



A Version of Shakespeare's play

by Dominic Power

revised 15th July 2013

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Two Gentlemen of Verona in this version was first performed by Shakespeare at the Tobacco Factory on 5th April 2013

Cast

Proteus	Piers Wehner
Valentine	Jack Bannell
Speed, <i>servant to Valentine</i>	Marc Geoffrey
Launce, <i>servant to Proteus</i>	Chris Donnelly
Crab, <i>his dog</i>	Lollo
Julia, <i>beloved of Proteus</i>	Dorothea Myer-Bennett
Lucetta, <i>waiting-woman to Julia</i>	Nicky Goldie
Antonio, <i>father to Proteus</i>	David Plimmer
Pantino, <i>servant to Antonio</i>	Thomas Frere
Silvia, <i>beloved of Valentine</i>	Lisa Kay
Lord Turio, <i>rival to Valentine</i>	Paul Currier
Duke of Milan, <i>father to Silvia</i>	Peter Clifford
Ursula, <i>in Silvia's service</i>	Eva Tausig
1 st Outlaw & Musician	Eva Tausig
2 nd Outlaw & Musician	Thomas Frere
3 rd Outlaw & Musician	David Plimmer
Eglamour, <i>agent for Silvia in her escape</i>	Alan Coveney
<i>Waiters & Café Customers</i>	

Scene: Verona, Milan & a forest outside Milan

Note: The Shakespearian pronunciation (here and in *The Tempest*) of 'Milan' was *Millun*, with the stress on the first syllable. The song that begins Scene 7 plays on this difference from modern usage.

Production

Director	Andrew Hilton
Assistant Director (University of Bristol)	Nicholas Finegan
Designer	Harriet de Winton
Costume Supervisor	Bianca Ward
Composer	John Telfer
Lighting Designer	Matthew Graham
Choreographers	Jonathan Howell & Lisa Kay
Production Photographer	Toby Farrow
Production Manager	Chris Bagust
Company & Stage Manager	Polly Meech
Deputy Stage Manager	Will Treasure
Assistant Stage Manager	Rhiannon Rutley
Costume Maintenance	Catherine Sweet
Costume Laundry	Kim Winter

Management

General Manager	Morag Massey
Administrator	Kate Mansbridge
Workshops Director	Chris Donnelly
Graphic Designer	Alan Coveney

Part One

Scene 1 (Act1 Sc1)

Verona. A Café

Proteus and Valentine at a table. A Trio play and sing

*Cease to persuade
Forsake that loving art
The ship is waiting on the tide
So one must go and one abide
Youth and friendship ever fade
With the changing of the heart*

*And lovers sigh
And friends must part
Here confusion
There illusion
Ah, friends must part.*

*Do not upbraid
The friend that holds you dear
That would keep you here forever
While you the ties of youth must sever
Of your parting unafraid
Of your future unaware*

*And must love die
Ere friendship start
Here illusion
There confusion
Ah, friends must part.*

Proteus Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou happ'ly seest
Some rare noteworthy object in thy travel.
Wish me partaker in thy happiness
When thou dost meet good hap, and in thy danger -
If ever danger do environ thee -
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

Valentine And on a love-book pray for my success?

Proteus Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee.

Valentine That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont
Or Trojan Troilus woo'd the Grecian Cressid.
Were't not affection chains thy tender days

To the sweet glances of thy Julia
 I rather would entreat thy company
 To see the wonders of the world abroad
 Than, living dully sluggardis'd at home,
 Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.

Proteus Yet I do love, and all the world is here.

Valentine To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans?
 Coy looks with heart-sore sighs? One fading moment's mirth
 With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights?
 When love is won, is't not a hapless gain?
 When lost, is't not a grievous labour won?
 How ever, but a folly bought with wit,
 Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Proteus So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Valentine So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.

Proteus 'Tis Love you cavil at. I am not Love.

Valentine Love is your master, for he masters you,
 And he that is so yoked to a fool,
 Methinks, should not be chronicl'd for wise.

Proteus Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
 The eating canker dwells, so eating love
 Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Valentine And writers say, as the most forward bud
 Is eaten by the canker ere it bloom,
 Even so by love the young and tender wit
 Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the bud,
 Losing his verdure even in the prime
 And all the fair effects of future hopes.
 But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee
 That art a votary to fond desire?
 And since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
 Even as I would when I to love begin.

Proteus A moment more. I would not have thee part
 Without remembrance from thy Proteus.
 Thy road is long and may be hazardous.
 This sword to me was by my father giv'n
 As he the like receiv'd it from his sire.

Valentine So this by right should to thine heir belong.

Proteus Thou, Valentine, doth hold the greater love.

See in the crafted silver of the blade
 Our portraits held, in true reflection.
 Nay, stay thy breath, for if the surface cloud
 So shall our likeness fade.

Valentine

Cease to persuade

My loving Proteus. The mist does clear
 And so once more our images appear
 Brighter now and truer than before,
 In this gift held, in love immovable.

Proteus

If I do err in truth to Valentine
 Take up this sword, strike Proteus to the heart
 For by my falsehood, I have slain myself.

Valentine

Once more adieu. My father at the road
 Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Proteus

All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Valentine

As much to you at home, and so farewell.

Exit

Proteus

He after honour hunts, I after love.
 He leaves his friends to dignify them more,
 I leave myself, my friends, and all, for love.
 Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphis'd me,
 Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
 War with good counsel, set the world at nought,
 Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Exit

Scene 2

Verona

Enter Launce and Crab at one door, Speed at another

Speed

'Save you, Launce! Saw you Sir Valentine?

Launce

But now parted to embark for Milan.

Speed

Then he is shipp'd already. I shall lose my place if I do not follow.

Launce

Nay, do not go yet, for our ancient friendship's sake. Give me thine ear, good Speed - I have been so ill-us'd this morning.

Speed

Why man, 'tis thy custom. Thou wast us'd ill yesterday and

will be tomorrow.

Launce Do but hear me, I am dog weary. This day I have been a-wooing for Sir Proteus.

Speed I may not stay, for you will mar the telling and make a good tale tedious.

Launce I would importune you with tears as my master did Sir Valentine. Our love is as great as theirs. Would you away in spite of all my tears?

Speed Ay!

Launce I would have told thee that of all the tasks a man may do for his master, to whit the watering the horses, the fetching, the carrying, the pulling off and putting on of boots and the like –

Speed Launce - !

Launce – this lovemaking is the hardest. My master was the author of a letter, which I was charg'd to deliver to mistress Julia and thou, Crab, art the author of this day's misfortunes.

Speed What has he done?

Launce He hath made a mischief on the person of Julia's waiting-lady, Lucetta. Why, Crab, would thou go a-wooing in the place of my master?

Enter Proteus

Proteus What, still here, Speed? Make haste, Sir Valentine is aboard, and you'll lose your place if you tarry.

Speed Sir Proteus, 'save you! But your man here is to blame. He has held me hostage with a weary tale, which I shall die ere I see concluded.

Proteus Nay good Speed, if you die upon this cause, then Launce must hang for't.

Speed Do but let him hang upon his own words and he shall be twenty years a'dying.

Launce How dost thou reckon this?

Speed Because, old boy, thy tale will stretch thy neck to infinity. Thou may'st yet live to make thyself immortal.

Proteus Begone, man! Save your wit to salt the waters, that your master's ship may float the better. Commend me to my friend.

- Speed** Ay, sir, I will. Adieu, Launce, we shall never meet more.
Exit Speed
- Proteus** Launce -
- Launce** [*Aside*] Now may I be beaten once more! – Sir Proteus, 'save you!
- Proteus** Gav'st thou my letter to Julia?
- Launce** I did, sire, in a manner of speaking, and then again, I did not, in a manner of speaking.
- Proteus** What manner of speech is it that can do and undo an action at the same time?
- Launce** Nay, 'tis two manners of speaking.
- Proteus** Did'st thou deliver my letter or no?
- Launce** To begin with the good manner of speaking, I went to the house and deliver'd the letter.
- Proteus** Then thou hast done well.
- Launce** And to conclude with t'other manner of speaking, the letter was ill receiv'd.
- Proteus** Tell me in plain speech, what was thy offence?
- Launce** None that I know of.
- Proteus** Then why did the lady receive my letter ill?
- Launce** Because the lady would use me unkindly. In your service, I gain'd nothing at all from her.
- Proteus** What said she? Nothing?
- Launce** No, not so much as 'Take this for thy pains'.
- Proteus** What was thy offence?
- Launce** T'was not my offence. In truth she made herself an enemy to Crab.
- Proteus** What business had your dog there?
- Launce** Speak not so harshly, sire, within his hearing. I took him because he is bold where I am bashful, and that he loves all society. Were I wooing I would want for no better ambassador. The long and the short of it, when Crab laid eyes on the lady he became amorous.
- Proteus** How amorous?

- Launce** He hath a very loving nature, sire. Seeing her, he did desire a part of her person and did so worry her skirts and made so merry with her leg, that I must go upon my knees to fetch him away from her underskirts. And for my pains I receiv'd such a box o' the ear that I could scarce hear the curses she rain'd on me.
- Proteus** All is lost! Take thy cur and have him shot, then drown'd. I would rather you and I were hang'd than cause so grave offence to so sweet a lady.
- Launce** Not so sweet, by your pardon, but sour, short, harsh and wrangling. Yet Crab would have us'd her kindly.
- Proteus** Take this for thy pains, you rogue! How dar'st thou speak ill of her?
- Launce** Am I to be twice beaten for following your commands?
- Proteus** Nay, thrice beaten. Get thee hence and order thyself whipp'd 'til the tongue is silenc'd that slanders fairest Julia.
- Launce** Wait, sire – I see the trick on't. When I told you I gave it the lady, you suppos'd it to be your mistress, but I gave it to your mistress' waiting-lady, Lucetta.
- Proteus** Say you so? Lucetta, not Julia?
- Launce** Aye, sir.
- Proteus** Your cur did – what he did – to Lucetta, not Julia?
- Launce** Aye, sir.
- Proteus** Then all is not lost. Here's money to heal thy hurt. How stands it now?
- Launce** Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.
- Proteus** Thy reason?
- Launce** If the maid is unkind, than shall the mistress follow.
- Proteus** As thy cur is curs'd thy reason is shallow.
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.
To music's art, my fortunes to revive.
Upon my skill in song my love shall thrive.
What, still here? Go fellow, call for musicians.

