

# THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

*A line-by-line translation*

## Act 1, Scene 1

### Shakespeare

*Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS***VALENTINE**

Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus:  
 Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.  
 Were't not affection chains thy tender days  
 To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,  
 5 I rather would entreat thy company  
 To see the wonders of the world abroad,  
 Than, living dully sluggardized at home,  
 Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.  
 But since thou lovest, love still and thrive therein,  
 10 Even as I would when I to love begin.

**PROTEUS**

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

**VALENTINE**

And on a love-book pray for my success?

**PROTEUS**

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

**VALENTINE**

That's on some shallow story of deep love:  
 How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

**PROTEUS**

That's a deep story of a deeper love:  
 For he was more than over shoes in love.

**VALENTINE**

25 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,  
 And yet you never swum the Hellespont.

**PROTEUS**

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

**VALENTINE**

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

**PROTEUS**

What?

**VALENTINE**

30 To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;  
 Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's

### Shakescleare Translation

*VALENTINE and PROTEUS enter.***VALENTINE**

Stop trying to convince me, enamored Proteus! Young people who always stay at home are very dull. If love didn't keep you here--chaining you to your beloved's sweet looks--I would ask you to join me, so you can see the wonders of the world abroad. That's better than to live in a dull way, being lazy at home and wasting your youth by doing nothing. But since you're in love, continue to love and let your love grow. I'll do the same when I fall in love.

**PROTEUS**

Are you going, then? Sweet Valentine, goodbye! Don't forget your Proteus, when you happen upon some special, remarkable object on your travels. Let me be a part of your happiness, when you stumble upon good luck. And when you are in danger--if you ever are surrounded by trouble--direct your unhappiness to me, and I will pray for you, Valentine.

**VALENTINE**

And will you swear on the *Book of Love*  that you'll pray for my success?

 1 Shakespeare's phrase "love-book" refers to a type of instruction manual for courtship, common in his day.

**PROTEUS**

I swear I'll pray for you, on some book I love.

**VALENTINE**

That book would contain a silly story of deep love; about young *Leander*  swimming across the Hellespont.

 2 In Greek myth, Leander swam nightly across the Hellespont to see his lover Hero, but tragically died on one fateful journey.

**PROTEUS**

That's a deep story of even a deeper love, since he was head over heels in love.

**VALENTINE**

That's true. You, though, are head over boots  in love, and yet you have never swum to Hellespont.

 3 Shakespeare makes a joke of boots being bigger than shoes, to exaggerate the extent of Proteus' love.

**PROTEUS**

I am head over boots in love? No, don't make fun of me.

**VALENTINE**

No, I won't, because it doesn't help me in any way.

**PROTEUS**

What do you mean?

**VALENTINE**

To be in love means to court rejection with moans; provoke disdainful looks with sorrowful sighs; and exchange one

mirth  
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:  
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;  
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;  
However, but a folly bought with wit,  
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

**PROTEUS**

So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

**VALENTINE**

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

**PROTEUS**

40 'Tis love you cavil at: I am not Love.

**VALENTINE**

Love is your master, for he masters you:  
And he that is so yoked by a fool,  
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

**PROTEUS**

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

**VALENTINE**

And writers say, as the most forward bud  
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,  
Even so by love the young and tender wit  
50 Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the bud,  
Losing his verdure even in the prime  
And all the fair effects of future hopes.  
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,  
That art a votary to fond desire?  
55 Once more adieu! My father at the road  
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

**PROTEUS**

And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

**VALENTINE**

Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.  
To Milan let me hear from thee by letters  
60 Of thy success in love, and what news else  
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;  
And likewise will visit thee with mine.

**PROTEUS**

All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

**VALENTINE**

As much to you at home! And so, farewell.

*Exit*

**PROTEUS**

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

*Enter SPEED*

disappearing moment of happiness for twenty wakeful,  
tired, and exhausted nights. If love is won by luck, perhaps  
it's an unlucky gain. If love is lost, then it was good for  
nothing except sadness and toil. No matter the situation,  
love is merely foolishness bought with wisdom--or  
otherwise wisdom crushed by foolishness.

