yoked by a foole,  
 45 Me thinkes should not be chronicled for wise.  
 46 *Pro.* Yet Writers say; as in the sweetest Bud,  
 47 The eating Canker dwels; so eating Loue  
 48 Inhabits in the finest wits of all.  
 49 *Val.* And Writers say; as the most forward Bud  
 50 Is eaten by the Canker ere it blow,  
 51 Euen so by Loue, the yong, and tender wit  
 52 Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the Bud,  
 53 Loosing his verdure, euen in the prime,  
 54 And all the faire effects of future hopes.  
 55 But wherefore waste I time to counsaile thee  
 56 That art a votary to fond desire?  
 57 Once more adieu: my Father at the Road  
 58 Expects my comming, there to see me ship'd.  
 59 *Pro.* And thither will I bring thee *Valentine*.  
 60 *Val.* Sweet *Protheus*, no: Now let vs take our leaue:  
 61 To *Millaine* let me heare from thee by Letters  
 62 Of thy successe in loue; and what newes else  
 63 Betideth here in absence of thy Friend:  
 64 And I likewise will visite thee with mine.  
 65 *Pro.* All happinesse bechance to thee in *Millaine*.  
 66 *Val.* As much to you at home: and so farewell. *Exit.*  
 67 *Pro.* He after Honour hunts, I after Loue;  
 68 He leaues his friends, to dignifie them more;  
 69 I loue my selfe, my friends, and all for loue:  
 70 Thou *Iulia*, thou hast metamorphis'd me:  
 71 Made me neglect my Studies, loose my time;  
 72 Warre with good counsaile; set the world at nought;  
 73 Made Wit with musing, weake; hart sick with thought.  
 74 *Sp.* Sir *Protheus*: 'saué you: saw you my Master?  
 75 *Pro.* But now he parted hence to embarque for *Millain*.  
 76 *Sp.* Twenty to one then, he is ship'd already,  
 77 And I haue plaid the Sheepe in loosing him.  
 78 *Pro.* Indeede a Sheepe doth very often stray,  
 79 And if the Shepheard be awhile away.  
 80 *Sp.* You conclude that my Master is a Shepheard then,  
 81 and I Sheepe?  
 82 *Pro.* I doe.  
 83 *Sp.* Why then my hornes are his hornes, whether I  
 84 wake or sleepe.  
 85 *Pro.* A silly answere, and fitting well a Sheepe.

86 *Sp.* This proues me still a Sheepe.  
 87 *Pro.* True: and thy Master a Shepheard.  
 88 *Sp.* Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.  
 89 *Pro.* It shall goe hard but ile proue it by another.  
 90 *Sp.* The Shepheard seekes the Sheepe, and not the  
 91 Sheepe the Shepheard; but I seeke my Master, and my  
 92 Master seekes not me: therefore I am no Sheepe.  
 93 *Pro.* The Sheepe for fodder follow the Shepheard,  
 94 the Shepheard for foode followes not the Sheepe: thou  
 95 for wages followest thy Master, thy Master for wages  
 96 followes not thee: therefore thou art a Sheepe.  
 97 *Sp.* Such another prooffe will make me cry baa.  
 98 *Pro.* But do'st thou heare: gau'st thou my Letter  
 99 to *Iulia*? [B5  
 100 *Sp.* I Sir: I (a lost- Mutton) gaue your Letter to her  
 101 (a lac'd- Mutton) and she (a lac'd- Mutton) gaue mee (a  
 102 lost- Mutton) nothing for my labour.  
 103 *Pro.* Here's too small a Pasture for such store of  
 104 Muttons.  
 105 *Sp.* If the ground be ouer- charg'd, you were best  
 106 sticke her.  
 107 *Pro.* Nay, in that you are astray: 'twere best pound  
 108 you.  
 109 *Sp.* Nay Sir, lesse then a pound shall serue me for car-rying  
 110 your Letter.  
 111 *Pro.* You mistake; I meane the pound, a Pinfold.  
 112 *Sp.* From a pound to a pin? fold it ouer and ouer,  
 113 'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your loue  
 114 *Pro.* But what said she?  
 115 *Sp.* I.  
 116 *Pro.* Nod- I, why that's noddy.  
 117 *Sp.* You mistooke Sir: I say she did nod;  
 118 And you aske me if she did nod, and I say I.  
 119 *Pro.* And that set together is noddy.  
 120 *Sp.* Now you haue taken the paines to set it toge-ther,  
 121 take it for your paines.  
 122 *Pro.* No, no, you shall haue it for bearing the letter.  
 123 *Sp.* Well, I perceiue I must be faine to beare with you.  
 124 *Pro.* Why Sir, how doe you beare with me?  
 125 *Sp.* Marry Sir, the letter very orderly,  
 126 Hauing nothing but the word noddy for my paines.  
 127 *Pro.* Beshrew me, but you haue a quicke wit.  
 128 *Sp.* And yet it cannot ouer- take your slow purse.  
 129 *Pro.* Come, come, open the matter in briefe; what  
 130 said she.  
 131 *Sp.* Open your purse, that the money, and the matter

132 may be both at once deliuered.  
 133 *Pro.* Well Sir: here is for your paines: what said she?  
 134 *Sp.* Truly Sir, I thinke you'll hardly win her.  
 135 *Pro.* Why? could'st thou perceiue so much from her?  
 136 *Sp.* Sir, I could perceiue nothing at all from her;  
 137 No, not so much as a ducket for deliuering your letter:  
 138 And being so hard to me, that brought your minde;  
 139 I feare she'll proue as hard to you in telling your minde.  
 140 Giue her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steele.  
 141 *Pro.* What said she, nothing?  
 142 *Sp.* No, not so much as take this for thy pains:  
 143 To testifie your bounty, I thank you, you haue cestern'd |(me;  
 144 In requital whereof, henceforth, carry your letters your  
 145 selfe; And so Sir, I'le commend you to my Master.  
 146 *Pro.* Go, go, be gone, to saue your Ship from wrack,  
 147 Which cannot perish hauing thee aboarde,  
 148 Being destin'd to a drier death on shore:  
 149 I must goe send some better Messenger,  
 150 I feare my *Iulia* would not daigne my lines,  
 151 Receiuing them from such a worthlesse post. *Exit.*

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### *Scoena Secunda.*

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153 *Enter Iulia and Lucetta.*  
 154 *Iul.* But say *Lucetta* (now we are alone)  
 155 Would'st thou then counsaile me to fall in loue?  
 156 *Luc.* I Madam, so you stumble not vnheedfully.  
 157 *Iul.* Of all the faire resort of Gentlemen,  
 158 That euery day with par'le encounter me,  
 159 In thy opinion which is worthiest loue?  
 160 *Lu.* Please you repeat their names, ile shew my minde,  
 161 According to my shallow simple skill.  
 162 *Iu.* What thinkst thou of the faire sir *Eglamoure*?  
 163 *Lu.* As of a Knight, well- spoken, neat, and fine;  
 164 But were I you, he neuer should be mine.  
 165 *Iu.* What think'st thou of the rich *Mercatio*?  
 166 *Lu.* Well of his wealth; but of himselfe, so, so.  
 167 *Iu.* What think'st thou of the gentle *Protheus*?  
 168 *Lu.* Lord, Lord: to see what folly raignes in vs.  
 169 *Iu.* How now? what meanes this passion at his name?  
 170 *Lu.* Pardon deare Madam, 'tis a passing shame,  
 171 That I (vnworthy body as I am)  
 172 Should censure thus on louely Gentlemen.  
 173 *Iu.* Why not on *Protheus*, as of all the rest?

174 *Lu.* Then thus: of many good, I thinke him best.  
 175 *Iul.* Your reason?  
 176 *Lu.* I haue no other but a womans reason:  
 177 I thinke him so, because I thinke him so.  
 178 *Iul.* And would'st thou haue me cast my loue on him?  
 179 *Lu.* I: if you thought your loue not cast away.  
 180 *Iul.* Why he, of all the rest, hath neuer mou'd me.  
 181 *Lu.* Yet he, of all the rest, I thinke best loues ye.  
 182 *Iul.* His little speaking, shewes his loue but small.  
 183 *Lu.* Fire that's closest kept, burnes most of all.  
 184 *Iul.* They doe not loue, that doe not shew their loue.  
 185 *Lu.* Oh, they loue least, that let men know their loue.  
 186 *Iul.* I would I knew his minde.  
 187 *Lu.* Peruse this paper Madam.  
 188 *Iul.* To *Iulia*: say, from whom?  
 189 *Lu.* That the Contents will shew.  
 190 *Iul.* Say, say: who gaue it thee?  
 191 *Lu.* Sir *Valentines* page: & sent I think from *Protheus*;  
 192 He would haue giuen it you, but I being in the way,  
 193 Did in your name receiue it: pardon the fault I pray.  
 194 *Iul.* Now (by my modesty) a goodly Broker:  
 195 Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?  
 196 To whisper, and conspire against my youth?  
 197 Now trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,  
 198 And you an officer fit for the place:  
 199 There: take the paper: see it be return'd,  
 200 Or else returne no more into my sight.  
 201 *Lu.* To plead for loue, deserues more fee, then hate.  
 202 *Iul.* Will ye be gon?  
 203 *Lu.* That you may ruminare. *Exit.*  
 204 *Iul.* And yet I would I had ore- look'd the Letter;  
 205 It were a shame to call her backe againe,  
 206 And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.  
 207 What 'foole is she, that knowes I am a Maid,  
 208 And would not force the letter to my view?  
 209 Since Maides, in modesty, say no, to that,  
 210 Which they would haue the profferer construe, I.  
 211 Fie, fie: how way- ward is this foolish loue;  
 212 That (like a testie Babe) will scratch the Nurse,  
 213 And presently, all humbled kisse the Rod?  
 214 How churlishly, I chid *Lucetta* hence,  
 215 When willingly, I would haue had her here?  
 216 How angerly I taught my brow to frowne,  
 217 When inward ioy enforc'd my heart to smile?  
 218 My pennance is, to call *Lucetta* backe  
 219 And aske remission, for my folly past.

220 What hoe: *Lucetta*.  
 221 *Lu*. What would your Ladiship?  
 222 *Iul*. Is't neere dinner time?  
 223 *Lu*. I would it were,  
 224 That you might kill your stomacke on your meat, [B5v  
 225 And not vpon your Maid.  
 226 *Iu*. What is't that you  
 227 Tooke vp so gingerly?  
 228 *Lu*. Nothing.  
 229 *Iu*. Why didst thou stoope then?  
 230 *Lu*. To take a paper vp, that I let fall.  
 231 *Iul*. And is that paper nothing?  
 232 *Lu*. Nothing concerning me.  
 233 *Iul*. Then let it lye, for those that it concernes.  
 234 *Lu*. Madam, it will not lye where it concernes,  
 235 Vnlesse it haue a false Interpreter.  
 236 *Iul*. Some loue of yours, hath writ to you in Rime.  
 237 *Lu*. That I might sing it (Madam) to a tune:  
 238 Giue me a Note, your Ladiship can set  
 239 *Iul*. As little by such toyes, as may be possible:  
 240 Best sing it to the tune of *Light O, Loue*.  
 241 *Lu*. It is too heauy for so light a tune.  
 242 *Iu*. Heauy? belike it hath some burden then?  
 243 *Lu*. I: and melodious were it, would you sing it,  
 244 *Iu*. And why not you?  
 245 *Lu*. I cannot reach so high.  
 246 *Iu*. Let's see your Song:  
 247 How now Minion?  
 248 *Lu*. Keepe tune there still; so you will sing it out:  
 249 And yet me thinkes I do not like this tune.  
 250 *Iu*. You doe not?  
 251 *Lu*. No (Madam) tis too sharpe.  
 252 *Iu*. You (Minion) are too saucie.  
 253 *Lu*. Nay, now you are too flat;  
 254 And marre the concord, with too harsh a descant:  
 255 There wanteth but a Meane to fill your Song.  
 256 *Iu*. The meane is dround with you vnruely base.  
 257 *Lu*. Indeede I bid the base for *Protheus*.  
 258 *Iu*. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me;  
 259 Here is a coile with protestation:  
 260 Goe, get you gone: and let the papers lye:  
 261 You would be fingring them, to anger me.  
 262 *Lu*. She makes it stra[n]ge, but she would be best pleas'd  
 263 To be so angred with another Letter.  
 264 *Iu*. Nay, would I were so angred with the same:  
 265 Oh hatefull hands, to teare such louing words;

266 Iniurious Waspes, to feede on such sweet hony,  
 267 And kill the Bees that yeelde it, with your stings;  
 268 Ile kisse each seuerall paper, for amends:  
 269 Looke, here is writ, kinde *Iulia*: vnkinde *Iulia*,  
 270 As in reuenge of thy ingratitude,  
 271 I throw thy name against the bruizing- stones,  
 272 Trampling contemptuously on thy disdaine.  
 273 And here is writ, *Loue wounded Protheus*.  
 274 Poore wounded name: my bosome, as a bed,  
 275 Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly heal'd;  
 276 And thus I search it with a soueraigne kisse.  
 277 But twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* written downe:  
 278 Be calme (good winde) blow not a word away,  
 279 Till I haue found each letter, in the Letter,  
 280 Except mine own name: That, some whirle- winde beare  
 281 Vnto a ragged, fearefull, hanging Rocke,  
 282 And throw it thence into the raging Sea.  
 283 Loe, here in one line is his name twice writ:  
 284 *Poore forlorne Protheus, passionate Protheus:*  
 285 *To the sweet Iulia*: that ile teare away:  
 286 And yet I will not, sith so prettily  
 287 He couples it, to his complaining Names;  
 288 Thus will I fold them, one vpon another;  
 289 Now kisse, embrace, contend, doe what you will.  
 290 *Lu.* Madam: dinner is ready: and your father staies.  
 291 *Iu.* Well, let vs goe.  
 292 *Lu.* What, shall these papers lye, like Tel- tales here?  
 293 *Iu.* If you respect them; best to take them vp.  
 294 *Lu.* Nay, I was taken vp, for laying them downe.  
 295 Yet here they shall not lye, for catching cold.  
 296 *Iu.* I see you haue a months minde to them.  
 297 *Lu.* I (Madam) you may say what sights you see;  
 298 I see things too, although you iudge I winke.  
 299 *Iu.* Come, come, wilt please you goe. *Exeunt.*

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### *Scoena Tertia.*

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301 *Enter Antonio and Panthino. Protheus.*  
 302 *Ant.* Tell me *Panthino*, what sad talke was that,  
 303 Wherewith my brother held you in the Cloyster?  
 304 *Pan.* 'Twas of his Nephew *Protheus*, your Sonne.  
 305 *Ant.* Why? what of him?  
 306 *Pan.* He wondred that your Lordship  
 307 Would suffer him, to spend his youth at home,

308 While other men, of slender reputation  
 309 Put forth their Sonnes, to seeke preferment out.  
 310 Some to the warres, to try their fortune there;  
 311 Some, to discouer Islands farre away:  
 312 Some, to the studious Vniuersities;  
 313 For any, or for all these exercises,  
 314 He said, that *Protheus*, your sonne, was meet;  
 315 And did request me, to importune you  
 316 To let him spend his time no more at home;  
 317 Which would be great impeachment to his age,  
 318 In hauing knowne no trauaile in his youth.  
 319 *Ant.* Nor need'st thou much importune me to that  
 320 Whereon, this month I haue bin hamering.  
 321 I haue consider'd well, his losse of time,  
 322 And how he cannot be a perfect man,  
 323 Not being tryed, and tutord in the world:  
 324 Experience is by industry atchieu'd,  
 325 And perfected by the swift course of time:  
 326 Then tell me, whether were I best to send him?  
 327 *Pan.* I thinke your Lordship is not ignorant  
 328 How his companion, youthfull *Valentine*,  
 329 Attends the Emperour in his royall Court.  
 330 *Ant.* I know it well.  
 331 *Pan.* 'Twere good, I thinke, your Lordship sent him  
 332 (thither,  
 333 There shall he practise Tilts, and Turnaments;  
 334 Heare sweet discourse, conuerse with Noble- men,  
 335 And be in eye of euery Exercise  
 336 Worthy his youth, and noblenesse of birth.  
 337 *Ant.* I like thy counsaile: well hast thou aduis'd:  
 338 And that thou maist perceiue how well I like it,  
 339 The execution of it shall make knowne;  
 340 Euen with the speediest expedition,  
 341 I will dispatch him to the Emperors Court.  
 342 *Pan.* To morrow, may it please you, *Don Alphonso*,  
 343 With other Gentlemen of good esteeme  
 344 Are iournyng, to salute the *Emperor*,  
 345 And to commend their seruice to his will.  
 346 *Ant.* Good company: with them shall *Protheus* go:  
 347 And in good time: now will we breake with him.  
 348 *Pro.* Sweet Loue, sweet lines, sweet life,  
 349 Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;  
 350 Here is her oath for loue, her honors paune; [B6  
 351 O that our Fathers would applaud our loues  
 352 To seale our happinesse with their consents.  
 353 *Pro.* Oh heauenly *Iulia*.