Exeunt

Scene 3 (Act1 Sc2)

Julia's Garden in Verona

Enter Julia and Lucetta

- Julia** But say, Lucetta, now we are alone
Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?
- Lucetta** Ay, madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.
- Julia** Of all the fair resort of gentlemen
That every day with parle encounter me
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?
- Lucetta** Please you repeat their names, I'll show my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.
- Julia** What think'st thou of the fair Sir Bergamour?
- Lucetta** As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine,
But, were I you, he never should be mine.
- Julia** What think'st thou of the rich Mercutio?
- Lucetta** Well of his wealth, but of himself, so so.
- Julia** What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?
- Lucetta** Lord, Lord, to see what folly reigns in us!
- Julia** How now, what means this passion at his name?
- Lucetta** Pardon, dear madam, 'tis a passing shame
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.
- Julia** Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?
- Lucetta** Then thus - of many good I think him best.
- Julia** Your reason?
- Lucetta** I have no other but a woman's reason.
I think him so because I think him so.
- Julia** And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?
- Lucetta** Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.
- Julia** Why, he of all the rest hath never woo'd me.
- Lucetta** Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.
- Julia** His little speaking shows his love but small.
- Lucetta** Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.
- Julia** They do not love that do not show their love.

Lucetta O, they love least that let men know their love.

Julia I would I knew his mind.

Lucetta Peruse this letter, madam.

Julia 'To Julia.' Say, from whom?

Lucetta That the contents will show.

Julia Say, say, who gave it thee?

Lucetta That rascal slave that serves Sir Proteus.
He would have given it you but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it. Pardon the fault, I pray.

Julia Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines,
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
There, take the letter. See it be return'd,
Or else return no more into my sight.

Lucetta To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Julia Will ye be gone?

Lucetta That you may ruminate.

Exit

Julia And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.
It were a shame to call her back again
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What a fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view,
Since maids, in modesty, say 'no' to that
Which they would have the profferer construe 'ay'.
Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love
That like a testy babe will scratch the nurse
And presently, all humbl'd, kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence
When willingly I would have had her here.
How angerly I taught my brow to frown
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile.
My penance is to call Lucetta back
And ask remission for my folly past.
What, ho, Lucetta!

Re-enter Lucetta

Lucetta What would your ladyship?

Julia Is't near dinner-time?

Lucetta I would it were
That you might kill your stomach on your meat
And not upon your maid.
She drops and then picks up the letter

Julia What is't that you took up so gingerly?

Lucetta Nothing.

Julia Why didst thou stoop, then?

Lucetta To take a paper up that I let fall.

Julia And is that paper nothing?

Lucetta Nothing concerning me.

Julia Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Lucetta Madam, it will not lie where it concerns
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Julia Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Lucetta Then might I sing it, madam, had I music.

Julia Best sing it to 'O, What an Ass is Love'.

Lucetta It is too tender for so gross a tune.

Julia Tender? Belike it hath some feeling, then?

Lucetta Ay, and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Julia And why not you?

Lucetta I cannot reach so high.

Julia Let's see your song.
Lucetta withholds it
How now, minion!
Lucetta yields it
Here is a coil with protestation!
Julia tears it
Go get you gone, and let the papers lie.
You would be fingering them to anger me.

Lucetta She makes it strange, but she would be best pleas'd
To be so anger'd with another letter.
Exit
Enter, outside the garden, Proteus with musicians

Julia Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same.

Proteus *When silk doth Julia's frame adorn*

*The damask doth disguise no thorn
 A rose she is, born free from blight
 For she is furnish'd for delight
 Her petals morning dew doth kiss
 And all mankind must envy this
 As Julia is fair
 So Julia be kind.*

*Julia doth the sun beguile
 This garden world awaits her smile
 Each season doth her beauty stay
 Calm in Winter glad in May
 Her radiance doth ever shine
 Would she were mine, would she were mine
 As Julia is fair
 Let Julia be kind.*

Exit Proteus & Musicians

Julia

Proteus – !
 O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
 Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey
 And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!
 I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
 Look, here is 'Julia be kind'. Unkind Julia!
 As in revenge of thy ingratitude
 I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
 Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
 And here is 'from love-wounded Proteus'.
 Poor wounded name, my bosom as a bed
 Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd,
 And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
 Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away
 Till I have found each letter in the letter
 Except mine own name. That some whirlwind bear
 Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock
 And throw it thence into the raging sea.
 Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ:
 'Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
 To the sweet Julia'. That I'll tear away -
 And yet I will not, sith so prettily
 He couples it to his complaining names.
 Thus will I fold them one upon another.
 Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter Lucetta

- Lucetta** Madam,
Dinner is ready and your father stays.
- Julia** Well, let us go.
- Lucetta** What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?
- Julia** If you respect them best to take them up.
- Lucetta** Nay, I was taken up for laying them down.
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.
- Julia** I see you have a magpie's eye to them.
- Lucetta** Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see.
I see things too, although you judge I wink.
- Julia** Come, come. Will't please you go?

Exeunt

Scene 4 (Act1 Sc3)

Antonio's House in Verona

Enter Antonio

Antonio Pantino!

Enter Pantino

Pantino My lord?

Antonio Tell me, what sad talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pantino 'Twas of your son, Proteus.

Antonio Proteus? Why, what of him?

Pantino He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out.
Some to the wars to try their fortune there,
Some to discover islands far away,
Some to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said that Proteus your son was meet
And did request me to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age
In having known no travel in his youth.

- Antonio** Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time
And how he cannot be a perfect man
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world.
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
Perfected so by the swift course of time.
Then tell me whither were I best to send him?
- Pantino** I think your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the Duke of Milan in his court.
- Antonio** I know it well.
- Pantino** 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither.
There shall he whet his skill in many tongues,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.
- Antonio** I like thy counsel. Well hast thou advis'd.
And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it
Even with the speediest expedition
Will I dispatch him to the good Duke's court.
- Pantino** Tomorrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso
With other gentlemen of good esteem
Are journeying to salute the Duke
And to commend their service to his will.
- Antonio** Good company. With them shall Proteus go -
Enter Proteus with a letter
And, in good time! Now will we break with him.
- Proteus** Sweet love, sweet lines, sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart.
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!
- Antonio** How now, what letter are you reading there?
- Proteus** May't please you, father, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

- Antonio** Lend me the letter, let me see what news.
- Proteus** There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the Duke himself,
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
- Antonio** And how stand you affected to his wish?
- Proteus** As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.
- Antonio** My will is something sorted with his wish.
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the great Duke's court.
What maintenance he from his kin receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.
Tomorrow be in readiness to go -
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.
- Proteus** My lord, I cannot be so soon provided.
Please you deliberate a day or two.
- Antonio** Look what thou want'st shall be sent after thee.
No more of stay, tomorrow thou must go.
Come on, Pantino, you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.
- Exeunt Antonio and Pantino*
- Proteus** Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning
And drench'd me in the sea where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter
Lest he should take exceptions to my love,
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun
And by and by a cloud takes all away!
- Re-enter Pantino*
- Pantino** Sir Proteus, your father calls for you.
He is in haste. Therefore, I pray you, go.
- Proteus** Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers 'no'.

Exeunt

Scene 5 (Act2 Sc2)

Julia's Garden

Enter Julia, in tears, and Lucetta

- Lucetta** If you be wise, there's comfort to be had.
Your lord will soon return. Yet if he tarry
In Verona dwell many goodly men
Equal in fortune, as fair of feature.
- Julia** Get thee hence, oh you wicked creature,
Was't not you who taught me first to love,
Disprais' all others and in honey'd phrase
Anatomis'd his virtues – oh traitor –
- Lucetta** Nay, madam, I spake not in earnest.
- Julia** Then for this jest I'll never love you more.
- Lucetta** Weep not, madam. Proteus doth love thee
As true as thou lov'st him.
- Julia** Is't so, Lucetta?
- Lucetta** I swear upon my virtue it be true.
- Julia** Then I love thee once again.
- Enter Proteus*
- Lucetta** Here comes one
Who'll speak thee sweeter words than I.
- Exit Lucetta*
- Proteus** Have patience, gentle Julia.
- Julia** I must where is no remedy.
- Proteus** When possibly I can, I will return.
- Julia** If you turn not, you will return the sooner.
[Giving a ring] Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.
- Proteus** Why, then, we'll make exchange. Here, take you this.
- Julia** And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.
- Proteus** Here is my hand for my true constancy,
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming. Answer not.
The tide is now - nay, not thy tide of tears.
That tide will stay me longer than I should.

Julia, farewell.

Exit Julia

What, gone without a word?

Ay, so true love should do, it cannot speak,
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Pantino *[Off]* Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for!

Proteus I come, I come!
Alas, this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.