**PROTEUS**

So, judging from this elaborate speech, you're calling me a  
fool.

**VALENTINE**

So, judging from your situation, I'm afraid you are a fool.

**PROTEUS**

You're complain about love. But I am not Love himself.

4 The capitalized "Love" in the original text suggests that Proteus refers to Cupid himself, the Roman god of love.

**VALENTINE**

Love is your master and he has power over you. And I think  
we should not consider anyone wise who is totally  
controlled by a fool.

**PROTEUS**

Yet writers say that the worm survives by feeding off the  
sweetest bud, destroying the whole plant. So consuming  
love makes one live in the best sense of them all.

**VALENTINE**

And writers also say that--as the worm eats the most tender  
bud before it blooms--so too does love turn young and  
vulnerable wit into foolishness. With love wearing down the  
bud, wit loses its green freshness, even in its prime--and  
along with it all the promise of future hopes. But why am I  
wasting my time here, advising you--a devoted worshiper to  
foolish desire? Once more, goodbye! My father expects my  
arrival at the harbor, where I will board a ship.

**PROTEUS**

I'll take you there, Valentine.

**VALENTINE**

No, kind Proteus. Let's say goodbye now. Write me letters  
when I'm in Milan. Write to me about your success in love,  
and other news while your friend is gone. And my letters  
will be similarly full of news.

**PROTEUS**

I hope only that you'll find only happiness in Milan!

**VALENTINE**

And I hope you will only have happiness here at home! And  
so, goodbye.

*VALENTINE exits.*

**PROTEUS**

He pursues honor, and I pursue love. He leaves his friends  
to honor them more. And I abandon myself, my friends, and  
everything--all for the sake of love. Julia, you have changed  
me completely. You've made me neglect my studies; waste  
my time; combat good advice; think nothing of the world;  
exhaust my wits with wondering; and sicken my heart with  
thinking!

*SPEED enters.*

**SPEED**

Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master?

**PROTEUS**

But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

**SPEED**

Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already,  
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

**PROTEUS**

Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,  
An if the shepherd be a while away.

**SPEED**

You conclude that my master is a shepherd, then,  
and I a sheep?

**PROTEUS**

80 I do.

**SPEED**

Why then, my horns are his horns, whether I wake or  
sleep.

**PROTEUS**

A silly answer and fitting well a sheep.

**SPEED**

This proves me still a sheep.

**PROTEUS**

85 True; and thy master a shepherd.

**SPEED**

Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

**PROTEUS**

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

**SPEED**

The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the  
shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks  
90 not me: therefore I am no sheep.

**PROTEUS**

The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd; the  
shepherd for food follows not the sheep: thou for  
wages followest thy master; thy master for wages  
follows not thee: therefore thou art a sheep.

**SPEED**

95 Such another proof will make me cry 'baa.'

**PROTEUS**

But, dost thou hear? Gavest thou my letter to Julia?

**SPEED**

Ay sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her,  
a laced mutton, and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a  
lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

**PROTEUS**

100 Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

**SPEED**

God save you, Sir Proteus! Have you seen my master  
Valentine?

**PROTEUS**

He just left here, to set off for Milan.

**SPEED**

I bet twenty to one that he is on board the ship already, and  
I have played the sheep 5 by losing him.

5 Shakespeare puns on the similar  
sounds of "ship" and "sheep."

**PROTEUS**

Indeed, a sheep wanders very often, if the shepherd is away  
for a while.

**SPEED**

You agree that my master is a shepherd, then? And I am a  
sheep?

**PROTEUS**

I do.

**SPEED**

Well then, since he owns me, my horns belong to him--  
whether I am awake or asleep.

**PROTEUS**

That's a silly answer, suitable for a sheep.

**SPEED**

This proves that I am *still* a sheep.

**PROTEUS**

True, and your master is a shepherd.

**SPEED**

No, I can deny that with a logical argument.

**PROTEUS**

Well, it may be a challenge, but I can prove it by another  
argument.

**SPEED**

The shepherd looks for the sheep; the sheep doesn't look  
for its shepherd. But I look for my master, and my master  
does not look for me. That's why I'm *not* a sheep.

