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# *The* TWO GENTLEMEN *of* VERONA

*By* WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*Edited by* BARBARA A. MOWAT  
*and* PAUL WERSTINE

Folger Shakespeare Library

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## From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library

It is hard to imagine a world without Shakespeare. Since their composition four hundred years ago, Shakespeare's plays and poems have traveled the globe, inviting those who see and read his works to make them their own.

Readers of the New Folger Editions are part of this ongoing process of "taking up Shakespeare," finding our own thoughts and feelings in language that strikes us as old or unusual and, for that very reason, new. We still struggle to keep up with a writer who could think a mile a minute, whose words paint pictures that shift like clouds. These expertly edited texts are presented to the public as a resource for study, artistic adaptation, and enjoyment. By making the classic texts of the New Folger Editions available in electronic form as Folger Digital Texts, we place a trusted resource in the hands of anyone who wants them.

The New Folger Editions of Shakespeare's plays, which are the basis for the texts realized here in digital form, are special because of their origin. The Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, DC, is the single greatest documentary source of Shakespeare's works. An unparalleled collection of early modern books, manuscripts, and artwork connected to Shakespeare, the Folger's holdings have been consulted extensively in the preparation of these texts. The Editions also reflect the expertise gained through the regular performance of Shakespeare's works in the Folger's Elizabethan Theater.

I want to express my deep thanks to editors Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine for creating these indispensable editions of Shakespeare's works, which incorporate the best of textual scholarship with a richness of commentary that is both inspired and engaging. Readers who want to know more about Shakespeare and his plays can follow the paths these distinguished scholars have tread by visiting the Folger either in-person or online, where a range of physical and digital resources exist to supplement the material in these texts. I commend to you these words, and hope that they inspire.

*Michael Witmore*  
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library

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# Textual Introduction

## By Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine

Until now, with the release of the Folger Digital Texts, readers in search of a free online text of Shakespeare's plays had to be content primarily with using the Moby™ Text, which reproduces a late-nineteenth century version of the plays. What is the difference? Many ordinary readers assume that there is a single text for the plays: what Shakespeare wrote. But Shakespeare's plays were not published the way modern novels or plays are published today: as a single, authoritative text. In some cases, the plays have come down to us in multiple published versions, represented by various Quartos (Qq) and by the great collection put together by his colleagues in 1623, called the First Folio (F). There are, for example, three very different versions of *Hamlet*, two of *King Lear*, *Henry V*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and others. Editors choose which version to use as their base text, and then amend that text with words, lines or speech prefixes from the other versions that, in their judgment, make for a better or more accurate text.

Other editorial decisions involve choices about whether an unfamiliar word could be understood in light of other writings of the period or whether it should be changed; decisions about words that made it into Shakespeare's text by accident through four hundred years of printings and misprinting; and even decisions based on cultural preference and taste. When the Moby™ Text was created, for example, it was deemed "improper" and "indecent" for Miranda to chastise Caliban for having attempted to rape her. (See *The Tempest*, 1.2: "Abhorred slave,/Which any print of goodness wilt not take,/Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee..."). All Shakespeare editors at the time took the speech away from her and gave it to her father, Prospero.

The editors of the Moby™ Shakespeare produced their text long before scholars fully understood the proper grounds on which to make the thousands of decisions that Shakespeare editors face. The Folger Library Shakespeare Editions, on which the Folger Digital Texts depend, make this editorial process as nearly transparent as is possible, in contrast to older texts, like the Moby™, which hide editorial interventions. The reader of the Folger Shakespeare knows where the text has been altered because editorial interventions are signaled by square brackets (for example, from *Othello*: "[If she in chains of magic were not bound,]"), half-square brackets (for example, from *Henry V*: "With [blood] and sword and fire to win your

right,”), or angle brackets (for example, from *Hamlet*: “O farewell, honest <soldier.> Who hath relieved/you?”). At any point in the text, you can hover your cursor over a bracket for more information.

Because the Folger Digital Texts are edited in accord with twenty-first century knowledge about Shakespeare’s texts, the Folger here provides them to readers, scholars, teachers, actors, directors, and students, free of charge, confident of their quality as texts of the plays and pleased to be able to make this contribution to the study and enjoyment of Shakespeare.

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# Synopsis

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona* tells the story of two devoted friends, Valentine and Proteus. Valentine leaves their home city of Verona for Milan, but Proteus, in love with Julia, stays behind. Then Proteus's father sends him to Milan, too. Before leaving, Proteus pledges his love to Julia.

In Milan, Valentine and the duke's daughter, Sylvia, are in love. Proteus, on arriving, falls in love with Sylvia at first sight. He reveals to the duke that Sylvia and Valentine plan to elope, and Valentine is banished. Meanwhile, Proteus's earlier love, Julia, assumes a male disguise and travels to Milan.

The banished Valentine meets outlaws and becomes their leader. Sylvia, in search of Valentine, is seized by his outlaws. Proteus rescues her and then, when she spurns him, tries to rape her. Valentine stops the rape, but out of friendship offers to yield Sylvia to Proteus. Julia, however, reveals her identity, regaining Proteus's love. Two weddings are planned: Valentine with Sylvia, and Proteus with Julia.

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## Characters in the Play

VALENTINE, a gentleman of Verona

SPEED, his servant

PROTEUS, a gentleman of Verona

LANCE, his servant

ANTONIO, Proteus' father

PANTINO, an attendant to Antonio

JULIA, a lady of Verona

LUCETTA, her waiting-gentlewoman

SYLVIA, a lady of Milan

DUKE (sometimes Emperor), Sylvia's father

THURIO, a gentleman

EGLAMOUR, a gentleman

HOST, proprietor of an inn in Milan

OUTLAWS, living in a forest near Mantua

Servants; Musicians; Crab, a dog

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# ACT 1

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## Scene 1

*Enter Valentine and Proteus.*

VALENTINE

FTLN 0001	Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus.	
FTLN 0002	Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.	
FTLN 0003	Were 't not affection chains thy tender days	
FTLN 0004	To the sweet glances of thy honored love,	
FTLN 0005	I rather would entreat thy company	5
FTLN 0006	To see the wonders of the world abroad	
FTLN 0007	Than, living dully sluggardized at home,	
FTLN 0008	Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.	
FTLN 0009	But since thou lov'st, love still and thrive therein,	
FTLN 0010	Even as I would when I to love begin.	10

PROTEUS

FTLN 0011	Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu.	
FTLN 0012	Think on thy Proteus when thou haply seest	
FTLN 0013	Some rare noteworthy object in thy travel.	
FTLN 0014	Wish me partaker in thy happiness	
FTLN 0015	When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,	15
FTLN 0016	If ever danger do environ thee,	
FTLN 0017	Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,	
FTLN 0018	For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.	

VALENTINE

FTLN 0019	And on a love-book pray for my success?	
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PROTEUS

FTLN 0020	Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee.	20
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VALENTINE

FTLN 0021 That's on some shallow story of deep love,  
FTLN 0022 How young Leander crossed the Hellespont.

PROTEUS

FTLN 0023 That's a deep story of a deeper love,  
FTLN 0024 For he was more than over shoes in love.

VALENTINE

FTLN 0025 'Tis true, for you are over boots in love, 25  
FTLN 0026 And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

PROTEUS

FTLN 0027 Over the boots? Nay, give me not the boots.

VALENTINE

FTLN 0028 No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

FTLN 0029 PROTEUS What?

VALENTINE

FTLN 0030 To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans, 30  
FTLN 0031 Coy looks with heart-sore sighs, one fading  
FTLN 0032 moment's mirth  
FTLN 0033 With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights;  
FTLN 0034 If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;  
FTLN 0035 If lost, why then a grievous labor won; 35  
FTLN 0036 How ever, but a folly bought with wit,  
FTLN 0037 Or else a wit by folly vanquishèd.

PROTEUS

FTLN 0038 So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

VALENTINE

FTLN 0039 So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.

PROTEUS

FTLN 0040 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not Love. 40

VALENTINE

FTLN 0041 Love is your master, for he masters you;  
FTLN 0042 And he that is so yokèd by a fool  
FTLN 0043 Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

PROTEUS

FTLN 0044 Yet writers say: as in the sweetest bud

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FTLN 0045	The eating canker dwells, so eating love	45
FTLN 0046	Inhabits in the finest wits of all.	
	VALENTINE	
FTLN 0047	And writers say: as the most forward bud	
FTLN 0048	Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,	
FTLN 0049	Even so by love the young and tender wit	
FTLN 0050	Is turned to folly, blasting in the bud,	50
FTLN 0051	Losing his verdure, even in the prime,	
FTLN 0052	And all the fair effects of future hopes.	
FTLN 0053	But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee	
FTLN 0054	That art a votary to fond desire?	
FTLN 0055	Once more adieu. My father at the road	55
FTLN 0056	Expects my coming, there to see me shipped.	
	PROTEUS	
FTLN 0057	And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.	
	VALENTINE	
FTLN 0058	Sweet Proteus, no. Now let us take our leave.	
FTLN 0059	To Milan let me hear from thee by letters	
FTLN 0060	Of thy success in love, and what news else	60
FTLN 0061	Betideth here in absence of thy friend.	
FTLN 0062	And I likewise will visit thee with mine.	
	PROTEUS	
FTLN 0063	All happiness bechance to thee in Milan.	
	VALENTINE	
FTLN 0064	As much to you at home. And so farewell.	<i>He exits.</i>
	PROTEUS	
FTLN 0065	He after honor hunts, I after love.	65
FTLN 0066	He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;	
FTLN 0067	I <i>leave</i> myself, my friends, and all, for love.	
FTLN 0068	Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me,	
FTLN 0069	Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,	
FTLN 0070	War with good counsel, set the world at nought;	70
FTLN 0071	Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.	

*Enter Speed.*

SPEED

FTLN 0072 Sir Proteus, 'save you. Saw you my master?

PROTEUS

FTLN 0073 But now he parted hence to embark for Milan.

SPEED

FTLN 0074 Twenty to one, then, he is shipped already,

FTLN 0075 And I have played the sheep in losing him. 75

PROTEUS

FTLN 0076 Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,

FTLN 0077 An if the shepherd be awhile away.

FTLN 0078 SPEED You conclude that my master is a shepherd,

FTLN 0079 then, and I 'a' sheep?

FTLN 0080 PROTEUS I do. 80

FTLN 0081 SPEED Why, then my horns are his horns, whether I

FTLN 0082 wake or sleep.

FTLN 0083 PROTEUS A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

FTLN 0084 SPEED This proves me still a sheep.

FTLN 0085 PROTEUS True, and thy master a shepherd. 85

FTLN 0086 SPEED Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

FTLN 0087 PROTEUS It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.

FTLN 0088 SPEED The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the

FTLN 0089 sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my

FTLN 0090 master seeks not me. Therefore I am no sheep. 90

FTLN 0091 PROTEUS The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd; the

FTLN 0092 shepherd for food follows not the sheep. Thou for

FTLN 0093 wages followest thy master; thy master for wages

FTLN 0094 follows not thee. Therefore thou art a sheep.

FTLN 0095 SPEED Such another proof will make me cry "baa." 95

FTLN 0096 PROTEUS But dost thou hear? Gav'st thou my letter to

FTLN 0097 Julia?

FTLN 0098 SPEED Ay, sir. I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a

FTLN 0099 laced mutton, and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a

FTLN 0100 lost mutton, nothing for my labor. 100

FTLN 0101 PROTEUS Here's too small a pasture for such store of

FTLN 0102 muttons.

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FTLN 0103 SPEED If the ground be overcharged, you were best  
 FTLN 0104 stick her.

FTLN 0105 PROTEUS Nay, in that you are astray; 'twere best pound 105  
 FTLN 0106 you.

FTLN 0107 SPEED Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for  
 FTLN 0108 carrying your letter.

FTLN 0109 PROTEUS You mistake; I mean the pound, a pinfold.  
 SPEED

FTLN 0110 From a pound to a pin? Fold it over and over, 110  
 FTLN 0111 'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your  
 FTLN 0112 lover.

FTLN 0113 PROTEUS But what said she?

FTLN 0114 SPEED, *['nodding']* Ay.

FTLN 0115 PROTEUS Nod—"Ay." Why, that's "noddy." 115

FTLN 0116 SPEED You mistook, sir. I say she did nod, and you ask  
 FTLN 0117 me if she did nod, and I say "ay."

FTLN 0118 PROTEUS And that set together is "noddy."

FTLN 0119 SPEED Now you have taken the pains to set it together,  
 FTLN 0120 take it for your pains. 120

FTLN 0121 PROTEUS No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

FTLN 0122 SPEED Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

FTLN 0123 PROTEUS Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

FTLN 0124 SPEED Marry, sir, the letter, very orderly, having nothing  
 FTLN 0125 but the word "noddy" for my pains. 125

FTLN 0126 PROTEUS Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

FTLN 0127 SPEED And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

FTLN 0128 PROTEUS Come, come, open the matter in brief. What  
 FTLN 0129 said she?

FTLN 0130 SPEED Open your purse, that the money and the matter 130  
 FTLN 0131 may be both at once delivered.

FTLN 0132 PROTEUS, *['giving money']* Well, sir, here is for your  
 FTLN 0133 pains. What said she?

FTLN 0134 SPEED, *['looking at the money']* Truly, sir, I think you'll  
 FTLN 0135 hardly win her. 135

FTLN 0136 PROTEUS Why? Couldst thou perceive so much from  
 FTLN 0137 her?

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FTLN 0138 SPEED Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her, no,  
 FTLN 0139 not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter.  
 FTLN 0140 And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I 140  
 FTLN 0141 fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind.  
 FTLN 0142 Give her no token but stones, for she's as hard as  
 FTLN 0143 steel.  
 FTLN 0144 PROTEUS What said she? Nothing?  
 FTLN 0145 SPEED No, not so much as "Take this for thy pains." 145  
 FTLN 0146 To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have  
 FTLN 0147 'testerned' me. In requital whereof, henceforth  
 FTLN 0148 carry your letters yourself. And so, sir, I'll commend  
 FTLN 0149 you to my master.  
 FTLN 0150 PROTEUS  
 FTLN 0151 Go, go, begone, to save your ship from wrack, 150  
 FTLN 0152 Which cannot perish having thee aboard,  
 FTLN 0152 Being destined to a drier death on shore.  
 FTLN 0153 I must go send some better messenger.  
 FTLN 0154 I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,  
 FTLN 0155 Receiving them from such a worthless post. 155  
 FTLN 0155 *Speed exits.*  
 FTLN 0155 *He exits.*

Scene 2  
*Enter Julia and Lucetta.*

JULIA  
 FTLN 0156 But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,  
 FTLN 0157 Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?  
 LUCETTA  
 FTLN 0158 Ay, madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.  
 JULIA  
 FTLN 0159 Of all the fair resort of gentlemen  
 FTLN 0160 That every day with parle encounter me, 5  
 FTLN 0161 In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

LUCETTA

FTLN 0162 Please you repeat their names, I'll show my mind  
FTLN 0163 According to my shallow simple skill.

JULIA

FTLN 0164 What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

LUCETTA

FTLN 0165 As of a knight well-spoken, neat, and fine; 10  
FTLN 0166 But, were I you, he never should be mine.

JULIA

FTLN 0167 What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

LUCETTA

FTLN 0168 Well of his wealth, but of himself so-so.

JULIA

FTLN 0169 What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

LUCETTA

FTLN 0170 Lord, Lord, to see what folly reigns in us! 15

JULIA

FTLN 0171 How now? What means this passion at his name?

LUCETTA

FTLN 0172 Pardon, dear madam, 'tis a passing shame  
FTLN 0173 That I, unworthy body as I am,  
FTLN 0174 Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

JULIA

FTLN 0175 Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest? 20

LUCETTA

FTLN 0176 Then thus: of many good, I think him best.

FTLN 0177 JULIA Your reason?

LUCETTA

FTLN 0178 I have no other but a woman's reason:  
FTLN 0179 I think him so because I think him so.

JULIA

FTLN 0180 And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him? 25

LUCETTA

FTLN 0181 Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

JULIA

FTLN 0182 Why, he of all the rest hath never moved me.

LUCETTA

FTLN 0183 Yet he of all the rest I think best loves you.

JULIA

FTLN 0184 His little speaking shows his love but small.

LUCETTA

FTLN 0185 Fire that's closest kept burns most of all. 30

JULIA

FTLN 0186 They do not love that do not show their love.

LUCETTA

FTLN 0187 O, they love least that let men know their love.

FTLN 0188 JULIA I would I knew his mind.

FTLN 0189 LUCETTA, *handing her a paper* Peruse this paper,

FTLN 0190 madam. 35

FTLN 0191 JULIA *reads* "To Julia."—Say from whom.

FTLN 0192 LUCETTA That the contents will show.

FTLN 0193 JULIA Say, say who gave it thee.

LUCETTA

FTLN 0194 Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from

FTLN 0195 Proteus. 40

FTLN 0196 He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,

FTLN 0197 Did in your name receive it. Pardon the fault, I pray.

JULIA

FTLN 0198 Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!

FTLN 0199 Dare you presume to harbor wanton lines?

FTLN 0200 To whisper and conspire against my youth? 45

FTLN 0201 Now trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,

FTLN 0202 And you an officer fit for the place.

FTLN 0203 There, take the paper; see it be returned,

FTLN 0204 Or else return no more into my sight.

LUCETTA, *taking the paper*

FTLN 0205 To plead for love deserves more fee than hate. 50

JULIA

FTLN 0206 Will you be gone?

FTLN 0207 LUCETTA That you may ruminate. *She exits.*

JULIA

FTLN 0208 And yet I would I had o'erlooked the letter.