Exit

Scene 6 (Act2 Sc3)

Verona

Enter Launce, leading Crab

Launce Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping. All the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have receiv'd my proportion like the prodigious son and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natur'd dog that lives. My mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our cat wringing her hands and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog. Why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father - no, this left shoe is my father - no, no, this left shoe is my mother. Nay, that cannot be so neither. Yes, it is so, it is so, it hath the worsor sole. This shoe with the hole in it is my mother, and this my father. A vengeance on't, there 'tis! Now, sir, this staff is my sister, for look you she is as white as a lily and as straight as a wand. This hat is our blind grandam. I am the dog. No, the dog is himself, and I am the dog. Oh, the dog is me, and I am myself. Ay, so, so. Now come I to my father, 'Father, your blessing'. Now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping. Now should I kiss my father. Well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother. O, that she could speak now - like a mad woman! Well, I kiss her. Why, there 'tis. Here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister. Mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word. But see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter Pantino

- Pantino** Launce, away, away, aboard! Thy master is shipp'd, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? Why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass, you'll lose the tide if you tarry any longer.
- Launce** It is no matter if the tied were lost, for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.
- Pantino** What's the unkindest tide?
- Launce** Why, he that's tied here. Crab, my dog.
- Pantino** Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood, and in losing the flood lose thy voyage and in losing thy voyage lose thy master and in losing thy master lose thy service and in losing thy service - why dost thou stop my mouth?
- Launce** For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.
- Pantino** Where should I lose my tongue?
- Launce** In thy tale.
- Pantino** In my tail!
- Launce** Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied? Why, man, if the river were dry I am able to fill it with my tears. If the wind were down I could drive the boat with my sighs.
- Pantino** Come, come away, man. I was sent to call thee.
- Launce** Sir, call me what thou dar'st.
- Pantino** Wilt thou go?
- Launce** Well, I will go. Come, Crab – to Milan!

Exit Pantino

Exeunt

Scene 7 (Act2 Sc1&5)

Milan. A Café

Valentine sits at a table, writing a letter. Waiters sing

- Waiters** *To those who come to her by land
As honest men are wont to do
Our city doth extend her hand
And doth commend her fairest view
With pleasant walks and vistas wide*

*And boulevards and fountains bright
 And happiness on every side
 And lovers walking in delight
 Hark to the joyful bells' echo
 Míllun, Milan, Milano.*

*For those who come to her by sea
 Another city there doth wait
 Though most men know this cannot be
 It lies beyond a harbour gate
 Its colonnades are deck'd with coral
 Its marble by the waters kiss'd
 There lovers part and friends make quarrel
 And all is lost in a sea mist
 Hark to the sunken bells echo
 Míllun, Milan, Milano.*

Enter Speed

- Speed** Sir, your glove.
- Valentine** Not mine, my gloves are here.
- Speed** Why then, I thought 'twas yours. *[Smelling it]* But, no, 'tis not.
- Valentine** Ha, let me see - ay, give it me, 'tis mine.
 Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
 Ah, Silvia, Silvia!
- Speed** Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!
- Valentine** How now, sirrah?
- Speed** She is not within hearing, sir.
- Valentine** Why, sir, who bade you call her?
- Speed** Your worship, sir, or else I mistook.
- Valentine** You'll still be too forward.
- Speed** I was last chidden for being too slow.
- Valentine** Go to, sir. Tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?
- Speed** She that your worship loves?
- Valentine** Why, how know you that I am in love?
- Speed** Marry, you have learn'd, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms about you like a malcontent, to relish a love-song like a robin-redbreast, to walk alone like one that had the pestilence, to sigh like a schoolboy that had lost his A B C, to

weep like a young wench that had buried her grandam, to fast like one that takes diet, to watch like one that fears robbing, to speak puling like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont when you laugh'd to crow like a cock, when you walk'd to walk like one of the lions. When you fasted it was presently after dinner, when you looked sadly it was for want of money. And now you are so metamorphis'd with a mistress, that when I look on you I can hardly think you my master.

- Valentine** Are all these things perceiv'd in me?
- Speed** They are all perceiv'd without ye.
- Valentine** Without me? They cannot.
- Speed** Without you? Nay, that's certain, you are so without these follies that they shine through you like the water in an urinal, and not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.
- Valentine** But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?
- Speed** She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?
- Valentine** Hast thou observ'd that? Even she, I mean.
- Speed** Why, sir, I know her not.
- Valentine** Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?
- Speed** Is she not hard-favour'd, sir?
- Valentine** Not so! Fair, boy, as well-favour'd.
- Speed** Sir, I know that well enough.
- Valentine** What dost thou know?
- Speed** That she is not so fair as, by you, well favour'd.
- Valentine** I mean that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.
- Speed** That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.
- Valentine** How painted? And how out of count?
- Speed** Marry, sir, so painted to make her fair that no man counts of her beauty.
- Valentine** How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.
- Speed** You never saw her since she was deform'd.

- Valentine** How long hath she been deform'd?
- Speed** Ever since you lov'd her.
- Valentine** I have lov'd her ever since I saw her, and still I see her beautiful.
- Speed** If you love her, you cannot see her.
- Valentine** Why?
- Speed** Because Love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes, or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going unshaven!
- Valentine** What should I see then?
- Speed** Your own present folly and her passing deformity. For he, being in love, could not see to shave his chin, and you being in love cannot see to tie your shoes.
- Valentine** Belike, boy, then, you are in love, for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.
- Speed** True, sir, I was in love with my bed. I thank you, you beat me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.
- Valentine** In conclusion, I stand affected to her.
- Speed** I would you were sat, so your affection show'd not.
- Valentine** Last night she enjoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.
- Speed** And have you?
- Valentine** I have.
- Speed** Are they not lamely writ?
- Valentine** No, boy, but as well as I can do them. Peace, here she comes.
- Enter Silvia*
- Valentine** Madam and mistress, a thousand good morrows.
- Speed** *[Aside]* O, 'give ye good even! Here's a million of manners.
- Silvia** Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.
- Speed** *[Aside]* He should give her interest, and she gives it him.
- Valentine** As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours,
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in

But for my duty to your ladyship.

Silvia I thank you, gentle servant. 'Tis very clerkly done.

Valentine Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off,
For being ignorant to whom it goes
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Silvia Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Valentine No, madam. So it stead you I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much,
And yet -

Silvia A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel.
And yet I will not name it - and yet I care not -
And yet take this again - and yet I thank you,
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed [*Aside*] And yet you will. And yet another 'yet'.

Valentine What means your ladyship? Do you not like it?

Silvia Yes, yes, the lines are very quaintly writ.
But since unwillingly, take them again.
Nay, take them.

Valentine Madam, they are for you.

Silvia Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my request,
But I will none of them. They are for you.
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Valentine Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Silvia And when it's writ, for my sake read it over
And if it please you, so. If not, why, so.

Valentine If it please me, madam, what then?

Silvia Why, if it please you, take it for your labour.
And so, good morrow, servant.

Exit

Speed [*Aside*] O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

Valentine How now, sir, what are you reasoning with yourself?

Speed Nay, I was rhyming. 'Tis you that have the reason.

Valentine To do what?

- Speed** To be a spokesman for Madam Silvia.
- Valentine** To whom?
- Speed** To yourself. Why, she woos you by a figure.
- Valentine** What figure?
- Speed** By a letter, I should say.
- Valentine** Why, she hath not writ to me!
- Speed** What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself?
Why, do you not perceive the jest?
- Valentine** No, believe me.
- Speed** No believing you, indeed, sir. Did you not receive her earnest?
- Valentine** She gave me none, except an angry word.
- Speed** Why, she hath given you a letter.
- Valentine** That's the letter I writ to her friend.
- Speed** And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.
- Valentine** I would it were no worse.
- Speed** I'll warrant you, 'tis as well.
For often have you writ to her and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply.
Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind discover
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.
All this I speak in print, for in print I found it. Why muse you,
sir? 'Tis dinner time.
- Valentine** I have din'd.
- Exit*
- Speed** Ay, but hearken, sir! Though the chameleon Love can feed
on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals and
would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress. Be
mov'd, be mov'd.
- Enter Launce and Crab*
- By my faith, is't old Launce, or else his ghost? When died
you, spirit?
- Launce** Call me not spirit, good Speed. I am made of flesh and bone
as thou art. Come, embrace me and prove it so.
- Speed** Well, thou art like enough to him. And thy dog is like
enough to Crab, so I shall call thee Launce. How com'st

thou in Milan?

Launce Marry, my master came and I came behind him.

Speed Where is thy master now?

Launce Gone to seek your master, to speak of his love.

Speed His love to my master or his mistress?

Launce I did not know thy master had a mistress.

Speed Thou mistakes me, I meant thy master's mistress.

Launce In truth, I cannot say, for he loves 'em both.

Speed 'Tis all one. Launce, by mine honesty, welcome.

Launce Forswear not thyself, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. A man is never undone till he be hang'd, nor never welcome till some certain shot be paid and the hostess say 'Welcome!'

Speed Come on, you madcap, I'll to an alehouse with you presently, where for one shot of five pence thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia?

Launce Marry, after they clos'd in earnest they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed But shall she marry him?

Launce No.

Speed How then? Shall he marry her?

Launce No, neither.

Speed What, are they broken?

Launce No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed Why, then, how stands the matter with them?

Launce Marry, thus: when it stands well with him it stands well with her.

Speed What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

Launce What a block art thou that thou canst not! My staff understands me.

Speed What thou say'st?

Launce Ay, and what I do too. Look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed It stands under thee, indeed.

- Launce** Why, stand under and understand is all one.
- Speed** But tell me true, will't be a match?
- Launce** Ask my dog. If he say 'ay' it will. If he say 'no' it will. If he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.
- Speed** The conclusion is then that it will.
- Launce** Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.
- Speed** 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how sayest thou that my master is become a notable lover?
- Launce** I never knew him otherwise.
- Speed** Than how?
- Launce** A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.
- Speed** Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistak'st me.
- Launce** Why fool, I meant not thee. I meant thy master.
- Speed** I tell thee my master is become a hot lover.
- Launce** Why, I tell thee I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt, take me to thy alehouse. If not, thou art not worth the name of a Christian.
- Speed** Why?
- Launce** Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a friend. Wilt thou go?
- Speed** I'll be there before thee.