**PROTEUS**

The sheep will follow the shepherd because the shepherd is  
the one who feeds the sheep. The shepherd doesn't follow  
the sheep to be fed. You follow your master because he  
pays you. Your master does not follow you, because you  
don't pay him. That's why you *are* a sheep.

**SPEED**

Such an explanation makes me want to say "baa."

**PROTEUS**

But tell me: did you give my letter to Julia?

**SPEED**

Yes sir. I, a lost sheep, gave your letter to her, a prostitute 6  
wearing a tightly laced bodice. And she, this prostitute,  
gave me, a lost sheep, nothing for my work.

6 In the original text, Speed uses  
the word "mutton" to refer to sheep,  
but also uses it for its slang use, as a  
term for "prostitute."

**PROTEUS**

This field is not big enough for such a great quantity of  
sheep.

**SPEED**

If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

**PROTEUS**

Nay: in that you are astray, 'twere best pound you.

**SPEED**

Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

**PROTEUS**

105 You mistake; I mean the pound,--a pinfold.

**SPEED**

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

**PROTEUS**

But what said she?

**SPEED**

110 [First nodding] Ay.

**PROTEUS**

Nod--Ay--why, that's noddy.

**SPEED**

You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, 'Ay.'

**PROTEUS**

And that set together is noddie.

**SPEED**

115 Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

**PROTEUS**

No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

**SPEED**

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

**PROTEUS**

Why sir, how do you bear with me?

**SPEED**

120 Marry, sir, the letter, very orderly; having nothing but the word 'noddie' for my pains.

**PROTEUS**

Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

**SPEED**

And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

**PROTEUS**

Come come, open the matter in brief: what said she?

**SPEED**

125 Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered.

**SPEED**

If the ground is overcrowded, you'd better slaughter [her](#).

[7](#) Speed uses the phrase "stick her" to connote having sex with Julia.

**PROTEUS**

No, you are [wandering](#) [into error there](#). It would be best if we confined you in a dog pound.

[8](#) Proteus uses the word "astray" to point out Speed's overstepping the bounds of decency, and pun on stray (lost) sheep.

**SPEED**

No, sir. I shall get less than [a pound](#) [for delivering your letter.](#)

[9](#) Speed's "pound" here references money, though he puns on the meaning of a "pounding" (beating).

**PROTEUS**

You are mistaken. I mean the pound--an animal pen.

**SPEED**

From a pound to a pin? Multiply and fold it over and over, and it's three times too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

[10](#) Here, "pin" means an insignificant amount.

**PROTEUS**

But what did she say?

**SPEED**

[Nodding] Yes.

**PROTEUS**

Nodding--yes--well, [he's a fool](#) [11](#).

[11](#) Proteus calls Speed a "noddie" (fool) to pun on his foolish response to an open-ended question by nodding his head.

**SPEED**

You misunderstood me, sir. I am saying that [she](#) nodded. And you asked me if she nodded, and I said: "Yes."

**PROTEUS**

Everything you just said makes you an ever bigger fool.

**SPEED**

Now that you have taken trouble to put it together, have it as a reward for the trouble you have taken.

**PROTEUS**

No, no. You will take it for bringing the letter to her.

**SPEED**

Well, it looks like I must be obliged to put up with you.

**PROTEUS**

How do you put up with me, sir?

**SPEED**

Indeed [12](#), sir, I'll take the letter very dutifully, since I've gotten nothing in exchange for my efforts besides being called a "fool."

[12](#) In the original text, Speed uses the light oath "marry"--derived from the Virgin Mary's name.

**PROTEUS**

The devil take me, you are quick-witted!

**SPEED**

And yet my wit cannot be quicker than your hesitation to pay me.

**PROTEUS**

Come, come: reveal the information. What did she say?

**SPEED**

Open your purse, so that the money and the information can be delivered both at once.

**PROTEUS**

Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said she?

**SPEED**

Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

**PROTEUS**

Why, couldst thou perceive so much from her?

**SPEED**

130 Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.

135

**PROTEUS**

What said she? Nothing?