354 *Ant.* How now? What Letter are you reading there?  
355 *Pro.* May't please your Lordship, 'tis a word or two  
356 Of commendations sent from *Valentine*;  
357 Deliu'er'd by a friend, that came from him.  
358 *Ant.* Lend me the Letter: Let me see what newes.  
359 *Pro.* There is no newes (my Lord) but that he writes  
360 How happily he liues, how well- belou'd,  
361 And daily graced by the Emperor;  
362 Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.  
363 *Ant.* And how stand you affected to his wish?  
364 *Pro.* As one relying on your Lordships will,  
365 And not depending on his friendly wish.  
366 *Ant.* My will is something sorted with his wish:  
367 Muse not that I thus sodainly proceed;  
368 For what I will, I will, and there an end:  
369 I am resolu'd, that thou shalt spend some time  
370 With *Valentinus*, in the Emperors Court:  
371 What maintenance he from his friends receiues,  
372 Like exhibition thou shalt haue from me,  
373 To morrow be in readinesse, to goe,  
374 Excuse it not: for I am peremptory.  
375 *Pro.* My Lord I cannot be so soone prouided,  
376 Please you deliberate a day or two.  
377 *Ant.* Look what thou want'st shalbe sent after thee:  
378 No more of stay: to morrow thou must goe;  
379 Come on *Panthino*; you shall be imployd,  
380 To hasten on his Expedition.  
381 *Pro.* Thus haue I shund the fire, for feare of burning,  
382 And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.  
383 I fear'd to shew my Father *Iulias* Letter,  
384 Least he should take exceptions to my loue,  
385 And with the vantage of mine owne excuse  
386 Hath he excepted most against my loue.  
387 Oh, how this spring of loue resembleth  
388 The vncertaine glory of an Aprill day,  
389 Which now shewes all the beauty of the Sun,  
390 And by and by a clowd takes all away.  
391 *Pan.* Sir *Protheus*, your Fathers call's for you,  
392 He is in hast, therefore I pray you go.  
393 *Pro.* Why this it is: my heart accords thereto,  
394 And yet a thousand times it answer's no.  
395 *Exeunt. Finis.*

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***Actus secundus: Scoena Prima.***

---

397 *Enter Valentine, Speed, Siluia.*  
398 *Speed.* Sir, your Gloue.  
399 *Valen.* Not mine: my Gloues are on.  
400 *Sp.* Why then this may be yours: for this is but one.  
401 *Val.* Ha? Let me see: I, giue it me, it's mine:  
402 Sweet Ornament, that deckes a thing diuine,  
403 Ah *Siluia, Siluia.*  
404 *Speed.* Madam *Siluia*: Madam *Siluia.*  
405 *Val.* How now Sirha?  
406 *Speed.* Shee is not within hearing Sir.  
407 *Val.* Why sir, who bad you call her?  
408 *Speed.* Your worship sir, or else I mistooke.  
409 *Val.* Well: you'll still be too forward.  
410 *Speed.* And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.  
411 *Val.* Goe to, sir, tell me: do you know Madam *Siluia*?  
412 *Speed.* Shee that your worship loues?  
413 *Val.* Why, how know you that I am in loue?  
414 *Speed.* Marry by these speciall markes: first, you haue  
415 learn'd (like Sir *Protheus*) to wreath your Armes like a  
416 Male- content: to relish a Loue- song, like a *Robin*- red-breast:  
417 to walke alone like one that had the pestilence:  
418 to sigh, like a Schoole- boy that had lost his *A.B.C.* to  
419 weep like a yong wench that had buried her Grandam:  
420 to fast, like one that takes diet: to watch, like one that  
421 feares robbing: to speake puling, like a beggar at Hal-low- Masse:  
422 You were wont, when you laughed, to crow  
423 like a cocke; when you walk'd, to walke like one of the  
424 Lions: when you fasted, it was presently after dinner:  
425 when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money: And  
426 now you are Metamorphis'd with a Mistris, that when I  
427 looke on you, I can hardly thinke you my Master.  
428 *Val.* Are all these things perceiu'd in me?  
429 *Speed.* They are all perceiu'd without ye.  
430 *Val.* Without me? they cannot.  
431 *Speed.* Without you? nay, that's certaine: for with-out  
432 you were so simple, none else would: but you are  
433 so without these follies, that these follies are within you,  
434 and shine through you like the water in an Vrinall: that  
435 not an eye that sees you, but is a Physician to comment  
436 on your Malady.  
437 *Val.* But tell me: do'st thou know my Lady *Siluia*?  
438 *Speed.* Shee that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?  
439 *Val.* Hast thou obseru'd that? euen she I meane.  
440 *Speed.* Why sir, I know her not.

441 *Val.* Do'st thou know her by my gazing on her, and  
 442 yet know'st her not?  
 443 *Speed.* Is she not hard- fauour'd, sir?  
 444 *Val.* Not so faire (boy) as well fauour'd.  
 445 *Speed.* Sir, I know that well enough.  
 446 *Val.* What dost thou know?  
 447 *Speed.* That shee is not so faire, as (of you) well- fa-uourd?  
 449 *Val.* I meane that her beauty is exquisite,  
 450 But her fauour infinite.  
 451 *Speed.* That's because the one is painted, and the o-ther  
 452 out of all count.  
 453 *Val.* How painted? and how out of count?  
 454 *Speed.* Marry sir, so painted to make her faire, that no  
 455 man counts of her beauty.  
 456 *Val.* How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.  
 457 *Speed.* You neuer saw her since she was deform'd.  
 458 *Val.* How long hath she beene deform'd?  
 459 *Speed.* Euer since you lou'd her.  
 460 *Val.* I haue lou'd her euer since I saw her,  
 461 And still I see her beautifull.  
 462 *Speed.* If you loue her, you cannot see her.  
 463 *Val.* Why?  
 464 *Speed.* Because Loue is blinde: O that you had mine  
 465 eyes, or your owne eyes had the lights they were wont  
 466 to haue, when you chidde at Sir *Protheus*, for going vn-garter'd.  
 467 *Val.* What should I see then?  
 468 *Speed.* Your owne present folly, and her passing de-formitie:  
 469 for hee beeing in loue, could not see to garter  
 470 his hose; and you, beeing in loue, cannot see to put on  
 471 your hose.  
 472 *Val.* Belike (boy) then you are in loue, for last mor-|(ning  
 473 You could not see to wipe my shooes.  
 474 *Speed.* True sir: I was in loue with my bed, I thanke  
 475 you, you swing'd me for my loue, which makes mee the [B6v  
 476 bolder to chide you, for yours.  
 477 *Val.* In conclusion, I stand affected to her.  
 478 *Speed.* I would you were set, so your affection would  
 479 cease.  
 480 *Val.* Last night she enioyn'd me,  
 481 To write some lines to one she loues.  
 482 *Speed.* And haue you?  
 483 *Val.* I haue.  
 484 *Speed.* Are they not lamely writt?  
 485 *Val.* No (Boy) but as well as I can do them:  
 486 Peace, here she comes.  
 487 *Speed.* Oh excellent motion; oh exceeding Puppet:

488 Now will he interpret to her.  
 489 *Val.* Madam & Mistres, a thousand good- morrows.  
 490 *Speed.* Oh, 'giue ye- good- ev'n: heer's a million of  
 491 manners.  
 492 *Sil.* Sir *Valentine*, and seruant, to you two thousand.  
 493 *Speed.* He should giue her interest: & she giues it him.  
 494 *Val.* As you inioynd me; I haue writ your Letter  
 495 Vnto the secret, nameles friend of yours:  
 496 Which I was much vnwilling to proceed in,  
 497 But for my duty to your Ladiship.  
 498 *Sil.* I thanke you (gentle Seruant) 'tis very Clerkly-|(done.  
 499 *Val.* Now trust me (Madam) it came hardly- off:  
 500 For being ignorant to whom it goes,  
 501 I writ at randome, very doubtfully.  
 502 *Sil.* Perchance you think too much of so much pains?  
 503 *Val.* No (Madam) so it steed you, I will write  
 504 (Please you command) a thousand times as much:  
 505 And yet —  
 506 *Sil.* A pretty period: well: I ghesse the sequell;  
 507 And yet I will not name it: and yet I care not.  
 508 And yet, take this againe: and yet I thanke you:  
 509 Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.  
 510 *Speed.* And yet you will: and yet, another yet.  
 511 *Val.* What meanes your Ladiship?  
 512 Doe you not like it?  
 513 *Sil.* Yes, yes: the lines are very queintly writ,  
 514 But (since vnwillingly) take them againe.  
 515 Nay, take them.  
 516 *Val.* Madam, they are for you.  
 517 *Sil.* I, I: you writ them Sir, at my request,  
 518 But I will none of them: they are for you:  
 519 I would haue had them writ more mouingly:  
 520 *Val.* Please you, Ile write your Ladiship another.  
 521 *Sil.* And when it's writ: for my sake read it ouer,  
 522 And if it please you, so: if not: why so:  
 523 *Val.* If it please me, (Madam?) what then?  
 524 *Sil.* Why if it please you, take it for your labour;  
 525 And so good- morrow Seruant. *Exit. Sil.*  
 526 *Speed.* Oh Iest vnseene: inscrutable: inuisible,  
 527 As a nose on a mans face, or a Wethercocke on a steeple:  
 528 My Master sues to her: and she hath taught her Sutor,  
 529 He being her Pupill, to become her Tutor.  
 530 Oh excellent deuise, was there euer heard a better?  
 531 That my master being scribe,  
 532 To himselfe should write the Letter?  
 533 *Val.* How now Sir?

534 What are you reasoning with your selfe?  
 535 *Speed.* Nay: I was riming: 'tis you y haue the reason.  
 536 *Val.* To doe what?  
 537 *Speed.* To be a Spokes- man from Madam *Silvia*.  
 538 *Val.* To whom?  
 539 *Speed.* To your selfe: why, she woes you by a figure.  
 540 *Val.* What figure?  
 541 *Speed.* By a Letter, I should say.  
 542 *Val.* Why she hath not writ to me?  
 543 *Speed.* What need she,  
 544 When shee hath made you write to your selfe?  
 545 Why, doe you not perceiue the iest?  
 546 *Val.* No, beleeeue me.  
 547 *Speed.* No beleeuing you indeed sir:  
 548 But did you perceiue her earnest?  
 549 *Val.* She gaue me none, except an angry word.  
 550 *Speed.* Why she hath giuen you a Letter.  
 551 *Val.* That's the Letter I writ to her friend.  
 552 *Speed.* And y letter hath she deliuer'd, & there an end.  
 553 *Val.* I would it were no worse.  
 554 *Speed.* Ile warrant you, 'tis as well:  
 555 For often haue you writ to her: and she in modesty,  
 556 Or else for want of idle time, could not againe reply,  
 557 Or fearing els some messe[n]ger, y might her mind discouer  
 558 Her self hath taught her Loue himself, to write vnto her |(louer.  
 559 All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.  
 560 Why muse you sir, 'tis dinner time.  
 561 *Val.* I haue dyn'd.  
 562 *Speed.* I, but hearken sir: though the Cameleon Loue  
 563 can feed on the ayre, I am one that am nourish'd by my  
 564 victuals; and would faine haue meate: oh bee not like  
 565 your Mistresse, be moued, be moued. *Exeunt.*

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### *Scoena secunda.*

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567 *Enter Protheus, Iulia, Panthion.*  
 568 *Pro.* Haue patience, gentle *Iulia*:  
 569 *Iul.* I must where is no remedy.  
 570 *Pro.* When possibly I can, I will returne.  
 571 *Iul.* If you turne not: you will return the sooner:  
 572 Keepe this remembrance for thy *Iulia*'s sake.  
 573 *Pro.* Why then wee'll make exchange;  
 574 Here, take you this.  
 575 *Iul.* And seale the bargaine with a holy kisse.

576 *Pro.* Here is my hand, for my true constancie:  
 577 And when that howre ore- slips me in the day,  
 578 Wherein I sigh not (*Iulia*) for thy sake,  
 579 The next ensuing howre, some foule mischance  
 580 Torment me for my Loues forgetfulnesse:  
 581 My father staies my comming: answer not:  
 582 The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of teares,  
 583 That tide will stay me longer then I should,  
 584 *Iulia*, farewell: what, gon without a word?  
 585 I, so true loue should doe: it cannot speake,  
 586 For truth hath better deeds, then words to grace it.  
 587 *Panth.* Sir *Protheus*: you are staid for.  
 588 *Pro.* Goe: I come, I come:  
 589 Alas, this parting strikes poore Louers dumbe.  
 590 *Exeunt.*

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### *Scoena Tertia.*

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592 *Enter Launce, Panthion.*  
 593 *Launce.* Nay, 'twill bee this howre ere I haue done  
 594 weeping: all the kinde of the *Launces*, haue this very  
 595 fault: I haue receiu'd my proportion, like the prodigious [C1  
 596 Sonne, and am going with Sir *Protheus* to the Imperialls  
 597 Court: I thinke *Crab* my dog, be the sowrest natured  
 598 dogge that liues: My Mother weeping: my Father  
 599 wayling: my Sister crying: our Maid howling: our  
 600 Catte wringing her hands, and all our house in a great  
 601 perplexitie, yet did not this cruell- hearted Curre shedde  
 602 one teare: he is a stone, a very pibble stone, and has no  
 603 more pittie in him then a dogge: a Iew would haue wept  
 604 to haue seene our parting: why my Grandam hauing  
 605 no eyes, looke you, wept her selfe blinde at my parting:  
 606 nay, Ile shew you the manner of it. This shooe is my fa-ther:  
 607 no, this left shooe is my father; no, no, this left  
 608 shooe is my mother: nay, that cannot bee so neyther:  
 609 yes; it is so, it is so: it hath the worsor sole: this shooe  
 610 with the hole in it, is my mother: and this my father:  
 611 a veng'ance on't, there 'tis: Now sir, this staffe is my si-ster:  
 612 for, looke you, she is as white as a lilly, and as  
 613 small as a wand: this hat is *Nan* our maid: I am the  
 614 dogge: no, the dogge is himselfe, and I am the dogge:  
 615 oh, the dogge is me, and I am my selfe: I; so, so: now  
 616 come I to my Father; Father, your blessing: now  
 617 should not the shooe speake a word for weeping:

618 now should I kisse my Father; well, hee weepes on:  
 619 Now come I to my Mother: Oh that she could speake  
 620 now, like a would- woman: well, I kisse her: why  
 621 there 'tis; heere's my mothers breath vp and downe:  
 622 Now come I to my sister; marke the moane she makes:  
 623 now the dogge all this while sheds not a teare: nor  
 624 speakes a word: but see how I lay the dust with my  
 625 teares.