Exeunt

Scene 8 (Act2 Sc4)

The Duke of Milan's Palace
Silvia, Ursula, Valentine and Turio

- Silvia** Servant, you are sad.
- Valentine** Indeed, madam, I seem so.
- Turio** Seem you that you are not?
- Valentine** Haply I do.
- Turio** So do counterfeits.
- Valentine** So do you.
- Turio** What seem I that I am not?

- Valentine** Wise.
- Turio** What instance of the contrary?
- Valentine** Your folly.
- Turio** And how quote you my folly?
- Valentine** I quote it in your jerkin.
- Turio** My jerkin is a blazer.
- Valentine** Ay, and through it your folly doth blaze like a beacon.
- Turio** How?
- Silvia** What, angry, Lord Turio? Do you change colour?
- Valentine** Give him leave, madam, he is a kind of chameleon.
- Turio** That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.
- Valentine** You have said, sir.
- Turio** Ay, sir, and done too for this time.
- Valentine** I know it well, sir. You always end ere you begin.
- Silvia** A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.
- Valentine** 'Tis indeed, madam. We thank the giver.
- Silvia** Who is that, servant?
- Valentine** Yourself, sweet lady, for you gave the fire. Lord Turio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.
- Turio** Sir, if you spend word for word with me I shall make your wit bankrupt.
- Valentine** I know it well, sir. You have an exchequer of words and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers, for it appears by their bare liveries that they live by your bare words.
- Silvia** No more, gentlemen, no more - here comes my father.
- Enter Duke*
Exit Ursula
- Duke** Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father is in good health.
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?
- Valentine** My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

- Duke** Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman?
- Valentine** Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth and worthy estimation
And not without desert so well reputed.
- Duke** Hath he not a son?
- Valentine** Ay, my good lord, a son that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.
- Duke** You know him well?
- Valentine** I know him as myself, for from our infancy
We have convers'd and spent our hours together.
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days.
His years but young, but his experience old,
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe,
And in a word - for far behind his worth
Comes all the praises that I now bestow -
He is complete in feature and in mind
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.
- Duke** Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good
He is worthy for an Emperor's court.
Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me
Commended by some men of great respect
And here he means to spend his time awhile.
I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.
- Valentine** Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.
- Duke** Welcome him then according to his worth.
Silvia, I speak to you, and you, Lord Turio.
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it.
I will send him hither to you presently.
- Valentine** This is the gentleman I told your ladyship
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.
- Silvia** Belike that now she hath enfranchis'd them?
- Valentine** Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.
- Silvia** Nay, then, he should be blind, and being blind

Exit

How could he see his way to seek out you?

Valentine Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Turio They say that Love hath not an eye at all.

Valentine To see such lovers, Turio, as yourself.
Upon a homely object Love can wink.

Silvia Have done, have done. Here comes the gentleman.

Enter Proteus

Valentine Welcome, dear Proteus! Welcome to Milan!

Proteus My loving Valentine!

Valentine Mistress, I beseech you
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Silvia His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Valentine Mistress, it is. Sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Silvia Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Proteus Not so, sweet lady, but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Valentine Leave off this quibbling discourse.
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Proteus My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Silvia And duty never yet did want his meed.
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Enter Ursula

Proteus I'll die on him that says so but yourself.

Silvia That you are welcome?

Proteus That you are worthless.

Ursula Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

Silvia I wait upon his pleasure. Come, Lord Turio,
Go with me. Once more, new servant, welcome.
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs.
When you have done we look to hear from you.

Proteus We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

Exeunt Silvia and Turio

Valentine Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Proteus Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Valentine And how do yours?

Proteus I left them all in health.

Valentine How does your lady? And how thrives your love?

Proteus My tales of love were wont to weary you.
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

Valentine Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now.
I have done penance for contemning Love
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears and daily heart-sore sighs.
For in revenge of my contempt of love
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord
And hath so humbl'd me as I confess
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his service no such joy on earth,
Now no discourse, except it be of love.
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup and sleep
Upon the very naked name of love.

Proteus Enough. I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worship so?

Valentine Even she. And is she not a heavenly saint?

Proteus No, but she is an earthly paragon.

Valentine Call her divine.

Proteus I will not flatter her.

Valentine O, flatter me, for love delights in praises.

Proteus When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills
And I must minister the like to you.

Valentine Then speak the truth by her. If not divine
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Proteus Except my mistress.

Valentine Sweet, except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my love.

Proteus Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Valentine And I will help thee to prefer her too.
 She shall be dignified with this high honour -
 To bear my lady's train lest the base earth
 Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss
 And of so great a favour growing proud
 Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower
 And make rough winter everlastingly.

Proteus Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

Valentine Pardon me, Proteus, all I can is nothing
 To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing.
 She is alone.

Proteus Then let her alone.

Valentine Not for the world! Why, man, she is mine own
 And I as rich in having such a jewel
 As twenty seas if all their sand were pearl,
 The water nectar and the rocks pure gold.
 Forgive me that I do not dream on thee
 Because thou see'st me dote upon my love.
 My foolish rival that her father likes
 Only for his possessions are so huge
 Is gone with her along and I must after,
 For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Proteus But she loves you?

Valentine Ay, and we are betroth'd. Nay more, our marriage-hour,
 With all the cunning manner of our flight
 Determin'd of - how I must climb her window,
 The ladder made of cords, and all the means
 Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.
 Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
 In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Proteus Go on before. I shall inquire you forth.
 I must unto the road to disembark
 Some necessaries that I needs must use,
 And then I'll presently attend you.

Valentine Will you make haste?

Proteus I will.

Exit Valentine

Even as one heat another heat expels,
 Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
 So the remembrance of my former love

Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
 Is it mine eye or Valentine's praise,
 Her true perfection or my false transgression
 That makes me reasonless to reason thus?
 She is fair, and so is Julia that I love -
 That I did love? Is my love now thaw'd,
 And like a waxen image 'gainst a fire
 Bear'st no impression of the thing it was?
 Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold
 And that I love him not as I was wont
 For that I love his lady too, too much.
 How shall I dote on her with more advice
 That thus without advice begin to love her?
 'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld
 And that hath dazzled my reason's light,
 But when I look on her perfections
 There is no reason but I shall be blind.
 If I can check my erring love, I will,
 To Julia yet I would be faithful still.

Scene 9 (Act2 Sc7)

Julia's garden in Verona
Enter Julia and Lucetta

- Julia** Counsel, Lucetta. Good Lucetta, assist me,
 And even in kind love I do conjure thee
 To lesson me and tell me some good mean
 How with my honour I may undertake
 A journey to my loving Proteus.
- Lucetta** Alas, the way is wearisome and long!
- Julia** A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
 To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps.
 Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly
 And when the flight is made to one so dear,
 Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.
- Lucetta** Better forbear till Proteus make return.
- Julia** O, know'st thou not his looks are my soul's food?
 Pity the dearth that I have pined in
 By longing for that food so long a time.
 Didst thou but know the inly touch of love

Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Lucetta I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire
But qualify the fire's extremest rage
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Julia The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.
The current that with gentle murmur glides
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage.
But when his loving course is hinder'd not
He makes sweet music with th'enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage.
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport unto the wild ocean.
Then let me go and hinder not my course.
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream
And make a pastime of each weary step
Till the last step have brought me to my love
And there I'll rest as after much turmoil
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Lucetta So in what habit will you go along?

Julia Not like a woman, for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men.
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.

Lucetta Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.

Julia No, girl, I'll knit it up in silken strings
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots.
To be fantastic may become a youth.

Lucetta What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

Julia Why, even what fashion thou best likes, Lucetta.

Lucetta You must needs have them with a fly, madam.

Julia Lucetta, as thou lov'st me let me have
What thou think'st meet and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstead a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

Lucetta If you think so, then stay at home and go not.

- Julia** Nay, that I will not.
- Lucetta** Then never dream on infamy, but go.
And that you may in safety venture forth
So shall I. Though male habit likes me not
Yet like a man, companion you I will
With pistol and dagger to rebuff all harm.
- Julia** Nay, kind Lucetta, pray be not so fierce
Lest we for idle swaggerers be mistook
And men are tempted forth to try our skill.
Come you as my sister. Let your bearing
Stead of anger all courtesy to win.
- Lucetta** Nay better yet, let me your mother be,
For a sister may draw gallants in her wake.
A mother yet may pass without annoy.
- Julia** It shall be so. We'll never quarrel more.
- Lucetta** If Proteus like your journey when you come
No matter who's displeas'd when you are gone.
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.
- Julia** That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear.
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears
And instances of infinite of love
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.
- Lucetta** All these are servants to deceitful men.
- Julia** Base men that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth.
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart.
- Lucetta** Pray heaven they prove so, when we come to him.
- Julia** Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong
To bear a hard opinion of his truth.
Only deserve my love by loving him
And secretly go with me to my chamber
To furnish us upon our longing journey.
Come, answer not, but to it presently!

Exeunt

Scene 10 (Act2 Sc6)

The Palace in Milan

Enter Proteus

Proteus To leave my Julia shall I be forsworn,
 To love fair Silvia shall I be forsworn,
 To wrong my friend I shall be much forsworn
 And even that power which gave me first my oath
 Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
 Love bade me swear and Love bids me forswear.
 O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinn'd
 Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
 At first I did adore a twinkling star
 But now I worship a celestial sun.
 Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken
 And he wants wit that wants resolved will
 To learn him to exchange the bad for better.
 Fie, fie, unreverend tongue, to call her bad
 Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
 With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
 I cannot leave to love, and yet I do,
 But there I leave to love where I should love.
 Julia I lose and Valentine I lose.
 If I keep them I needs must lose myself,
 If I lose them thus find I by their loss,
 For Valentine myself, for Julia Silvia.
 I to myself am dearer than a friend,
 For love is still most precious in itself,
 And Silvia - witness Heaven, that made her fair -
 Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiopie.
 I will forget that Julia is alive,
 Remembering that my love to her is dead.
 My Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
 And aim at Silvia as a sweeter friend.