**SPEED**

No, not so much as 'Take this for thy pains.' To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testerned me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

140

**PROTEUS**

Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck, Which cannot perish having thee aboard, Being destined to a drier death on shore.

*Exit SPEED*

**PROTEUS**

145 I must go send some better messenger: I fear my Julia would not deign my lines, Receiving them from such a worthless post.

*Exit*

**PROTEUS**

Well, sir, here is for your trouble. [*He hands over money to SPEED*] What did she say?

**SPEED**

Really, sir, I think you won't be able to win her that easily.

**PROTEUS**

How could you understand so much from her?

**SPEED**

Sir, I received nothing from her at all. No, I did not even get a gold coin from her for delivering your letter. And since she was so hard on me--the person who only conveyed your feelings to her--I am afraid she will be as hard on you when you tell her about your feelings yourself. Don't give her any gifts but jewels<sup>13</sup>, since she is as hard as steel.

<sup>13</sup> In the original text, Speed uses the word "stones" as in jewels, and also as a reference to Julia being hard as rock. (The term "stones" is also often used as a slang term for testicles.)

**PROTEUS**

What did she say? Nothing?

**SPEED**

No, not as much as "Take this for your troubles." I tip<sup>14</sup> my hat to you for your generosity, since you've given me a tip. And in return for my good word, you should carry your letters yourself. And so sir, I'll speak well of you to my master.

<sup>14</sup> In the original text, Speed puns that he'll testify to Proteus' goodness since he "testerned" him--or, gave him a tip of sixpence.

**PROTEUS**

Go, go! Go away to save your ship from a shipwreck--it can't sink as long as you're on board, because you're destined to hang. You'll have a drier death on shore.

*SPEED exits.*

**PROTEUS**

I must go and send a better messenger. I am afraid my Julia won't accept my letter if she receives it from such a worthless idiot.

*PROTEUS exits.*

## Act 1, Scene 2

### Shakespeare

*Enter JULIA and LUCETTA*

**JULIA**

But say, Lucetta, now we are alone, Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?

**LUCETTA**

Ay, madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

**JULIA**

Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,  
5 That every day with parle encounter me,  
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

**LUCETTA**

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

### Shakescleare Translation

*JULIA and LUCETTA enter.*

**JULIA**

Now that we're alone, tell me, Lucetta: would you advise me to fall in love?

**LUCETTA**

Yes, madam. Provided that you won't have sex carelessly.

**JULIA**

Out of the group of beautiful gentlemen that talk to me every day, which man do you think deserves my love the most?

**LUCETTA**

Could you please repeat their names? I'll reveal what I think as my shallow, simple skill allows.

**JULIA**

What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

**LUCETTA**

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

**JULIA**

What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

**LUCETTA**

Well of his wealth; but of himself, so so.

**JULIA**

What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

**LUCETTA**

Lord, Lord! To see what folly reigns in us!

**JULIA**

How now! What means this passion at his name?

**LUCETTA**

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

**JULIA**

Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

**LUCETTA**

Then thus: of many good I think him best.

**JULIA**

Your reason?

**LUCETTA**

I have no other, but a woman's reason;  
I think him so because I think him so.

**JULIA**

And wouldest thou have me cast my love on him?

**LUCETTA**

Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

**JULIA**

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

**LUCETTA**

Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

**JULIA**

His little speaking shows his love but small.

**LUCETTA**

Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.

**JULIA**

They do not love that do not show their love.

**LUCETTA**

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

**JULIA**

I would I knew his mind.

**JULIA**

What do you think of the handsome Sir Eglamour?

**LUCETTA**

For a knight, he's well-spoken, elegant, and refined. But if I were you, I'd never have him.

**JULIA**

What do you think of the rich Mercatio?

**LUCETTA**

I think well of his money. But him? I think he's just so-so.

**JULIA**

What do you think of the noble Proteus?

**LUCETTA**

Oh God, oh God! We are ruled by such foolishness.

**JULIA**

What? Why such an outburst of passion at the sound of his name?

**LUCETTA**

Excuse me, dear madam. It's very shameful for an unworthy person like myself to pass judgment in this way on lovely gentlemen like him.

**JULIA**

Why not judge Proteus like we have judged all the others?