626 *Panth. Launce*, away, away: a Boord: thy Master is  
 627 ship'd, and thou art to post after with oares; what's the  
 628 matter? why weep'st thou man? away asse, you'l loose  
 629 the Tide, if you tarry any longer.

630 *Laun*. It is no matter if the tide were lost, for it is the  
 631 vnkindest Tide, that euer any man tide.

632 *Panth*. What's the vnkindest tide?

633 *Lau*. Why, he that's tide here, *Crab* my dog.

634 *Pant*. Tut, man: I meane thou'lt loose the flood, and  
 635 in loosing the flood, loose thy voyage, and in loosing thy  
 636 voyage, loose thy Master, and in loosing thy Master,  
 637 loose thy seruice, and in loosing thy seruice: — why  
 638 dost thou stop my mouth?

639 *Laun*. For feare thou shouldst loose thy tongue.

640 *Panth*. Where should I loose my tongue?

641 *Laun*. In thy Tale.

642 *Panth*. In thy Taile.

643 *Laun*. Loose the Tide, and the voyage, and the Ma-ster,  
 644 and the Seruice, and the tide: why man, if the Riuer  
 645 were drie, I am able to fill it with my teares: if the winde  
 646 were downe, I could driue the boate with my sighes.

647 *Panth*. Come: come away man, I was sent to call  
 648 thee.

649 *Lau*. Sir: call me what thou dar'st.

650 *Pant*. Wilt thou goe?

651 *Laun*. Well, I will goe.

652 *Exeunt*.

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### *Scena Quarta.*

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654 *Enter Valentine, Siluia, Thurio, Speed, Duke, Protheus.*

655 *Sil*. Seruant.

656 *Val*. Mistris.

657 *Spee*. Master, Sir *Thurio* frownes on you.

658 *Val*. I Boy, it's for loue.

659 *Spee*. Not of you.

660 *Val.* Of my Mistresse then.  
 661 *Spee.* 'Twere good you knockt him.  
 662 *Sil.* Seruant, you are sad.  
 663 *Val.* Indeed, Madam, I seeme so.  
 664 *Thu.* Seeme you that you are not?  
 665 *Val.* Hap'ly I doe.  
 666 *Thu.* So doe Counterfeyts.  
 667 *Val.* So doe you.  
 668 *Thu.* What seeme I that I am not?  
 669 *Val.* Wise.  
 670 *Thu.* What instance of the contrary?  
 671 *Val.* Your folly.  
 672 *Thu.* And how quoad you my folly?  
 673 *Val.* I quoad it in your Ierkin.  
 674 *Thu.* My Ierkin is a doublet.  
 675 *Val.* Well then, Ile double your folly.  
 676 *Thu.* How?  
 677 *Sil.* What, angry, Sir *Thurio*, do you change colour?  
 678 *Val.* Giue him leaue, Madam, he is a kind of *Camelion*.  
 679 *Thu.* That hath more minde to feed on your bloud,  
 680 then liue in your ayre.  
 681 *Val.* You haue said Sir.  
 682 *Thu.* I Sir, and done too for this time.  
 683 *Val.* I know it wel sir, you alwaies end ere you begin.  
 684 *Sil.* A fine volly of words, gentleme[n], & quickly shot off  
 685 *Val.* 'Tis indeed, Madam, we thank the giuer.  
 686 *Sil.* Who is that Seruant?  
 687 *Val.* Your selfe (sweet Lady) for you gaue the fire,  
 688 Sir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your Ladships lookes,  
 689 And spends what he borrowes kindly in your company.  
 690 *Thu.* Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall  
 691 make your wit bankrupt.  
 692 *Val.* I know it well sir: you haue an Exchequer of |(words,  
 693 And I thinke, no other treasure to giue your followers:  
 694 For it appeares by their bare Liueries  
 695 That they liue by your bare words.  
 696 *Sil.* No more, gentlemen, no more:  
 697 Here comes my father.  
 698 *Duk.* Now, daughter *Silvia*, you are hard beset.  
 699 Sir *Valentine*, your father is in good health,  
 700 What say you to a Letter from your friends  
 701 Of much good newes?  
 702 *Val.* My Lord, I will be thankfull,  
 703 To any happy messenger from thence.  
 704 *Duk.* Know ye *Don Antonio*, your Countriman?  
 705 *Val.* I, my good Lord, I know the Gentleman

706 To be of worth, and worthy estimation,  
 707 And not without desert so well reputed.  
 708 *Duk.* Hath he not a Sonne?  
 709 *Val.* I, my good Lord, a Son, that well deserues  
 710 The honor, and regard of such a father.  
 711 *Duk.* You know him well?  
 712 *Val.* I knew him as my selfe: for from our Infancie  
 713 We haue conuerst, and spent our howres together,  
 714 And though my selfe haue beene an idle Trewant,  
 715 Omitting the sweet benefit of time  
 716 To cloath mine age with Angel- like perfection:  
 717 Yet hath Sir *Protheus* (for that's his name)  
 718 Made vse, and faire aduantage of his daies:  
 719 His yeares but yong, but his experience old:  
 720 His head vn- mellowed, but his Iudgement ripe;  
 721 And in a word (for far behinde his worth  
 722 Comes all the praises that I now bestow.) [C1v  
 723 He is compleat in feature, and in minde,  
 724 With all good grace, to grace a Gentleman.  
 725 *Duk.* Beshrew me sir, but if he make this good  
 726 He is as worthy for an Empresse loue,  
 727 As meet to be an Emperors Councillor:  
 728 Well, Sir: this Gentleman is come to me  
 729 With Commendation from great Potentates,  
 730 And heere he meanes to spend his time a while,  
 731 I thinke 'tis no vn- welcome newes to you.  
 732 *Val.* Should I haue wish'd a thing, it had beene he.  
 733 *Duk.* Welcome him then according to his worth:  
 734 *Silvia*, I speake to you, and you Sir *Thurio*,  
 735 For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it,  
 736 I will send him hither to you presently.  
 737 *Val.* This is the Gentleman I told your Ladiship  
 738 Had come along with me, but that his Mistresse  
 739 Did hold his eyes, lockt in her Christall looks.  
 740 *Sil.* Be- like that now she hath enfranchis'd them  
 741 Vpon some other pawne for fealty.  
 742 *Val.* Nay sure, I thinke she holds them prisoners stil.  
 743 *Sil.* Nay then he should be blind, and being blind  
 744 How could he see his way to seeke out you?  
 745 *Val.* Why Lady, Loue hath twenty paire of eyes.  
 746 *Thur.* They say that Loue hath not an eye at all.  
 747 *Val.* To see such Louers, *Thurio*, as your selfe,  
 748 Vpon a homely obiect, Loue can winke.  
 749 *Sil.* Haue done, haue done: here comes y gentleman.  
 750 *Val.* Welcome, deer *Protheus*: Mistris, I beseech you  
 751 Confirme his welcome, with some speciall fauor.

752 *Sil.* His worth is warrant for his welcome hether,  
 753 If this be he you oft haue wish'd to heare from.  
 754 *Val.* Mistris, it is: sweet Lady, entertaine him  
 755 To be my fellow- seruant to your Ladiship.  
 756 *Sil.* Too low a Mistres for so high a seruant.  
 757 *Pro.* Not so, sweet Lady, but too meane a seruant  
 758 To haue a looke of such a worthy a Mistresse.  
 759 *Val.* Leauē off discourse of disabilitie:  
 760 Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your Seruant.  
 761 *Pro.* My dutie will I boast of, nothing else.  
 762 *Sil.* And dutie neuer yet did want his meed.  
 763 Seruant, you are welcome to a worthlesse Mistresse.  
 764 *Pro.* Ile die on him that saies so but your selfe.  
 765 *Sil.* That you are welcome?  
 766 *Pro.* That you are worthlesse.  
 767 *Thur.* Madam, my Lord your father wold speak with |you.  
 768 *Sil.* I wait vpon his pleasure: Come Sir *Thurio*,  
 769 Goe with me: once more, new Seruant welcome;  
 770 Ile leauē you to confer of home affaires,  
 771 When you haue done, we looke too heare from you.  
 772 *Pro.* Wee'll both attend vpon your Ladiship.  
 773 *Val.* Now tell me: how do al from whence you came?  
 774 *Pro.* Your friends are wel, & haue the[m] much co[m]mended.  
 775 *Val.* And how doe yours?  
 776 *Pro.* I left them all in health.  
 777 *Val.* How does your Lady? & how thriues your loue?  
 778 *Pro.* My tales of Loue were wont to weary you,  
 779 I know you ioy not in a Loue- discourse.  
 780 *Val.* I *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now,  
 781 I haue done pennance for contemning Loue,  
 782 Whose high emperious thoughts haue punish'd me  
 783 With bitter fasts, with penitentiall grones,  
 784 With nightly teares, and daily hart- sore sighes,  
 785 For in reuenge of my contempt of loue,  
 786 Loue hath chas'd sleepe from my enthralled eyes,  
 787 And made them watchers of mine owne hearts sorrow.  
 788 O gentle *Protheus*, Loue's a mighty Lord,  
 789 And hath so humbled me, as I confesse  
 790 There is no woe to his correction,  
 791 Nor to his Seruice, no such ioy on earth:  
 792 Now, no discourse, except it be of loue:  
 793 Now can I breake my fast, dine, sup, and sleepe,  
 794 Vpon the very naked name of Loue.  
 795 *Pro.* Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:  
 796 Was this the Idoll, that you worship so?  
 797 *Val.* Euen She; and is she not a heauenly Saint?

798 *Pro.* No; But she is an earthly Paragon.  
 799 *Val.* Call her diuine.  
 800 *Pro.* I will not flatter her.  
 801 *Val.* O flatter me: for Loue delights in praises.  
 802 *Pro.* When I was sick, you gaue me bitter pils,  
 803 And I must minister the like to you.  
 804 *Val.* Then speake the truth by her; if not diuine,  
 805 Yet let her be a principalitie,  
 806 Soueraigne to all the Creatures on the earth.  
 807 *Pro.* Except my Mistresse.  
 808 *Val.* Sweet: except not any,  
 809 Except thou wilt except against my Loue.  
 810 *Pro.* Haue I not reason to prefer mine owne?  
 811 *Val.* And I will help thee to prefer her to:  
 812 Shee shall be dignified with this high honour,  
 813 To beare my Ladies traine, lest the base earth  
 814 Should from her vesture chance to steale a kisse,  
 815 And of so great a fauor growing proud,  
 816 Disdaine to roote the Sommer- swelling flowre,  
 817 And make rough winter euerlastingly.  
 818 *Pro.* Why *Valentine*, what Bragadisme is this?  
 819 *Val.* Pardon me (*Protheus*) all I can is nothing,  
 820 To her, whose worth, make other worthies nothing;  
 821 Shee is alone.  
 822 *Pro.* Then let her alone.  
 823 *Val.* Not for the world: why man, she is mine owne,  
 824 And I as rich in hauing such a Iewell  
 825 As twenty Seas, if all their sand were pearle,  
 826 The water, Nectar, and the Rocks pure gold.  
 827 Forgiue me, that I doe not dreame on thee,  
 828 Because thou seest me doate vpon my loue:  
 829 My foolish Riual that her Father likes  
 830 (Onely for his possessions are so huge)  
 831 Is gone with her along, and I must after,  
 832 For Loue (thou know'st is full of iealousie.)  
 833 *Pro.* But she loues you?  
 834 *Val.* I, and we are betroathd: nay more, our mariage |(howre,  
 835 With all the cunning manner of our flight  
 836 Determin'd of: how I must climbe her window,  
 837 The Ladder made of Cords, and all the means  
 838 Plotted, and 'greed on for my happinesse.  
 839 Good *Protheus* goe with me to my chamber,  
 840 In these affaires to aid me with thy counsaile.  
 841 *Pro.* Goe on before: I shall enquire you forth:  
 842 I must vnto the Road, to dis- embarque  
 843 Some necessaries, that I needs must vse,

844 And then Ile presently attend you.  
 845 *Val.* Will you make haste? *Exit.*  
 846 *Pro.* I will.  
 847 Euen as one heate, another heate expels,  
 848 Or as one naile, by strength driues out another.  
 849 So the remembrance of my former Loue  
 850 Is by a newer obiect quite forgotten,  
 851 It is mine, or *Valentines* praise?  
 852 Her true perfection, or my false transgression?  
 853 That makes me reasonlesse, to reason thus?  
 854 Shee is faire: and so is *Iulia* that I loue, [C2  
 855 (That I did loue, for now my loue is thaw'd,  
 856 Which like a waxen Image 'gainst a fire  
 857 Beares no impression of the thing it was.)  
 858 Me thinks my zeale to *Valentine* is cold,  
 859 And that I loue him not as I was wont:  
 860 O, but I loue his Lady too- too much,  
 861 And that's the reason I loue him so little.  
 862 How shall I doate on her with more aduice,  
 863 That thus without aduice begin to loue her?  
 864 'Tis but her picture I haue yet beheld,  
 865 And that hath dazel'd my reasons light:  
 866 But when I looke on her perfections,  
 867 There is no reason, but I shall be blinde.  
 868 If I can checke my erring loue, I will,  
 869 If not, to compasse her Ile vse my skill.  
 870 *Exeunt.*

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### *Scena Quinta.*

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872 *Enter Speed and Launce.*  
 873 *Speed.* *Launce*, by mine honesty welcome to *Padua*.  
 874 *Laun.* Forswear not thy selfe, sweet youth, for I am  
 875 not welcome. I reckon this alwaies, that a man is neuer  
 876 vndon till hee be hang'd, nor neuer welcome to a place,  
 877 till some certaine shot be paid, and the Hostesse say wel-come.  
 879 *Speed.* Come- on you mad- cap: Ile to the Ale- house  
 880 with you presently; where, for one shot of fiue pence,  
 881 thou shalt haue fiue thousand welcomes: But sirha, how  
 882 did thy Master part with Madam *Iulia*?  
 883 *Lau.* Marry after they cloas'd in earnest, they parted  
 884 very fairely in iest.  
 885 *Spee.* But shall she marry him?  
 886 *Lau.* No.