Part Two

Speed's Dream

Speed

*Last night into my chamber crept
My master's mistress and she threw
Her arms around my neck and wept
Though you may say that I but slept
The words she spoke were fair and true
Anon I'll sing them here for you*

*I do not sleep in livery
Before I wake my thoughts are free.*

*"Speed, speed thee to thy rightful place
More puissant than your braggart lord
Superior in wit and grace
Of sweeter breath, of fairer face
Would I were both your wife and bawd"
[And so we lay in sweet accord]*

*Be it a dream or reverie
Before I wake my thoughts are free.*

Scene 11 (Act3 Sc1)

Milan. A Palace Terrace, evening
Enter Duke, Turio and Proteus

Duke

Lord Turio, give us leave, I pray, awhile.
We have some secrets to confer about.

Exit Turio

Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

Proteus

My gracious lord, that which I would discover
The law of friendship bids me to conceal,
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter.
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determin'd to bestow her
On Lord Turio, whom your daughter hates,

And should she thus be stol'n away from you
 It would be much vexation to your age.
 Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather choose
 To cross my friend in his intended drift
 Than by concealing it heap on your head
 A pack of sorrows which would press you down,
 Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care,
 Which to requite command me while I live.
 This love of theirs myself have often seen -
 Haply when they have judg'd me fast asleep -
 And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
 Sir Valentine her company and my court.
 But fearing lest my jealous aim might err
 And so unworthily disgrace the man -
 A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd -
 I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find
 That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
 And that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,
 Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
 I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
 The key whereof myself have ever kept,
 And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Proteus Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
 How he her chamber-window will ascend
 And with a corded ladder fetch her down.
 For which the youthful lover now is gone
 And this way comes he with it presently
 Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
 But, good my Lord, do it so cunningly
 That my discovery be not aimed at.
 For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
 Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke Upon mine honour, he shall never know
 That I had any light from thee of this.

Proteus Adieu, my Lord. Sir Valentine is coming.

Exit
Enter Valentine

Duke Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Valentine Please it your grace, there is a messenger
 That stays to bear my letters to my friends

And I am going to deliver them.

Duke Be they of much import?

Valentine The tenour of them doth but signify
My health and happy being at your court.

Duke Nay then, no matter. Stay with me awhile.
I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought
To match my friend Lord Turio to my daughter.

Valentine I know it well, my Lord, and sure the match
Were rich and honourable. Besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?

Duke No, trust me. She is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that she is my child
Nor fearing me as if I were her father.
And may I say to thee this pride of hers
Upon advice hath drawn my love from her
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her childlike duty
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife
And turn out Silvia to who will take her in.
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Valentine What would your Grace have me to do in this?

Duke There is a lady of Ferrara here
Whom I affect, but she is nice and coy
And nought esteems my aged eloquence.
Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor -
For long ago I have forgot to court,
Besides the fashion of the time is chang'd -
How and which way I may bestow myself
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Valentine Win her with gifts if she respect not words.
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

Duke But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

- Valentine** A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her.
 Send her another, never give her o'er
 For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
 If she do frown 'tis not in hate of you
 But rather to beget more love in you.
 If she do chide 'tis not to have you gone
 For why the fools are mad if left alone.
 Take no repulse whatever she doth say.
 For 'get you gone' she doth not mean 'away!'
 Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces.
 Though ne'er so plain, say they have angels' faces.
 That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man
 If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
- Duke** But she I mean is promis'd by her friends
 Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
 And kept severely from resort of men
 That no man hath access by day to her.
- Valentine** Why then I would resort to her by night.
- Duke** Ay, but the doors be lock'd and keys kept safe.
- Valentine** What lets but one may enter at her window?
- Duke** Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
 And built so shelving that one cannot climb it
 Without apparent hazard of his life.
- Valentine** Why then a ladder quaintly made of cords
 To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks
 Would serve to scale another Hero's tower
 So bold Leander would adventure it.
- Duke** Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood
 Advise me where I may have such a ladder.
- Valentine** When would you use it? Pray, sir, tell me that.
- Duke** This very night, for Love is like a child
 That longs for every thing that he can come by.
- Valentine** By eleven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.
- Duke** But hark thee, I must go to her alone.
 How shall I best convey the ladder thither?
- Valentine** It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
 Under a coat that is of any length.
- Duke** A coat as long as thine will serve the turn?

Valentine Ay, my good lord.

Duke Then let me see thy coat.
I'll get me one of such another length.

Valentine Why, any coat will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke How shall I fashion me to wear a coat?
I pray thee, let me feel thy coat upon me.
What cords are these? And this - this that is writ
Upon the topmost rung? *'Silvia, this night
I will enfranchise thee.'* Sylvia? 'Tis so -
And here is the ladder for the purpose.
Why, Phaethon - for thou art Merops' son -
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder, overweening slave,
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence.
Thank me for this more than for all the favours
Which all too much I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter or thyself.
Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse
But as thou lov'st thy life make speed from hence.

Exit

Valentine And why not death rather than living torment?
To die is to be banish'd from myself,
And Silvia is myself. Banish'd from her
Is self from self, a deadly banishment.
What light is light if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night
There is no music in the nightingale.
Unless I look on Silvia in the day
There is no day for me to look upon.
She is my essence and I leave to be
If I be not by her fair influence

Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
 I fly not death to fly his deadly doom.
 Tarry I here, I but attend on death,
 But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Change of light
Enter Proteus and Launce

- Proteus** Run, boy, run, run and seek him out.
- Launce** So-ho, so-ho!
- Proteus** What seest thou?
- Launce** Him we go to find. There's not a hair on's head but 'tis a Valentine.
- Proteus** Valentine?
- Valentine** No.
- Proteus** Who then? His spirit?
- Valentine** Neither.
- Proteus** What then?
- Valentine** Nothing.
- Launce** Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?
- Proteus** Who wouldst thou strike?
- Launce** Nothing.
- Proteus** Villain, forbear.
- Launce** Why, sir, I'll strike nothing. I pray you -
- Proteus** Sirrah, I say, forbear. Friend Valentine, a word.
- Valentine** My ears are stopt and cannot hear good news,
 So much of bad already hath possess'd them.
- Proteus** Then in dumb silence will I bury mine
 For they are harsh, untuneable and bad.
- Valentine** Is Silvia dead?
- Proteus** No, Valentine.
- Valentine** No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia.
 Hath she forsworn me?
- Proteus** No, Valentine.
- Valentine** No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me.
 What is your news?

- Launce** Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanish'd.
- Proteus** That thou art banished - O, that's the news -
From hence, from Silvia and from me thy friend.
- Valentine** O I have fed upon this woe already
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banish'd?
- Proteus** Ay, ay, and she hath offer'd to the doom
A sea of melting pearl which some call tears.
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd,
With them, upon her knees, her humble self,
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them
As if but now they waxed pale for woe.
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire,
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her
With many bitter threats of bidding there.
- Valentine** No more, unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life.
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.
- Proteus** Cease to lament for that thou canst not help
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay thou canst not see thy love.
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff. Walk hence with that
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
Which being writ to me shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate.
Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate
And ere I part with thee confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love affairs.
If not for thyself, for thou lov'st Silvia
Regard thy danger and along with me!
- Valentine** I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my Speed

Bid him make speed and meet me at the North Gate.

Proteus Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Valentine O my dear Silvia! Hapless Valentine!

Exeunt Valentine and Proteus

Launce I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave. But that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love, yet I am in love, but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me, nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman. But what woman, I will not tell myself. And yet 'tis a milkmaid. Yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips. Yet 'tis a maid for she is her master's maid and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel, which is much in a bare Christian. *[Pulling out a paper]* Here is my cate-log of her condition. 'Imprimis: She can fetch and carry.' Why, a horse can do no more. Nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry. Therefore is she better than a jade. 'Item: She can milk.' Look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed

Speed How now, Signior Launce! What news with your mastership?

Launce With my master's ship? Why, it is at sea.

Speed Well, your old vice still - mistake the word. What news then in your paper?

Launce The blackest news that ever thou heardest.

Speed Why, man, how black?

Launce Why, as black as ink.

Speed Let me read them.

Launce Fie on thee, jolt-head, thou canst not read.

Speed Thou liest. I can.

Launce I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?

Speed Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Launce O illiterate loiterer! It was the son of thy grandmother. This proves that thou canst not read.

Speed *[Seizing the paper]* Come, fool, come. *[Reading]* 'Imprimis: She can milk.'