**LUCETTA**

Well, it's like this: I think he is the best one of them all.

**JULIA**

Why do you think that?

**LUCETTA**

My reasoning is simply a woman's reasoning. I think he is the best simply because I think he is.

**JULIA**

And would you have me give my love to him?

**LUCETTA**

Yes, if you thought your love wouldn't be wasted on him.

**JULIA**

It's interesting that, out of all of them, he has never wooed me.

**LUCETTA**

Yet I think that, out of all of them, he loves you the most.

**JULIA**

He gives very few words on the subject; this shows his love is small.

**LUCETTA**

Fire that's the closest to us burns the hottest.

**JULIA**

You can't love if you don't show your love.

**LUCETTA**

Oh, those who let men know about their love are the ones who love the least.

**JULIA**

If only I knew what he's thinking.

**LUCETTA**

Peruse this paper, madam.

**JULIA**

35 'To Julia.' Say, from whom?

**LUCETTA**

That the contents will show.

**JULIA**

Say, say, who gave it thee?

**LUCETTA**

Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.  
He would have given it you; but I, being in the way,  
40 Did in your name receive it: pardon the  
fault I pray.

**JULIA**

Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!  
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?  
To whisper and conspire against my youth?  
45 Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth  
And you an officer fit for the place.  
Or else return no more into my sight.

**LUCETTA**

To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

**JULIA**

Will ye be gone?

**LUCETTA**

50 That you may ruminate.

*Exit*

**JULIA**

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

*Re-enter LUCETTA*

**LUCETTA**

What would your ladyship?

**JULIA**

70 Is't near dinner-time?

**LUCETTA**

I would it were,  
That you might kill your stomach on your meat  
And not upon your maid.

**JULIA**

What is't that you took up so gingerly?

**LUCETTA**

Read this paper here, madam.

**JULIA**

It says "To Julia." Tell me, who is this from?

**LUCETTA**

The contents of the letter will reveal that.

**JULIA**

Tell me, tell me, who gave it to you?

**LUCETTA**

Valentine's servant. And I think it was sent from Proteus. He would have given it to you himself. But since I happened to meet him, I took the letter on your behalf. I am sorry if I did the wrong thing.

**JULIA**

I swear by my modesty that you're a good intermediary! Do you dare to presume to hang onto this passionate letter? To whisper and conspire against my young age? Now, trust me, it's a powerful position, and you should be up for the challenge. If not, then don't come to me again.

**LUCETTA**

To ask for love deserves a greater reward than to ask for hate.

**JULIA**

Will you leave?

**LUCETTA**

Yes, to give you some time to think about it.

*LUCETTA exits.*

**JULIA**

And yet, I wish I had read that letter! It would be a shame to call her back again, and beg her to carry out the mistake that I just scolded her for doing. She is such a fool! She knows that I am a young girl, and still she would not force me to read the letter! Young modest women say "no" when they want the hearer to understand they mean "yes." Ugh! This foolish love is so unreasonable that--like an irritable child--it will scratch its nurse and then immediately be obedient! How roughly have I treated Lucetta there, when I would have wanted to have her here! How angrily I made myself frown, when an inside joy has made my heart smile! I can only call Lucetta back to make up for it and to ask for her forgiveness for my recent foolishness.

*[To LUCETTA] Hello, Lucetta!*

*LUCETTA re-enters.*

**LUCETTA**

What would you like, your Ladyship?

**JULIA**

Is it almost time for dinner?

**LUCETTA**

I wish it would be! That way, you could satisfy your *appetite* tearing into your meat, instead of tearing into your servant.

 In the original text, Lucetta puns on the double-meaning of "stomach" as both "hunger" and "temper," "anger."

**JULIA**

What did you just pick up so carefully?

**LUCETTA**

75 Nothing.

**JULIA**

Why didst thou stoop, then?

**LUCETTA**

To take a paper up that I let fall.

**JULIA**

And is that paper nothing?

**LUCETTA**

Nothing concerning me.

**JULIA**

80 Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

**LUCETTA**

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

**JULIA**

Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

**LUCETTA**

That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.  
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.