887 *Spee.* How then? shall he marry her?  
888 *Lau.* No, neither.  
889 *Spee.* What, are they broken?  
890 *Lau.* No; they are both as whole as a fish.  
891 *Spee.* Why then, how stands the matter with them?  
892 *Lau.* Marry thus, when it stands well with him, it  
893 stands well with her.  
894 *Spee.* What an asse art thou, I vnderstand thee not.  
895 *Lau.* What a blocke art thou, that thou canst not?  
896 My staffe vnderstands me?  
897 *Spee.* What thou saist?  
898 *Lau.* I, and what I do too: looke thee, Ile but leane,  
899 and my staffe vnderstands me.  
900 *Spee.* It stands vnder thee indeed.  
901 *Lau.* Why, stand- vnder: and vnder- stand is all one.  
902 *Spee.* But tell me true, wil't be a match?  
903 *Lau.* Aske my dogge, if he say I, it will: if hee say  
904 no, it will: if hee shake his taile, and say nothing, it  
905 will.  
906 *Spee.* The conclusion is then, that it will.  
907 *Lau.* Thou shalt neuer get such a secret from me, but  
908 by a parable.  
909 *Spee.* 'Tis well that I get it so: but *Launce*, how saist  
910 thou that that my master is become a notable Louer?  
911 *Lau.* I neuer knew him otherwise.  
912 *Spee.* Then how?  
913 *Lau.* A notable Lubber: as thou reportest him to  
914 bee.  
915 *Spee.* Why, thou whorson Asse, thou mistak'st me,  
916 *Lau.* Why Foole, I meant not thee, I meant thy  
917 Master.  
918 *Spee.* I tell thee, my Master is become a hot Louer.  
919 *Lau.* Why, I tell thee, I care not, though hee burne  
920 himselfe in Loue. If thou wilt goe with me to the Ale-house:  
921 if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Iew, and not worth  
922 the name of a Christian.  
923 *Spee.* Why?  
924 *Lau.* Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as  
925 to goe to the Ale with a Christian: Wilt thou goe?  
926 *Spee.* At thy seruice.  
927 *Exeunt.*

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***Scoena Sexta.***

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929 *Enter Protheus solus.*  
 930 *Pro.* To leaue my *Iulia*; shall I be forsworne?  
 931 To loue faire *Siluiia*; shall I be forsworne?  
 932 To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworne.  
 933 And ev'n that Powre which gaue me first my oath  
 934 Prouokes me to this three- fold periurie.  
 935 Loue bad mee sweare, and Loue bids me for- sweare;  
 936 O sweet- suggesting Loue, if thou hast sin'd,  
 937 Teach me (thy tempted subiect) to excuse it.  
 938 At first I did adore a twinkling Starre,  
 939 But now I worship a celestiall Sunne:  
 940 Vn- heedfull vowes may heedfully be broken,  
 941 And he wants wit, that wants resolued will,  
 942 To learne his wit, t' exchange the bad for better;  
 943 Fie, fie, vnreuerend tongue, to call her bad,  
 944 Whose soueraignty so oft thou hast preferd,  
 945 With twenty thousand soule- confirming oathes.  
 946 I cannot leaue to loue; and yet I doe:  
 947 But there I leaue to loue, where I should loue.  
 948 *Iulia* I loose, and *Valentine* I loose,  
 949 If I keepe them, I needs must loose my selfe:  
 950 If I loose them, thus finde I by their losse,  
 951 For *Valentine*, my selfe: for *Iulia*, *Siluiia*.  
 952 I to my selfe am deerer then a friend,  
 953 For Loue is still most precious in it selfe,  
 954 And *Siluiia* (witness heauen that made her faire)  
 955 Shewes *Iulia* but a swarthy Ethiope.  
 956 I will forget that *Iulia* is alieue,  
 957 Remembring that my Loue to her is dead.  
 958 And *Valentine* Ile hold an Enemie,  
 959 Ayming at *Siluiia* as a sweeter friend.  
 960 I cannot now proue constant to my selfe,  
 961 Without some treachery vs'd to *Valentine*.  
 962 This night he meaneth with a Corded- ladder  
 963 To climbe celestiall *Siluiia*'s chamber window,  
 964 My selfe in counsaile his competitor.  
 965 Now presently Ile giue her father notice  
 966 Of their disguising and pretended flight:  
 967 Who (all inrag'd) will banish *Valentine*:  
 968 For *Thurio* he intends shall wed his daughter,  
 969 But *Valentine* being gon, Ile quickly crosse  
 970 By some slie tricke, blunt *Thurio*'s dull proceeding.  
 971 *Loue* lend me wings, to make my purpose swift  
 972 As thou hast lent me wit, to plot this drift.

973 *Exit.* [C2v

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***Scoena septima.***

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975 *Enter Iulia and Lucetta.*

976 *Iul.* Counsaile, *Lucetta*, gentle girle assist me,

977 And eu'n in kinde loue, I doe coniure thee,

978 Who art the Table wherein all my thoughts

979 Are visibly Character'd, and engrau'd,

980 To lesson me, and tell me some good meane

981 How with my honour I may vndertake

982 A iourney to my louing *Protheus*.

983 *Luc.* Alas, the way is wearisome and long.

984 *Iul.* A true- deuoted Pilgrime is not weary

985 To measure Kingdomes with his feeble steps,

986 Much lesse shall she that hath Loues wings to flie,

987 And when the flight is made to one so deere,

988 Of such diuine perfection as Sir *Protheus*.

989 *Luc.* Better forbear, till *Protheus* make returne.

990 *Iul.* Oh, know'st y not, his looks are my soules food?

991 Pitty the dearth that I haue pined in,

992 By longing for that food so long a time.

993 Didst thou but know the inly touch of Loue,

994 Thou wouldst as soone goe kindle fire with snow

995 As seeke to quench the fire of Loue with words.

996 *Luc.* I doe not seeke to quench your Loues hot fire,

997 But qualifie the fires extreame rage,

998 Lest it should burne aboue the bounds of reason.

999 *Iul.* The more thou dam'st it vp, the more it burnes:

1000 The Current that with gentle murmure glides

1001 (Thou know'st) being stop'd, impatiently doth rage:

1002 But when his faire course is not hindered,

1003 He makes sweet musicke with th' enameld stones,

1004 Giuing a gentle kisse to euery sedge

1005 He ouer- taketh in his pilgrimage.

1006 And so by many winding nookes he straias

1007 With willing sport to the wilde Ocean.

1008 Then let me goe, and hinder not my course:

1009 Ile be as patient as a gentle streame,

1010 And make a pastime of each weary step,

1011 Till the last step haue brought me to my Loue,

1012 And there Ile rest, as after much turmoile

1013 A blessed soule doth in *Elizium*.

1014 *Luc.* But in what habit will you goe along?

1015 *Iul.* Not like a woman, for I would preuent  
 1016 The loose encounters of lasciuious men:  
 1017 Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with such weedes  
 1018 As may beseeme some well reputed Page.  
 1019 *Luc.* Why then your Ladiship must cut your haire.  
 1020 *Iul.* No girle, Ile knit it vp in silken strings,  
 1021 With twentie od- conceited true- loue knots:  
 1022 To be fantastique, may become a youth  
 1023 Of greater time then I shall shew to be.  
 1024 *Luc.* What fashion (Madam) shall I make your bree-|(ches?  
 1025 *Iul.* That fits as well, as tell me (good my Lord)  
 1026 What compasse will you weare your Farthingale?  
 1027 Why eu'n what fashion thou best likes (*Lucetta.*)  
 1028 *Luc.* You must needs haue the[m] with a cod- peece |(Ma-[dam]  
 1029 *Iul.* Out, out, (*Lucetta*) that wilbe illfauourd.  
 1030 *Luc.* A round hose (Madam) now's not worth a pin  
 1031 Vnlesse you haue a cod- peece to stick pins on.  
 1032 *Iul. Lucetta*, as thou lou'st me let me haue  
 1033 What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.  
 1034 But tell me (wench) how will the world repute me  
 1035 For vndertaking so vnstaid a iourney?  
 1036 I feare me it will make me scandaliz'd.  
 1037 *Luc.* If you thinke so, then stay at home, and go not.  
 1038 *Iul.* Nay, that I will not.  
 1039 *Luc.* Then neuer dreame on Infamy, but go:  
 1040 If *Protheus* like your iourney, when you come,  
 1041 No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone:  
 1042 I feare me he will scarce be pleas'd with all.  
 1043 *Iul.* That is the least (*Lucetta*) of my feare:  
 1044 A thousand oathes, an Ocean of his teares,  
 1045 And instances of infinite of Loue,  
 1046 Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.  
 1047 *Luc.* All these are seruants to deceitfull men.  
 1048 *Iul.* Base men, that vse them to so base effect;  
 1049 But truer starres did gouerne *Protheus* birth,  
 1050 His words are bonds, his oathes are oracles,  
 1051 His loue sincere, his thoughts immaculate,  
 1052 His teares, pure messengers, sent from his heart,  
 1053 His heart, as far from fraud, as heauen from earth.  
 1054 *Luc.* Pray heau'n he proue so when you come to him.  
 1055 *Iul.* Now, as thou lou'st me, do him not that wrong,  
 1056 To beare a hard opinion of his truth:  
 1057 Onely deserue my loue, by louing him,  
 1058 And presently goe with me to my chamber  
 1059 To take a note of what I stand in need of,  
 1060 To furnish me vpon my longing iourney:

1061 All that is mine I leaue at thy dispose,  
 1062 My goods, my Lands, my reputation,  
 1063 Onely, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence:  
 1064 Come; answeare not: but to it presently,  
 1065 I am impatient of my tarriance.  
 1066 *Exeunt.*

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***Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.***

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1068 *Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus, Valentine,*  
 1069 *Launce, Speed.*  
 1070 *Duke.* Sir *Thurio*, giue vs leaue (I pray) a while,  
 1071 We haue some secrets to confer about.  
 1072 Now tell me *Protheus*, what's your will with me?  
 1073 *Pro.* My gracious Lord, that which I wold discouer,  
 1074 The Law of friendship bids me to conceale,  
 1075 But when I call to minde your gracious fauours  
 1076 Done to me (vnderseuing as I am)  
 1077 My dutie pricks me on to vtter that  
 1078 Which else, no worldly good should draw from me:  
 1079 Know (worthy Prince) Sir *Valentine* my friend  
 1080 This night intends to steale away your daughter:  
 1081 My selfe am one made priuy to the plot.  
 1082 I know you haue determin'd to bestow her  
 1083 On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates,  
 1084 And should she thus be stolne away from you,  
 1085 It would be much vexation to your age.  
 1086 Thus (for my duties sake) I rather chose  
 1087 To crosse my friend in his intended drift,  
 1088 Then (by concealing it) heap on your head  
 1089 A pack of sorrowes, which would presse you downe  
 1090 (Being vnpreuented) to your timelesse graue.  
 1091 *Duke.* *Protheus*, I thank thee for thine honest care,  
 1092 Which to requite, command me while I liue.  
 1093 This loue of theirs, my selfe haue often seene,  
 1094 Haply when they haue iudg'd me fast asleepe,  
 1095 And oftentimes haue purpos'd to forbid [C3  
 1096 Sir *Valentine* her companie, and my Court.  
 1097 But fearing lest my ieaalous ayme might erre,  
 1098 And so (vnworthily) disgrace the man  
 1099 (A rashnesse that I euer yet haue shun'd)  
 1100 I gaue him gentle lookes, thereby to finde  
 1101 That which thy selfe hast now disclos'd to me.  
 1102 And that thou maist perceiue my feare of this,

1103 Knowing that tender youth is soone suggested,  
1104 I nightly lodge her in an vpper Towre,  
1105 The key whereof, my selfe haue euer kept:  
1106 And thence she cannot be conuay'd away.  
1107 *Pro.* Know (noble Lord) they haue deuis'd a meane  
1108 How he her chamber- window will ascend,  
1109 And with a Corded- ladder fetch her downe:  
1110 For which, the youthfull Louer now is gone,  
1111 And this way comes he with it presently.  
1112 Where (if it please you) you may intercept him.  
1113 But (good my Lord) doe it so cunningly  
1114 That my discouery be not aimed at:  
1115 For, loue of you, not hate vnto my friend,  
1116 Hath made me publisher of this pretence.  
1117 *Duke.* Vpon mine Honor, he shall neuer know  
1118 That I had any light from thee of this.  
1119 *Pro.* Adiew, my Lord, Sir *Valentine* is comming.  
1120 *Duk.* Sir *Valentine*, whether away so fast?  
1121 *Val.* Please it your Grace, there is a Messenger  
1122 That stayes to beare my Letters to my friends,  
1123 And I am going to deliuer them.  
1124 *Duk.* Be they of much import?  
1125 *Val.* The tenure of them doth but signifie  
1126 My health, and happy being at your Court.  
1127 *Duk.* Nay then no matter: stay with me a while,  
1128 I am to breake with thee of some affaires  
1129 That touch me neere: wherein thou must be secret.  
1130 'Tis not vnknown to thee, that I haue sought  
1131 To match my friend Sir *Thurio*, to my daughter.  
1132 *Val.* I know it well (my Lord) and sure the Match  
1133 Were rich and honourable: besides, the gentleman  
1134 Is full of Vertue, Bounty, Worth, and Qualities  
1135 Beseeming such a Wife, as your faire daughter:  
1136 Cannot your Grace win her to fancie him?  
1137 *Duk.* No, trust me, She is peeuish, sullen, froward,  
1138 Prowd, disobedient, stubborne, lacking duty,  
1139 Neither regarding that she is my childe,  
1140 Nor fearing me, as if I were her father:  
1141 And may I say to thee, this pride of hers  
1142 (Vpon aduice) hath drawne my loue from her,  
1143 And where I thought the remnant of mine age  
1144 Should haue beene cherish'd by her child- like dutie,  
1145 I now am full resolu'd to take a wife,  
1146 And turne her out, to who will take her in:  
1147 Then let her beauty be her wedding dowre:  
1148 For me, and my possessions she esteemes not.

1149 *Val.* What would your Grace haue me to do in this?  
 1150 *Duk.* There is a Lady in *Verona* heere  
 1151 Whom I affect: but she is nice, and coy,  
 1152 And naught esteemes my aged eloquence.  
 1153 Now therefore would I haue thee to my Tutor  
 1154 (For long agone I haue forgot to court,  
 1155 Besides the fashion of the time is chang'd)  
 1156 How, and which way I may bestow my selfe  
 1157 To be regarded in her sun- bright eye.  
 1158 *Val.* Win her with gifts, if she respect not words,  
 1159 Dumbe Iewels often in their silent kinde  
 1160 More then quicke words, doe moue a womans minde.  
 1161 *Duk.* But she did scorne a present that I sent her,  
 1162 *Val.* A woman sometime scorns what best co[n]tents her.  
 1163 Send her another: neuer giue her ore,  
 1164 For scorne at first, makes after- loue the more.  
 1165 If she doe frowne, 'tis not in hate of you,  
 1166 But rather to beget more loue in you.  
 1167 If she doe chide, 'tis not to haue you gone,  
 1168 For why, the fooles are mad, if left alone.  
 1169 Take no repulse, what euer she doth say,  
 1170 For, get you gon, she doth not meane away.  
 1171 Flatter, and praise, commend, extoll their graces:  
 1172 Though nere so blacke, say they haue Angells faces,  
 1173 That man that hath a tongue, I say is no man,  
 1174 If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.  
 1175 *Duk.* But she I meane, is promis'd by her friends  
 1176 Vnto a youthfull Gentleman of worth,  
 1177 And kept seuerely from resort of men,  
 1178 That no man hath accesse by day to her.  
 1179 *Val.* Why then I would resort to her by night.  
 1180 *Duk.* I, but the doores be lockt, and keyes kept safe,  
 1181 That no man hath recourse to her by night.  
 1182 *Val.* What lets but one may enter at her window?  
 1183 *Duk.* Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,  
 1184 And built so sheluing, that one cannot climbe it  
 1185 Without apparant hazard of his life.  
 1186 *Val.* Why then a Ladder quaintly made of Cords  
 1187 To cast vp, with a paire of anchoring hookes,  
 1188 Would serue to scale another *Hero's* towre,  
 1189 So bold *Leander* would aduenture it.  
 1190 *Duk.* Now as thou art a Gentleman of blood  
 1191 Aduise me, where I may haue such a Ladder.  
 1192 *Val.* When would you vse it? pray sir, tell me that.  
 1193 *Duk.* This very night; for Loue is like a childe  
 1194 That longs for euery thing that he can come by.