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FTLN 0209     It were a shame to call her back again  
 FTLN 0210     And pray her to a fault for which I chid her. 55  
 FTLN 0211     What fool is she that knows I am a maid  
 FTLN 0212     And would not force the letter to my view,  
 FTLN 0213     Since maids in modesty say “no” to that  
 FTLN 0214     Which they would have the profferer construe “ay”!  
 FTLN 0215     Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love 60  
 FTLN 0216     That like a testy babe will scratch the nurse  
 FTLN 0217     And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!  
 FTLN 0218     How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,  
 FTLN 0219     When willingly I would have had her here!  
 FTLN 0220     How angerly I taught my brow to frown, 65  
 FTLN 0221     When inward joy enforced my heart to smile!  
 FTLN 0222     My penance is to call Lucetta back  
 FTLN 0223     And ask remission for my folly past.—  
 FTLN 0224     What ho, Lucetta!

「*Enter Lucetta.*」

FTLN 0225     LUCETTA                     What would your Ladyship? 70  
 JULIA  
 FTLN 0226     Is ’t near dinner time?  
 FTLN 0227     LUCETTA                     I would it were,  
 FTLN 0228     That you might kill your stomach on your meat  
 FTLN 0229     And not upon your maid.  

「*She drops a paper and then retrieves it.*」

 JULIA  
 FTLN 0230     What is ’t that you took up so gingerly? 75  
 FTLN 0231     LUCETTA     Nothing.  
 FTLN 0232     JULIA     Why didst thou stoop, then?  
 LUCETTA  
 FTLN 0233     To take a paper up that I let fall.  
 FTLN 0234     JULIA     And is that paper nothing?  
 FTLN 0235     LUCETTA     Nothing concerning me. 80  
 JULIA  
 FTLN 0236     Then let it lie for those that it concerns.



LUCETTA

FTLN 0237 Madam, it will not lie where it concerns  
FTLN 0238 Unless it have a false interpreter.

JULIA

FTLN 0239 Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

LUCETTA

FTLN 0240 That I might sing it, madam, to a tune, 85  
FTLN 0241 Give me a note. Your Ladyship can set—

JULIA

FTLN 0242 As little by such toys as may be possible.  
FTLN 0243 Best sing it to the tune of “Light o’ Love.”

LUCETTA

FTLN 0244 It is too heavy for so light a tune.

JULIA

FTLN 0245 Heavy? Belike it hath some burden then? 90

LUCETTA

FTLN 0246 Ay, and melodious were it, would you sing it.

JULIA

FTLN 0247 And why not you?

FTLN 0248 LUCETTA I cannot reach so high.

JULIA, *‘taking the paper’*

FTLN 0249 Let’s see your song. How now, minion!

LUCETTA

FTLN 0250 Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out. 95

FTLN 0251 And yet methinks I do not like this tune.

FTLN 0252 JULIA You do not?

FTLN 0253 LUCETTA No, madam, ’tis too sharp.

FTLN 0254 JULIA You, minion, are too saucy.

FTLN 0255 LUCETTA Nay, now you are too flat 100

FTLN 0256 And mar the concord with too harsh a descant.

FTLN 0257 There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

JULIA

FTLN 0258 The mean is drowned with *‘your’* unruly bass.

LUCETTA

FTLN 0259 Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.

JULIA

FTLN 0260 This babble shall not henceforth trouble me. 105

FTLN 0261 Here is a coil with protestation.

*She rips up the paper. Lucetta begins  
to pick up the pieces.*

FTLN 0262 Go, get you gone, and let the papers lie.

FTLN 0263 You would be fing'ring them to anger me.

LUCETTA

FTLN 0264 She makes it strange, but she would be best pleased

FTLN 0265 To be so angered with another letter. *She exits.* 110

JULIA

FTLN 0266 Nay, would I were so angered with the same!

FTLN 0267 O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!

FTLN 0268 Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey

FTLN 0269 And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!

FTLN 0270 I'll kiss each several paper for amends. 115

*She picks up some pieces.*

FTLN 0271 Look, here is writ "kind Julia." Unkind Julia,

FTLN 0272 As in revenge of thy ingratitude,

FTLN 0273 I throw thy name against the bruising stones,

FTLN 0274 Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

FTLN 0275 And here is writ "love-wounded Proteus." 120

FTLN 0276 Poor wounded name, my bosom as a bed

FTLN 0277 Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly healed,

FTLN 0278 And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.

FTLN 0279 But twice or thrice was "Proteus" written down.

FTLN 0280 Be calm, good wind. Blow not a word away 125

FTLN 0281 Till I have found each letter in the letter

FTLN 0282 Except mine own name. That some whirlwind bear

FTLN 0283 Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock

FTLN 0284 And throw it thence into the raging sea.

FTLN 0285 Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ: 130

FTLN 0286 "Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,

FTLN 0287 To the sweet Julia." That I'll tear away—

FTLN 0288 And yet I will not, sith so prettily

FTLN 0289 He couples it to his complaining names.

FTLN 0290      Thus will I fold them one upon another.      135  
FTLN 0291      Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

「Enter Lucetta.」

LUCETTA

FTLN 0292            Madam, dinner is ready, and your father stays.

FTLN 0293 JULIA Well, let us go.

LUCETTA

FTLN 0294            What, shall these papers lie like telltales here?

JULIA

FTLN 0295 If you respect them, best to take them up. 140

LUCETTA

FTLN 0296            Nay, I was taken up for laying them down.

FTLN 0297 Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.

*「She picks up the rest of the pieces.」*

JULIA

FTLN 0298 I see you have a month's mind to them.

LUCETTA

FTLN 0299            Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;

FTLN 0300            I see things too, although you judge I wink.            145

FTLN 0301 JULIA Come, come, will 't please you go?

*They exit.*

### Scene 3

*Enter Antonio and Pantino.*

ANTONIO

FTLN 0302            Tell me, Pantino, what sad talk was that

FTLN 0303                      Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

PANTINO

FTLN 0304               'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

ANTONIO

FTLN 0305                      Why, what of him?

FTLN 0306      PANTINO                      He wondered that your Lordship                      5

FTLN 0307 Would suffer him to spend his youth at home

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FTLN 0308	While other men, of slender reputation,	
FTLN 0309	Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:	
FTLN 0310	Some to the wars to try their fortune there,	
FTLN 0311	Some to discover islands far away,	10
FTLN 0312	Some to the studious universities.	
FTLN 0313	For any or for all these exercises	
FTLN 0314	He said that Proteus your son was meet,	
FTLN 0315	And did request me to importune you	
FTLN 0316	To let him spend his time no more at home,	15
FTLN 0317	Which would be great impeachment to his age	
FTLN 0318	In having known no travel in his youth.	
ANTONIO		
FTLN 0319	Nor need'st thou much importune me to that	
FTLN 0320	Whereon this month I have been hammering.	
FTLN 0321	I have considered well his loss of time	20
FTLN 0322	And how he cannot be a perfect man,	
FTLN 0323	Not being tried and tutored in the world.	
FTLN 0324	Experience is by industry achieved	
FTLN 0325	And perfected by the swift course of time.	
FTLN 0326	Then tell me whither were I best to send him.	25
PANTINO		
FTLN 0327	I think your Lordship is not ignorant	
FTLN 0328	How his companion, youthful Valentine,	
FTLN 0329	Attends the Emperor in his royal court.	
FTLN 0330	ANTONIO I know it well.	
PANTINO		
FTLN 0331	'Twere good, I think, your Lordship sent him thither.	30
FTLN 0332	There shall he practice tilts and tournaments,	
FTLN 0333	Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,	
FTLN 0334	And be in eye of every exercise	
FTLN 0335	Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.	
ANTONIO		
FTLN 0336	I like thy counsel. Well hast thou advised,	35
FTLN 0337	And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it,	
FTLN 0338	The execution of it shall make known.	

FTLN 0339 Even with the speediest expedition  
 FTLN 0340 I will dispatch him to the Emperor's court.

PANTINO

FTLN 0341 Tomorrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso, 40  
 FTLN 0342 With other gentlemen of good esteem,  
 FTLN 0343 Are journeying to salute the Emperor  
 FTLN 0344 And to commend their service to his will.

ANTONIO

FTLN 0345 Good company. With them shall Proteus go.

*Enter Proteus reading.*

FTLN 0346 And in good time! Now will we break with him. 45  
 PROTEUS, *to himself*

FTLN 0347 Sweet love, sweet lines, sweet life!  
 FTLN 0348 Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;  
 FTLN 0349 Here is her oath for love, her honor's pawn.  
 FTLN 0350 O, that our fathers would applaud our loves  
 FTLN 0351 To seal our happiness with their consents. 50  
 FTLN 0352 O heavenly Julia!

ANTONIO

FTLN 0353 How now? What letter are you reading there?

PROTEUS

FTLN 0354 May 't please your Lordship, 'tis a word or two  
 FTLN 0355 Of commendations sent from Valentine,  
 FTLN 0356 Delivered by a friend that came from him. 55

ANTONIO

FTLN 0357 Lend me the letter. Let me see what news.

PROTEUS

FTLN 0358 There is no news, my lord, but that he writes  
 FTLN 0359 How happily he lives, how well beloved  
 FTLN 0360 And daily graced by the Emperor,  
 FTLN 0361 Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune. 60

ANTONIO

FTLN 0362 And how stand you affected to his wish?

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 PROTEUS

FTLN 0363 As one relying on your Lordship's will,  
 FTLN 0364 And not depending on his friendly wish.

ANTONIO

FTLN 0365 My will is something sorted with his wish.  
 FTLN 0366 Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed, 65  
 FTLN 0367 For what I will, I will, and there an end.  
 FTLN 0368 I am resolved that thou shalt spend some time  
 FTLN 0369 With Valentinus in the Emperor's court.  
 FTLN 0370 What maintenance he from his friends receives,  
 FTLN 0371 Like exhibition thou shalt have from me. 70  
 FTLN 0372 Tomorrow be in readiness to go.  
 FTLN 0373 Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

PROTEUS

FTLN 0374 My lord, I cannot be so soon provided.  
 FTLN 0375 Please you deliberate a day or two.

ANTONIO

FTLN 0376 Look what thou want'st shall be sent after thee. 75  
 FTLN 0377 No more of stay. Tomorrow thou must go.—  
 FTLN 0378 Come on, Pantino; you shall be employed  
 FTLN 0379 To hasten on his expedition.

[Antonio and Pantino exit.]

PROTEUS

FTLN 0380 Thus have I shunned the fire for fear of burning  
 FTLN 0381 And drenched me in the sea, where I am drowned. 80  
 FTLN 0382 I feared to show my father Julia's letter  
 FTLN 0383 Lest he should take exceptions to my love,  
 FTLN 0384 And with the vantage of mine own excuse  
 FTLN 0385 Hath he excepted most against my love.  
 FTLN 0386 O, how this spring of love resembleth 85  
 FTLN 0387 The uncertain glory of an April day,  
 FTLN 0388 Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,  
 FTLN 0389 And by and by a cloud takes all away.

[Enter Pantino.]

PANTINO

FTLN 0390 Sir Proteus, your "father" calls for you.

FTLN 0391 He is in haste. Therefore, I pray you, go.

90

PROTEUS

FTLN 0392 Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto.

FTLN 0393 "Aside." And yet a thousand times it answers "no."

*They exit.*

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## ACT 2

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### Scene 1

*Enter Valentine* 「and」 *Speed, carrying a glove.*」

SPEED

FTLN 0394 Sir, your glove.

FTLN 0395 VALENTINE Not mine. My gloves are on.

SPEED

FTLN 0396 Why, then, this may be yours, for this is but one.

VALENTINE

FTLN 0397 Ha? Let me see. Ay, give it me, it's mine.

FTLN 0398 Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine! 5

FTLN 0399 Ah, Sylvia, Sylvia!

FTLN 0400 SPEED, 「calling」 Madam Sylvia! Madam Sylvia!

FTLN 0401 VALENTINE How now, sirrah?

FTLN 0402 SPEED She is not within hearing, sir.

FTLN 0403 VALENTINE Why, sir, who bade you call her? 10

FTLN 0404 SPEED Your Worship, sir, or else I mistook.

FTLN 0405 VALENTINE Well, you'll still be too forward.

FTLN 0406 SPEED And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

FTLN 0407 VALENTINE Go to, sir. Tell me, do you know Madam

FTLN 0408 Sylvia? 15

FTLN 0409 SPEED She that your Worship loves?

FTLN 0410 VALENTINE Why, how know you that I am in love?

FTLN 0411 SPEED Marry, by these special marks: first, you have  
FTLN 0412 learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreathe your arms like

FTLN 0413 a malcontent; to relish a love song like a robin 20

FTLN 0414 redbreast; to walk alone like one that had the



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FTLN 0415	pestilence; to sigh like a schoolboy that had lost his	
FTLN 0416	ABC; to weep like a young wench that had buried	
FTLN 0417	her grandam; to fast like one that takes diet; to	
FTLN 0418	watch like one that fears robbing; to speak puling	25
FTLN 0419	like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when	
FTLN 0420	you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked,	
FTLN 0421	to walk like one of the lions. When you fasted, it was	
FTLN 0422	presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it	
FTLN 0423	was for want of money. And now you are metamorphosed	30
FTLN 0424	with a mistress, that when I look on you, I	
FTLN 0425	can hardly think you my master.	
FTLN 0426	VALENTINE Are all these things perceived in me?	
FTLN 0427	SPEED They are all perceived without you.	
FTLN 0428	VALENTINE Without me? They cannot.	35
FTLN 0429	SPEED Without you? Nay, that's certain, for without	
FTLN 0430	you were so simple, none else would. But you are so	
FTLN 0431	without these follies, that these follies are within	
FTLN 0432	you and shine through you like the water in an	
FTLN 0433	urinal, that not an eye that sees you but is a	40
FTLN 0434	physician to comment on your malady.	
FTLN 0435	VALENTINE But tell me, dost thou know my Lady	
FTLN 0436	Sylvia?	
FTLN 0437	SPEED She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?	
FTLN 0438	VALENTINE Hast thou observed that? Even she I mean.	45
FTLN 0439	SPEED Why, sir, I know her not.	
FTLN 0440	VALENTINE Dost thou know her by my gazing on her	
FTLN 0441	and yet know'st her not?	
FTLN 0442	SPEED Is she not hard-favored, sir?	
FTLN 0443	VALENTINE Not so fair, boy, as well-favored.	50
FTLN 0444	SPEED Sir, I know that well enough.	
FTLN 0445	VALENTINE What dost thou know?	
FTLN 0446	SPEED That she is not so fair as, of you, well-favored.	
FTLN 0447	VALENTINE I mean that her beauty is exquisite but her	
FTLN 0448	favor infinite.	55

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FTLN 0449 SPEED That's because the one is painted, and the other  
FTLN 0450 out of all count.

FTLN 0451 VALENTINE How painted? And how out of count?

FTLN 0452 SPEED Marry, sir, so painted to make her fair, that no  
FTLN 0453 man counts of her beauty. 60

FTLN 0454 VALENTINE How esteem'st thou me? I account of her  
FTLN 0455 beauty.

FTLN 0456 SPEED You never saw her since she was deformed.

FTLN 0457 VALENTINE How long hath she been deformed?

FTLN 0458 SPEED Ever since you loved her. 65

FTLN 0459 VALENTINE I have loved her ever since I saw her, and  
FTLN 0460 still I see her beautiful.

FTLN 0461 SPEED If you love her, you cannot see her.

FTLN 0462 VALENTINE Why?

FTLN 0463 SPEED Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes, 70  
FTLN 0464 or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to  
FTLN 0465 have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going  
FTLN 0466 ungartered!

FTLN 0467 VALENTINE What should I see then?

FTLN 0468 SPEED Your own present folly and her passing deformity; 75  
FTLN 0469 for he, being in love, could not see to garter his  
FTLN 0470 hose, and you, being in love, cannot see to put on  
FTLN 0471 your hose.

FTLN 0472 VALENTINE Belike, boy, then you are in love, for last  
FTLN 0473 morning you could not see to wipe my shoes. 80

FTLN 0474 SPEED True, sir, I was in love with my bed. I thank you,  
FTLN 0475 you swunged me for my love, which makes me the  
FTLN 0476 bolder to chide you for yours.

FTLN 0477 VALENTINE In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

FTLN 0478 SPEED I would you were set, so your affection would 85  
FTLN 0479 cease.

FTLN 0480 VALENTINE Last night she enjoined me to write some  
FTLN 0481 lines to one she loves.

FTLN 0482 SPEED And have you?

FTLN 0483 VALENTINE I have. 90

FTLN 0484 SPEED Are they not lamely writ?  
 FTLN 0485 VALENTINE No, boy, but as well as I can do them.  
 FTLN 0486 Peace, here she comes.

*Enter Sylvia.*

FTLN 0487 SPEED, *aside* O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet!  
 FTLN 0488 Now will he interpret to her. 95  
 FTLN 0489 VALENTINE Madam and mistress, a thousand  
 FTLN 0490 good-morrows.  
 FTLN 0491 SPEED, *aside* O, give ye good ev'n! Here's a million of  
 FTLN 0492 manners.  
 FTLN 0493 SYLVIA Sir Valentine, and servant, to you two 100  
 FTLN 0494 thousand.  
 FTLN 0495 SPEED, *aside* He should give her interest, and she  
 FTLN 0496 gives it him.  
 VALENTINE  
 FTLN 0497 As you enjoined me, I have writ your letter  
 FTLN 0498 Unto the secret, nameless friend of yours, 105  
 FTLN 0499 Which I was much unwilling to proceed in  
 FTLN 0500 But for my duty to your Ladyship.  
*He gives her a paper.*  
 SYLVIA  
 FTLN 0501 I thank you, gentle servant, 'tis very clerkly done.  
 VALENTINE  
 FTLN 0502 Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off,  
 FTLN 0503 For, being ignorant to whom it goes, 110  
 FTLN 0504 I writ at random, very doubtfully.  
 SYLVIA  
 FTLN 0505 Perchance you think too much of so much pains?  
 VALENTINE  
 FTLN 0506 No, madam. So it stead you, I will write,  
 FTLN 0507 Please you command, a thousand times as much,  
 FTLN 0508 And yet— 115  
 SYLVIA  
 FTLN 0509 A pretty period. Well, I guess the sequel;  
 FTLN 0510 And yet I will not name it And yet I care not.