- Launce** Ay, that she can.
- Speed** Item: 'She brews good ale.'
- Launce** And thereof comes the proverb: 'Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.'
- Speed** Item: 'She can sew.'
- Launce** That's as much as to say, 'Can she so?'
- Speed** Item: 'She can knit.'
- Launce** What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?
- Speed** Item: 'She can wash and scour.'
- Launce** A special virtue, for then she need not be wash'd and scour'd.
- Speed** Item: 'She can spin.'
- Launce** Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.
- Speed** Item: 'She hath many nameless virtues.'
- Launce** That's as much as to say, bastard virtues, that, indeed, know not their fathers and therefore have no names.
- Speed** 'Here follow her vices.'
- Launce** Close at the heels of her virtues.
- Speed** Item: 'She is not to be kiss'd fasting, in respect of her breath.'
- Launce** Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.
- Speed** Item: 'She hath a sweet mouth.'
- Launce** That makes amends for her sour breath.
- Speed** Item: 'She doth talk in her sleep.'
- Launce** It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.
- Speed** Item: 'She is slow in words.'
- Launce** O what a villain am I, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue. I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.
- Speed** Item: 'She is proud.'
- Launce** Out with that too. It was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

- Speed** Item: 'She hath no teeth.'
- Launce** I care not for that neither. Crab loves a crust.
- Speed** Item: 'She is curst.'
- Launce** Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.
- Speed** Item: 'She is too liberal.'
- Launce** Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of. Of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut. Now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.
- Speed** Item: 'She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.'
- Launce** Stop there. She was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.
- Speed** 'She hath more hair than wit - '
- Launce** More hair than wit? It may be. I'll prove it. The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt. The hair that covers the wit is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's next?
- Speed** 'and more faults than hairs - '
- Launce** That's monstrous. O, that that were out!
- Speed** ' - and more wealth than faults.'
- Launce** Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her, and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible -
- Speed** What then?
- Launce** Why, then will I tell thee that thy master is vanish'd.
- Speed** Vanish'd?
- Launce** And thou art vanish'd with him.
- Speed** Dost thou mean 'banish'd?
- Launce** Aye, and by proclamation.
- Speed** And must I go to him?
- Launce** Thou must run to him, for thou hast stay'd so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.
- Speed** Why didst not tell me sooner? 'Pox of your love-letters! Banish'd!

Exit

Launce Banished. Now will he be swing'd for reading my cate-log.
An unmannerly slave that will thrust himself into secrets!
Come, Crab, let's after, to rejoice in the boy's correction.

Exit

Scene 12 (Act3 Sc2)

The Palace

Enter Duke and Turio

Duke Fear not, my friend, but that she will love you
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Turio Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,
Forsworn my company and rail'd at me
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.

Enter Proteus

How now, Sir Proteus, is your countryman
According to our proclamation gone?

Proteus Gone, my good lord.

Duke My daughter takes his going grievously.

Proteus A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke So I believe. Lord Turio thinks not so.
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee -
For thou hast shown some sign of good desert -
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Proteus Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace
Let me not live to look upon your Grace.

Duke Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between Lord Turio and my daughter.

Proteus I do, my lord.

Duke And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will?

- Proteus** She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.
- Duke** Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine and love Lord Turio?
- Proteus** The best way is to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice and poor descent,
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
- Duke** Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.
- Proteus** Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.
- Duke** Then you must undertake to slander him.
- Proteus** And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do.
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman,
Especially against his truest friend.
- Duke** Where your good word cannot advantage him
Your slander never can endamage him.
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Entreated to it by your newest friend.
- Proteus** You have prevail'd, my lord. If I can do it
By ought that I can speak in his dispraise
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say this weed her love from Valentine
It follows not that she will love Sir Turio.
- Turio** Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it unravel and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me,
Which must be done by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.
- Duke** And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already Love's firm votary
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access
Where you with Silvia may confer at large -
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you -
Where you may temper her by your persuasion
To hate young Valentine and love this lord.

- Proteus** As much as I can do, I will effect.
But you, Sir Turio, are not sharp enough.
You must lay lime to tangle her desires
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.
- Duke** Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.
- Proteus** Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart.
Write till your ink be dry and with your tears
Moist it again. And frame some feeling line
That may discover such integrity,
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet concert. The night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.
- Duke** This discipline shows thou hast felt love's dart.
- Turio** And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music.
Write me a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.
- Duke** About it, gentlemen!
- Proteus** We'll wait upon your Grace till after supper
And afterward determine our proceedings.
- Duke** Even now about it! I will pardon you.

Exeunt severally

Scene 13 (Act4 Sc1)

A Forest outside the City
Enter three Outlaws

- 1st Outlaw** Didst hear a sound?
- 2nd Outlaw** Naught but an owl – and my stomach.

- 1st Outlaw** If it be a traveller, then will our stomachs all be full.
- 2nd Outlaw** A plague on this life! I am so famish'd I scarce have strength to draw a dagger 'cross a throat.
- 3rd Outlaw** Cease complaint. Nobility should mourn the want of throats more than the want of food.
- 2nd Outlaw** Say you so, villain? Then I'll prove a noble at thy own throat's cost –
- 1st Outlaw** Quiet – there it is again – dost not hear it?
- 2nd Outlaw** 'Tis naught. Draw thy dagger, rogue –
- 3rd Outlaw** I'm ready for you, villain. 'Stead of ale, your blood shall slake my thirst.
- 1st Outlaw** A light! A light! Fellows, stand fast!
- 2nd Outlaw** If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.
- Enter Valentine and Speed*
- 3rd Outlaw** Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye. If not, we'll make you sit and rifle you.
- Speed** Sir, we are undone. These are the villains That all the travellers do fear so much.
- Valentine** My friends -
- 1st Outlaw** Not so, sir. We are your enemies.
- Valentine** Then know that I have little wealth to lose. A man I am cross'd with adversity. My riches are these poor habiliments Of which if you should here disfurnish me You take the sum and substance that I have.
- 2nd Outlaw** Whither travel you?
- Valentine** I know not whither.
- 3rd Outlaw** Whence came you?
- Valentine** From Milan.
- 3rd Outlaw** Have you long sojourn'd there?
- Valentine** Nought but two months, yet longer might have stay'd If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
- 1st Outlaw** What, were you banish'd thence?
- Valentine** I was.

- 1st Outlaw** For what offence?
- Valentine** For that which now torments me to rehearse.
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent,
But yet I slew him manfully in fight
Without false vantage or base treachery.
- 2nd Outlaw** Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?
- Valentine** I was, and held me glad of such a doom.
- 3rd Outlaw** Have you the tongues?
- Valentine** My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.
- 2nd Outlaw** By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
This fellow were a prince for our wild faction!
- 3rd Outlaw** Tell us this: have you any thing to take to?
- Valentine** Nothing but what ill-fortune pleases.
- 3rd Outlaw** Know then that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men.
Twenty year since I was from Milan banish'd
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.
- 2nd Outlaw** And I from Mantua, for a gentleman
Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.
- 1st Outlaw** And I for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose, for we cite our faults
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives,
And partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape, and by your own report
A linguist, and a man of such perfection
As we do in our quality much want -
- 2nd Outlaw** Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
And so above the rest, we parley to you.
Are you content to be at one with us,
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?
- Speed** Master, be one of them. It's an honourable kind of thievery.
- 3rd Outlaw** What say'st thou? Wilt thou be of our consort?

2nd Outlaw For if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.
Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Valentine I take your offer and will live with you,
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women or poor passengers.

3rd Outlaw No, no! We detest such vile, base practice!
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our cave
And show thee all the treasure we have got.

Exeunt

Scene 14 (Act4 Sc2)

Outside the Palace

Enter Julia, disguised as a boy, with a map and a lantern

Enter Lucetta, in travelling clothes

Lucetta Good madam -

Julia Call me not so. I am a man in Milan.

Lucetta Then son – son Sebastian – I have news
Of your Proteus. Nay, let not a woman's tears
Betray thee.

Julia Tell me, what is't you learn'd?

Lucetta That at or near this hour Sir Proteus
Doth attend the daughter of the Duke,
And there is music summon'd.

Julia Doth attend the daughter of the Duke?
Say you so, and bid me not shed tears?

Lucetta Nay,
He but supplies his skill to woo for one
Who cannot woo so well. One Turio,
'Tis said, a lord - of wealth but little wit.
Come, if we search we may catch sight of him.

They exit

Enter Proteus

Proteus Already have I been false to Valentine
And now I must be as unjust to Turio.
Under the colour of commending him
I have access my own love to prefer.
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.

When I protest true loyalty to her
 She twits me with my falsehood to my friend.
 When to her beauty I commend my vows
 She bids me think how I have been forsworn
 In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd.
 And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
 The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
 Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love
 The more it grows and fawneth on her still.

Enter Turio and Musicians

Turio How now, Sir Proteus, are you crept before us?

Proteus Ay, my gentle lord, for you know that love
 Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Turio Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Proteus Sir, but I do, or else I would be hence.

Turio Who? Silvia?

Proteus Ay, Silvia, for your sake.

Turio I thank you for your own. Now, you fellows,
 Let's tune and to it lustily awhile.

Music plays

Julia and Lucetta re-enter, apart

Proteus *Who is Silvia, what is she
 That all our swains commend her
 Holy, fair, and wise is she
 The heaven such grace did lend her
 That she might admired be.*

*Is she kind as she is fair
 For Beauty lives with Kindness
 Love doth to her eyes repair
 To help him of his blindness
 And, being help'd, inhabits there.*

*Then to Silvia let us sing
 That Silvia is excelling
 She excels each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling
 To her let us garlands bring.*

Lucetta How now, madam, are you sadder than before?
 The music likes you not?

- Julia** The musician likes me not. He plays a dirge
Pluck'd on my heart-strings.
- Lucetta** Why, madam –
- Julia** *[To Musician)* Young woman!
- Musician** Sir?
- Julia** Doth this young man that sings so out of tune
Oft resort unto this gentlewoman?
- Musician** I tell you what Launce, his man, told me - he loves her out of
all nick.
- Julia** Oh, my heart! Know'st thou Launce? Where is he?
- Musician** I hear he's sent to seek a lapdog, which tomorrow, by his
master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.
- Enter Silvia, above*
- Turio** See, the lady comes.
- Proteus** Fear you not, my lord, I will so plead
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.
- Turio** Where meet we?
- Proteus** At Saint Gregory's well.
- Turio** Farewell.
- Exeunt Turio and Musicians*
- Proteus** Madam, good even to your ladyship.
- Silvia** I thank you for your music, gentlemen.
Who is that that spake?
- Proteus** One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.
- Silvia** Sir Proteus, as I take it.
- Proteus** Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.
- Silvia** What's your will?
- Proteus** That I may compass yours.
- Silvia** You have your wish. My will is even this:
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man,
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery
That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?