1195 *Val.* By seauen a clock, ile get you such a Ladder.  
 1196 *Duk* But harke thee: I will goe to her alone,  
 1197 How shall I best conuey the Ladder thither?  
 1198 *Val.* It will be light (my Lord) that you may beare it  
 1199 Vnder a cloake, that is of any length.  
 1200 *Duk.* A cloake as long as thine will serue the turne?  
 1201 *Val.* I my good Lord.  
 1202 *Duk.* Then let me see thy cloake,  
 1203 Ile get me one of such another length.  
 1204 *Val.* Why any cloake will serue the turn (my Lord)  
 1205 *Duk.* How shall I fashion me to weare a cloake?  
 1206 I pray thee let me feele thy cloake vpon me.  
 1207 What Letter is this same? what's here? to *Siluia*?  
 1208 And heere an Engine fit for my proceeding,  
 1209 Ile be so bold to breake the seale for once.  
 1210 *My thoughts do harbour with my Siluia nightly,*  
 1211 *And slaues they are to me, that send them flying.*  
 1212 *Oh, could their Master come, and goe as lightly,*  
 1213 *Himselfe would lodge where (senceles) they are lying.*  
 1214 *My Herald Thoughts, in thy pure bosome rest- them,*  
 1215 *While I (their King) that thither them importune*  
 1216 *Doe curse the grace, that with such grace hath blest them,*  
 1217 *Because my selfe doe want my seruants fortune.*  
 1218 *I curse my selfe, for they are sent by me,*  
 1219 *That they should harbour where their Lord should be.*  
 1220 *What's here? Siluia, this night I will enfranchise thee.*  
 1221 'Tis so: and heere's the Ladder for the purpose.  
 1222 Why *Phaeton* (for thou art *Merops* sonne)  
 1223 Wilt thou aspire to guide the heauenly Car?  
 1224 And with thy daring folly burne the world?  
 1225 Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee? [C3v  
 1226 Goe base Intruder, ouer- weening Slaue,  
 1227 Bestow thy fawning smiles on equall mates,  
 1228 And thinke my patience, (more then thy desert)  
 1229 Is priuiledge for thy departure hence.  
 1230 Thanke me for this, more then for all the fauors  
 1231 Which (all too- much) I haue bestowed on thee.  
 1232 But if thou linger in my Territories  
 1233 Longer then swiftest expedition  
 1234 Will giue thee time to leaue our royall Court,  
 1235 By heauen, my wrath shall farre exceed the loue  
 1236 I euer bore my daughter, or thy selfe.  
 1237 Be gone, I will not heare thy vaine excuse,  
 1238 But as thou lou'st thy life, make speed from hence.  
 1239 *Val.* And why not death, rather then liuing torment?  
 1240 To die, is to be banisht from my selfe,

1241 And *Silvia* is my selfe: banish'd from her  
 1242 Is selfe from selfe. A deadly banishment:  
 1243 What light, is light, if *Silvia* be not seene?  
 1244 What ioy is ioy, if *Silvia* be not by?  
 1245 Vnlesse it be to thinke that she is by  
 1246 And feed vpon the shadow of perfection.  
 1247 Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,  
 1248 There is no musicke in the Nightingale.  
 1249 Vnlesse I looke on *Silvia* in the day,  
 1250 There is no day for me to looke vpon.  
 1251 Shee is my essence, and I leaue to be;  
 1252 If I be not by her faire influence  
 1253 Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept aliue.  
 1254 I flie not death, to flie his deadly doome,  
 1255 Tarry I heere, I but attend on death,  
 1256 But flie I hence, I flie away from life.  
 1257 *Pro.* Run (boy) run, run, and seeke him out.  
 1258 *Lau.* So- hough, Soa hough—  
 1259 *Pro.* What seest thou?  
 1260 *Lau.* Him we goe to finde,  
 1261 There's not a haire on's head, but 'tis a *Valentine*.  
 1262 *Pro.* *Valentine*?  
 1263 *Val.* No.  
 1264 *Pro.* Who then? his Spirit?  
 1265 *Val.* Neither,  
 1266 *Pro.* What then?  
 1267 *Val.* Nothing.  
 1268 *Lau.* Can nothing speake? Master, shall I strike?  
 1269 *Pro.* Who wouldst thou strike?  
 1270 *Lau.* Nothing.  
 1271 *Pro.* Villaine, forbear.  
 1272 *Lau.* Why Sir, Ile strike nothing: I pray you.  
 1273 *Pro.* Sirha, I say forbear: friend *Valentine*, a word.  
 1274 *Val.* My eares are stopt, & cannot hear good newes,  
 1275 So much of bad already hath possest them.  
 1276 *Pro.* Then in dumbe silence will I bury mine,  
 1277 For they are harsh, vn- tuneable, and bad.  
 1278 *Val.* Is *Silvia* dead?  
 1279 *Pro.* No, *Valentine*.  
 1280 *Val.* No *Valentine* indeed, for sacred *Silvia*,  
 1281 Hath she forsworne me?  
 1282 *Pro.* No, *Valentine*.  
 1283 *Val.* No *Valentine*, if *Silvia* haue forsworne me.  
 1284 What is your newes?  
 1285 *Lau.* Sir, there is a proclamation, y you are vanished.  
 1286 *Pro.* That thou art banish'd: oh that's the newes,

1287 From hence, from *Silvia*, and from me thy friend.  
 1288 *Val.* Oh, I haue fed vpon this woe already,  
 1289 And now excesse of it will make me surfet.  
 1290 Doth *Silvia* know that I am banish'd?  
 1291 *Pro.* I, I: and she hath offered to the doome  
 1292 (Which vn- reuerst stands in effectuall force)  
 1293 A Sea of melting pearle, which some call teares;  
 1294 Those at her fathers churlish feete she tenderd,  
 1295 With them vpon her knees, her humble selfe,  
 1296 Wringing her hands, whose whitenes so became them,  
 1297 As if but now they waxed pale for woe:  
 1298 But neither bended knees, pure hands held vp,  
 1299 Sad sighes, deepe grones, nor siluer- shedding teares  
 1300 Could penetrate her vncompassionate Sire;  
 1301 But *Valentine*, if he be tane, must die.  
 1302 Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,  
 1303 When she for thy repeale was suppliant,  
 1304 That to close prison he commanded her,  
 1305 With many bitter threats of biding there.  
 1306 *Val.* No more: vnles the next word that thou speak'st  
 1307 Haue some malignant power vpon my life:  
 1308 If so: I pray thee breath it in mine eare,  
 1309 As ending Antheme of my endlesse dolor.  
 1310 *Pro.* Cease to lament for that thou canst not helpe,  
 1311 And study helpe for that which thou lament'st,  
 1312 Time is the Nurse, and breeder of all good;  
 1313 Here, if thou stay, thou canst not see thy loue:  
 1314 Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life:  
 1315 Hope is a louers staffe, walke hence with that  
 1316 And manage it, against despairing thoughts:  
 1317 Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,  
 1318 Which, being writ to me, shall be deliuer'd  
 1319 Euen in the milke- white bosome of thy Loue.  
 1320 The time now serues not to expostulate,  
 1321 Come, Ile conuey thee through the City- gate.  
 1322 And ere I part with thee, confer at large  
 1323 Of all that may concerne thy Loue- affaires:  
 1324 As thou lou'st *Silvia* (though not for thy selfe)  
 1325 Regard thy danger, and along with me.  
 1326 *Val.* I pray thee *Launce*, and if thou seest my Boy  
 1327 Bid him make haste, and meet me at the North- gate.  
 1328 *Pro.* Goe sirha, finde him out: Come *Valentine*.  
 1329 *Val.* Oh my deere *Silvia*; haplesse *Valentine*.  
 1330 *Launce.* I am but a foole, looke you, and yet I haue  
 1331 the wit to thinke my Master is a kinde of a knaue: but  
 1332 that's all one, if he be but one knaue: He liues not now

1333 that knowes me to be in loue, yet I am in loue, but a  
 1334 Teeme of horse shall not plucke that from me: nor who  
 1335 'tis I loue: and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I  
 1336 will not tell my selfe: and yet 'tis a Milke- maid: yet 'tis  
 1337 not a maid: for shee hath had Gossips: yet 'tis a maid,  
 1338 for she is her Masters maid, and serues for wages. Shee  
 1339 hath more qualities then a Water- Spaniell, which is  
 1340 much in a bare Christian: Heere is the Cate-log of her  
 1341 Condition. *Inprimis*. Shee can fetch and carry: why  
 1342 a horse can doe no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but  
 1343 onely carry, therefore is shee better then a Iade. *Item*.  
 1344 She can milke, looke you, a sweet vertue in a maid with  
 1345 cleane hands.  
 1346 *Speed*. How now Signior *Launce*? what newes with  
 1347 your Mastership?  
 1348 *La*. With my Mastership? why, it is at Sea:  
 1349 *Sp*. Well, your old vice still: mistake the word: what  
 1350 newes then in your paper?  
 1351 *La*. The black'st newes that euer thou heard'st.  
 1352 *Sp*. Why man? how blacke?  
 1353 *La*. Why, as blacke as Inke.  
 1354 *Sp*. Let me read them?  
 1355 *La*. Fie on thee Iolt- head, thou canst not read.  
 1356 *Sp*. Thou lyst: I can.  
 1357 *La*. I will try thee: tell me this: who begot thee? [C4  
 1358 *Sp*. Marry, the son of my Grand- father.  
 1359 *La*. Oh illiterate loyterer; it was the sonne of thy  
 1360 Grand- mother: this proues that thou canst not read.  
 1361 *Sp*. Come foole, come: try me in thy paper.  
 1362 *La*. There: and S[aint]. *Nicholas* be thy speed.  
 1363 *Sp*. *Inprimis* she can milke.  
 1364 *La*. I that she can.  
 1365 *Sp*. *Item*, she brewes good Ale.  
 1366 *La*. And thereof comes the prouerbe: (*Blessing of*  
 1367 *your heart, you brew good Ale.*)  
 1368 *Sp*. *Item*, she can sowe.  
 1369 *La*. That's as much as to say (*Can she so?*)  
 1370 *Sp*. *Item* she can knit.  
 1371 *La*. What neede a man care for a stock with a wench,  
 1372 When she can knit him a stocke?  
 1373 *Sp*. *Item*, she can wash and scoure.  
 1374 *La*. A speciall vertue: for then shee neede not be  
 1375 wash'd, and scowr'd.  
 1376 *Sp*. *Item*, she can spin.  
 1377 *La*. Then may I set the world on wheelles, when she  
 1378 can spin for her liuing.

1379 *Sp.* Item, she hath many namelesse vertues.  
 1380 *La.* That's as much as to say *Bastard-vertues*: that  
 1381 indeede know not their fathers; and therefore haue no  
 1382 names.  
 1383 *Sp.* Here follow her vices.  
 1384 *La.* Close at the heeles of her vertues.  
 1385 *Sp.* Item, shee is not to be fasting in respect of her  
 1386 breath.  
 1387 *La.* Well: that fault may be mended with a break-fast:  
 1388 read on.  
 1389 *Sp.* Item, she hath a sweet mouth.  
 1390 *La.* That makes amends for her soure breath.  
 1391 *Sp.* Item, she doth talke in her sleepe.  
 1392 *La.* It's no matter for that; so shee sleepe not in her  
 1393 talke.  
 1394 *Sp.* Item, she is slow in words.  
 1395 *La.* Oh villaine, that set this downe among her vices;  
 1396 To be slow in words, is a womans onely vertue:  
 1397 I pray thee out with't, and place it for her chiefe vertue.  
 1398 *Sp.* Item, she is proud.  
 1399 *La.* Out with that too:  
 1400 It was *Eues* legacie, and cannot be t'ane from her.  
 1401 *Sp.* Item, she hath no teeth.  
 1402 *La.* I care not for that neither: because I loue crusts.  
 1403 *Sp.* Item, she is curst.  
 1404 *La.* Well: the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.  
 1405 *Sp.* Item, she will often praise her liquor.  
 1406 *La.* If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not,  
 1407 I will; for good things should be praised.  
 1408 *Sp.* Item, she is too liberall.  
 1409 *La.* Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ downe  
 1410 she is slow of: of her purse, shee shall not, for that ile  
 1411 keepe shut: Now, of another thing shee may, and that  
 1412 cannot I helpe. Well, proceede.  
 1413 *Sp.* Item, shee hath more haire then wit, and more  
 1414 faults then haire, and more wealth then faults.  
 1415 *La.* Stop there: Ile haue her: she was mine, and not  
 1416 mine, twice or thrice in that last Article: rehearse that  
 1417 once more.  
 1418 *Sp.* Item, she hath more haire then wit.  
 1419 *La.* More haire then wit: it may be ile proue it: The  
 1420 couer of the salt, hides the salt, and therefore it is more  
 1421 then the salt; the haire that couers the wit, is more  
 1422 then the wit; for the greater hides the lesse: What's  
 1423 next?  
 1424 *Sp.* And more faults then haire.

1425 *La.* That's monstrous: oh that that were out.  
 1426 *Sp.* And more wealth then faults.  
 1427 *La.* Why that word makes the faults gracious:  
 1428 Well, ile haue her: and if it be a match, as nothing is  
 1429 impossible.  
 1430 *Sp.* What then?  
 1431 *La.* Why then, will I tell thee, that thy Master staies  
 1432 for thee at the *North gate*.  
 1433 *Sp.* For me?  
 1434 *La.* For thee? I, who art thou? he hath staid for a bet-ter  
 1435 man then thee.  
 1436 *Sp.* And must I goe to him?  
 1437 *La.* Thou must run to him; for thou hast staid so long,  
 1438 that going will scarce serue the turne.  
 1439 *Sp.* Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your loue  
 1440 Letters.  
 1441 *La.* Now will he be swing'd for reading my Letter;  
 1442 An vnmanerly slaue, that will thrust himselfe into se-crets:  
 1443 Ile after, to reioyce in the boyes correctio[n]. *Exeunt*.

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***Scena Secunda.***

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1445 *Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus.*  
 1446 *Du.* Sir *Thurio*, feare not, but that she will loue you  
 1447 Now *Valentine* is banish'd from her sight.  
 1448 *Th.* Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,  
 1449 Forsworne my company, and rail'd at me,  
 1450 That I am desperate of obtaining her.  
 1451 *Du.* This weake impresse of Loue, is as a figure  
 1452 Trenched in ice, which with an houres heate  
 1453 Dissolues to water, and doth loose his forme.  
 1454 A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,  
 1455 And worthlesse *Valentine* shall be forgot.  
 1456 How now sir *Protheus*, is your countriman  
 1457 (According to our Proclamation) gon?  
 1458 *Pro.* Gon, my good Lord.  
 1459 *Du.* My daughter takes his going grieuously?  
 1460 *Pro.* A little time (my Lord) will kill that grieffe.  
 1461 *Du.* So I beleeeue: but *Thurio* thinkes not so:  
 1462 *Protheus*, the good conceit I hold of thee,  
 1463 (For thou hast showne some signe of good desert)  
 1464 Makes me the better to confer with thee.  
 1465 *Pro.* Longer then I proue loyall to your Grace,  
 1466 Let me not liue, to looke vpon your Grace.