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FTLN 0511      And yet take this again.      *「She holds out the paper.」*

FTLN 0512                                      And yet I thank you,

FTLN 0513      Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.      120

SPEED, *「aside」*

FTLN 0514      And yet you will; and yet another “yet.”

VALENTINE

FTLN 0515      What means your Ladyship? Do you not like it?

SYLVIA

FTLN 0516      Yes, yes, the lines are very quaintly writ,

FTLN 0517      But, since unwillingly, take them again.

FTLN 0518      Nay, take them.      *「She again offers him the paper.」*      125

FTLN 0519      VALENTINE      Madam, they are for you.

SYLVIA

FTLN 0520      Ay, ay. You writ them, sir, at my request,

FTLN 0521      But I will none of them. They are for you.

FTLN 0522      I would have had them writ more movingly.

VALENTINE, *「taking the paper」*

FTLN 0523      Please you, I’ll write your Ladyship another.      130

SYLVIA

FTLN 0524      And when it’s writ, for my sake read it over,

FTLN 0525      And if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

FTLN 0526      VALENTINE      If it please me, madam? What then?

SYLVIA

FTLN 0527      Why, if it please you, take it for your labor.

FTLN 0528      And so good-morrow, servant.      *Sylvia exits.*      135

SPEED, *「aside」*

FTLN 0529      O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible

FTLN 0530      As a nose on a man’s face, or a weathercock on a

FTLN 0531      steeple!

FTLN 0532      My master sues to her, and she hath taught her

FTLN 0533      suitor,      140

FTLN 0534      He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

FTLN 0535      O excellent device! Was there ever heard a better?

FTLN 0536      That my master, being scribe, to himself should

FTLN 0537      write the letter?

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FTLN 0538	VALENTINE	How now, sir? What, are you reasoning	145
FTLN 0539		with yourself?	
FTLN 0540	SPEED	Nay, I was rhyming. 'Tis you that have the	
FTLN 0541		reason.	
FTLN 0542	VALENTINE	To do what?	
FTLN 0543	SPEED	To be a spokesman from Madam Sylvia.	150
FTLN 0544	VALENTINE	To whom?	
FTLN 0545	SPEED	To yourself. Why, she woos you by a figure.	
FTLN 0546	VALENTINE	What figure?	
FTLN 0547	SPEED	By a letter, I should say.	
FTLN 0548	VALENTINE	Why, she hath not writ to me!	155
FTLN 0549	SPEED	What need she when she hath made you write	
FTLN 0550		to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?	
FTLN 0551	VALENTINE	No, believe me.	
FTLN 0552	SPEED	No believing you indeed, sir. But did you perceive	
FTLN 0553		her earnest?	160
FTLN 0554	VALENTINE	She gave me none, except an angry word.	
FTLN 0555	SPEED	Why, she hath given you a letter.	
FTLN 0556	VALENTINE	That's the letter I writ to her friend.	
FTLN 0557	SPEED	And that letter hath she delivered, and there an	
FTLN 0558		end.	165
FTLN 0559	VALENTINE	I would it were no worse.	
FTLN 0560	SPEED	I'll warrant you, 'tis as well.	
FTLN 0561		For often have you writ to her, and she, in modesty	
FTLN 0562		Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply,	
FTLN 0563		Or fearing else some messenger that might her	170
FTLN 0564		mind discover,	
FTLN 0565		Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto	
FTLN 0566		her lover.	
FTLN 0567		All this I speak in print, for in print I found it. Why	
FTLN 0568		muse you, sir? 'Tis dinnertime.	175
FTLN 0569	VALENTINE	I have dined.	
FTLN 0570	SPEED	Ay, but hearken, sir, though the chameleon love	
FTLN 0571		can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by	

FTLN 0572 my victuals and would fain have meat. O, be not like  
 FTLN 0573 your mistress! Be moved, be moved. 180  
*They exit.*

## Scene 2

*Enter Proteus 「and」 Julia.*

FTLN 0574 PROTEUS Have patience, gentle Julia.  
 FTLN 0575 JULIA I must where is no remedy.  
 PROTEUS  
 FTLN 0576 When possibly I can, I will return.  
 JULIA  
 FTLN 0577 If you turn not, you will return the sooner.  
 FTLN 0578 Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake. 5  
*「She gives him a ring.」*  
 PROTEUS, *「giving her a ring」*  
 FTLN 0579 Why, then we'll make exchange. Here, take you this.  
 JULIA  
 FTLN 0580 And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.  
 PROTEUS  
 FTLN 0581 Here is my hand for my true constancy.  
 FTLN 0582 And when that hour o'erslips me in the day  
 FTLN 0583 Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake, 10  
 FTLN 0584 The next ensuing hour some foul mischance  
 FTLN 0585 Torment me for my love's forgetfulness.  
 FTLN 0586 My father stays my coming. Answer not.  
 FTLN 0587 The tide is now—nay, not thy tide of tears;  
 FTLN 0588 That tide will stay me longer than I should. 15  
 FTLN 0589 Julia, farewell. *「Julia exits.」*  
 FTLN 0590 What, gone without a word?  
 FTLN 0591 Ay, so true love should do. It cannot speak,  
 FTLN 0592 For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

*「Enter」 Pantino.*

FTLN 0593 PANTINO Sir Proteus, you are stayed for. 20

FTLN 0594 PROTEUS Go. I come, I come.  
 FTLN 0595 *Aside.* Alas, this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.  
*They exit.*

## Scene 3

*Enter Lance, weeping, with his dog, Crab.*

FTLN 0596	LANCE	Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping.	
FTLN 0597		All the kind of the Lances have this very fault. I have	
FTLN 0598		received my proportion like the Prodigious Son and	
FTLN 0599		am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I	
FTLN 0600		think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that	5
FTLN 0601		lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my	
FTLN 0602		sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing	
FTLN 0603		her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity,	
FTLN 0604		yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He	
FTLN 0605		is a stone, a very pibble stone, and has no more pity	10
FTLN 0606		in him than a dog. A Jew would have wept to have	
FTLN 0607		seen our parting. Why, my grandam, having no	
FTLN 0608		eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting.	
FTLN 0609		Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. <i>He takes off his</i>	
FTLN 0610		<i>shoes.</i> This shoe is my father. No, this left shoe is	15
FTLN 0611		my father; no, no, this left shoe is my mother. Nay,	
FTLN 0612		that cannot be so neither. Yes, it is so, it is so; it hath	
FTLN 0613		the worser sole. This shoe with the hole in it is my	
FTLN 0614		mother; and this my father. A vengeance on 't, there	
FTLN 0615		'tis! Now sir, this staff is my sister, for, look you, she	20
FTLN 0616		is as white as a lily and as small as a wand. This hat	
FTLN 0617		is Nan, our maid. I am the dog. No, the dog is	
FTLN 0618		himself, and I am the dog. O, the dog is me, and I	
FTLN 0619		am myself. Ay, so, so. Now come I to my father:	
FTLN 0620		"Father, your blessing." Now should not the shoe	25
FTLN 0621		speak a word for weeping. Now should I kiss my	
FTLN 0622		father. <i>He kisses one shoe.</i> Well, he weeps on. Now	

FTLN 0623       come I to my mother. O, that she could speak now  
 FTLN 0624       like a 'wold' woman! Well, I kiss her. *He kisses the*  
 FTLN 0625       *other shoe.* Why, there 'tis; here's my mother's       30  
 FTLN 0626       breath up and down. Now come I to my sister. Mark  
 FTLN 0627       the moan she makes! Now the dog all this while  
 FTLN 0628       sheds not a tear nor speaks a word. But see how I  
 FTLN 0629       lay the dust with my tears.

*'Enter' Pantino.*

FTLN 0630   PANTINO   Lance, away, away! Aboard. Thy master is       35  
 FTLN 0631       shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What's  
 FTLN 0632       the matter? Why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass.  
 FTLN 0633       You'll lose the tide if you tarry any longer.  
 FTLN 0634   LANCE    It is no matter if the tied were lost, for it is the  
 FTLN 0635       unkindest tied that ever any man tied.       40  
 FTLN 0636   PANTINO   What's the unkindest tide?  
 FTLN 0637   LANCE    Why, he that's tied here, Crab my dog.  
 FTLN 0638   PANTINO   Tut, man. I mean thou 'lt lose the flood and, in  
 FTLN 0639       losing the flood, lose thy voyage and, in losing thy  
 FTLN 0640       voyage, lose thy master and, in losing thy master,       45  
 FTLN 0641       lose thy service and, in losing thy service— *'Lance*  
 FTLN 0642       *covers Pantino's mouth.* Why dost thou stop my  
 FTLN 0643       mouth?  
 FTLN 0644   LANCE    For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.  
 FTLN 0645   PANTINO   Where should I lose my tongue?       50  
 FTLN 0646   LANCE    In thy tale.  
 FTLN 0647   PANTINO   In thy tail!  
 FTLN 0648   LANCE    Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master,  
 FTLN 0649       and the service, and the tied. Why, man, if the river  
 FTLN 0650       were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the       55  
 FTLN 0651       wind were down, I could drive the boat with my  
 FTLN 0652       sighs.  
 FTLN 0653   PANTINO   Come. Come away, man. I was sent to call  
 FTLN 0654       thee.  
 FTLN 0655   LANCE    Sir, call me what thou dar'st.       60



FTLN 0656 PANTINO Wilt thou go?  
 FTLN 0657 LANCE Well, I will go.

*They exit.*

Scene 4

*Enter Valentine, Sylvia, Thurio, [and] Speed.*

FTLN 0658	SYLVIA	Servant!	
FTLN 0659	VALENTINE	Mistress?	
FTLN 0660	SPEED	Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.	
FTLN 0661	VALENTINE	Ay, boy, it's for love.	
FTLN 0662	SPEED	Not of you.	5
FTLN 0663	VALENTINE	Of my mistress, then.	
FTLN 0664	SPEED	'Twere good you knocked him.	
FTLN 0665	SYLVIA, [to Valentine]	Servant, you are sad.	
FTLN 0666	VALENTINE	Indeed, madam, I seem so.	
FTLN 0667	THURIO	Seem you that you are not?	10
FTLN 0668	VALENTINE	Haply I do.	
FTLN 0669	THURIO	So do counterfeits.	
FTLN 0670	VALENTINE	So do you.	
FTLN 0671	THURIO	What seem I that I am not?	
FTLN 0672	VALENTINE	Wise.	15
FTLN 0673	THURIO	What instance of the contrary?	
FTLN 0674	VALENTINE	Your folly.	
FTLN 0675	THURIO	And how quote you my folly?	
FTLN 0676	VALENTINE	I quote it in your jerkin.	
FTLN 0677	THURIO	My "jerkin" is a doublet.	20
FTLN 0678	VALENTINE	Well, then, I'll double your folly.	
FTLN 0679	THURIO	How!	
FTLN 0680	SYLVIA	What, angry, Sir Thurio? Do you change color?	
FTLN 0681	VALENTINE	Give him leave, madam. He is a kind of	
FTLN 0682		chameleon.	25
FTLN 0683	THURIO	That hath more mind to feed on your blood	
FTLN 0684		than live in your air.	

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FTLN 0685 VALENTINE You have said, sir.  
 FTLN 0686 THURIO Ay, sir, and done too for this time.  
 FTLN 0687 VALENTINE I know it well, sir. You always end ere you 30  
 FTLN 0688 begin.  
 FTLN 0689 SYLVIA A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly  
 FTLN 0690 shot off.  
 FTLN 0691 VALENTINE 'Tis indeed, madam. We thank the giver.  
 FTLN 0692 SYLVIA Who is that, servant? 35  
 FTLN 0693 VALENTINE Yourself, sweet lady, for you gave the fire.  
 FTLN 0694 Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your Ladyship's  
 FTLN 0695 looks and spends what he borrows kindly in your  
 FTLN 0696 company.  
 FTLN 0697 THURIO Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall 40  
 FTLN 0698 make your wit bankrupt.  
 FTLN 0699 VALENTINE I know it well, sir. You have an exchequer  
 FTLN 0700 of words and, I think, no other treasure to give your  
 FTLN 0701 followers, for it appears by their bare liveries that  
 FTLN 0702 they live by your bare words. 45  
 SYLVIA  
 FTLN 0703 No more, gentlemen, no more. Here comes my  
 FTLN 0704 father.

[Enter] Duke.

DUKE  
 FTLN 0705 Now, daughter Sylvia, you are hard beset.—  
 FTLN 0706 Sir Valentine, your father is in good health.  
 FTLN 0707 What say you to a letter from your friends 50  
 FTLN 0708 Of much good news?  
 FTLN 0709 VALENTINE My lord, I will be thankful  
 FTLN 0710 To any happy messenger from thence.  
 DUKE  
 FTLN 0711 Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?  
 VALENTINE  
 FTLN 0712 Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman 55  
 FTLN 0713 To be of worth and worthy estimation,  
 FTLN 0714 And not without desert so well reputed.

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FTLN 0715 DUKE Hath he not a son?  
 VALENTINE

FTLN 0716 Ay, my good lord, a son that well deserves  
 FTLN 0717 The honor and regard of such a father. 60

FTLN 0718 DUKE You know him well?  
 VALENTINE

FTLN 0719 I knew him as myself, for from our infancy  
 FTLN 0720 We have conversed and spent our hours together,  
 FTLN 0721 And though myself have been an idle truant,  
 FTLN 0722 Omitting the sweet benefit of time 65  
 FTLN 0723 To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,  
 FTLN 0724 Yet hath Sir Proteus—for that's his name—  
 FTLN 0725 Made use and fair advantage of his days:  
 FTLN 0726 His years but young, but his experience old;  
 FTLN 0727 His head unmellowed, but his judgment ripe; 70  
 FTLN 0728 And in a word—for far behind his worth  
 FTLN 0729 Comes all the praises that I now bestow—  
 FTLN 0730 He is complete in feature and in mind,  
 FTLN 0731 With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

DUKE

FTLN 0732 Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good, 75  
 FTLN 0733 He is as worthy for an empress' love,  
 FTLN 0734 As meet to be an emperor's counselor.  
 FTLN 0735 Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me  
 FTLN 0736 With commendation from great potentates,  
 FTLN 0737 And here he means to spend his time awhile. 80  
 FTLN 0738 I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

VALENTINE

FTLN 0739 Should I have wished a thing, it had been he.

DUKE

FTLN 0740 Welcome him then according to his worth.  
 FTLN 0741 Sylvia, I speak to you—and you, Sir Thurio.  
 FTLN 0742 For Valentine, I need not cite him to it. 85  
 FTLN 0743 I will send him hither to you presently. *['Duke exits.']*

VALENTINE

FTLN 0744 This is the gentleman I told your Ladyship

FTLN 0745 Had come along with me but that his mistress  
FTLN 0746 Did hold his eyes locked in her crystal looks.

SYLVIA

FTLN 0747	Belike that now she hath enfranchised them	90
FTLN 0748	Upon some other pawn for fealty.	

VALENTINE

FTLN 0749           Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.

SYLVIA

FTLN 0750      Nay, then, he should be blind, and being blind  
FTLN 0751      How could he see his way to seek out you?

VALENTINE

FTLN 0752      Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.      95

THURIO

FTLN 0753            They say that Love hath not an eye at all.

VALENTINE

FTLN 0754            To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself.

FTLN 0755            Upon a homely object, Love can wink.

SYLVIA

FTLN 0756            Have done, have done. Here comes the gentleman.

「Enter」 Proteus.

VALENTINE

FTLN 0757      Welcome, dear Proteus.—Mistress, I beseech you      100

FTLN 0758            Confirm his welcome with some special favor.

SYLVIA

FTLN 0759 His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,  
FTLN 0760 If this be he you oft have wished to hear from.

VALENTINE

FTLN 0761	Mistress, it is. Sweet lady, entertain him	
FTLN 0762	To be my fellow-servant to your Ladyship.	105

SYLVIA

FTLN 0763            Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

PROTEUS

FTLN 0764            Not so, sweet lady, but too mean a servant

FTLN 0765            To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

VALENTINE

FTLN 0766     Leave off discourse of disability.

FTLN 0767     Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant. 110

PROTEUS

FTLN 0768     My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

SYLVIA

FTLN 0769     And duty never yet did want his meed.

FTLN 0770     Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

PROTEUS

FTLN 0771     I'll die on him that says so but yourself.

FTLN 0772     SYLVIA     That you are welcome? 115

FTLN 0773     PROTEUS    That you are worthless.

*「Enter Servant.」*

*「SERVANT」*

FTLN 0774     Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

SYLVIA

FTLN 0775     I wait upon his pleasure. *「Servant exits.」* Come, Sir

FTLN 0776     Thurio,

FTLN 0777     Go with me.—Once more, new servant, welcome. 120

FTLN 0778     I'll leave you to confer of home affairs.

FTLN 0779     When you have done, we look to hear from you.

PROTEUS

FTLN 0780     We'll both attend upon your Ladyship.

*「Sylvia and Thurio exit.」*

VALENTINE

FTLN 0781     Now tell me, how do all from whence you came?

PROTEUS

FTLN 0782     Your friends are well and have them much 125

FTLN 0783     commended.

VALENTINE

FTLN 0784     And how do yours?

FTLN 0785     PROTEUS             I left them all in health.

VALENTINE

FTLN 0786     How does your lady? And how thrives your love?

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 PROTEUS

FTLN 0787      My tales of love were wont to weary you. 130

FTLN 0788      I know you joy not in a love discourse.

VALENTINE

FTLN 0789      Ay, Proteus, but that life is altered now.

FTLN 0790      I have done penance for contemning Love,

FTLN 0791      Whose high imperious thoughts have punished me

FTLN 0792      With bitter fasts, with penitential groans, 135

FTLN 0793      With nightly tears, and daily heartsore sighs,

FTLN 0794      For in revenge of my contempt of love,

FTLN 0795      Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes

FTLN 0796      And made them watchers of mine own heart's

FTLN 0797      sorrow. 140

FTLN 0798      O gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord

FTLN 0799      And hath so humbled me as I confess

FTLN 0800      There is no woe to his correction,

FTLN 0801      Nor, to his service, no such joy on Earth.