Return, return and make thy love amends.
 For me - by this pale queen of night I swear -
 I am so far from granting thy request
 That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit
 And by and by intend to chide myself
 Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Proteus I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady,
 But she is dead.

Julia *[Aside]* 'Twere false, if I should speak it,
 For I am sure she is not buried.

Silvia Say that she be, yet Valentine thy friend
 Survives, to whom thyself art witness
 I am betroth'd. And art thou not asham'd
 To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Proteus I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

Silvia Then so suppose am I, for in his grave
 Assure thyself my love is buried.

Proteus Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Silvia Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence,
 Or at the least in hers sepulchre thine.

Proteus Madam, if your heart be so obdurate
 Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
 The picture they say hangeth in your chamber.
 To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep,
 For since the substance of your perfect self
 Is else devoted, I am but a shadow,
 And to your shadow will I make true love.

Julia *[Aside]* If 'twere not so, you would sure deceive her
 And make her but a shadow, as I am.

Silvia I am very loath to be your idol, sir,
 But since your falsehood shall become you well
 To worship shadows and adore false shapes
 Send to me in the morning and I'll send it.
 And so, good rest.

Exit Silvia

Proteus As wretches have o'ernight
 That wait for execution in the morn.

Exeunt Proteus

Julia Mother, will you go?

- Lucetta** As it please you, child.
- Julia** *[To Musician]* Pray you, girl, where lies Sir Proteus?
- Musician** Marry, at my neighbour's house. *[Going]* Trust me, I think 'tis almost day.
- Julia** Not so, but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest.

Exeunt

Scene 15 (Act4 Sc3)

The Palace
Enter Eglamour

- Eglamour** This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call and know her mind.
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.
Enter Silvia
- Madam, madam! Your servant and your friend,
One that attends your ladyship's command.
- Silvia** Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.
- Eglamour** As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose
I am thus early come to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.
- Silvia** O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman -
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not -
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine -
Enter the Duke
- Duke** Eglamour. Daughter.
Exit
- Silvia** - Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Turio whom my very soul abhors.
Thyself hast lov'd, and I have heard thee say
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass
I do desire thy worthy company.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,

But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,
 And on the justice of my flying hence
 To keep me from a most unholy match.
 I do desire thee, even from a heart
 As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
 To bear me company and go with me.
 If not, to hide what I have said to thee
 That I may venture to depart alone.

Eglamour Madam, I pity much your grievances
 Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
 I give consent to go along with you,
 Recking as little what betideth me
 As much I wish all good befortune you.
 When will you go?

Silvia This evening coming.

Eglamour Where shall I meet you?

Silvia At Friar Patrick's cell,
 Where I intend holy confession.

Eglamour I will not fail your ladyship. Good morrow,
 Gentle lady.

Silvia Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

Exeunt severally

Scene 16 (Act4 Sc4)

Milan

Enter Launce, with Crab

Launce When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you,
 it goes hard. One that I brought up of a puppy, one that I
 sav'd from drowning when three or four of his blind brothers
 and sisters went to it! I have taught him, even as one would
 say precisely, 'thus I would teach a dog'. I was sent to
 deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master
 and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber but he steps
 me to her trencher and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul
 thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! If I
 had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that
 he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for't. Sure as I live
 he had suffered for't. You shall judge. He thrusts me himself

into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the Duke's table. He had not been there, bless the mark, a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. 'Out with the dog!' says one. 'What cur is that?' says another. 'Whip him out,' says the third. 'Hang him up,' says the Duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs. 'Friend,' quoth I, 'you mean to whip the dog?' 'Ay, marry, do I,' quoth he. 'You do him the more wrong,' quoth I. 'Twas I did the thing you wot of.' He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed. I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't. Thou think'st not of this now. Nay, what of this last trick you serv'd me when we took our leave of Madam Silvia? When didst thou see me heave up my leg and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? Didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter Proteus and Julia

- Proteus** Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well
And will employ thee in some service presently.
- Julia** In what you please. I'll do what I can.
- Proteus** I hope thou wilt. *[To Launce]* How now, you whoreson peasant,
hast thou done what I bid?
- Launce** Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.
- Proteus** And what says she to my little jewel?
- Launce** Marry, she says your dog was a cur and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.
- Proteus** But she receiv'd my dog?
- Launce** No, indeed, did she not. Here have I brought him back again.
- Proteus** What, didst thou offer her this from me?
- Launce** Ay, sir. The little squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place, and then I offered her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours and therefore the gift the greater.

Proteus Go get thee hence and find my dog again
Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say! Stay'st thou to vex me here?

Exit Launce & Crab

A slave that still an end turns me to shame!
My good Sebastian, I entertain thee here
Partly that I have need of such a youth
That can with some discretion do my business
For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lout,
But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,
Which if my augury deceive me not
Witness good bringing up, fortune and truth.
Go presently and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to Madam Silvia.
She lov'd me well deliver'd it to me.

Julia It seems you lov'd not her, to leave her token.
She is dead, belike?

Proteus Not so, I think she lives.

Julia Alas!

Proteus Why dost thou cry, 'alas'?

Julia I cannot choose but pity her.

Proteus Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Julia Because methinks that she lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia.
She dreams on him that has forgot her love,
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity love should be so contrary
And thinking on it makes me cry, 'alas!'

Proteus Well, give her that ring and therewithal
This letter. That's her chamber. Tell my lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber
Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary.

Exit

Julia How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus, thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.
Alas, poor fool, why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me.
 Because I love him, I must pity him.
 This ring I gave him when he parted from me
 To bind him to remember my good will.
 And now am I, unhappy messenger,
 To plead for that which I would not obtain,
 To carry that which I would have refus'd,
 To praise his faith which I would have disprais'd.
 I am my master's true-confirmed love
 But cannot be true servant to my master
 Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
 Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly
 As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter Silvia and Ursula

Gentlewoman, good day. I pray you, be my mean
 To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.

Silvia What would you with her, if that I be she?

Julia If you be she, I do entreat your patience
 To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Silvia From whom?

Julia From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

Silvia O, he sends you for a picture.

Julia Ay, madam.

Silvia Ursula, bring my picture there!

Exit Ursula

Go give it to your master. Tell him from me,
 One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget
 Would better fit his chamber than my shadow.

Julia Madam, please you peruse this letter -
 Pardon me, madam, I have unadvis'd
 Deliver'd you a paper that I should not.
 This is the letter to your ladyship.

Enter Ursula with portrait

Silvia I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Julia It may not be. Good madam, pardon me.

Silvia There, hold.
 I will not look upon your master's lines.
 I know they are stuff'd with protestations

And full of new-found oaths, which he will break
As easily as I do tear them up.

Julia Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Silvia The more shame for him that he sends it me
For I have heard him say a thousand times
His Julia gave it him at his departure.
Though his false finger have profan'd the ring
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Julia She thanks you.

Silvia What say'st thou?

Julia I thank you, madam, that you tender her.
Poor gentlewoman, my master wrongs her much.

Silvia Dost thou know her?

Julia Almost as well as I do know myself.
To think upon her woes I do protest
That I have wept a hundred several times.

Silvia Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

Julia I think she doth, and that's her cause of sorrow.

Silvia Is she not passing fair?

Julia She hath been fairer, madam, than she is.
When she did think my master lov'd her well
She, in my judgement, was as fair as you.
But since she did neglect her looking-glass
And threw her sun-expelling mask away
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Silvia How tall was she?

Julia About my stature. For, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd
Our youth got me to play the woman's part
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgements,
As if the garment had been made for me.
Therefore I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep agood,
For I did play a lamentable part.
Madam, 'twas Ariadne passioning

For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight,
Which I so lively acted with my tears
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly and would I might be dead
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Silvia

She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor lady, desolate and left!
I weep myself to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse. I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell.

Exit Silvia and Ursula

Julia

And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful!
I hope my master's suit will be but cold
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture, let me see. I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers.
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
My hair is auburn, hers a perfect yellow.
If that be all the difference in his love
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine.
Ay, but her forehead's low and mine's as high.
What should it be that he respects in her
But I can make respective in myself
If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come and take this shadow up
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd,
And, were there sense in his idolatry
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake
That used me so, or else by Jove I vow
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes
To make my master out of love with thee!

Exit

Scene 17 (Act5 Sc1)

An Abbey in Milan

Enter Eglamour

Eglamour The sun begins to gild the western sky
 And now it is about the very hour
 That Silvia, at Friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
 She will not fail, for lovers break not hours,
 Unless it be to come before their time,
 So much they spur their expedition.

Enter Silvia

See where she comes. Lady, a happy evening!

Silvia Amen, amen! Go on, good Eglamour,
 Out at the postern by the abbey-wall.
 I fear I am attended by some spies.

Eglamour Fear not, the forest is not three leagues off.
 If we recover that we are sure enough.

*Exeunt***Scene 18** (Act5 Sc2)

The Palace

Enter Proteus, with Silvia's portrait, and Julia

Proteus But tell, how from her likeness did she part?

Julia As if her portrait was a curse bestow'd.

Proteus And yet she smiles at me. And yet t'was painted
 When she disdain'd me not.

Enter Turio

Julia Sir -

Turio Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

Proteus O, sir, I find her milder than she was
 And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Turio What, that my leg is too long?

Proteus No. That it is too little.

Turio I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.