1467 *Du.* Thou know'st how willingly, I would effect  
 1468 The match betweene sir *Thurio*, and my daughter?  
 1469 *Pro.* I doe my Lord.  
 1470 *Du.* And also, I thinke, thou art not ignorant  
 1471 How she opposes her against my will?  
 1472 *Pro.* She did my Lord, when *Valentine* was here.  
 1473 *Du.* I, and peruersly, she perseuers so:  
 1474 What might we doe to make the girle forget  
 1475 The loue of *Valentine*, and loue sir *Thurio*?  
 1476 *Pro.* The best way is, to slander *Valentine*,  
 1477 With falsehood, cowardize, and poore discent:  
 1478 Three things, that women highly hold in hate.  
 1479 *Du.* I, but she'll thinke, that it is spoke in hate.  
 1480 *Pro.* I, if his enemy deliuer it.  
 1481 Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken  
 1482 By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.  
 1483 *Du.* Then you must vndertake to slander him. [C4v  
 1484 *Pro.* And that (my Lord) I shall be loath to doe:  
 1485 'Tis an ill office for a Gentleman,  
 1486 Especially against his very friend.  
 1487 *Du.* Where your good word cannot aduantage him,  
 1488 Your slander neuer can endamage him;  
 1489 Therefore the office is indifferent,  
 1490 Being intreated to it by your friend.  
 1491 *Pro.* You haue preuail'd (my Lord) if I can doe it  
 1492 By ought that I can speake in his dispraise,  
 1493 She shall not long continue loue to him:  
 1494 But say this weede her loue from *Valentine*,  
 1495 It followes not that she will loue sir *Thurio*.  
 1496 *Th.* Therefore, as you vnwinde her loue from him;  
 1497 Least it should rauell, and be good to none,  
 1498 You must prouide to bottome it on me:  
 1499 Which must be done, by praising me as much  
 1500 As you, in worth dispraise, sir *Valentine*.  
 1501 *Du.* And *Protheus*, we dare trust you in this kinde,  
 1502 Because we know (on *Valentines* report)  
 1503 You are already loues firme votary,  
 1504 And cannot soone reuolt, and change your minde.  
 1505 Vpon this warrant, shall you haue accesse,  
 1506 Where you, with *Siluia*, may conferre at large.  
 1507 For she is lumpish, heauy, mellancholly,  
 1508 And (for your friends sake) will be glad of you;  
 1509 Where you may temper her, by your perswasion,  
 1510 To hate yong *Valentine*, and loue my friend.  
 1511 *Pro.* As much as I can doe, I will effect:  
 1512 But you sir *Thurio*, are not sharpe enough:

1513 You must lay Lime, to tangle her desires  
 1514 By walefull Sonnets, whose composed Rimes  
 1515 Should be full fraught with seruiceable vowes.  
 1516 *Du.* I, much is the force of heauen- bred Poesie.  
 1517 *Pro.* Say that vpon the altar of her beauty  
 1518 You sacrifice your teares, your sighes, your heart:  
 1519 Write till your inke be dry: and with your teares  
 1520 Moist it againe: and frame some feeling line,  
 1521 That may discouer such integrity:  
 1522 For *Orpheus* Lute, was strung with Poets sinewes,  
 1523 Whose golden touch could soften steele and stones;  
 1524 Make Tygers tame, and huge *Leuiathans*  
 1525 Forsake vnsounded deepes, to dance on Sands.  
 1526 After your dire- lamenting Elegies,  
 1527 Visit by night your Ladies chamber- window  
 1528 With some sweet Consort; To their Instruments  
 1529 Tune a deploring dumpe: the nights dead silence  
 1530 Will well become such sweet complaining grieuance:  
 1531 This, or else nothing, will inherit her.  
 1532 *Du.* This discipline, shoues thou hast bin in loue.  
 1533 *Th.* And thy aduice, this night, ile put in practise:  
 1534 Therefore, sweet *Protheus*, my direction- giuer,  
 1535 Let vs into the City presently  
 1536 To sort some Gentlemen, well skil'd in Musicke.  
 1537 I haue a Sonnet, that will serue the turne  
 1538 To giue the on- set to thy good aduise.  
 1539 *Du.* About it Gentlemen.  
 1540 *Pro.* We'll wait vpon your Grace, till after Supper,  
 1541 And afterward determine our proceedings.  
 1542 *Du.* Euen now about it, I will pardon you. *Exeunt.*

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***Actus Quartus. Scoena Prima.***

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1544 *Enter Valentine, Speed, and certaine Out- lawes.*  
 1545 1.*Out-l.* Fellowes, stand fast: I see a passenger.  
 1546 2.*Out.* If there be ten, shrinke not, but down with 'em.  
 1547 3.*Out.* Stand sir, and throw vs that you haue about 'ye.  
 1548 If not: we'll make you sit, and rifle you.  
 1549 *Sp.* Sir we are vndone; these are the Villaines  
 1550 That all the Trauailers doe feare so much.  
 1551 *Val.* My friends.  
 1552 1.*Out.* That's not so, sir: we are your enemies.  
 1553 2.*Out.* Peace: we'll heare him.  
 1554 3.*Out.* I by my beard will we: for he is a proper man.

1555 *Val.* Then know that I haue little wealth to loose;  
 1556 A man I am, cross'd with aduersitie:  
 1557 My riches, are these poore habiliments,  
 1558 Of which, if you should here disfurnish me,  
 1559 You take the sum and substance that I haue.  
 1560 *2.Out.* Whether trauell you?  
 1561 *Val.* To *Verona*.  
 1562 *1.Out.* Whence came you?  
 1563 *Val.* From *Millaine*.  
 1564 *3.Out.* Haue you long soiourn'd there?  
 1565 *Val.* Some sixteene moneths, and longer might haue |*(staid,*  
 1566 *If* crooked fortune had not thwarted me.  
 1567 *1.Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?  
 1568 *Val.* I was.  
 1569 *2.Out.* For what offence?  
 1570 *Val.* For that which now torments me to rehearse;  
 1571 I kil'd a man, whose death I much repent,  
 1572 But yet I slew him manfully, in fight,  
 1573 Without false vantage, or base treachery.  
 1574 *1.Out.* Why nere repent it, if it were done so;  
 1575 But were you banisht for so small a fault?  
 1576 *Val.* I was, and held me glad of such a doome.  
 1577 *2.Out.* Haue you the Tongues?  
 1578 *Val.* My youthfull trauaile, therein made me happy,  
 1579 Or else I often had beene often miserable.  
 1580 *3.Out.* By the bare scalpe of *Robin Hoods* fat Fryer,  
 1581 This fellow were a King, for our wilde faction.  
 1582 *1.Out.* We'll haue him: Sirs, a word.  
 1583 *Sp.* Master, be one of them:  
 1584 It's an honourable kinde of theeury.  
 1585 *Val.* Peace villaine.  
 1586 *2.Out.* Tell vs this: haue you any thing to take to?  
 1587 *Val.* Nothing but my fortune.  
 1588 *3.Out.* Know then, that some of vs are Gentlemen,  
 1589 Such as the fury of vngouern'd youth  
 1590 Thrust from the company of awfull men.  
 1591 My selfe was from *Verona* banished,  
 1592 For practising to steale away a Lady,  
 1593 And heire and Neece, alide vnto the Duke.  
 1594 *2.Out.* And I from *Mantua*, for a Gentleman,  
 1595 Who, in my moode, I stab'd vnto the heart.  
 1596 *1.Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.  
 1597 But to the purpose: for we cite our faults,  
 1598 That they may hold excus'd our lawlesse liues;  
 1599 And partly seeing you are beautifide  
 1600 With goodly shape; and by your owne report,

1601 A Linguist, and a man of such perfection,  
 1602 As we doe in our quality much want.  
 1603 2.*Out.* Indeede because you are a banish'd man,  
 1604 Therefore, aboue the rest, we parley to you:  
 1605 Are you content to be our Generall?  
 1606 To make a vertue of necessity,  
 1607 And liue as we doe in this wildernesse?  
 1608 3.*Out.* What saist thou? wilt thou be of our consort?  
 1609 Say I, and be the captaine of vs all:  
 1610 We'll doe thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,  
 1611 Loue thee, as our Commander, and our King. [C5  
 1612 1.*Out.* But if thou scorne our curtesie, thou dyest.  
 1613 2.*Out.* Thou shalt not liue, to brag what we haue of-(fer'd.  
 1614 *Val.* I take your offer, and will liue with you,  
 1615 Prouided that you do no outrages  
 1616 On silly women, or poore passengers.  
 1617 3.*Out.* No, we detest such vile base practises.  
 1618 Come, goe with vs, we'll bring thee to our Crewes,  
 1619 And show thee all the Treasure we haue got;  
 1620 Which, with our selues, all rest at thy dispose. *Exeunt.*

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### *Scoena Secunda.*

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1622 *Enter Protheus, Thurio, Iulia, Host, Musitian, Siluia.*  
 1623 *Pro.* Already haue I bin false to *Valentine*,  
 1624 And now I must be as vniust to *Thurio*,  
 1625 Vnder the colour of commending him,  
 1626 I haue accesse my owne loue to prefer.  
 1627 But *Silvia* is too faire, too true, too holy,  
 1628 To be corrupted with my worthlesse guifts;  
 1629 When I protest true loyalty to her,  
 1630 She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;  
 1631 When to her beauty I commend my vowes,  
 1632 She bids me thinke how I haue bin forsworne  
 1633 In breaking faith with *Iulia*, whom I lou'd;  
 1634 And notwithstanding all her sodaine quips,  
 1635 The least whereof would quell a louers hope:  
 1636 Yet (Spaniel- like) the more she spurnes my loue,  
 1637 The more it growes, and fawneth on her still;  
 1638 But here comes *Thurio*; now must we to her window,  
 1639 And giue some euening Musique to her eare.  
 1640 *Th.* How now, sir *Protheus*, are you crept before vs?  
 1641 *Pro.* I gentle *Thurio*, for you know that loue  
 1642 Will creepe in seruice, where it cannot goe.

1643 *Th.* I, but I hope, Sir, that you loue not here.  
 1644 *Pro.* Sir, but I doe: or else I would be hence.  
 1645 *Th.* Who, *Siluia*?  
 1646 *Pro.* I, *Siluia*, for your sake.  
 1647 *Th.* I thanke you for your owne: Now Gentlemen  
 1648 Let's tune: and too it lustily a while.  
 1649 *Ho.* Now, my yong gwest; me thinks your' allycholly;  
 1650 I pray you why is it?  
 1651 *Iu.* Marry (mine *Host*) because I cannot be merry.  
 1652 *Ho.* Come, we'll haue you merry: ile bring you where  
 1653 you shall heare Musique, and see the Gentleman that  
 1654 you ask'd for.  
 1655 *Iu.* But shall I heare him speake.  
 1656 *Ho.* I that you shall.  
 1657 *Iu.* That will be Musique.  
 1658 *Ho.* Harke, harke.  
 1659 *Iu.* Is he among these?  
 1660 *Ho.* I: but peace, let's heare'm.  
 1661 *Song.* *Who is Siluia? what is she?*  
 1662 *That all our Swaines commend her?*  
 1663 *Holy, faire, and wise is she,*  
 1664 *The heauen such grace did lend her,*  
 1665 *that she might admired be.*  
 1666 *Is she kinde as she is faire?*  
 1667 *For beauty liues with kindnesse:*  
 1668 *Loue doth to her eyes repaire,*  
 1669 *To helpe him of his blindnesse:*  
 1670 *And being help'd, inhabits there.*  
 1671 *Then to Siluia, let vs sing,*  
 1672 *That Siluia is excellling;*  
 1673 *She excels each mortall thing*  
 1674 *Vpon the dull earth dwelling.*  
 1675 *To her let vs Garlands bring.*  
 1676 *Ho.* How now? are you sadder then you were before;  
 1677 How doe you, man? the Musicke likes you not.  
 1678 *Iu.* You mistake: the Musitian likes me not.  
 1679 *Ho.* Why, my pretty youth?  
 1680 *Iu.* He plaies false (father.)  
 1681 *Ho.* How, out of tune on the strings.  
 1682 *Iu.* Not so: but yet  
 1683 So false that he grieues my very heart- strings.  
 1684 *Ho.* You haue a quicke eare.  
 1685 *Iu.* I, I would I were deafe: it makes me haue a slow |(heart.  
 1686 *Ho.* I perceiue you delight not in Musique.  
 1687 *Iu.* Not a whit, when it iars so.  
 1688 *Ho.* Harke, what fine change is in the Musique.

1689 *Iu.* I: that change is the spight.  
 1690 *Ho.* You would haue them alwaies play but one thing.  
 1691 *Iu.* I would alwaies haue one play but one thing.  
 1692 But Host, doth this Sir *Protheus*, that we talke on,  
 1693 Often resort vnto this Gentlewoman?  
 1694 *Ho.* I tell you what *Launce* his man told me,  
 1695 He lou'd her out of all nicke.  
 1696 *Iu.* Where is *Launce*?  
 1697 *Ho.* Gone to seeke his dog, which to morrow, by his  
 1698 Masters command, hee must carry for a present to his  
 1699 Lady.  
 1700 *Iu.* Peace, stand aside, the company parts.  
 1701 *Pro.* Sir *Thurio*, feare not you, I will so pleade,  
 1702 That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.  
 1703 *Th.* Where meete we?  
 1704 *Pro.* At Saint *Gregories* well.  
 1705 *Th.* Farewell.  
 1706 *Pro.* Madam: good eu'n to your Ladiship.  
 1707 *Sil.* I thanke you for your Musique (Gentlemen)  
 1708 Who is that that spake?  
 1709 *Pro.* One (Lady) if you knew his pure hearts truth,  
 1710 You would quickly learne to know him by his voice.  
 1711 *Sil.* Sir *Protheus*, as I take it.  
 1712 *Pro.* Sir *Protheus* (gentle Lady) and your Seruant.  
 1713 *Sil.* What's your will?  
 1714 *Pro.* That I may compasse yours.  
 1715 *Sil.* You haue your wish: my will is euen this,  
 1716 That presently you hie you home to bed:  
 1717 Thou subtile, periur'd, false, disloyall man:  
 1718 Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitlesse,  
 1719 To be seduced by thy flattery,  
 1720 That has't deceiu'd so many with thy vowes?  
 1721 Returne, returne, and make thy loue amends:  
 1722 For me (by this pale queene of night I sweare)  
 1723 I am so farre from granting thy request,  
 1724 That I despise thee, for thy wrongfull suite;  
 1725 And by and by intend to chide my selfe,  
 1726 Euen for this time I spend in talking to thee.  
 1727 *Pro.* I grant (sweet loue) that I did loue a Lady,  
 1728 But she is dead.  
 1729 *Iu.* 'Twere false, if I should speake it;  
 1730 For I am sure she is not buried.  
 1731 *Sil.* Say that she be: yet *Valentine* thy friend  
 1732 Suruiues; to whom (thy selfe art witnessse)  
 1733 I am betroth'd; and art thou not asham'd  
 1734 To wrong him, with thy importunacy? [C5v

1735 *Pro.* I likewise heare that *Valentine* is dead.  
 1736 *Sil.* And so suppose am I; for in her graue  
 1737 Assure thy selfe, my loue is buried.  
 1738 *Pro.* Sweet Lady, let me rake it from the earth.  
 1739 *Sil.* Goe to thy Ladies graue and call hers thence,  
 1740 Or at the least, in hers, sepulcher thine.  
 1741 *Iul.* He heard not that.  
 1742 *Pro.* Madam: if your heart be so obdurate:  
 1743 Vouchsafe me yet your Picture for my loue,  
 1744 The Picture that is hanging in your chamber:  
 1745 To that ile speake, to that ile sigh and weepe:  
 1746 For since the substance of your perfect selfe  
 1747 Is else deuoted, I am but a shadow;  
 1748 And to your shadow, will I make true loue.  
 1749 *Iul.* If 'twere a substance you would sure deceiue it,  
 1750 And make it but a shadow, as I am.  
 1751 *Sil.* I am very loath to be your Idoll Sir;  
 1752 But, since your falsehood shall become you well  
 1753 To worship shadowes, and adore false shapes,  
 1754 Send to me in the morning, and ile send it:  
 1755 And so, good rest.  
 1756 *Pro.* As wretches haue ore- night  
 1757 That wait for execution in the morne.  
 1758 *Iul.* *Host*, will you goe?  
 1759 *Ho.* By my hallidome, I was fast asleepe.  
 1760 *Iul.* Pray you, where lies Sir *Protheus*?  
 1761 *Ho.* Marry, at my house:  
 1762 Trust me, I thinke 'tis almost day.  
 1763 *Iul.* Not so: but it hath bin the longest night  
 1764 That ere I watch'd, and the most heauiest.