FTLN 0802      Now, no discourse except it be of love. 145

FTLN 0803      Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep

FTLN 0804      Upon the very naked name of Love.

PROTEUS

FTLN 0805      Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.

FTLN 0806      Was this the idol that you worship so?

VALENTINE

FTLN 0807      Even she. And is she not a heavenly saint? 150

PROTEUS

FTLN 0808      No, but she is an earthly paragon.

VALENTINE

FTLN 0809      Call her divine.

FTLN 0810      PROTEUS                      I will not flatter her.

VALENTINE

FTLN 0811      O, flatter me, for love delights in praises.

PROTEUS

FTLN 0812      When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills, 155

FTLN 0813      And I must minister the like to you.

VALENTINE

FTLN 0814 Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,  
 FTLN 0815 Yet let her be a principality,  
 FTLN 0816 Sovereign to all the creatures on the Earth.

PROTEUS

FTLN 0817 Except my mistress. 160

FTLN 0818 VALENTINE Sweet, except not any,  
 FTLN 0819 Except thou wilt except against my love.

PROTEUS

FTLN 0820 Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

VALENTINE

FTLN 0821 And I will help thee to prefer her too:  
 FTLN 0822 She shall be dignified with this high honor— 165  
 FTLN 0823 To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth  
 FTLN 0824 Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss  
 FTLN 0825 And, of so great a favor growing proud,  
 FTLN 0826 Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower  
 FTLN 0827 And make rough winter everlastingly. 170

PROTEUS

FTLN 0828 Why, Valentine, what braggartism is this?

VALENTINE

FTLN 0829 Pardon me, Proteus, all I can is nothing  
 FTLN 0830 To her whose worth 'makes' other worthies  
 FTLN 0831 nothing.  
 FTLN 0832 She is alone— 175

FTLN 0833 PROTEUS Then let her alone.

VALENTINE

FTLN 0834 Not for the world! Why, man, she is mine own,  
 FTLN 0835 And I as rich in having such a jewel  
 FTLN 0836 As twenty seas if all their sand were pearl,  
 FTLN 0837 The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold. 180  
 FTLN 0838 Forgive me that I do not dream on thee,  
 FTLN 0839 Because thou seest me dote upon my love.  
 FTLN 0840 My foolish rival, that her father likes  
 FTLN 0841 Only for his possessions are so huge,

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FTLN 0842	Is gone with her along, and I must after,	185
FTLN 0843	For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.	
FTLN 0844	PROTEUS But she loves you?	
	VALENTINE	
FTLN 0845	Ay, and we are betrothed; nay more, our marriage	
FTLN 0846	hour,	
FTLN 0847	With all the cunning manner of our flight	190
FTLN 0848	Determined of: how I must climb her window,	
FTLN 0849	The ladder made of cords, and all the means	
FTLN 0850	Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.	
FTLN 0851	Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,	
FTLN 0852	In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.	195
	PROTEUS	
FTLN 0853	Go on before. I shall inquire you forth.	
FTLN 0854	I must unto the road to disembark	
FTLN 0855	Some necessities that I needs must use,	
FTLN 0856	And then I'll presently attend you.	
FTLN 0857	VALENTINE Will you make haste?	200
FTLN 0858	PROTEUS I will. <i>「Valentine and Speed」 exit.</i>	
FTLN 0859	Even as one heat another heat expels,	
FTLN 0860	Or as one nail by strength drives out another,	
FTLN 0861	So the remembrance of my former love	
FTLN 0862	Is by a newer object quite forgotten.	205
FTLN 0863	「Is it」 mine 「eye,」 or Valentine's praise,	
FTLN 0864	Her true perfection, or my false transgression,	
FTLN 0865	That makes me reasonless to reason thus?	
FTLN 0866	She is fair, and so is Julia that I love—	
FTLN 0867	That I did love, for now my love is thawed,	210
FTLN 0868	Which like a waxen image 'gainst a fire	
FTLN 0869	Bears no impression of the thing it was.	
FTLN 0870	Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,	
FTLN 0871	And that I love him not as I was wont.	
FTLN 0872	O, but I love his lady too too much,	215
FTLN 0873	And that's the reason I love him so little.	
FTLN 0874	How shall I dote on her with more advice	
FTLN 0875	That thus without advice begin to love her?	



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FTLN 0876 'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,  
 FTLN 0877 And that hath dazzled my reason's light; 220  
 FTLN 0878 But when I look on her perfections,  
 FTLN 0879 There is no reason but I shall be blind.  
 FTLN 0880 If I can check my erring love, I will;  
 FTLN 0881 If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.

[He] exits.

## Scene 5

*Enter Speed and Lance, [with his dog, Crab.]*

FTLN 0882 SPEED Lance, by mine honesty, welcome to Padua.  
 FTLN 0883 LANCE Forswear not thyself, sweet youth, for I am not  
 FTLN 0884 welcome. I reckon this always: that a man is never  
 FTLN 0885 undone till he be hanged, nor never welcome to a  
 FTLN 0886 place till some certain shot be paid and the Hostess 5  
 FTLN 0887 say welcome.  
 FTLN 0888 SPEED Come on, you madcap. I'll to the alehouse with  
 FTLN 0889 you presently, where, for one shot of five pence,  
 FTLN 0890 thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah,  
 FTLN 0891 how did thy master part with Madam Julia? 10  
 FTLN 0892 LANCE Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted  
 FTLN 0893 very fairly in jest.  
 FTLN 0894 SPEED But shall she marry him?  
 FTLN 0895 LANCE No.  
 FTLN 0896 SPEED How then? Shall he marry her? 15  
 FTLN 0897 LANCE No, neither.  
 FTLN 0898 SPEED What, are they broken?  
 FTLN 0899 LANCE No, they are both as whole as a fish.  
 FTLN 0900 SPEED Why then, how stands the matter with them?  
 FTLN 0901 LANCE Marry, thus: when it stands well with him, it 20  
 FTLN 0902 stands well with her.  
 FTLN 0903 SPEED What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.  
 FTLN 0904 LANCE What a block art thou that thou canst not! My  
 FTLN 0905 staff understands me.

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FTLN 0906	SPEED	What thou sayst?	25
FTLN 0907	LANCE	Ay, and what I do too. Look thee, I'll but lean,	
FTLN 0908		and my staff understands me.	
FTLN 0909	SPEED	It stands under thee indeed.	
FTLN 0910	LANCE	Why, "stand under" and "understand" is all	
FTLN 0911		one.	30
FTLN 0912	SPEED	But tell me true, will 't be a match?	
FTLN 0913	LANCE	Ask my dog. If he say "Ay," it will; if he say	
FTLN 0914		"No," it will; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it	
FTLN 0915		will.	
FTLN 0916	SPEED	The conclusion is, then, that it will.	35
FTLN 0917	LANCE	Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but	
FTLN 0918		by a parable.	
FTLN 0919	SPEED	'Tis well that I get it so. But, Lance, how sayst	
FTLN 0920		thou that my master is become a notable lover?	
FTLN 0921	LANCE	I never knew him otherwise.	40
FTLN 0922	SPEED	Than how?	
FTLN 0923	LANCE	A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.	
FTLN 0924	SPEED	Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistak'st me.	
FTLN 0925	LANCE	Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.	
FTLN 0926	SPEED	I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.	45
FTLN 0927	LANCE	Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn	
FTLN 0928		himself in love. If thou wilt, go with me to the	
FTLN 0929		alehouse; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not	
FTLN 0930		worth the name of a Christian.	
FTLN 0931	SPEED	Why?	50
FTLN 0932	LANCE	Because thou hast not so much charity in thee	
FTLN 0933		as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?	
FTLN 0934	SPEED	At thy service.	

*They exit.*

### Scene 6

*Enter Proteus alone.*

PROTEUS

FTLN 0935	To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn.
FTLN 0936	To love fair Sylvia, shall I be forsworn.

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FTLN 0937	To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn.	
FTLN 0938	And ev'n that power which gave me first my oath	
FTLN 0939	Provokes me to this threefold perjury.	5
FTLN 0940	Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear.	
FTLN 0941	O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinned,	
FTLN 0942	Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.	
FTLN 0943	At first I did adore a twinkling star,	
FTLN 0944	But now I worship a celestial sun;	10
FTLN 0945	Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken,	
FTLN 0946	And he wants wit that wants resolvèd will	
FTLN 0947	To learn his wit t' exchange the bad for better.	
FTLN 0948	Fie, fie, unreverend tongue, to call her bad	
FTLN 0949	Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferred	15
FTLN 0950	With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.	
FTLN 0951	I cannot leave to love, and yet I do.	
FTLN 0952	But there I leave to love where I should love.	
FTLN 0953	Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose;	
FTLN 0954	If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;	20
FTLN 0955	If I lose them, thus find I by their loss:	
FTLN 0956	For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Sylvia.	
FTLN 0957	I to myself am dearer than a friend,	
FTLN 0958	For love is still most precious in itself,	
FTLN 0959	And Sylvia—witness heaven that made her fair—	25
FTLN 0960	Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.	
FTLN 0961	I will forget that Julia is alive,	
FTLN 0962	Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead;	
FTLN 0963	And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,	
FTLN 0964	Aiming at Sylvia as a sweeter friend.	30
FTLN 0965	I cannot now prove constant to myself	
FTLN 0966	Without some treachery used to Valentine.	
FTLN 0967	This night he meaneth with a corded ladder	
FTLN 0968	To climb celestial Sylvia's chamber window,	
FTLN 0969	Myself in counsel his competitor.	35
FTLN 0970	Now presently I'll give her father notice	

FTLN 0971      Of their disguising and pretended flight,  
FTLN 0972      Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine,  
FTLN 0973      For Thurio he intends shall wed his daughter.  
FTLN 0974      But Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross  
FTLN 0975      By some sly trick blunt Thurio's dull proceeding. 40  
FTLN 0976      Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,  
FTLN 0977      As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift.

*He exits.*

## Scene 7

*Enter Julia and Lucetta.*

JULIA

FTLN 0978 Counsel, Lucetta. Gentle girl, assist me;  
FTLN 0979 And ev'n in kind love I do conjure thee—  
FTLN 0980 Who art the table wherein all my thoughts  
FTLN 0981 Are visibly characterized and engraved—  
FTLN 0982 To lesson me and tell me some good mean 5  
FTLN 0983 How with my honor I may undertake  
FTLN 0984 A journey to my loving Proteus.

LUCETTA

FTLN 0985            Alas, the way is wearisome and long.

JULIA

FTLN 0986	A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary	
FTLN 0987	To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;	10
FTLN 0988	Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly,	
FTLN 0989	And when the flight is made to one so dear,	
FTLN 0990	Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.	

LUCETTA

FTLN 0991      Better forbear till Proteus make return.

JULIA

FTLN 0992	O, know'st thou not his looks are my soul's food?	15
FTLN 0993	Pity the dearth that I have pinèd in	
FTLN 0994	By longing for that food so long a time.	

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FTLN 0995	Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,	
FTLN 0996	Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow	
FTLN 0997	As seek to quench the fire of love with words.	20
	LUCETTA	
FTLN 0998	I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,	
FTLN 0999	But qualify the fire's extreme rage,	
FTLN 1000	Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.	
	JULIA	
FTLN 1001	The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.	
FTLN 1002	The current that with gentle murmur glides,	25
FTLN 1003	Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth rage,	
FTLN 1004	But when his fair course is not hinderèd,	
FTLN 1005	He makes sweet music with th' enameled stones,	
FTLN 1006	Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge	
FTLN 1007	He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;	30
FTLN 1008	And so by many winding nooks he strays	
FTLN 1009	With willing sport to the wild ocean.	
FTLN 1010	Then let me go and hinder not my course.	
FTLN 1011	I'll be as patient as a gentle stream	
FTLN 1012	And make a pastime of each weary step	35
FTLN 1013	Till the last step have brought me to my love,	
FTLN 1014	And there I'll rest as after much turmoil	
FTLN 1015	A blessèd soul doth in Elysium.	
	LUCETTA	
FTLN 1016	But in what habit will you go along?	
	JULIA	
FTLN 1017	Not like a woman, for I would prevent	40
FTLN 1018	The loose encounters of lascivious men.	
FTLN 1019	Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds	
FTLN 1020	As may beseem some well-reputed page.	
	LUCETTA	
FTLN 1021	Why, then, your Ladyship must cut your hair.	
	JULIA	
FTLN 1022	No, girl, I'll knit it up in silken strings	45
FTLN 1023	With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots.	

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FTLN 1024 To be fantastic may become a youth  
 FTLN 1025 Of greater time than I shall show to be.  
 LUCETTA  
 FTLN 1026 What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?  
 JULIA  
 FTLN 1027 That fits as well as “Tell me, good my lord, 50  
 FTLN 1028 What compass will you wear your farthingale?”  
 FTLN 1029 Why, ev’n what fashion thou best likes, Lucetta.  
 LUCETTA  
 FTLN 1030 You must needs have them with a codpiece, madam.  
 JULIA  
 FTLN 1031 Out, out, Lucetta. That will be ill-favored.  
 LUCETTA  
 FTLN 1032 A round hose, madam, now’s not worth a pin 55  
 FTLN 1033 Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.  
 JULIA  
 FTLN 1034 Lucetta, as thou lov’st me, let me have  
 FTLN 1035 What thou think’st meet and is most mannerly.  
 FTLN 1036 But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me  
 FTLN 1037 For undertaking so unstaide a journey? 60  
 FTLN 1038 I fear me it will make me scandalized.  
 LUCETTA  
 FTLN 1039 If you think so, then stay at home and go not.  
 FTLN 1040 JULIA Nay, that I will not.  
 LUCETTA  
 FTLN 1041 Then never dream on infamy, but go.  
 FTLN 1042 If Proteus like your journey when you come, 65  
 FTLN 1043 No matter who’s displeased when you are gone.  
 FTLN 1044 I fear me he will scarce be pleased withal.  
 JULIA  
 FTLN 1045 That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear.  
 FTLN 1046 A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,  
 FTLN 1047 And instances of infinite of love 70  
 FTLN 1048 Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.  
 LUCETTA  
 FTLN 1049 All these are servants to deceitful men.

JULIA

FTLN 1050	Base men that use them to so base effect!	
FTLN 1051	But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth.	
FTLN 1052	His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,	75
FTLN 1053	His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,	
FTLN 1054	His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,	
FTLN 1055	His heart as far from fraud as heaven from Earth.	

LUCETTA

FTLN 1056	Pray heav'n he prove so when you come to him.	
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JULIA

FTLN 1057	Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong	80
FTLN 1058	To bear a hard opinion of his truth.	
FTLN 1059	Only deserve my love by loving him.	
FTLN 1060	And presently go with me to my chamber	
FTLN 1061	To take a note of what I stand in need of	
FTLN 1062	To furnish me upon my longing journey.	85
FTLN 1063	All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,	
FTLN 1064	My goods, my lands, my reputation.	
FTLN 1065	Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.	
FTLN 1066	Come, answer not, but to it presently.	
FTLN 1067	I am impatient of my tarriance.	90

*They exit.*

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# ACT 3

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## Scene 1

*Enter Duke, Thurio, and Proteus.*

DUKE

FTLN 1068 Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;  
FTLN 1069 We have some secrets to confer about. *Thurio exits.*  
FTLN 1070 Now tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

PROTEUS

FTLN 1071 My gracious lord, that which I would discover  
FTLN 1072 The law of friendship bids me to conceal, 5  
FTLN 1073 But when I call to mind your gracious favors  
FTLN 1074 Done to me, undeserving as I am,  
FTLN 1075 My duty pricks me on to utter that  
FTLN 1076 Which else no worldly good should draw from me.  
FTLN 1077 Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine my friend 10  
FTLN 1078 This night intends to steal away your daughter;  
FTLN 1079 Myself am one made privy to the plot.  
FTLN 1080 I know you have determined to bestow her  
FTLN 1081 On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates,  
FTLN 1082 And should she thus be stol'n away from you, 15  
FTLN 1083 It would be much vexation to your age.  
FTLN 1084 Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose  
FTLN 1085 To cross my friend in his intended drift  
FTLN 1086 Than, by concealing it, heap on your head  
FTLN 1087 A pack of sorrows which would press you down, 20  
FTLN 1088 Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.



DUKE

FTLN 1089 Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care,  
 FTLN 1090 Which to requite command me while I live.  
 FTLN 1091 This love of theirs myself have often seen,  
 FTLN 1092 Haply when they have judged me fast asleep, 25  
 FTLN 1093 And oftentimes have purposed to forbid  
 FTLN 1094 Sir Valentine her company and my court.  
 FTLN 1095 But fearing lest my jealous aim might err  
 FTLN 1096 And so, unworthily, disgrace the man—  
 FTLN 1097 A rashness that I ever yet have shunned— 30  
 FTLN 1098 I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find  
 FTLN 1099 That which thyself hast now disclosed to me.  
 FTLN 1100 And that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,  
 FTLN 1101 Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,  
 FTLN 1102 I nightly lodge her in an upper tower, 35  
 FTLN 1103 The key whereof myself have ever kept,  
 FTLN 1104 And thence she cannot be conveyed away.

PROTEUS

FTLN 1105 Know, noble lord, they have devised a mean  
 FTLN 1106 How he her chamber-window will ascend  
 FTLN 1107 And with a corded ladder fetch her down; 40  
 FTLN 1108 For which the youthful lover now is gone,  
 FTLN 1109 And this way comes he with it presently,  
 FTLN 1110 Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.  
 FTLN 1111 But, good my lord, do it so cunningly  
 FTLN 1112 That my discovery be not aimed at; 45  
 FTLN 1113 For love of you, not hate unto my friend,  
 FTLN 1114 Hath made me publisher of this pretense.

DUKE

FTLN 1115 Upon mine honor, he shall never know  
 FTLN 1116 That I had any light from thee of this.