Julia [*Aside*] But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.

Turio What says she to my face?

- Proteus** She says it is a fair one.
- Turio** Nay then, the wanton lies. My face is foul.
- Proteus** But pearls are fair and the old saying is
Foul men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.
- Julia** *[Aside]* 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes
For I had rather wink than look on them.
- Turio** How likes she my discourse?
- Proteus** Ill, when you talk of war.
- Turio** But well when I discourse of love and peace?
- Julia** *[Aside]* But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.
- Turio** What says she to my valour?
- Proteus** O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.
- Julia** *[Aside]* She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.
- Turio** What says she to my birth?
- Proteus** That you are well deriv'd.
- Julia** *[Aside]* True - from a lord to a fool.
- Turio** Considers she my possessions?
- Proteus** O, ay, and pities them.
- Turio** Wherefore?
- Julia** *[Aside]* That such an ass should owe them.
- Proteus** That thou car'st not for them.
- Julia** Here comes the Duke.
- Enter Duke*
- Duke** How now, Proteus, how now, Lord Turio -
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?
- Turio** Not I.
- Proteus** Nor I.
- Duke** Saw you my daughter?
- Proteus** Neither.
- Duke** Why then, she's fled unto that peasant Valentine
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true, for Friar Laurence met them both
As he in penance wander'd through the forest.
Him he knew well and guess'd that it was she,

But being mask'd he was not sure of it.
 Besides, she did intend confession
 At Patrick's cell this even and there she was not.
 These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
 Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse
 But mount you presently and meet with me
 Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
 That leads toward Mantua whither they are fled.
 Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.

Exit

Turio Why, this it is to be a peevish girl
 That flies her fortune when it follows her.
 I'll after, more to be reveng'd on Eglamour
 Than for the love of reckless Silvia.

Exit

Proteus And I will follow, more for Silvia's love
 Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her.

Exit

Julia And I will follow, more to cross that love
 Than hate for Silvia that is gone for love.

Exit

Scene 19 (Act5 Sc3)

The Forest

Enter Outlaws with Silvia

3rd Outlaw Come, come, bring her away!

1st Outlaw Be patient, we must bring you to our captain.

Silvia A thousand more mischances than this one
 Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

3rd Outlaw What? Where's the gentleman was with her?

2nd Outlaw Squeak'd like a mouse at the sight of an owl.
 Being nimble-footed he hath outrun us.

3rd Outlaw His clothes in pawn were worth a banquet to us!
 I'll with her. You follow him that's fled
 And rest not till thou find'st him, 'live or dead!

Exit 1st & 2nd Outlaws

[To Silvia] Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave.
 Fear not, he bears an honourable mind

And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Silvia O Valentine, this I endure for thee!

Exeunt

Scene 20 (Act5 Sc4)

Another part of the Forest

Enter Valentine

Valentine How use doth breed a habit in a man!
 This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods
 I better brook than flourishing peopl'd towns.
 Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
 And to the nightingale's complaining notes
 Tune my distresses and record my woes.
 O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
 Leave not the mansion so long tenantless
 Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall
 And leave no memory of what it was!
 Repair me with thy presence, Silvia.
 Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain.

1st Outlaw *[Off]* Strip the rogue!

Eglamour *[Off]* Forbear good gentlemen!

2nd Outlaw *[Off]* Be still!

Valentine What halloing and what stir is this today?
 These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
 Have some unhappy passenger in chase.
 They love me well, yet I have much to do
 To keep them from uncivil outrages.

Silvia *[Off]* Traitor, touch me not!

Proteus *[Off]* Madam ...!

Valentine Withdraw thee, Valentine, who's this comes here?

Enter Julia, chasing 3rd Outlaw away, Proteus pursuing Silvia

Julia Begone! Begone!

Exit 3rd Outlaw

Proteus Madam, this service I have done for you,
 Though you respect not aught your servant doth,
 To hazard life and rescue you from him
 That would have forc'd your honour and your love.

Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair look.
 A smaller boon than this I cannot beg
 And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Valentine [*Aside*] How like a dream is this I see and hear!

Silvia O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Proteus Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came,
 But by my coming I have made you happy.

Silvia By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.
 Had I been seized by a hungry lion
 I would have been a breakfast to the beast
 Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
 O heaven be judge how I love Valentine
 Whose life's as tender to me as my soul!
 And full as much, for more there cannot be,
 I do detest false perjur'd Proteus.
 Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Proteus What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
 Would I not undergo for one calm look!
 O 'tis the curse in love and still approv'd
 When women cannot love where they're belov'd!

Silvia When Proteus cannot love where he's belov'd.
 Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
 For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
 Into a thousand oaths and all those oaths
 Descended into perjury to love me.
 Thou hast no faith left now unless thou'dst two
 And that's far worse than none. Better have none
 Than plural faith which is too much by one,
 Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Proteus In love
 Who respects friend?

Silvia All men but Proteus!

Proteus Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
 Can no way change you to a milder form
 I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,
 And love you 'gainst the nature of love - force ye.

Silvia O heaven!

Proteus I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Valentine Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Proteus Valentine!

Valentine Thou common friend, that's without faith or love,
For such is a friend now! Treacherous man,
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes. Nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive - thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted now when one's right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never see thee more
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest. O time most accurst,
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!

Proteus My shame and guilt confounds me.
Forgive me, Valentine. That face I lov'd
Is now a mirror that shows to me my soul
Blotted and decay'd with sin. Thou hast a sword
In love t'was giv'n thee. Now by love's command
Cleave my heart and kill the shame within.
I kneel before thee. Stay not your rage.
My death I do embrace.

Julia *[Aside]* Will no one speak for him?
Good madam, were I woman born as you
So would compassion pardon injury.
Let not your wrongs by his blood be assuag'd.

Silvia Though he be false, I would not see him die.
Put up thy sword, good Valentine, I pray.

Valentine My wrath is spent. Thy pity doth hold sway.
Proteus, arise –

Proteus If hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence
I tender't here. I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.

Valentine Then I am paid,
And once again I do receive thee honest.
Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven nor earth, for these are pleas'd.
And that my love may appear plain and free
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

- Julia** O me unhappy - ! [*Swoons*]
- Sylvia** Oh me, I am lost!
- Proteus** Look to the boy.
- Valentine** Why, boy!
Why, wag, how now? What's the matter? Look up, speak.
- Julia** O good sir, my master charg'd me to deliver a ring to
Madam Silvia, which out of my neglect was never done.
- Proteus** Where is that ring, boy?
- Julia** Here 'tis, this is it.
- Proteus** How? Let me see.
Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.
- Julia** O cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook.
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.
- Proteus** But how cam'st thou by this ring? At my depart I gave this
unto Julia.
- Julia** And Julia herself did give it me,
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.
- Proteus** How? Julia!
- Julia** Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart.
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush.
Be thou asham'd at it. If shame live
In disguise of love it is the lesser blot,
Women to change their shapes than men their minds.
- Proteus** Than men their minds? 'Tis true. O heaven, were man
But constant, he were perfect! That one error
Fills him with faults, makes him run through all the sins.
What is in Silvia's face but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?
- Valentine** Come, come, a hand from either.
Let me be blest to make this happy close.
'Twere pity two such friends should long be foes.
- Proteus** Bear witness, heaven, that I have my wish?
- Julia** Thou hast. And I have mine.

Enter 1st & 2nd Outlaws, with Duke and Turio

- Outlaws** A prize, a prize!
- Valentine** Forbear, forbear, I say! It is my lord the Duke.
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banish'd Valentine.
- Duke** Sir Valentine!
- Turio** Yonder is Silvia, and Silvia's mine.
- Valentine** Turio, give back, or else embrace thy death.
Come not within the measure of my wrath.
Do not name Silvia thine. If once again
Not all the world shall hold thee. Here she stands.
Take but possession of her with a touch -
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.
- Sylvia** *[Aside]* Whose love am I?
- Turio** Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I.
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not.
I claim her not and therefore she is thine.
- Sylvia** *[Aside]* Twice this day I have been given.
- Duke** The more degenerate and base art thou
To pay such court to her as thou hast done
And leave her on such slight conditions.
Now by the honour of my ancestry
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
Know then I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit
To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman and well deriv'd.
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.
- Sylvia** *[Aside]* Thrice given! I am the gift, yet would I be the giver.
- Valentine** I thank your grace. The gift hath made me happy.
Yet must I entreat, with true and humble heart
If, Silvia, thou give me thy consent
To be my wife, that undeserving am.
- Sylvia** Willingly I gift to thee my body and my heart.
So I shall be thy wife. I am content.
- Valentine** Witness all, the vow is freely given.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

Valentine These banish'd few that I have kept withal
Are each endu'd with worthy qualities.
Forgive them what they have committed here
And let them be recall'd from their exile.
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke Thou hast prevail'd. I pardon them and thee.
Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go, we will conclude all jars
With triumphs, mirth and rare solemnity.

Valentine And as we walk along I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your Grace to smile.
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke I think the boy hath grace in him. He blushes.

Valentine I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

Duke What mean you by that saying?

Valentine Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath chanc'd this night.
Come, Proteus, 'tis your penance but to hear
The story of your love's discovering.
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours -
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

Exeunt

Elegy

Company *Cease to lament
How time doth swiftly flow
Life's a dream from which we wake
Our sleeping pleasures to forsake
And vainly doth the painter show
"Et in Arcadia ego"*

*The burnish'd gold
Of summer light
Hides the shadow
From our sight
All shall be well.*

Rest you content

*Though winter's night be long
Yet if the candle burn too quick
The flame that hovers o'er the wick
Doth flicker once and then 'tis gone
A glow remains where once it shone*

*Build a fire
Against the cold
Each ember doth
Rememb'rance hold
All shall be well
All shall be well.*