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### *Scoena Tertia.*

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1766 *Enter Eglamore, Siluia.*  
 1767 *Eg.* This is the houre that Madam *Siluia*  
 1768 Entreated me to call, and know her minde:  
 1769 Ther's some great matter she'd employ me in.  
 1770 Madam, Madam.  
 1771 *Sil.* Who cals?  
 1772 *Eg.* Your seruant, and your friend;  
 1773 One that attends your Ladiships command.  
 1774 *Sil.* Sir *Eglamore*, a thousand times good morrow.  
 1775 *Eg.* As many (worthy Lady) to your selfe:  
 1776 According to your Ladiships impose,

1777 I am thus early come, to know what seruice  
 1778 It is your pleasure to command me in.  
 1779 *Sil.* Oh *Eglamoure*, thou art a Gentleman:  
 1780 Thinke not I flatter (for I sweare I doe not)  
 1781 Valiant, wise, remorse- full, well accomplish'd.  
 1782 Thou art not ignorant what deere good will  
 1783 I beare vnto the banish'd *Valentine*:  
 1784 Nor how my father would enforce me marry  
 1785 Vaine *Thurio* (whom my very soule abhor'd.)  
 1786 Thy selfe hast lou'd, and I haue heard thee say  
 1787 No grieffe did euer come so neere thy heart,  
 1788 As when thy Lady, and thy true- loue dide,  
 1789 Vpon whose Graue thou vow'dst pure chastitie:  
 1790 *Sir Eglamoure*: I would to *Valentine*  
 1791 To *Mantua*, where I heare, he makes aboard;  
 1792 And for the waies are dangerous to passe,  
 1793 I doe desire thy worthy company,  
 1794 Vpon whose faith and honor, I repose.  
 1795 Vrge not my fathers anger (*Eglamoure*)  
 1796 But thinke vpon my grieffe (a Ladies grieffe)  
 1797 And on the iustice of my flying hence,  
 1798 To keepe me from a most vnholy match,  
 1799 Which heauen and fortune still rewards with plagues.  
 1800 I doe desire thee, euen from a heart  
 1801 As full of sorrowes, as the Sea of sands,  
 1802 To beare me company, and goe with me:  
 1803 If not, to hide what I haue said to thee,  
 1804 That I may venture to depart alone.  
 1805 *Egl.* Madam, I pittie much your grieuances,  
 1806 Which, since I know they vertuously are plac'd,  
 1807 I giue consent to goe along with you,  
 1808 Wreaking as little what betideth me,  
 1809 As much, I wish all good befortune you.  
 1810 When will you goe?  
 1811 *Sil.* This euening comming.  
 1812 *Eg.* Where shall I meete you?  
 1813 *Sil.* At *Frier Patrickes* Cell,  
 1814 Where I intend holy Confession.  
 1815 *Eg.* I will not faile your Ladiship:  
 1816 Good morrow (gentle Lady.)  
 1817 *Sil.* Good morrow, kinde *Sir Eglamoure*. *Exeunt.*

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*Scena Quarta.*

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1819 *Enter Launce, Protheus, Iulia, Siluia.*

1820 *Lau.* When a mans seruant shall play the Curre with  
 1821 him (looke you) it goes hard: one that I brought vp of  
 1822 a puppy: one that I sau'd from drowning, when three or  
 1823 foure of his blinde brothers and sisters went to it: I haue  
 1824 taught him (euen as one would say precisely, thus I  
 1825 would teach a dog) I was sent to deliuer him, as a pre-sent  
 1826 to Mistris *Siluia*, from my Master; and I came no  
 1827 sooner into the dyning- chamber, but he steps me to her  
 1828 Trencher, and steales her Capons- leg: O, 'tis a foule  
 1829 thing, when a Cur cannot keepe himselfe in all compa-nies:  
 1830 I would haue (as one should say) one that takes vp-on  
 1831 him to be a dog indeede, to be, as it were, a dog at all  
 1832 things. If I had not had more wit then he, to take a fault  
 1833 vpon me that he did, I thinke verily hee had bin hang'd  
 1834 for't: sure as I liue he had suffer'd for't: you shall iudge:  
 1835 Hee thrusts me himselfe into the company of three or  
 1836 foure gentleman- like- dogs, vnder the Dukes table: hee  
 1837 had not bin there (blesse the marke) a pissing while, but  
 1838 all the chamber smelt him: out with the dog (saies one)  
 1839 what cur is that (saies another) whip him out (saies the  
 1840 third) hang him vp (saies the Duke.) I hauing bin ac-quainted  
 1841 with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and  
 1842 goes me to the fellow that whips the dogges: friend  
 1843 (quoth I) you meane to whip the dog: I marry doe I  
 1844 (quoth he) you doe him the more wrong (quoth I) 'twas  
 1845 I did the thing you wot of: he makes me no more adoe,  
 1846 but whips me out of the chamber: how many Masters  
 1847 would doe this for his Seruant? nay, ile be sworne I haue  
 1848 sat in the stockes, for puddings he hath stolne, otherwise  
 1849 he had bin executed: I haue stood on the Pillorie for  
 1850 Geese he hath kil'd, otherwise he had sufferd for't: thou  
 1851 think'st not of this now: nay, I remember the tricke you  
 1852 seru'd me, when I tooke my leaue of Madam *Siluia*: did [C6  
 1853 not I bid thee still marke me, and doe as I do; when did'st  
 1854 thou see me heaue vp my leg, and make water against a  
 1855 Gentlewomans farthingale? did'st thou euer see me doe  
 1856 such a tricke?

1857 *Pro. Sebastian* is thy name: I like thee well,  
 1858 And will imploy thee in some seruice presently.

1859 *Iu.* In what you please, ile doe what I can.

1860 *Pro.* I hope thou wilt.

1861 How now you whor-son pezant,

1862 Where haue you bin these two dayes loytering?

1863 *La.* Marry Sir, I carried Mistris *Silvia* the dogge you  
 1864 bad me.  
 1865 *Pro.* And what saies she to my little Iewell?  
 1866 *La.* Marry she saies your dog was a cur, and tels you  
 1867 currish thanks is good enough for such a present.  
 1868 *Pro.* But she receiu'd my dog?  
 1869 *La.* No indeede did she not:  
 1870 Here haue I brought him backe againe.  
 1871 *Pro.* What, didst thou offer her this from me?  
 1872 *La.* I Sir, the other Squirrill was stolne from me  
 1873 By the Hangmans boyes in the market place,  
 1874 And then I offer'd her mine owne, who is a dog  
 1875 As big as ten of yours, & therefore the guift the greater.  
 1876 *Pro.* Goe, get thee hence, and finde my dog againe,  
 1877 Or nere returne againe into my sight.  
 1878 Away, I say: stayest thou to vexe me here;  
 1879 A Slaue, that still an end, turnes me to shame:  
 1880 *Sebastian,* I haue entertained thee,  
 1881 Partly that I haue neede of such a youth,  
 1882 That can with some discretion doe my businesse:  
 1883 For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish Lowt;  
 1884 But chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaiour,  
 1885 Which (if my Augury deceiue me not)  
 1886 Witnessse good bringing vp, fortune, and truth:  
 1887 Therefore know thee, for this I entertaine thee.  
 1888 Go presently, and take this Ring with thee,  
 1889 Deliuer it to Madam *Silvia*;  
 1890 She lou'd me well, deliuer'd it to me.  
 1891 *Iul.* It seemes you lou'd not her, not leaue her token:  
 1892 She is dead belike?  
 1893 *Pro.* Not so: I thinke she liues.  
 1894 *Iul.* Alas.  
 1895 *Pro.* Why do'st thou cry alas?  
 1896 *Iul.* I cannot choose but pittie her.  
 1897 *Pro.* Wherefore should'st thou pittie her?  
 1898 *Iul.* Because, me thinkes that she lou'd you as well  
 1899 As you doe loue your Lady *Silvia*:  
 1900 She dreames on him, that has forgot her loue,  
 1901 You doate on her, that cares not for your loue.  
 1902 'Tis pittie Loue, should be so contrary:  
 1903 And thinking on it, makes me cry alas.  
 1904 *Pro.* Well: giue her that Ring, and therewithall  
 1905 This Letter: that's her chamber: Tell my Lady,  
 1906 I claime the promise for her heauenly Picture:  
 1907 Your message done, hye home vnto my chamber,  
 1908 Where thou shalt finde me sad, and solitarie.

1909 *Iul.* How many women would doe such a message?  
 1910 Alas poore *Protheus*, thou hast entertain'd  
 1911 A Foxe, to be the Shepheard of thy Lambs;  
 1912 Alas, poore foole, why doe I pittie him  
 1913 That with his very heart despiseth me?  
 1914 Because he loues her, he despiseth me,  
 1915 Because I loue him, I must pittie him.  
 1916 This Ring I gaue him, when he parted from me,  
 1917 To binde him to remember my good will:  
 1918 And now am I (vnhappy Messenger)  
 1919 To plead for that, which I would not obtaine;  
 1920 To carry that, which I would haue refus'd;  
 1921 To praise his faith, which I would haue disprais'd.  
 1922 I am my Masters true confirmed Loue,  
 1923 But cannot be true seruant to my Master,  
 1924 Vnlesse I proue false traitor to my selfe.  
 1925 Yet will I woe for him, but yet so coldly,  
 1926 As (heauen it knowes) I would not haue him speed.  
 1927 Gentlewoman, good day: I pray you be my meane  
 1928 To bring me where to speake with Madam *Siluiia*.  
 1929 *Sil.* What would you with her, if that I be she?  
 1930 *Iul.* If you be she, I doe intreat your patience  
 1931 To heare me speake the message I am sent on.  
 1932 *Sil.* From whom?  
 1933 *Iul.* From my Master, Sir *Protheus*, Madam.  
 1934 *Sil.* Oh: he sends you for a Picture?  
 1935 *Iul.* I, Madam.  
 1936 *Sil.* *Vrsula*, bring my Picture there,  
 1937 Goe, giue your Master this: tell him from me,  
 1938 One *Iulia*, that his changing thoughts forget  
 1939 Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow.  
 1940 *Iul.* Madam, please you peruse this Letter;  
 1941 Pardon me (Madam) I haue vnaduis'd  
 1942 Deliuer'd you a paper that I should not;  
 1943 This is the Letter to your Ladiship.  
 1944 *Sil.* I pray thee let me looke on that againe.  
 1945 *Iul.* It may not be: good Madam pardon me.  
 1946 *Sil.* There, hold:  
 1947 I will not looke vpon your Masters lines:  
 1948 I know they are stuft with protestations,  
 1949 And full of new- found oathes, which he will breake  
 1950 As easily, as I doe teare his paper.  
 1951 *Iul.* Madam, he sends your Ladiship this Ring.  
 1952 *Sil.* The more shame for him, that he sends it me;  
 1953 For I haue heard him say a thousand times,  
 1954 His *Iulia* gaue it him, at his departure:

1955 Though his false finger haue prophan'd the Ring,  
 1956 Mine shall not doe his *Iulia* so much wrong.  
 1957 *Iul.* She thanks you.  
 1958 *Sil.* What sai'st thou?  
 1959 *Iul.* I thanke you Madam, that you tender her:  
 1960 Poore Gentlewoman, my Master wrongs her much.  
 1961 *Sil.* Do'st thou know her?  
 1962 *Iul.* Almost as well as I doe know my selfe.  
 1963 To thinke vpon her woes, I doe protest  
 1964 That I haue wept a hundred seuerall times.  
 1965 *Sil.* Belike she thinks that *Protheus* hath forsook her?  
 1966 *Iul.* I thinke she doth: and that's her cause of sorrow.  
 1967 *Sil.* Is she not passing faire?  
 1968 *Iul.* She hath bin fairer (Madam) then she is,  
 1969 When she did thinke my Master lou'd her well;  
 1970 She, in my iudgement, was as faire as you.  
 1971 But since she did neglect her looking- glasse,  
 1972 And threw her Sun- expelling Masque away,  
 1973 The ayre hath staru'd the roses in her cheekes,  
 1974 And pinch'd the lilly- tincture of her face,  
 1975 That now she is become as blacke as I.  
 1976 *Sil.* How tall was she?  
 1977 *Iul.* About my stature: for at *Pentecost*,  
 1978 When all our Pageants of delight were plaid,  
 1979 Our youth got me to play the womans part,  
 1980 And I was trim'd in Madam *Iulias* gowne,  
 1981 Which serued me as fit, by all mens iudgements,  
 1982 As if the garment had bin made for me:  
 1983 Therefore I know she is about my height,  
 1984 And at that time I made her weepe a good, [C6v  
 1985 For I did play a lamentable part.  
 1986 (Madam) 'twas *Ariadne*, passioning  
 1987 For *Thesus* periury, and vniust flight;  
 1988 Which I so liuely acted with my teares:  
 1989 That my poore Mistris moued therewithall,  
 1990 Wept bitterly: and would I might be dead,  
 1991 If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.  
 1992 *Sil.* She is beholding to thee (gentle youth)  
 1993 Alas (poore Lady) desolate, and left;  
 1994 I weepe my selfe to thinke vpon thy words:  
 1995 Here youth: there is my purse; I giue thee this  
 1996 For thy sweet Mistris sake, because thou lou'st her. Fare-|(well.  
 1997 *Iul.* And she shall thanke you for't, if ere you know |(her.  
 1998 A vertuous gentlewoman, milde, and beautifull.  
 1999 I hope my Masters suit will be but cold,  
 2000 Since she respects my Mistris loue so much.