PROTEUS

FTLN 1117 Adieu, my lord. Sir Valentine is coming. 50

*Proteus exits.*

*Enter Valentine.*

DUKE

FTLN 1118 Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

VALENTINE

FTLN 1119 Please it your Grace, there is a messenger  
FTLN 1120 That stays to bear my letters to my friends,  
FTLN 1121 And I am going to deliver them.

FTLN 1122 DUKE Be they of much import?

55

VALENTINE

FTLN 1123 The tenor of them doth but signify  
FTLN 1124 My health and happy being at your court.

DUKE

FTLN 1125 Nay then, no matter. Stay with me awhile;  
FTLN 1126 I am to break with thee of some affairs  
FTLN 1127 That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret. 60  
FTLN 1128 'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought  
FTLN 1129 To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.

VALENTINE

FTLN 1130 I know it well, my lord, and sure the match  
FTLN 1131 Were rich and honorable. Besides, the gentleman  
FTLN 1132 Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities 65  
FTLN 1133 Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.  
FTLN 1134 Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?

DUKE

FTLN 1135 No. Trust me, she is peevish, sullen, froward,  
FTLN 1136 Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty,  
FTLN 1137 Neither regarding that she is my child 70  
FTLN 1138 Nor fearing me as if I were her father;  
FTLN 1139 And may I say to thee, this pride of hers,  
FTLN 1140 Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her,  
FTLN 1141 And where I thought the remnant of mine age  
FTLN 1142 Should have been cherished by her childlike duty, 75  
FTLN 1143 I now am full resolved to take a wife  
FTLN 1144 And turn her out to who will take her in.  
FTLN 1145 Then let her beauty be her wedding dower,  
FTLN 1146 For me and my possessions she esteems not.

VALENTINE

FTLN 1147      What would your Grace have me to do in this? 80

DUKE

FTLN 1148      There is a lady in Verona here  
FTLN 1149      Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,  
FTLN 1150      And nought esteems my agèd eloquence.  
FTLN 1151      Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor—  
FTLN 1152      For long ago I have forgot to court; 85  
FTLN 1153      Besides, the fashion of the time is changed—  
FTLN 1154      How and which way I may bestow myself  
FTLN 1155      To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

VALENTINE

FTLN 1156      Win her with gifts if she respect not words;  
FTLN 1157      Dumb jewels often in their silent kind 90  
FTLN 1158      More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

DUKE

FTLN 1159      But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

VALENTINE

FTLN 1160      A woman sometime scorns what best contents her.  
FTLN 1161      Send her another; never give her o'er,  
FTLN 1162      For scorn at first makes after-love the more. 95  
FTLN 1163      If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,  
FTLN 1164      But rather to beget more love in you.  
FTLN 1165      If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone,  
FTLN 1166      Forwhy the fools are mad if left alone.  
FTLN 1167      Take no repulse, whatever she doth say; 100  
FTLN 1168      For "get you gone" she doth not mean "away."  
FTLN 1169      Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;  
FTLN 1170      Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.  
FTLN 1171      That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man  
FTLN 1172      If with his tongue he cannot win a woman. 105

DUKE

FTLN 1173      But she I mean is promised by her friends  
FTLN 1174      Unto a youthful gentleman of worth  
FTLN 1175      And kept severely from resort of men,  
FTLN 1176      That no man hath access by day to her.

VALENTINE

FTLN 1177      Why, then, I would resort to her by night. 110

DUKE

FTLN 1178      Ay, but the doors be locked and keys kept safe,  
FTLN 1179      That no man hath recourse to her by night.

VALENTINE

FTLN 1180      What lets but one may enter at her window?

DUKE

FTLN 1181      Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,  
FTLN 1182      And built so shelving that one cannot climb it 115  
FTLN 1183      Without apparent hazard of his life.

VALENTINE

FTLN 1184      Why, then a ladder quaintly made of cords  
FTLN 1185      To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,  
FTLN 1186      Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,  
FTLN 1187      So bold Leander would adventure it. 120

DUKE

FTLN 1188      Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,  
FTLN 1189      Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

VALENTINE

FTLN 1190      When would you use it? Pray sir, tell me that.

DUKE

FTLN 1191      This very night; for love is like a child  
FTLN 1192      That longs for everything that he can come by. 125

VALENTINE

FTLN 1193      By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

DUKE

FTLN 1194      But hark thee: I will go to her alone;  
FTLN 1195      How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

VALENTINE

FTLN 1196      It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it  
FTLN 1197      Under a cloak that is of any length. 130

DUKE

FTLN 1198      A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

VALENTINE

FTLN 1199      Ay, my good lord.

FTLN 1200	DUKE	Then let me see thy cloak;	
FTLN 1201		I'll get me one of such another length.	
	VALENTINE		
FTLN 1202		Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.	135
	DUKE		
FTLN 1203		How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?	
FTLN 1204		I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.	
		<i>['Pulling off the cloak, he reveals a rope ladder and a paper.']</i>	
FTLN 1205		What letter is this same? What's here? ( <i>['Reads.']</i> ) To	
FTLN 1206		<i>Sylvia.</i>	
FTLN 1207		And here an engine fit for my proceeding.	140
FTLN 1208		I'll be so bold to break the seal for once.	
		<i>(['Reads.'])</i>	
FTLN 1209		<i>My thoughts do harbor with my Sylvia nightly,</i>	
FTLN 1210		<i>And slaves they are to me that send them flying.</i>	
FTLN 1211		<i>O, could their master come and go as lightly,</i>	
FTLN 1212		<i>Himself would lodge where, senseless, they are</i>	145
FTLN 1213		<i>lying.</i>	
FTLN 1214		<i>My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them,</i>	
FTLN 1215		<i>While I, their king, that thither them importune,</i>	
FTLN 1216		<i>Do curse the grace that with such grace hath blest</i>	
FTLN 1217		<i>them,</i>	150
FTLN 1218		<i>Because myself do want my servants' fortune.</i>	
FTLN 1219		<i>I curse myself, for they are sent by me,</i>	
FTLN 1220		<i>That they should harbor where their lord should be.</i>	
FTLN 1221		What's here?	
FTLN 1222		<i>(['Reads.']) Sylvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.</i>	155
FTLN 1223		'Tis so. And here's the ladder for the purpose.	
FTLN 1224		Why, Phaëton—for thou art Merops' son—	
FTLN 1225		Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car	
FTLN 1226		And with thy daring folly burn the world?	
FTLN 1227		Wilt thou reach stars because they shine on thee?	160
FTLN 1228		Go, base intruder, overweening slave,	
FTLN 1229		Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates	
FTLN 1230		And think my patience, more than thy desert,	

FTLN 1231 Is privilege for thy departure hence.  
 FTLN 1232 Thank me for this more than for all the favors 165  
 FTLN 1233 Which all too much I have bestowed on thee.  
 FTLN 1234 But if thou linger in my territories  
 FTLN 1235 Longer than swiftest expedition  
 FTLN 1236 Will give thee time to leave our royal court,  
 FTLN 1237 By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love 170  
 FTLN 1238 I ever bore my daughter or thyself.  
 FTLN 1239 Begone. I will not hear thy vain excuse,  
 FTLN 1240 But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

*He exits.*

VALENTINE

FTLN 1241 And why not death, rather than living torment?  
 FTLN 1242 To die is to be banished from myself, 175  
 FTLN 1243 And Sylvia is myself; banished from her  
 FTLN 1244 Is self from self—a deadly banishment.  
 FTLN 1245 What light is light if Sylvia be not seen?  
 FTLN 1246 What joy is joy if Sylvia be not by—  
 FTLN 1247 Unless it be to think that she is by 180  
 FTLN 1248 And feed upon the shadow of perfection?  
 FTLN 1249 Except I be by Sylvia in the night,  
 FTLN 1250 There is no music in the nightingale.  
 FTLN 1251 Unless I look on Sylvia in the day,  
 FTLN 1252 There is no day for me to look upon. 185  
 FTLN 1253 She is my essence, and I leave to be  
 FTLN 1254 If I be not by her fair influence  
 FTLN 1255 Fostered, illumined, cherished, kept alive.  
 FTLN 1256 I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom;  
 FTLN 1257 Tarry I here, I but attend on death, 190  
 FTLN 1258 But fly I hence, I fly away from life.

*Enter Proteus and Lance.*

FTLN 1259 PROTEUS Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.  
 FTLN 1260 LANCE So-ho, so-ho!  
 FTLN 1261 PROTEUS What seest thou?

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FTLN 1262	LANCE	Him we go to find. There's not a hair on 's head	195
FTLN 1263		but 'tis a Valentine.	
FTLN 1264	PROTEUS	Valentine?	
FTLN 1265	VALENTINE	No.	
FTLN 1266	PROTEUS	Who then? His spirit?	
FTLN 1267	VALENTINE	Neither.	200
FTLN 1268	PROTEUS	What then?	
FTLN 1269	VALENTINE	Nothing.	
FTLN 1270	LANCE	Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?	
FTLN 1271	PROTEUS	Who wouldst thou strike?	
FTLN 1272	LANCE	Nothing.	205
FTLN 1273	PROTEUS	Villain, forbear.	
FTLN 1274	LANCE	Why, sir, I'll strike nothing. I pray you—	
	PROTEUS		
FTLN 1275		Sirrah, I say forbear.—Friend Valentine, a word.	
	VALENTINE		
FTLN 1276		My ears are stopped and cannot hear good news,	
FTLN 1277		So much of bad already hath possessed them.	210
	PROTEUS		
FTLN 1278		Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,	
FTLN 1279		For they are harsh, untunable, and bad.	
FTLN 1280	VALENTINE	Is Sylvia dead?	
FTLN 1281	PROTEUS	No, Valentine.	
	VALENTINE		
FTLN 1282		No Valentine indeed for sacred Sylvia.	215
FTLN 1283		Hath she forsworn me?	
FTLN 1284	PROTEUS	No, Valentine.	
	VALENTINE		
FTLN 1285		No Valentine if Sylvia have forsworn me.	
FTLN 1286		What is your news?	
FTLN 1287	LANCE	Sir, there is a proclamation that you are	220
FTLN 1288		vanished.	
	PROTEUS		
FTLN 1289		That thou art banishèd—O, that's the news—	
FTLN 1290		From hence, from Sylvia, and from me thy friend.	

VALENTINE

FTLN 1291 O, I have fed upon this woe already,  
 FTLN 1292 And now excess of it will make me surfeit. 225  
 FTLN 1293 Doth Sylvia know that I am banishèd?

PROTEUS

FTLN 1294 Ay, ay, and she hath offered to the doom—  
 FTLN 1295 Which unreversed stands in effectual force—  
 FTLN 1296 A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears;  
 FTLN 1297 Those at her father's churlish feet she tendered, 230  
 FTLN 1298 With them, upon her knees, her humble self,  
 FTLN 1299 Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became  
 FTLN 1300 them  
 FTLN 1301 As if but now they waxèd pale for woe.  
 FTLN 1302 But neither bended knees, pure hands held up, 235  
 FTLN 1303 Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears  
 FTLN 1304 Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;  
 FTLN 1305 But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.  
 FTLN 1306 Besides, her intercession chafed him so,  
 FTLN 1307 When she for thy repeal was suppliant, 240  
 FTLN 1308 That to close prison he commanded her  
 FTLN 1309 With many bitter threats of biding there.

VALENTINE

FTLN 1310 No more, unless the next word that thou speak'st  
 FTLN 1311 Have some malignant power upon my life.  
 FTLN 1312 If so, I pray thee breathe it in mine ear 245  
 FTLN 1313 As ending anthem of my endless dolor.

PROTEUS

FTLN 1314 Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,  
 FTLN 1315 And study help for that which thou lament'st.  
 FTLN 1316 Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.  
 FTLN 1317 Here, if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love; 250  
 FTLN 1318 Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.  
 FTLN 1319 Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that  
 FTLN 1320 And manage it against despairing thoughts.  
 FTLN 1321 Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,  
 FTLN 1322 Which, being writ to me, shall be delivered 255



FTLN 1323 Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.  
 FTLN 1324 The time now serves not to expostulate.  
 FTLN 1325 Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate  
 FTLN 1326 And, ere I part with thee, confer at large  
 FTLN 1327 Of all that may concern thy love affairs. 260  
 FTLN 1328 As thou lov'st Sylvia, though not for thyself,  
 FTLN 1329 Regard thy danger, and along with me.

VALENTINE

FTLN 1330 I pray thee, Lance, an if thou seest my boy,  
 FTLN 1331 Bid him make haste and meet me at the North  
 FTLN 1332 Gate. 265

PROTEUS

FTLN 1333 Go, sirrah, find him out.—Come, Valentine.

VALENTINE

FTLN 1334 O, my dear Sylvia! Hapless Valentine!  
*Valentine and Proteus exit.*

FTLN 1335 LANCE I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit  
 FTLN 1336 to think my master is a kind of a knave, but that's all  
 FTLN 1337 one if he be but one knave. He lives not now that 270  
 FTLN 1338 knows me to be in love, yet I am in love, but a team  
 FTLN 1339 of horse shall not pluck that from me, nor who 'tis I  
 FTLN 1340 love; and yet 'tis a woman, but what woman I will  
 FTLN 1341 not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milk-maid; yet 'tis not a  
 FTLN 1342 maid, for she hath had gossips; yet 'tis a maid, for 275  
 FTLN 1343 she is her master's maid and serves for wages. She  
 FTLN 1344 hath more qualities than a water spaniel, which is  
 FTLN 1345 much in a bare Christian. *He takes out a piece of*  
 FTLN 1346 *paper.* Here is the catalog of her condition.  
 FTLN 1347 (*Reads.*) *Imprimis, She can fetch and carry.* Why, a 280  
 FTLN 1348 horse can do no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch but  
 FTLN 1349 only carry; therefore is she better than a jade.  
 FTLN 1350 (*Reads.*) *Item, She can milk.* Look you, a sweet  
 FTLN 1351 virtue in a maid with clean hands.

*Enter Speed.*

FTLN 1352 SPEED How now, Signior Lance? What news with your 285  
 FTLN 1353 Mastership?

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FTLN 1354	LANCE	With my master's ship? Why, it is at sea.	
FTLN 1355	SPEED	Well, your old vice still: mistake the word. What	
FTLN 1356		news, then, in your paper?	
FTLN 1357	LANCE	The black'st news that ever thou heard'st.	290
FTLN 1358	SPEED	Why, man? How black?	
FTLN 1359	LANCE	Why, as black as ink.	
FTLN 1360	SPEED	Let me read them.	
FTLN 1361	LANCE	Fie on thee, jolt-head, thou canst not read.	
FTLN 1362	SPEED	Thou liest. I can.	295
FTLN 1363	LANCE	I will try thee. Tell me this, who begot thee?	
FTLN 1364	SPEED	Marry, the son of my grandfather.	
FTLN 1365	LANCE	O, illiterate loiterer, it was the son of thy grandmother.	
FTLN 1366		This proves that thou canst not read.	
FTLN 1367	SPEED	Come, fool, come. Try me in thy paper.	300
FTLN 1368	LANCE,	<i>giving him the paper</i> There, and Saint Nicholas	
FTLN 1369		be thy speed.	
FTLN 1370	SPEED	<i>reads</i> <i>Imprimis, She can milk.</i>	
FTLN 1371	LANCE	Ay, that she can.	
FTLN 1372	SPEED	<i>Item, She brews good ale.</i>	305
FTLN 1373	LANCE	And thereof comes the proverb: "Blessing of	
FTLN 1374		your heart, you brew good ale."	
FTLN 1375	SPEED	<i>Item, She can sew.</i>	
FTLN 1376	LANCE	That's as much as to say "Can she so?"	
FTLN 1377	SPEED	<i>Item, She can knit.</i>	310
FTLN 1378	LANCE	What need a man care for a stock with a wench,	
FTLN 1379		when she can knit him a stock?	
FTLN 1380	SPEED	<i>Item, She can wash and scour.</i>	
FTLN 1381	LANCE	A special virtue, for then she need not be	
FTLN 1382		washed and scoured.	315
FTLN 1383	SPEED	<i>Item, She can spin.</i>	
FTLN 1384	LANCE	Then may I set the world on wheels, when she	
FTLN 1385		can spin for her living.	
FTLN 1386	SPEED	<i>Item, She hath many nameless virtues.</i>	
FTLN 1387	LANCE	That's as much as to say "bastard virtues," that	320
FTLN 1388		indeed know not their fathers and therefore have no	
FTLN 1389		names.	

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FTLN 1390	SPEED	Here follow her vices.	
FTLN 1391	LANCE	Close at the heels of her virtues.	
FTLN 1392	SPEED	<i>Item, She is not to be 'kissed' fasting in respect of</i>	325
FTLN 1393		<i>her breath.</i>	
FTLN 1394	LANCE	Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast.	
FTLN 1395		Read on.	
FTLN 1396	SPEED	<i>Item, She hath a sweet mouth.</i>	
FTLN 1397	LANCE	That makes amends for her sour breath.	330
FTLN 1398	SPEED	<i>Item, She doth talk in her sleep.</i>	
FTLN 1399	LANCE	It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her	
FTLN 1400		talk.	
FTLN 1401	SPEED	<i>Item, She is slow in words.</i>	
FTLN 1402	LANCE	O villain, that set this down among her vices! To	335
FTLN 1403		be slow in words is a woman's only virtue. I pray	
FTLN 1404		thee, out with 't, and place it for her chief virtue.	
FTLN 1405	SPEED	<i>Item, She is proud.</i>	
FTLN 1406	LANCE	Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy and	
FTLN 1407		cannot be ta'en from her.	340
FTLN 1408	SPEED	<i>Item, She hath no teeth.</i>	
FTLN 1409	LANCE	I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.	
FTLN 1410	SPEED	<i>Item, She is curst.</i>	
FTLN 1411	LANCE	Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.	
FTLN 1412	SPEED	<i>Item, She will often praise her liquor.</i>	345
FTLN 1413	LANCE	If her liquor be good, she shall; if she will not, I	
FTLN 1414		will, for good things should be praised.	
FTLN 1415	SPEED	<i>Item, She is too liberal.</i>	
FTLN 1416	LANCE	Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down	
FTLN 1417		she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I'll	350
FTLN 1418		keep shut; now, of another thing she may, and that	
FTLN 1419		cannot I help. Well, proceed.	
FTLN 1420	SPEED	<i>Item, She hath more hair than wit, and more</i>	
FTLN 1421		<i>faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.</i>	
FTLN 1422	LANCE	Stop there. I'll have her. She was mine and not	355
FTLN 1423		mine twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse	
FTLN 1424		that once more.	
FTLN 1425	SPEED	<i>Item, She hath more hair than wit.</i>	

FTLN 1426 LANCE “More hair than wit”? It may be; I’ll prove it:  
 FTLN 1427 the cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is 360  
 FTLN 1428 more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit is  
 FTLN 1429 more than the wit, for the greater hides the less.  
 FTLN 1430 What’s next?  
 FTLN 1431 SPEED *And more faults than hairs.*  
 FTLN 1432 LANCE That’s monstrous! O, that that were out! 365  
 FTLN 1433 SPEED *And more wealth than faults.*  
 FTLN 1434 LANCE Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well,  
 FTLN 1435 I’ll have her, and if it be a match, as nothing is  
 FTLN 1436 impossible—  
 FTLN 1437 SPEED What then? 370  
 FTLN 1438 LANCE Why, then will I tell thee that thy master stays  
 FTLN 1439 for thee at the North Gate.  
 FTLN 1440 SPEED For me?  
 FTLN 1441 LANCE For thee? Ay, who art thou? He hath stayed for a  
 FTLN 1442 better man than thee. 375  
 FTLN 1443 SPEED And must I go to him?  
 FTLN 1444 LANCE Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so  
 FTLN 1445 long that going will scarce serve the turn.  
 FTLN 1446 SPEED, *handing him the paper* Why didst not tell me  
 FTLN 1447 sooner? Pox of your love letters! *He exits.* 380  
 FTLN 1448 LANCE Now will he be swinged for reading my letter;  
 FTLN 1449 an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into  
 FTLN 1450 secrets. I’ll after, to rejoice in the boy’s correction.  
*He exits.*

## Scene 2

*Enter Duke and Thurio.*

DUKE

FTLN 1451 Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you  
 FTLN 1452 Now Valentine is banished from her sight.

THURIO

FTLN 1453 Since his exile she hath despised me most,

FTLN 1454	Forsworn my company and railed at me,	
FTLN 1455	That I am desperate of obtaining her.	5
	DUKE	
FTLN 1456	This weak impress of love is as a figure	
FTLN 1457	Trenchèd in ice, which with an hour's heat	
FTLN 1458	Dissolves to water and doth lose his form.	
FTLN 1459	A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,	
FTLN 1460	And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.	10
	<i>Enter Proteus.</i>	
FTLN 1461	How now, Sir Proteus? Is your countryman,	
FTLN 1462	According to our proclamation, gone?	
FTLN 1463	PROTEUS   Gone, my good lord.	
	DUKE	
FTLN 1464	My daughter takes his going grievously.	
	PROTEUS	
FTLN 1465	A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.	15
	DUKE	
FTLN 1466	So I believe, but Thurio thinks not so.	
FTLN 1467	Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,	
FTLN 1468	For thou hast shown some sign of good desert,	
FTLN 1469	Makes me the better to confer with thee.	
	PROTEUS	
FTLN 1470	Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace	20
FTLN 1471	Let me not live to look upon your Grace.	
	DUKE	
FTLN 1472	Thou know'st how willingly I would effect	
FTLN 1473	The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter?	
FTLN 1474	PROTEUS   I do, my lord.	
	DUKE	
FTLN 1475	And also, I think, thou art not ignorant	25
FTLN 1476	How she opposes her against my will?	
	PROTEUS	
FTLN 1477	She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.	
	DUKE	
FTLN 1478	Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.	

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FTLN 1479	What might we do to make the girl forget	
FTLN 1480	The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?	30
	PROTEUS	
FTLN 1481	The best way is to slander Valentine	
FTLN 1482	With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent,	
FTLN 1483	Three things that women highly hold in hate.	
	DUKE	
FTLN 1484	Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.	
	PROTEUS	
FTLN 1485	Ay, if his enemy deliver it.	35
FTLN 1486	Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken	
FTLN 1487	By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.	
	DUKE	
FTLN 1488	Then you must undertake to slander him.	
	PROTEUS	
FTLN 1489	And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do.	
FTLN 1490	'Tis an ill office for a gentleman,	40
FTLN 1491	Especially against his very friend.	
	DUKE	
FTLN 1492	Where your good word cannot advantage him,	
FTLN 1493	Your slander never can endamage him;	
FTLN 1494	Therefore the office is indifferent,	
FTLN 1495	Being entreated to it by your friend.	45
	PROTEUS	
FTLN 1496	You have prevailed, my lord. If I can do it	
FTLN 1497	By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,	
FTLN 1498	She shall not long continue love to him.	
FTLN 1499	But say this weed her love from Valentine,	
FTLN 1500	It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.	50
	THURIO	
FTLN 1501	Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,	
FTLN 1502	Lest it should ravel and be good to none,	
FTLN 1503	You must provide to bottom it on me,	
FTLN 1504	Which must be done by praising me as much	
FTLN 1505	As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.	55

DUKE

FTLN 1506 And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind  
 FTLN 1507 Because we know, on Valentine's report,  
 FTLN 1508 You are already Love's firm votary  
 FTLN 1509 And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.  
 FTLN 1510 Upon this warrant shall you have access 60  
 FTLN 1511 Where you with Sylvia may confer at large—  
 FTLN 1512 For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,  
 FTLN 1513 And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you—  
 FTLN 1514 Where you may temper her by your persuasion  
 FTLN 1515 To hate young Valentine and love my friend. 65

PROTEUS

FTLN 1516 As much as I can do I will effect.—  
 FTLN 1517 But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough.  
 FTLN 1518 You must lay lime to tangle her desires  
 FTLN 1519 By wailful sonnets, whose composèd rhymes  
 FTLN 1520 Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows. 70

DUKE

FTLN 1521 Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

PROTEUS

FTLN 1522 Say that upon the altar of her beauty  
 FTLN 1523 You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart.  
 FTLN 1524 Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears  
 FTLN 1525 Moist it again, and frame some feeling line 75  
 FTLN 1526 That may discover such integrity.  
 FTLN 1527 For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,  
 FTLN 1528 Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,  
 FTLN 1529 Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans  
 FTLN 1530 Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands. 80  
 FTLN 1531 After your dire-lamenting elegies,  
 FTLN 1532 Visit by night your lady's chamber window  
 FTLN 1533 With some sweet consort; to their instruments  
 FTLN 1534 Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead silence  
 FTLN 1535 Will well become such sweet complaining 85  
 FTLN 1536 grievance.  
 FTLN 1537 This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

DUKE

FTLN 1538     This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

THURIO, 「*to Proteus*」

FTLN 1539     And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.

FTLN 1540     Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver, 90

FTLN 1541     Let us into the city presently

FTLN 1542     To sort some gentlemen well-skilled in music.

FTLN 1543     I have a sonnet that will serve the turn

FTLN 1544     To give the onset to thy good advice.

FTLN 1545   DUKE   About it, gentlemen. 95

PROTEUS

FTLN 1546     We'll wait upon your Grace till after supper

FTLN 1547     And afterward determine our proceedings.

DUKE

FTLN 1548     Even now about it! I will pardon you.

*They exit.*

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## ACT 4

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### Scene 1 *Enter certain Outlaws.*

FIRST OUTLAW

FTLN 1549 Fellows, stand fast. I see a passenger.

SECOND OUTLAW

FTLN 1550 If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

*Enter Valentine and Speed.*

THIRD OUTLAW

FTLN 1551 Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you.

FTLN 1552 If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

SPEED, *to Valentine*

FTLN 1553 Sir, we are undone; these are the villains

5

FTLN 1554 That all the travelers do fear so much.

FTLN 1555 VALENTINE My friends—

FIRST OUTLAW

FTLN 1556 That's not so, sir. We are your enemies.

FTLN 1557 SECOND OUTLAW Peace. We'll hear him.

THIRD OUTLAW

FTLN 1558 Ay, by my beard, will we, for he is a proper man.

10

VALENTINE

FTLN 1559 Then know that I have little wealth to lose.

FTLN 1560 A man I am crossed with adversity;

FTLN 1561 My riches are these poor habiliments,

FTLN 1562 Of which, if you should here disfurnish me,

FTLN 1563 You take the sum and substance that I have.

15

FTLN 1564	SECOND OUTLAW	Whither travel you?	
FTLN 1565	VALENTINE	To Verona.	
FTLN 1566	FIRST OUTLAW	Whence came you?	
FTLN 1567	VALENTINE	From Milan.	
FTLN 1568	THIRD OUTLAW	Have you long sojourned there?	20
	VALENTINE		
FTLN 1569		Some sixteen months, and longer might have stayed	
FTLN 1570		If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.	
FTLN 1571	FIRST OUTLAW	What, were you banished thence?	
FTLN 1572	VALENTINE	I was.	
FTLN 1573	SECOND OUTLAW	For what offense?	25
	VALENTINE		
FTLN 1574		For that which now torments me to rehearse;	
FTLN 1575		I killed a man, whose death I much repent,	
FTLN 1576		But yet I slew him manfully in fight	
FTLN 1577		Without false vantage or base treachery.	
	FIRST OUTLAW		
FTLN 1578		Why, ne'er repent it if it were done so;	30
FTLN 1579		But were you banished for so small a fault?	
	VALENTINE		
FTLN 1580		I was, and held me glad of such a doom.	
FTLN 1581	SECOND OUTLAW	Have you the tongues?	
	VALENTINE		
FTLN 1582		My youthful travel therein made me happy,	
FTLN 1583		Or else I often had been miserable.	35
	THIRD OUTLAW		
FTLN 1584		By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,	
FTLN 1585		This fellow were a king for our wild faction.	
FTLN 1586	FIRST OUTLAW	We'll have him.—Sirs, a word.	
		<i>「The Outlaws step aside to talk.」</i>	
FTLN 1587	SPEED	Master, be one of them. It's an honorable kind	
FTLN 1588		of thievery.	40
FTLN 1589	VALENTINE	Peace, villain.	
	SECOND OUTLAW	<i>「advancing」</i>	
FTLN 1590		Tell us this: have you anything to take to?	

FTLN 1591 VALENTINE Nothing but my fortune.

THIRD OUTLAW

FTLN 1592 Know then that some of us are gentlemen,  
 FTLN 1593 Such as the fury of ungoverned youth 45  
 FTLN 1594 Thrust from the company of awful men.  
 FTLN 1595 Myself was from Verona banishèd  
 FTLN 1596 For practicing to steal away a lady,  
 FTLN 1597 「An」 heir and 「near」 allied unto the Duke.

SECOND OUTLAW

FTLN 1598 And I from Mantua, for a gentleman 50  
 FTLN 1599 Who, in my mood, I stabbed unto the heart.

FIRST OUTLAW

FTLN 1600 And I for such like petty crimes as these.  
 FTLN 1601 But to the purpose: for we cite our faults  
 FTLN 1602 That they may hold excused our lawless lives,  
 FTLN 1603 And partly seeing you are beautified 55  
 FTLN 1604 With goodly shape, and by your own report  
 FTLN 1605 A linguist, and a man of such perfection  
 FTLN 1606 As we do in our quality much want—

SECOND OUTLAW

FTLN 1607 Indeed because you are a banished man,  
 FTLN 1608 Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you. 60  
 FTLN 1609 Are you content to be our general,  
 FTLN 1610 To make a virtue of necessity  
 FTLN 1611 And live as we do in this wilderness?

THIRD OUTLAW

FTLN 1612 What sayst thou? Wilt thou be of our consort?  
 FTLN 1613 Say ay, and be the captain of us all; 65  
 FTLN 1614 We'll do thee homage and be ruled by thee,  
 FTLN 1615 Love thee as our commander and our king.

FIRST OUTLAW

FTLN 1616 But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

SECOND OUTLAW

FTLN 1617 Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offered.

VALENTINE

FTLN 1618 I take your offer and will live with you, 70  
 FTLN 1619 Provided that you do no outrages  
 FTLN 1620 On silly women or poor passengers.

THIRD OUTLAW

FTLN 1621 No, we detest such vile base practices.  
 FTLN 1622 Come, go with us; we'll bring thee to our crews  
 FTLN 1623 And show thee all the treasure we have got, 75  
 FTLN 1624 Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

*They exit.*

Scene 2  
*Enter Proteus.*

PROTEUS

FTLN 1625 Already have I been false to Valentine,  
 FTLN 1626 And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.  
 FTLN 1627 Under the color of commending him,  
 FTLN 1628 I have access my own love to prefer.  
 FTLN 1629 But Sylvia is too fair, too true, too holy 5  
 FTLN 1630 To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.  
 FTLN 1631 When I protest true loyalty to her,  
 FTLN 1632 She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;  
 FTLN 1633 When to her beauty I commend my vows,  
 FTLN 1634 She bids me think how I have been forsworn 10  
 FTLN 1635 In breaking faith with Julia, whom I loved;  
 FTLN 1636 And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,  
 FTLN 1637 The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,  
 FTLN 1638 Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,  
 FTLN 1639 The more it grows and fawneth on her still. 15  
 FTLN 1640 But here comes Thurio. Now must we to her  
 FTLN 1641 window  
 FTLN 1642 And give some evening music to her ear.

*Enter Thurio and Musicians.*

THURIO

FTLN 1643 How now, Sir Proteus, are you crept before us?

PROTEUS

FTLN 1644 Ay, gentle Thurio, for you know that love 20

FTLN 1645 Will creep in service where it cannot go.

THURIO

FTLN 1646 Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

PROTEUS

FTLN 1647 Sir, but I do, or else I would be hence.

THURIO

FTLN 1648 Who, Sylvia?

FTLN 1649 PROTEUS Ay, Sylvia, for your sake. 25

THURIO

FTLN 1650 I thank you for your own.—Now, gentlemen,

FTLN 1651 Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

*Enter Host of the inn, and Julia, disguised as a page, Sebastian. They stand at a distance and talk.*

FTLN 1652 HOST Now, my young guest, methinks you're allycholly.

FTLN 1653 I pray you, why is it?

FTLN 1654 JULIA, *as Sebastian* Marry, mine host, because I 30

FTLN 1655 cannot be merry.

FTLN 1656 HOST Come, we'll have you merry. I'll bring you where

FTLN 1657 you shall hear music and see the gentleman that you

FTLN 1658 asked for.

FTLN 1659 JULIA, *as Sebastian* But shall I hear him speak? 35

FTLN 1660 HOST Ay, that you shall.

FTLN 1661 JULIA, *as Sebastian* That will be music.

FTLN 1662 HOST Hark, hark. *Music plays.*

FTLN 1663 JULIA, *as Sebastian* Is he among these?

FTLN 1664 HOST Ay. But peace; let's hear 'em. 40

*Song.*

FTLN 1665	「PROTEUS」	<i>Who is Sylvia? What is she,</i>	
FTLN 1666		<i>That all our swains commend her?</i>	
FTLN 1667		<i>Holy, fair, and wise is she;</i>	
FTLN 1668		<i>The heaven such grace did lend her</i>	
FTLN 1669		<i>That she might admirèd be.</i>	45
FTLN 1670		<i>Is she kind as she is fair?</i>	
FTLN 1671		<i>For beauty lives with kindness.</i>	
FTLN 1672		<i>Love doth to her eyes repair</i>	
FTLN 1673		<i>To help him of his blindness;</i>	
FTLN 1674		<i>And, being helped, inhabits there.</i>	50
FTLN 1675		<i>Then to Sylvia let us sing,</i>	
FTLN 1676		<i>That Sylvia is excelling;</i>	
FTLN 1677		<i>She excels each mortal thing</i>	
FTLN 1678		<i>Upon the dull earth dwelling.</i>	
FTLN 1679		<i>To her let us garlands bring.</i>	55
FTLN 1680	HOST	How now? Are you sadder than you were before?	
FTLN 1681		How do you, man? The music likes you not.	
FTLN 1682	JULIA, 「as Sebastian」	You mistake. The musician likes me	
FTLN 1683		not.	
FTLN 1684	HOST	Why, my pretty youth?	60
FTLN 1685	JULIA, 「as Sebastian」	He plays false, father.	
FTLN 1686	HOST	How, out of tune on the strings?	
FTLN 1687	JULIA, 「as Sebastian」	Not so; but yet so false that he	
FTLN 1688		grieves my very heart-strings.	
FTLN 1689	HOST	You have a quick ear.	65
FTLN 1690	JULIA, 「as Sebastian」	Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes	
FTLN 1691		me have a slow heart.	
FTLN 1692	HOST	I perceive you delight not in music.	
FTLN 1693	JULIA, 「as Sebastian」	Not a whit when it jars so.	
FTLN 1694	HOST	Hark, what fine change is in the music!	70
FTLN 1695	JULIA, 「as Sebastian」	Ay; that change is the spite.	
FTLN 1696	HOST	You would have them always play but one	
FTLN 1697		thing?	

JULIA, *as Sebastian*

I would always have one play but one thing.

But, host, doth this Sir Proteus, that we talk on,

Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

HOST I tell you what Lance his man told me: he loved

her out of all nick.

JULIA, *as Sebastian* Where is Lance?

HOST Gone to seek his dog, which tomorrow, by his

master's command, he must carry for a present to

his lady. *Music ends.*

JULIA, *as Sebastian* Peace. Stand aside. The company

parts. *Host and Julia move away.*

PROTEUS

Sir Thurio, fear not you. I will so plead

That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

THURIO

Where meet we?

PROTEUS At Saint Gregory's well.

THURIO Farewell.