2001 Alas, how loue can trifle with it selfe:  
 2002 Here is her Picture: let me see, I thinke  
 2003 If I had such a Tyre, this face of mine  
 2004 Were full as louely, as is this of hers;  
 2005 And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,  
 2006 Vnlesse I flatter with my selfe too much.  
 2007 Her haire is *Aburne*, mine is perfect *Yellow*;  
 2008 If that be all the difference in his loue,  
 2009 Ile get me such a coulour'd Perrywig:  
 2010 Her eyes are grey as glasse, and so are mine.  
 2011 I, but her fore- head's low, and mine's as high:  
 2012 What should it be that he respects in her,  
 2013 But I can make respectiue in my selfe?  
 2014 If this fond Loue, were not a blinded god.  
 2015 Come shadow, come, and take this shadow vp,  
 2016 For 'tis thy riual: O thou sencelesse forme,  
 2017 Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, lou'd, and ador'd;  
 2018 And were there sence in his Idolatry,  
 2019 My substance should be statue in thy stead.  
 2020 Ile vse thee kindly, for thy Mistris sake  
 2021 That vs'd me so: or else by *Ioue*, I vow,  
 2022 I should haue scratch'd out your vnseeing eyes,  
 2023 To make my Master out of loue with thee. *Exeunt.*

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***Actus Quintus. Scoena Prima.***

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2025 *Enter Eglamoure, Siluia.*  
 2026 *Egl.* The Sun begins to guild the westerne skie,  
 2027 And now it is about the very houre  
 2028 That *Siluia*, at Fryer *Patricks* Cell should meet me,  
 2029 She will not faile; for Louers breake not houres,  
 2030 Vnlesse it be to come before their time,  
 2031 So much they spur their expedition.  
 2032 See where she comes: Lady a happy euening.  
 2033 *Sil.* Amen, Amen: goe on (good *Eglamoure*)  
 2034 Out at the Posterne by the Abbey wall;  
 2035 I feare I am attended by some Spies.  
 2036 *Egl.* Feare not: the Forrest is not three leagues off,  
 2037 If we recouer that, we are sure enough. *Exeunt.*

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***Scoena Secunda.***

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2039 *Enter Thurio, Protheus, Iulia, Duke.*  
 2040 *Th.* Sir *Protheus*, what saies *Silvia* to my suit?  
 2041 *Pro.* Oh Sir, I finde her milder then she was,  
 2042 And yet she takes exceptions at your person.  
 2043 *Thu.* What? that my leg is too long?  
 2044 *Pro.* No, that it is too little.  
 2045 *Thu.* Ile weare a Boote, to make it somewhat roun-|(der.  
 2046 *Pro.* But loue will not be spurd to what it loathes.  
 2047 *Thu.* What saies she to my face?  
 2048 *Pro.* She saies it is a faire one.  
 2049 *Thu.* Nay then the wanton lyes: my face is blacke.  
 2050 *Pro.* But Pearles are faire; and the old saying is,  
 2051 Blacke men are Pearles, in beauteous Ladies eyes.  
 2052 *Thu.* 'Tis true, such Pearles as put out Ladies eyes,  
 2053 For I had rather winke, then looke on them.  
 2054 *Thu.* How likes she my discourse?  
 2055 *Pro.* Ill, when you talke of war.  
 2056 *Thu.* But well, when I discourse of loue and peace.  
 2057 *Iul.* But better indeede, when you hold you peace.  
 2058 *Thu.* What sayes she to my valour?  
 2059 *Pro.* Oh Sir, she makes no doubt of that.  
 2060 *Iul.* She needes not, when she knowes it cowardize.  
 2061 *Thu.* What saies she to my birth?  
 2062 *Pro.* That you are well deriu'd.  
 2063 *Iul.* True: from a Gentleman, to a foole.  
 2064 *Thu.* Considers she my Possessions?  
 2065 *Pro.* Oh, I: and pitties them.  
 2066 *Thu.* Wherefore?  
 2067 *Iul.* That such an Asse should owe them.  
 2068 *Pro.* That they are out by Lease.  
 2069 *Iul.* Here comes the Duke.  
 2070 *Du.* How now sir *Protheus*; how now *Thurio*?  
 2071 Which of you saw *Eglamour* of late?  
 2072 *Thu.* Not I.  
 2073 *Pro.* Nor I.  
 2074 *Du.* Saw you my daughter?  
 2075 *Pro.* Neither.  
 2076 *Du.* Why then  
 2077 She's fled vnto that pezant, *Valentine*;  
 2078 And *Eglamour* is in her Company:  
 2079 'Tis true: for Frier *Laurence* met them both  
 2080 As he, in pennance wander'd through the Forrest:  
 2081 Him he knew well: and guesd that it was she,  
 2082 But being mask'd, he was not sure of it.

2083 Besides she did intend Confession  
 2084 At *Patricks* Cell this euen, and there she was not.  
 2085 These likelihoods confirme her flight from hence;  
 2086 Therefore I pray you stand, not to discourse,  
 2087 But mount you presently, and meete with me  
 2088 Vpon the rising of the Mountaine foote  
 2089 That leads toward *Mantua*, whether they are fled:  
 2090 Dispatch (sweet Gentlemen) and follow me.  
 2091 *Thu.* Why this it is, to be a peeuish Girle,  
 2092 That flies her fortune when it followes her:  
 2093 Ile after; more to be reueng'd on *Eglamour*,  
 2094 Then for the loue of reck-lesse *Silua*.  
 2095 *Pro.* And I will follow, more for *Siluias* loue  
 2096 Then hate of *Eglamour* that goes with her.  
 2097 *Iul.* And I will follow, more to crosse that loue  
 2098 Then hate for *Silua*, that is gone for loue. *Exeunt.*

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### *Scena Tertia.*

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2100 *Silua, Out-lawes.*  
 2101 1. *Out.* Come, come be patient: [D1  
 2102 We must bring you to our Captaine.  
 2103 *Sil.* A thousand more mischances then this one  
 2104 Haue learn'd me how to brooke this patiently.  
 2105 2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.  
 2106 1 *Out.* Where is the Gentleman that was with her?  
 2107 3 *Out.* Being nimble footed, he hath out- run vs.  
 2108 But *Moyses* and *Valerius* follow him:  
 2109 Goe thou with her to the West end of the wood,  
 2110 There is our Captaine: Wee'll follow him that's fled,  
 2111 The Thicket is beset, he cannot scape.  
 2112 1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our Captains caue.  
 2113 Feare not: he beares an honourable minde,  
 2114 And will not vse a woman lawlesly.  
 2115 *Sil.* O *Valentine*: this I endure for thee.  
 2116 *Exeunt.*

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### *Scoena Quarta.*

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2118 Enter *Valentine, Protheus, Silua, Iulia, Duke, Thurio,*  
 2119 *Out-lawes.*  
 2120 *Val.* How vse doth breed a habit in a man?

2121 This shadowy desart, vnfrequented woods  
 2122 I better brooke then flourishing peopled Townes:  
 2123 Here can I sit alone, vn- seene of any,  
 2124 And to the Nightingales complaining Notes  
 2125 Tune my distresses, and record my woes.  
 2126 O thou that dost inhabit in my brest,  
 2127 Leauē not the Mansion so long Tenant- lesse,  
 2128 Lest growing ruinous, the building fall,  
 2129 And leauē no memory of what it was,  
 2130 Repaire me, with thy presence, *Silvia*:  
 2131 Thou gentle Nimph, cherish thy for-lorne swaine.  
 2132 What hallowing, and what stir is this to day?  
 2133 These are my mates, that make their wills their Law,  
 2134 Haue some vnhappy passenger in chace;  
 2135 They loue me well: yet I haue much to doe  
 2136 To keepe them from vnciuill outrages.  
 2137 Withdraw thee *Valentine*: who's this comes heere?  
 2138 *Pro.* Madam, this seruice I haue done for you  
 2139 (Though you respect not aught your seruant doth)  
 2140 To hazard life, and reskew you from him,  
 2141 That would haue forc'd your honour, and your loue,  
 2142 Vouchsafe me for my meed, but one faire looke:  
 2143 (A smaller boone then this I cannot beg,  
 2144 And lesse then this, I am sure you cannot giue.)  
 2145 *Val.* How like a dreame is this? I see, and heare:  
 2146 Loue, lend me patience to forbearē a while.  
 2147 *Sil.* O miserable, vnhappy that I am.  
 2148 *Pro.* Vnhappy were you (Madam) ere I came:  
 2149 But by my comming, I haue made you happy.  
 2150 *Sil.* By thy approach thou mak'st me most vnhappy.  
 2151 *Iul.* And me, when he approacheth to your presence.  
 2152 *Sil.* Had I beene ceazed by a hungry Lion,  
 2153 I would haue beene a break-fast to the Beast,  
 2154 Rather then haue false *Protheus* reskue me:  
 2155 Oh heauen be iudge how I loue *Valentine*,  
 2156 Whose life's as tender to me as my soule,  
 2157 And full as much (for more there cannot be)  
 2158 I doe detest false periur'd *Protheus*:  
 2159 Therefore be gone, sollicit me no more.  
 2160 *Pro.* What dangerous action, stood it next to death  
 2161 Would I not vndergoe, for one calme looke:  
 2162 Oh 'tis the curse in Loue, and still approu'd  
 2163 When women cannot loue, where they're belou'd.  
 2164 *Sil.* When *Protheus* cannot loue, where he's belou'd:  
 2165 Read ouer *Iulia*'s heart, (thy first best Loue)  
 2166 For whose deare sake, thou didst then rend thy faith

2167 Into a thousand oathes; and all those oathes,  
 2168 Descended into periury, to loue me,  
 2169 Thou hast no faith left now, vnlesse thou' dst two,  
 2170 And that's farre worse then none: better haue none  
 2171 Then plurall faith, which is too much by one:  
 2172 Thou Counterfeyt, to thy true friend.  
 2173 *Pro.* In Loue,  
 2174 Who respects friend?  
 2175 *Sil.* All men but *Protheus*.  
 2176 *Pro.* Nay, if the gentle spirit of mouing words  
 2177 Can no way change you to a milder forme;  
 2178 Ile wooe you like a Souldier, at armes end,  
 2179 And loue you 'gainst the nature of Loue: force ye.  
 2180 *Sil.* Oh heauen.  
 2181 *Pro.* Ile force thee yeeld to my desire.  
 2182 *Val.* Ruffian: let goe that rude vnciuill touch,  
 2183 Thou friend of an ill fashion.  
 2184 *Pro.* *Valentine*.  
 2185 *Val.* Thou co[m]mon friend, that's without faith or loue,  
 2186 For such is a friend now: treacherous man,  
 2187 Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye  
 2188 Could haue perswaded me: now I dare not say  
 2189 I haue one friend aliue; thou wouldst disproue me:  
 2190 Who should be trusted, when ones right hand  
 2191 Is periured to the bosome? *Protheus*  
 2192 I am sorry I must neuer trust thee more,  
 2193 But count the world a stranger for thy sake:  
 2194 The priuate wound is deepest: oh time, most accurst.  
 2195 'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst?  
 2196 *Pro.* My shame and guilt confounds me:  
 2197 Forgiue me *Valentine*: if hearty sorrow  
 2198 Be a sufficient Ransome for offence,  
 2199 I tender't heere: I doe as truely suffer,  
 2200 As ere I did commit.  
 2201 *Val.* Then I am paid:  
 2202 And once againe, I doe receiue thee honest;  
 2203 Who by Repentance is not satisfied,  
 2204 Is nor of heauen, nor earth; for these are pleas'd:  
 2205 By Penitence th' Eternalls wrath's appeas'd:  
 2206 And that my loue may appeare plaine and free,  
 2207 All that was mine, in *Silvia*, I giue thee.  
 2208 *Iul.* Oh me vnhappy.  
 2209 *Pro.* Looke to the Boy.  
 2210 *Val.* Why, Boy?  
 2211 Why wag: how now? what's the matter? look vp: speak.  
 2212 *Iul.* O good sir, my master charg'd me to deliuer a ring

2213 to Madam *Silvia*: w (out of my neglect) was neuer done.  
 2214 *Pro.* Where is that ring? boy?  
 2215 *Iul.* Heere 'tis: this is it.  
 2216 *Pro.* How? let me see.  
 2217 Why this is the ring I gaue to *Iulia*.  
 2218 *Iul.* Oh, cry you mercy sir, I haue mistooke:  
 2219 This is the ring you sent to *Silvia*.  
 2220 *Pro.* But how cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart  
 2221 I gaue this vnto *Iulia*.  
 2222 *Iul.* And *Iulia* her selfe did giue it me,  
 2223 And *Iulia* her selfe hath brought it hither.  
 2224 *Pro.* How? *Iulia*?  
 2225 *Iul.* Behold her, that gaue ayme to all thy oathes,  
 2226 And entertain'd 'em deepely in her heart.  
 2227 How oft hast thou with periury cleft the roote?  
 2228 Oh *Protheus*, let this habit make thee blush. [D1v  
 2229 Be thou asham'd that I haue tooke vpon me,  
 2230 Such an immodest rayment; if shame liue  
 2231 In a disguise of loue?  
 2232 It is the lesser blot modesty findes,  
 2233 Women to change their shapes, then men their minds.  
 2234 *Pro.* Then men their minds? tis true: oh heuen, were man  
 2235 But Constant, he were perfect; that one error  
 2236 Fils him with faults: makes him run through all th' sins;  
 2237 Inconstancy falls- off, ere it begins:  
 2238 What is in *Silvia*'s face, but I may spie  
 2239 More fresh in *Iulia*'s, with a constant eye?  
 2240 *Val.* Come, come: a hand from either:  
 2241 Let me be blest to make this happy close:  
 2242 'Twere pittie two such friends should be long foes.  
 2243 *Pro.* Beare witnes (heauen) I haue my wish for euer.  
 2244 *Iul.* And I mine.  
 2245 *Out-l.* A prize: a prize: a prize.  
 2246 *Val.* Forbeare, forbeare I say: It is my Lord the *Duke*.  
 2247 Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,  
 2248 Banished *Valentine*.  
 2249 *Duke.* Sir *Valentine*?  
 2250 *Thu.* Yonder is *Silvia*: and *Silvia*'s mine.  
 2251 *Val.* *Thurio* giue backe; or else embrace thy death:  
 2252 Come not within the measure of my wrath:  
 2253 Doe not name *Silvia* thine: if once againe,  
 2254 *Verona* shall not hold thee: heere she stands,  
 2255 Take but possession of her, with a Touch:  
 2256 I dare thee, but to breath vpon my Loue.  
 2257 *Thu.* Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I:  
 2258 I hold him but a foole that will endanger

2259 His Body, for a Girle that loues him not:  
 2260 I claime her not, and therefore she is thine.  
 2261 *Duke.* The more degenerate and base art thou  
 2262 To make such meanes for her, as thou hast done,  
 2263 And leaue her on such slight conditions.  
 2264 Now, by the honor of my Ancestry,  
 2265 I doe applaud thy spirit, *Valentine*,  
 2266 And thinke thee worthy of an Empresse loue:  
 2267 Know then, I heere forget all former greefes,  
 2268 Cancell all grudge, repeale thee home againe,  
 2269 Plead a new state in thy vn-riual'd merit,  
 2270 To which I thus subscribe: Sir *Valentine*,  
 2271 Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriu'd,  
 2272 Take thou thy *Siluia*, for thou hast deseru'd her.  
 2273 *Val.* I thank your Grace, y gift hath made me happy:  
 2274 I now beseech you (for your daughters sake)  
 2275 To grant one Boone that I shall aske of you.  
 2276 *Duke.* I grant it (for thine owne) what ere it be.  
 2277 *Val.* These banish'd men, that I haue kept withall,  
 2278 Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:  
 2279 Forgiue them what they haue committed here,  
 2280 And let them be recall'd from their Exile:  
 2281 They are reformed, ciuill, full of good,  
 2282 And fit for great employment (worthy Lord.)  
 2283 *Duke.* Thou hast preuaild, I pardon them and thee:  
 2284 Dispose of them, as thou knowst their deserts.  
 2285 Come, let vs goe, we will include all iarres,  
 2286 With Triumphes, Mirth, and rare solemnity.  
 2287 *Val.* And as we walke along, I dare be bold  
 2288 With our discourse, to make your Grace to smile.  
 2289 What thinke you of this Page (my Lord?)  
 2290 *Duke.* I think the Boy hath grace in him, he blushes.  
 2291 *Val.* I warrant you (my Lord) more grace, then Boy.  
 2292 *Duke.* What meane you by that saying?  
 2293 *Val.* Please you, Ile tell you, as we passe along,  
 2294 That you will wonder what hath fortun'd:  
 2295 Come *Protheus*, 'tis your pennance, but to heare  
 2296 The story of your Loues discouered.  
 2297 That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,  
 2298 One Feast, one house, one mutuall happinesse. *Exeunt.*

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**The names of all the Actors.**

2300 *Duke: Father to Siluia.*

2301 *Valentine.*

2302 *Protheus. the two Gentlemen.*

- 2303 *Anthonio: father to Protheus.*  
2304 *Thurio: a foolish riuall to Valentine.*  
2305 *Eglamoure: Agent for Siluia in her escape.*  
2306 *Host: where Iulia lodges.*  
2307 *Out-lawes with Valentine.*  
2308 *Speed: a clownish seruant to Valentine.*  
2309 *Launce: the like to Protheus.*  
2310 *Panthion: seruant to Antonio.*  
2311 *Iulia: beloued of Protheus.*  
2312 *Siluia: beloued of Valentine.*  
*Lucetta: waighting- woman to Iulia.*
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- 2314 FINIS.  
2315 THE  
2316 Two Gentlemen of Verona.