*Thurio and the Musicians exit.*

*Enter Sylvia, above.*

PROTEUS

Madam, good even to your Ladyship.

SYLVIA

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.

SYLVIA Sir Proteus, as I take it.

PROTEUS

Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

SYLVIA

What's your will?

FTLN 1722	PROTEUS	That I may compass yours.	
	SYLVIA		
FTLN 1723		You have your wish: my will is even this,	
FTLN 1724		That presently you hie you home to bed.	100
FTLN 1725		Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man,	
FTLN 1726		Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,	
FTLN 1727		To be seduced by thy flattery,	
FTLN 1728		That hast deceived so many with thy vows?	
FTLN 1729		Return, return, and make thy love amends.	105
FTLN 1730		For me, by this pale queen of night I swear,	
FTLN 1731		I am so far from granting thy request	
FTLN 1732		That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit	
FTLN 1733		And by and by intend to chide myself	
FTLN 1734		Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.	110
	PROTEUS		
FTLN 1735		I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady,	
FTLN 1736		But she is dead.	
FTLN 1737	JULIA, <i>aside</i>	'Twere false if I should speak it,	
FTLN 1738		For I am sure she is not buried.	
	SYLVIA		
FTLN 1739		Say that she be; yet Valentine thy friend	115
FTLN 1740		Survives, to whom, thyself art witness,	
FTLN 1741		I am betrothed. And art thou not ashamed	
FTLN 1742		To wrong him with thy importunacy?	
	PROTEUS		
FTLN 1743		I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.	
	SYLVIA		
FTLN 1744		And so suppose am I, for in <i>his</i> grave,	120
FTLN 1745		Assure thyself, my love is buried.	
	PROTEUS		
FTLN 1746		Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.	
	SYLVIA		
FTLN 1747		Go to thy lady's grave and call hers thence,	
FTLN 1748		Or, at the least, in hers sepulcher thine.	
FTLN 1749	JULIA, <i>aside</i>	He heard not that.	125



PROTEUS

FTLN 1750 Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,  
 FTLN 1751 Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,  
 FTLN 1752 The picture that is hanging in your chamber;  
 FTLN 1753 To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep,  
 FTLN 1754 For since the substance of your perfect self 130  
 FTLN 1755 Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;  
 FTLN 1756 And to your shadow will I make true love.

JULIA, *「aside」*

FTLN 1757 If 'twere a substance you would sure deceive it  
 FTLN 1758 And make it but a shadow, as I am.

SYLVIA

FTLN 1759 I am very loath to be your idol, sir; 135  
 FTLN 1760 But since your falsehood shall become you well  
 FTLN 1761 To worship shadows and adore false shapes,  
 FTLN 1762 Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it.  
 FTLN 1763 And so, good rest. *「Sylvia exits.」*

FTLN 1764 PROTEUS As wretches have o'ernight 140  
 FTLN 1765 That wait for execution in the morn. *「Proteus exits.」*

FTLN 1766 JULIA, *「as Sebastian」* Host, will you go?

FTLN 1767 HOST By my halidom, I was fast asleep.

FTLN 1768 JULIA, *「as Sebastian」* Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

FTLN 1769 HOST Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 'tis almost 145  
 FTLN 1770 day.

JULIA, *「as Sebastian」*

FTLN 1771 Not so; but it hath been the longest night  
 FTLN 1772 That e'er I watched, and the most heaviest.

*「They exit.」*

## Scene 3

*Enter Eglamour.*

EGLAMOUR

FTLN 1773 This is the hour that Madam Sylvia  
 FTLN 1774 Entreated me to call and know her mind;

FTLN 1775 There's some great matter she'd employ me in.  
 FTLN 1776 Madam, madam!

*Enter Sylvia, above.*

FTLN 1777 SYLVIA Who calls? 5

FTLN 1778 EGLAMOUR Your servant, and your friend,  
 FTLN 1779 One that attends your Ladyship's command.

SYLVIA

FTLN 1780 Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

EGLAMOUR

FTLN 1781 As many, worthy lady, to yourself.  
 FTLN 1782 According to your Ladyship's impose, 10  
 FTLN 1783 I am thus early come to know what service  
 FTLN 1784 It is your pleasure to command me in.

SYLVIA

FTLN 1785 O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman—  
 FTLN 1786 Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not—  
 FTLN 1787 Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplished. 15  
 FTLN 1788 Thou art not ignorant what dear good will

FTLN 1789 I bear unto the banished Valentine,  
 FTLN 1790 Nor how my father would enforce me marry  
 FTLN 1791 Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorred.  
 FTLN 1792 Thyself hast loved, and I have heard thee say 20  
 FTLN 1793 No grief did ever come so near thy heart

FTLN 1794 As when thy lady and thy true love died,  
 FTLN 1795 Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.  
 FTLN 1796 Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,

FTLN 1797 To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode; 25  
 FTLN 1798 And for the ways are dangerous to pass,  
 FTLN 1799 I do desire thy worthy company,  
 FTLN 1800 Upon whose faith and honor I repose.

FTLN 1801 Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,  
 FTLN 1802 But think upon my grief, a lady's grief, 30  
 FTLN 1803 And on the justice of my flying hence

FTLN 1804	To keep me from a most unholy match,	
FTLN 1805	Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues.	
FTLN 1806	I do desire thee, even from a heart	
FTLN 1807	As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,	35
FTLN 1808	To bear me company and go with me;	
FTLN 1809	If not, to hide what I have said to thee,	
FTLN 1810	That I may venture to depart alone.	
	EGLAMOUR	
FTLN 1811	Madam, I pity much your grievances,	
FTLN 1812	Which, since I know they virtuously are placed,	40
FTLN 1813	I give consent to go along with you,	
FTLN 1814	‘Recking’ as little what betideth me	
FTLN 1815	As much I wish all good befortune you.	
FTLN 1816	When will you go?	
FTLN 1817	SYLVIA                      This evening coming.	45
	EGLAMOUR	
FTLN 1818	Where shall I meet you?	
FTLN 1819	SYLVIA                      At Friar Patrick’s cell,	
FTLN 1820	Where I intend holy confession.	
	EGLAMOUR	
FTLN 1821	I will not fail your Ladyship. Good morrow, gentle	
FTLN 1822	lady.	50
	SYLVIA	
FTLN 1823	Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.	
	<i>They exit.</i>	

## Scene 4

*Enter Lance, ‘with his dog, Crab.’*

FTLN 1824	LANCE    When a man’s servant shall play the cur with	
FTLN 1825	him, look you, it goes hard—one that I brought up	
FTLN 1826	of a puppy, one that I saved from drowning when	
FTLN 1827	three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went	
FTLN 1828	to it. I have taught him even as one would say	5
FTLN 1829	precisely “Thus I would teach a dog.” I was sent to	

FTLN 1830	deliver him as a present to Mistress Sylvia from my	
FTLN 1831	master; and I came no sooner into the dining	
FTLN 1832	chamber but he steps me to her trencher and steals	
FTLN 1833	her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing when a cur	10
FTLN 1834	cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have,	
FTLN 1835	as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a	
FTLN 1836	dog indeed; to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I	
FTLN 1837	had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon	
FTLN 1838	me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged	15
FTLN 1839	for 't. Sure as I live, he had suffered for 't. You shall	
FTLN 1840	judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of	
FTLN 1841	three or four gentlemanlike dogs under the Duke's	
FTLN 1842	table; he had not been there—bless the mark!—a	
FTLN 1843	peeing while but all the chamber smelt him. "Out	20
FTLN 1844	with the dog!" says one. "What cur is that?" says	
FTLN 1845	another. "Whip him out!" says the third. "Hang him	
FTLN 1846	up!" says the Duke. I, having been acquainted with	
FTLN 1847	the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to	
FTLN 1848	the fellow that whips the dogs. "Friend," quoth I,	25
FTLN 1849	"You mean to whip the dog?" "Ay, marry, do I,"	
FTLN 1850	quoth he. "You do him the more wrong," quoth I.	
FTLN 1851	"'Twas I did the thing you wot of." He makes me no	
FTLN 1852	more ado but whips me out of the chamber. How	
FTLN 1853	many masters would do this for his servant? Nay,	30
FTLN 1854	I'll be sworn I have sat in the stocks for puddings he	
FTLN 1855	hath stolen; otherwise he had been executed. I have	
FTLN 1856	stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed; otherwise	
FTLN 1857	he had suffered for 't. <i>To Crab.</i> Thou think'st	
FTLN 1858	not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick you	35
FTLN 1859	served me when I took my leave of Madam Sylvia.	
FTLN 1860	Did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do?	
FTLN 1861	When didst thou see me heave up my leg and make	
FTLN 1862	water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? Didst	
FTLN 1863	thou ever see me do such a trick?	40

「Enter Proteus and Julia disguised as Sebastian.」

PROTEUS

FTLN 1864 Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well  
FTLN 1865 And will employ thee in some service presently.

JULIA, 「as Sebastian」

FTLN 1866 In what you please. I'll do what I can.

PROTEUS

FTLN 1867 I hope thou wilt. 「To Lance.」 How now, you  
FTLN 1868 whoreson peasant? 45

FTLN 1869 Where have you been these two days loitering?

FTLN 1870 LANCE Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Sylvia the dog you  
FTLN 1871 bade me.

FTLN 1872 PROTEUS And what says she to my little jewel?

FTLN 1873 LANCE Marry, she says your dog was a cur, and tells 50  
FTLN 1874 you currish thanks is good enough for such a  
FTLN 1875 present.

FTLN 1876 PROTEUS But she received my dog?

FTLN 1877 LANCE No, indeed, did she not. Here have I brought  
FTLN 1878 him back again. 55

FTLN 1879 PROTEUS What, didst thou offer her this from me?

FTLN 1880 LANCE Ay, sir. The other squirrel was stolen from me  
FTLN 1881 by the hangman's boys in the market-place, and  
FTLN 1882 then I offered her mine own, who is a dog as big as  
FTLN 1883 ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater. 60

PROTEUS

FTLN 1884 Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,

FTLN 1885 Or ne'er return again into my sight.

FTLN 1886 Away, I say. Stayest thou to vex me here?

「Lance exits with Crab.」

FTLN 1887 A slave that still an end turns me to shame.

FTLN 1888 Sebastian, I have entertained thee, 65

FTLN 1889 Partly that I have need of such a youth

FTLN 1890 That can with some discretion do my business—

FTLN 1891 For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lout—

FTLN 1892 But chiefly for thy face and thy behavior,

FTLN 1893	Which, if my augury deceive me not,	70
FTLN 1894	Witness good bringing-up, fortune, and truth.	
FTLN 1895	Therefore, know <i>['thou,']</i> for this I entertain thee.	
FTLN 1896	Go presently, and take this ring with thee;	
FTLN 1897	Deliver it to Madam Sylvia.	
FTLN 1898	She loved me well delivered it to me.	75
	<i>['He gives her a ring.']</i>	
	JULIA, <i>['as Sebastian']</i>	
FTLN 1899	It seems you loved not her, <i>['to']</i> leave her token.	
FTLN 1900	She is dead belike?	
FTLN 1901	PROTEUS Not so; I think she lives.	
FTLN 1902	JULIA, <i>['as Sebastian']</i> Alas!	
FTLN 1903	PROTEUS Why dost thou cry "Alas"?	80
FTLN 1904	JULIA, <i>['as Sebastian']</i> I cannot choose but pity her.	
FTLN 1905	PROTEUS Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?	
	JULIA, <i>['as Sebastian']</i>	
FTLN 1906	Because methinks that she loved you as well	
FTLN 1907	As you do love your lady Sylvia.	
FTLN 1908	She dreams on him that has forgot her love;	85
FTLN 1909	You dote on her that cares not for your love.	
FTLN 1910	'Tis pity love should be so contrary,	
FTLN 1911	And thinking on it makes me cry "Alas."	
	PROTEUS	
FTLN 1912	Well, give her that ring and therewithal	
FTLN 1913	This letter. <i>['He gives her a paper.']</i> That's her	90
FTLN 1914	chamber. Tell my lady	
FTLN 1915	I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.	
FTLN 1916	Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,	
FTLN 1917	Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.	
	<i>['Proteus exits.']</i>	
	JULIA	
FTLN 1918	How many women would do such a message?	95
FTLN 1919	Alas, poor Proteus, thou hast entertained	
FTLN 1920	A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.	
FTLN 1921	Alas, poor fool, why do I pity him	

FTLN 1922	That with his very heart despiseth me?	
FTLN 1923	Because he loves her, he despiseth me;	100
FTLN 1924	Because I love him, I must pity him.	
FTLN 1925	This ring I gave him when he parted from me,	
FTLN 1926	To bind him to remember my good will;	
FTLN 1927	And now am I, unhappy messenger,	
FTLN 1928	To plead for that which I would not obtain,	105
FTLN 1929	To carry that which I would have refused,	
FTLN 1930	To praise his faith, which I would have dispraised.	
FTLN 1931	I am my master's true confirmèd love,	
FTLN 1932	But cannot be true servant to my master	
FTLN 1933	Unless I prove false traitor to myself.	110
FTLN 1934	Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly	
FTLN 1935	As—Heaven it knows!—I would not have him	
FTLN 1936	speed.	

*Enter Sylvia.*

FTLN 1937	<i>As Sebastian.</i> Gentlewoman, good day. I pray you be	
FTLN 1938	my mean	115
FTLN 1939	To bring me where to speak with Madam Sylvia.	
SYLVIA		
FTLN 1940	What would you with her, if that I be she?	
JULIA, <i>as Sebastian</i>		
FTLN 1941	If you be she, I do entreat your patience	
FTLN 1942	To hear me speak the message I am sent on.	
FTLN 1943	SYLVIA From whom?	120
FTLN 1944	JULIA, <i>as Sebastian</i> From my master, Sir Proteus,	
FTLN 1945	madam.	
FTLN 1946	SYLVIA O, he sends you for a picture?	
FTLN 1947	JULIA, <i>as Sebastian</i> Ay, madam.	
FTLN 1948	SYLVIA, <i>calling</i> Ursula, bring my picture there.	125
<i>She is brought the picture.</i>		
FTLN 1949	Go, give your master this. Tell him from me,	
FTLN 1950	One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,	
FTLN 1951	Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.	

FTLN 1952	JULIA, <i>as Sebastian</i>	Madam, please you peruse this	
FTLN 1953		letter.	<i>She gives Sylvia a paper.</i>
FTLN 1954		Pardon me, madam, I have unadvised	130
FTLN 1955		Delivered you a paper that I should not.	
FTLN 1956		This is the letter to your Ladyship.	
		<i>She takes back the first paper</i>	
		<i>and hands Sylvia another.</i>	
	SYLVIA		
FTLN 1957		I pray thee let me look on that again.	
	JULIA, <i>as Sebastian</i>		
FTLN 1958		It may not be; good madam, pardon me.	135
FTLN 1959	SYLVIA	There, hold.	
FTLN 1960		I will not look upon your master's lines;	
FTLN 1961		I know they are stuffed with protestations	
FTLN 1962		And full of new-found oaths, which he will break	
FTLN 1963		As easily as I do tear his paper.	140
		<i>She tears the second paper.</i>	
	JULIA, <i>as Sebastian</i>		
FTLN 1964		Madam, he sends your Ladyship this ring.	
		<i>She offers Sylvia a ring.</i>	
	SYLVIA		
FTLN 1965		The more shame for him, that he sends it me;	
FTLN 1966		For I have heard him say a thousand times	
FTLN 1967		His Julia gave it him at his departure.	
FTLN 1968		Though his false finger have profaned the ring,	145
FTLN 1969		Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.	
FTLN 1970	JULIA, <i>as Sebastian</i>	She thanks you.	
FTLN 1971	SYLVIA	What sayst thou?	
	JULIA, <i>as Sebastian</i>		
FTLN 1972		I thank you, madam, that you tender her;	
FTLN 1973		Poor gentlewoman, my master wrongs her much.	150
FTLN 1974	SYLVIA	Dost thou know her?	
	JULIA, <i>as Sebastian</i>		
FTLN 1975		Almost as well as I do know myself.	



FTLN 1976	To think upon her woes, I do protest	
FTLN 1977	That I have wept a hundred several times.	
	SYLVIA	
FTLN 1978	Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her?	155
	JULIA, <i>['as Sebastian']</i>	
FTLN 1979	I think she doth, and that's her cause of sorrow.	
FTLN 1980	SYLVIA Is she not passing fair?	
	JULIA, <i>['as Sebastian']</i>	
FTLN 1981	She hath been fairer, madam, than she is;	
FTLN 1982	When she did think my master loved her well,	
FTLN 1983	She, in my judgment, was as fair as you.	160
FTLN 1984	But since she did neglect her looking-glass	
FTLN 1985	And threw her sun-expelling mask away,	
FTLN 1986	The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks	
FTLN 1987	And pinched the lily tincture of her face,	
FTLN 1988	That now she is become as black as I.	165
FTLN 1989	SYLVIA How tall was she?	
	JULIA, <i>['as Sebastian']</i>	
FTLN 1990	About my stature; for at Pentecost,	
FTLN 1991	When all our pageants of delight were played,	
FTLN 1992	Our youth got me to play the woman's part,	
FTLN 1993	And I was trimmed in Madam Julia's gown,	170
FTLN 1994	Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,	
FTLN 1995	As if the garment had been made for me;	
FTLN 1996	Therefore I know she is about my height.	
FTLN 1997	And at that time I made her weep agood,	
FTLN 1998	For I did play a lamentable part;	175
FTLN 1999	Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning	
FTLN 2000	For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight,	
FTLN 2001	Which I so lively acted with my tears	
FTLN 2002	That my poor mistress, movèd therewithal,	
FTLN 2003	Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead	180
FTLN 2004	If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.	
	SYLVIA	
FTLN 2005	She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.	

FTLN 2006	Alas, poor lady, desolate and left!	
FTLN 2007	I weep myself to think upon thy words.	
FTLN 2008	Here, youth, there is my purse.	185
	<i>「She gives Julia a purse.」</i>	
FTLN 2009	I give thee this	
FTLN 2010	For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.	
FTLN 2011	Farewell.	
	JULIA, <i>「as Sebastian」</i>	
FTLN 2012	And she shall thank you for 't if e'er you know her.	
	<i>「Sylvia exits.」</i>	
FTLN 2013	A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful.	190
FTLN 2014	I hope my master's suit will be but cold,	
FTLN 2015	Since she respects my mistress' love so much.—	
FTLN 2016	Alas, how love can trifle with itself!	
FTLN 2017	Here is her picture; let me see. I think	
FTLN 2018	If I had such a tire, this face of mine	195
FTLN 2019	Were full as lovely as is this of hers;	
FTLN 2020	And yet the painter flattered her a little,	
FTLN 2021	Unless I flatter with myself too much.	
FTLN 2022	Her hair is auburn; mine is perfect yellow;	
FTLN 2023	If that be all the difference in his love,	200
FTLN 2024	I'll get me such a colored periwig.	
FTLN 2025	Her eyes are gray as glass, and so are mine.	
FTLN 2026	Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.	
FTLN 2027	What should it be that he respects in her	
FTLN 2028	But I can make respective in myself	205
FTLN 2029	If this fond Love were not a blinded god?	
FTLN 2030	Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,	
FTLN 2031	For 'tis thy rival. O, thou senseless form,	
FTLN 2032	Thou shalt be worshipped, kissed, loved, and	
FTLN 2033	adored;	210
FTLN 2034	And were there sense in his idolatry,	
FTLN 2035	My substance should be statue in thy stead.	

FTLN 2036

I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,

FTLN 2037

That used me so, or else, by Jove I vow,

FTLN 2038

I should have scratched out your unseeing eyes

215

FTLN 2039

To make my master out of love with thee.

[*She*] *exits.*

\_\_\_\_\_

## EGLAMOUR

5

See where she comes.—Lady, a happy evening.

10

FTLN 2050	Fear not. The forest is not three leagues off;
FTLN 2051	If we recover that, we are sure enough.

*They exit.*

## Scene 2

*Enter Thurio, Proteus, 「and」 Julia, 「disguised as Sebastian.」*

THURIO

FTLN 2052 Sir Proteus, what says Sylvia to my suit?

PROTEUS

FTLN 2053 O sir, I find her milder than she was,

FTLN 2054 And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

FTLN 2055 THURIO What? That my leg is too long?

FTLN 2056 PROTEUS No, that it is too little. 5

THURIO

FTLN 2057 I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat rounder.

「JULIA, *aside*」

FTLN 2058 But love will not be spurred to what it loathes.

FTLN 2059 THURIO What says she to my face?

FTLN 2060 PROTEUS She says it is a fair one.

THURIO

FTLN 2061 Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black. 10

PROTEUS

FTLN 2062 But pearls are fair, and the old saying is,

FTLN 2063 Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

「JULIA, *aside*」

FTLN 2064 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes,

FTLN 2065 For I had rather wink than look on them.

FTLN 2066 THURIO How likes she my discourse? 15

FTLN 2067 PROTEUS Ill, when you talk of war.

THURIO

FTLN 2068 But well when I discourse of love and peace.

JULIA, 「*aside*」

FTLN 2069 But better, indeed, when you hold 「your」 peace.

FTLN 2070 THURIO What says she to my valor?

FTLN 2071 PROTEUS O, sir, she makes no doubt of that. 20

JULIA, 「*aside*」

FTLN 2072 She needs not when she knows it cowardice.

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FTLN 2073	THURIO	What says she to my birth?	
FTLN 2074	PROTEUS	That you are well derived.	
FTLN 2075	JULIA, <i>aside</i>	True, from a gentleman to a fool.	
FTLN 2076	THURIO	Considers she my possessions?	25
FTLN 2077	PROTEUS	O, ay, and pities them.	
FTLN 2078	THURIO	Wherefore?	
FTLN 2079	JULIA, <i>aside</i>	That such an ass should owe them.	
	PROTEUS		
FTLN 2080		That they are out by lease.	
FTLN 2081	JULIA, <i>as Sebastian</i>	Here comes the Duke.	30
		<i>Enter Duke.</i>	
	DUKE		
FTLN 2082		How now, Sir Proteus?—How now, Thurio?	
FTLN 2083		Which of you saw Eglamour of late?	
	THURIO		
FTLN 2084		Not I.	
FTLN 2085	PROTEUS	Nor I.	
FTLN 2086	DUKE	Saw you my daughter?	35
FTLN 2087	PROTEUS	Neither.	
	DUKE		
FTLN 2088		Why, then, she's fled unto that peasant, Valentine,	
FTLN 2089		And Eglamour is in her company.	
FTLN 2090		'Tis true, for Friar Lawrence met them both	
FTLN 2091		As he, in penance, wandered through the forest;	40
FTLN 2092		Him he knew well and guessed that it was she,	
FTLN 2093		But, being masked, he was not sure of it.	
FTLN 2094		Besides, she did intend confession	
FTLN 2095		At Patrick's cell this even, and there she was not.	
FTLN 2096		These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.	45
FTLN 2097		Therefore I pray you stand not to discourse,	
FTLN 2098		But mount you presently and meet with me	
FTLN 2099		Upon the rising of the mountain foot	
FTLN 2100		That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled.	
FTLN 2101		Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.	50
		<i>He exits.</i>	

THURIO

FTLN 2102 Why, this it is to be a peevish girl  
 FTLN 2103 That flies her fortune when it follows her.  
 FTLN 2104 I'll after, more to be revenged on Eglamour  
 FTLN 2105 Than for the love of reckless Sylvia. *He exits.*

PROTEUS

FTLN 2106 And I will follow, more for Sylvia's love 55  
 FTLN 2107 Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her.  
*He exits.*

JULIA

FTLN 2108 And I will follow, more to cross that love  
 FTLN 2109 Than hate for Sylvia, that is gone for love.  
*She exits.*

### Scene 3

*Enter Sylvia and Outlaws.*

FIRST OUTLAW

FTLN 2110 Come, come, be patient. We must bring you to our  
 FTLN 2111 captain.

SYLVIA

FTLN 2112 A thousand more mischances than this one  
 FTLN 2113 Have learned me how to brook this patiently.

FTLN 2114 SECOND OUTLAW Come, bring her away. 5

FIRST OUTLAW

FTLN 2115 Where is the gentleman that was with her?

THIRD OUTLAW

FTLN 2116 Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,  
 FTLN 2117 But Moyses and Valerius follow him.  
 FTLN 2118 Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;  
 FTLN 2119 There is our captain. We'll follow him that's fled. 10  
 FTLN 2120 The thicket is beset; he cannot 'scape.  
*Second and Third Outlaws exit.*

FIRST OUTLAW

FTLN 2121 Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave.

FTLN 2122 Fear not; he bears an honorable mind  
 FTLN 2123 And will not use a woman lawlessly.

SYLVIA

FTLN 2124 O Valentine, this I endure for thee!

15

*They exit.*

Scene 4

*Enter Valentine.*

VALENTINE

FTLN 2125 How use doth breed a habit in a man!  
 FTLN 2126 This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,  
 FTLN 2127 I better brook than flourishing peopled towns;  
 FTLN 2128 Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,  
 FTLN 2129 And to the nightingale's complaining notes  
 FTLN 2130 Tune my distresses and record my woes.  
 FTLN 2131 O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,  
 FTLN 2132 Leave not the mansion so long tenantless  
 FTLN 2133 Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall  
 FTLN 2134 And leave no memory of what it was.  
 FTLN 2135 Repair me with thy presence, Sylvia;  
 FTLN 2136 Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain.

5

10

*「Shouting and sounds of fighting.」*

FTLN 2137 What hallowing and what stir is this today?  
 FTLN 2138 These are my mates, that make their wills their law,  
 FTLN 2139 Have some unhappy passenger in chase.  
 FTLN 2140 They love me well, yet I have much to do  
 FTLN 2141 To keep them from uncivil outrages.  
 FTLN 2142 Withdraw thee, Valentine. Who's this comes here?

15

*「He steps aside.」*

*「Enter」 Proteus, Sylvia, 「and」 Julia, 「disguised as Sebastian.」*

PROTEUS

FTLN 2143 Madam, this service I have done for you—



---

FTLN 2144	Though you respect not aught your servant doth—	20
FTLN 2145	To hazard life, and rescue you from him	
FTLN 2146	That would have forced your honor and your love.	
FTLN 2147	Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair look;	
FTLN 2148	A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,	
FTLN 2149	And less than this I am sure you cannot give.	25
	VALENTINE, <i>aside</i>	
FTLN 2150	How like a dream is this I see and hear!	
FTLN 2151	Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.	
	SYLVIA	
FTLN 2152	O miserable, unhappy that I am!	
	PROTEUS	
FTLN 2153	Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came,	
FTLN 2154	But by my coming, I have made you happy.	30
	SYLVIA	
FTLN 2155	By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.	
	JULIA, <i>aside</i>	
FTLN 2156	And me, when he approacheth to your presence.	
	SYLVIA	
FTLN 2157	Had I been seizèd by a hungry lion,	
FTLN 2158	I would have been a breakfast to the beast	
FTLN 2159	Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.	35
FTLN 2160	O heaven, be judge how I love Valentine,	
FTLN 2161	Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;	
FTLN 2162	And full as much, for more there cannot be,	
FTLN 2163	I do detest false perjured Proteus.	
FTLN 2164	Therefore begone; solicit me no more.	40
	PROTEUS	
FTLN 2165	What dangerous action, stood it next to death,	
FTLN 2166	Would I not undergo for one calm look!	
FTLN 2167	O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approved,	
FTLN 2168	When women cannot love where they're beloved.	
	SYLVIA	
FTLN 2169	When Proteus cannot love where he's beloved.	45
FTLN 2170	Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,	
FTLN 2171	For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith	

FTLN 2172	Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths	
FTLN 2173	Descended into perjury to love me.	
FTLN 2174	Thou hast no faith left now unless thou 'dst two,	50
FTLN 2175	And that's far worse than none; better have none	
FTLN 2176	Than plural faith, which is too much by one.	
FTLN 2177	Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!	
FTLN 2178	PROTEUS	In love
FTLN 2179	Who respects friend?	55
FTLN 2180	SYLVIA	All men but Proteus.
	PROTEUS	
FTLN 2181	Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words	
FTLN 2182	Can no way change you to a milder form,	
FTLN 2183	I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,	
FTLN 2184	And love you 'gainst the nature of love—force you.	60
	<i>He seizes her.</i>	
	SYLVIA	
FTLN 2185	O, heaven!	
FTLN 2186	PROTEUS	I'll force thee yield to my desire.
	VALENTINE, <i>advancing</i>	
FTLN 2187	Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,	
FTLN 2188	Thou friend of an ill fashion.	
FTLN 2189	PROTEUS	Valentine!
	VALENTINE	65
FTLN 2190	Thou common friend, that's without faith or love,	
FTLN 2191	For such is a friend now. Treacherous man,	
FTLN 2192	Thou hast beguiled my hopes; nought but mine eye	
FTLN 2193	Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say	
FTLN 2194	I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.	70
FTLN 2195	Who should be trusted when one's right hand	
FTLN 2196	Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,	
FTLN 2197	I am sorry I must never trust thee more,	
FTLN 2198	But count the world a stranger for thy sake.	
FTLN 2199	The private wound is deepest. O, time most	75
FTLN 2200	accursed,	
FTLN 2201	'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!	

FTLN 2202	PROTEUS	My shame and guilt confounds me.	
FTLN 2203		Forgive me, Valentine. If hearty sorrow	
FTLN 2204		Be a sufficient ransom for offense,	80
FTLN 2205		I tender 't here. I do as truly suffer	
FTLN 2206		As e'er I did commit.	
FTLN 2207	VALENTINE	Then I am paid,	
FTLN 2208		And once again I do receive thee honest.	
FTLN 2209		Who by repentance is not satisfied	85
FTLN 2210		Is nor of heaven nor Earth, for these are pleased;	
FTLN 2211		By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeased.	
FTLN 2212		And that my love may appear plain and free,	
FTLN 2213		All that was mine in Sylvia I give thee.	
	JULIA, <i>aside</i>		
FTLN 2214		O me unhappy!	<i>She swoons.</i> 90
FTLN 2215	PROTEUS	Look to the boy.	
FTLN 2216	VALENTINE	Why, boy!	
FTLN 2217		Why, wag, how now? What's the matter? Look up.	
FTLN 2218		Speak.	
FTLN 2219	JULIA, <i>as Sebastian</i>	O, good sir, my master charged	95
FTLN 2220		me to deliver a ring to Madam Sylvia, which out of	
FTLN 2221		my neglect was never done.	
FTLN 2222	PROTEUS	Where is that ring, boy?	
FTLN 2223	JULIA, <i>as Sebastian</i>	Here 'tis; this is it.	
		<i>She rises, and hands him a ring.</i>	
FTLN 2224	PROTEUS	How, let me see.	100
FTLN 2225		Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.	
	JULIA, <i>as Sebastian</i>		
FTLN 2226		O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook.	
FTLN 2227		This is the ring you sent to Sylvia.	
		<i>She offers another ring.</i>	
	PROTEUS		
FTLN 2228		But how cam'st thou by this ring? At my depart	
FTLN 2229		I gave this unto Julia.	105
	JULIA		
FTLN 2230		And Julia herself did give it me,	
FTLN 2231		And Julia herself hath brought it hither.	
		<i>She reveals herself.</i>	

FTLN 2232	PROTEUS	How? Julia!	
	JULIA		
FTLN 2233		Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths	
FTLN 2234		And entertained 'em deeply in her heart.	110
FTLN 2235		How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!	
FTLN 2236		O, Proteus, let this habit make thee blush.	
FTLN 2237		Be thou ashamed that I have took upon me	
FTLN 2238		Such an immodest raiment, if shame live	
FTLN 2239		In a disguise of love.	115
FTLN 2240		It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,	
FTLN 2241		Women to change their shapes than men their minds.	
	PROTEUS		
FTLN 2242		"Than men their minds"? 'Tis true. O heaven, were	
FTLN 2243		man	
FTLN 2244		But constant, he were perfect; that one error	120
FTLN 2245		Fills him with faults, makes him run through all th'	
FTLN 2246		sins;	
FTLN 2247		Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.	
FTLN 2248		What is in Sylvia's face but I may spy	
FTLN 2249		More fresh in Julia's, with a constant eye?	125
FTLN 2250	VALENTINE, <i>['to Julia and Proteus']</i>	Come, come, a	
FTLN 2251		hand from either.	
FTLN 2252		Let me be blest to make this happy close.	
FTLN 2253		'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.	
		<i>['Valentine joins the hands of Julia and Proteus.']</i>	
	PROTEUS		
FTLN 2254		Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish forever.	130
	JULIA		
FTLN 2255		And I mine.	
		<i>['Enter' Thurio, Duke, 'and' Outlaws.]</i>	
FTLN 2256	OUTLAWS	A prize, a prize, a prize!	
	VALENTINE		
FTLN 2257		Forbear, forbear, I say. It is my lord the Duke.	
		<i>['The Outlaws release the Duke and Thurio.']</i>	
FTLN 2258		Your Grace is welcome to a man disgraced,	
FTLN 2259		Banished Valentine.	135

DUKE

FTLN 2260 Sir Valentine?

FTLN 2261 THURIO Yonder is Sylvia, and Sylvia's mine.

VALENTINE

FTLN 2262 Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;

FTLN 2263 Come not within the measure of my wrath.

FTLN 2264 Do not name Sylvia thine; if once again, 140

FTLN 2265 Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands;

FTLN 2266 Take but possession of her with a touch—

FTLN 2267 I dare thee but to breathe upon my love!

THURIO

FTLN 2268 Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I.

FTLN 2269 I hold him but a fool that will endanger 145

FTLN 2270 His body for a girl that loves him not.

FTLN 2271 I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

DUKE

FTLN 2272 The more degenerate and base art thou

FTLN 2273 To make such means for her as thou hast done,

FTLN 2274 And leave her on such slight conditions.— 150

FTLN 2275 Now, by the honor of my ancestry,

FTLN 2276 I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,

FTLN 2277 And think thee worthy of an empress' love.

FTLN 2278 Know, then, I here forget all former griefs,

FTLN 2279 Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again, 155

FTLN 2280 Plead a new state in thy unrivaled merit,

FTLN 2281 To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,

FTLN 2282 Thou art a gentleman, and well derived;

FTLN 2283 Take thou thy Sylvia, for thou hast deserved her.

VALENTINE

FTLN 2284 I thank your Grace, the gift hath made me happy. 160

FTLN 2285 I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,

FTLN 2286 To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

DUKE

FTLN 2287 I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

VALENTINE

FTLN 2288 These banished men, that I have kept withal,

---

FTLN 2289      Are men endued with worthy qualities. 165  
 FTLN 2290      Forgive them what they have committed here,  
 FTLN 2291      And let them be recalled from their exile;  
 FTLN 2292      They are reformèd, civil, full of good,  
 FTLN 2293      And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

DUKE

FTLN 2294      Thou hast prevailed; I pardon them and thee. 170  
 FTLN 2295      Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.  
 FTLN 2296      Come, let us go; we will include all jars  
 FTLN 2297      With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

VALENTINE

FTLN 2298      And as we walk along, I dare be bold  
 FTLN 2299      With our discourse to make your Grace to smile. 175  
 FTLN 2300      What think you of this page, my      *Pointing to Julia.*  
 FTLN 2301      lord?

DUKE

FTLN 2302      I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.

VALENTINE

FTLN 2303      I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

FTLN 2304      DUKE      What mean you by that saying? 180

VALENTINE

FTLN 2305      Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,  
 FTLN 2306      That you will wonder what hath fortunèd.—  
 FTLN 2307      Come, Proteus, 'tis your penance but to hear  
 FTLN 2308      The story of your loves discoverèd.  
 FTLN 2309      That done, our day of marriage shall be yours, 185  
 FTLN 2310      One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

*They exit.*

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