**JULIA**

As little by such toys as may be possible.  
Best sing it to the tune of 'Light o' love.'

**LUCETTA**

It is too heavy for so light a tune.

**JULIA**

Heavy! Belike it hath some burden then?

**LUCETTA**

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

**JULIA**

And why not you?

**LUCETTA**

I cannot reach so high.

**JULIA**

Let's see your song. How now, minion!

**LUCETTA**

Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:  
95 And yet methinks I do not like this tune.

**JULIA**

You do not?

**LUCETTA**

No, madam; it is too sharp.

**JULIA**

You, minion, are too saucy.

**LUCETTA**

Nay, now you are too flat  
100 And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:  
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

**LUCETTA**

Nothing.

**JULIA**

Why did you stoop down, then?

**LUCETTA**

To pick up a paper that I dropped.

**JULIA**

And that paper is nothing?

**LUCETTA**

Nothing that concerns me.

**JULIA**

Let it lie there for the people it's meant for.

**LUCETTA**

Madam, I won't let it lie here, in case someone who it's not  
meant for intercepts the letter.

**JULIA**

Some lover of yours has written you a love poem.

**LUCETTA**

So I may sing it to a melody, madam. Give me a starting  
note, your Ladyship, so this letter can be set to music.

**JULIA**

I will indulge you in your joking as little as possible. You'd  
better sing it to the melody of "Light o' love" 2 .

2 "Light o' love" was a popular tune  
in Shakespeare's time.

**LUCETTA**

Its content is too serious for such a light melody.

**JULIA**

Serious! Maybe it carries a heavy burden, then?

**LUCETTA**

Yes. And if it were melodious, you'd sing it.

**JULIA**

And why wouldn't you?

**LUCETTA**

I cannot sing at such a high pitch 3 .

3 Shakespeare puns on the word  
"high" to also refer to someone of  
Proteus' elevated social status.

**JULIA**

Let me see your song! Come on, you minx!

**LUCETTA**

Keep the melody going so you can finish the song. Although  
I don't like this melody.

**JULIA**

You don't?

**LUCETTA**

No, madam. It's too sharp.

**JULIA**

You are too bold, minx.

**LUCETTA**

No, you are too blunt 4 and spoil the harmony with a  
variation that's too harsh. Your song should be filled with a  
sweet-sounding tenor 5 .

4 Shakespeare uses two meanings  
of "flat": "a poor singing voice," and  
"blunt in speech."

**JULIA**

The mean is drown'd with your unruly bass.

**LUCETTA**

Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.

**JULIA**

This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.  
105 Here is a coil with protestation!

*Tears the letter*

**JULIA**

Go get you gone, and let the papers lie:  
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

**LUCETTA**

She makes it strange; but she would be best pleased  
To be so anger'd with another letter.

*Exit*

**JULIA**

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

*Re-enter LUCETTA*

**LUCETTA**

Madam,  
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.

**JULIA**

Well, let us go.

**LUCETTA**

What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?

5 Shakespeare's use of "a mean" stands for "middle point" or "tenor"--a musical range for a male voice, such as Proteus'!

**JULIA**

The middle point is drowned out by your uncontrolled bass voice6.

6 "Unruly bass" is a pun on "base" ("unworthy" or "low," possibly a comment on Lucetta's low social rank), which also refers to Lucetta's untrained impression of a low-range male singer.

**LUCETTA**

Yes, I am pretending to sing the male part as Proteus would.

**JULIA**

I won't let this nonsense trouble me anymore. I'll make a fuss with this declaration of love!

*JULIA tears the letter into pieces.*

**JULIA**

Leave me, and let the papers lie there. You would fiddle7 with picking up all the pieces, just to make me angry.

7 In the original text, Julia suggests that she should be the only one who deserves to touch Proteus' letter.

**LUCETTA**

She pretends she doesn't care. But she would feel so happy to get angry over another letter.

*LUCETTA exits.*

**JULIA**

Ah, I wish I actually felt angry about the letter! Oh, hateful hands, you tore up such loving words! Harmful wasps8, to feed on such sweet honey and use your sting to kill the bees that give it up! I'll kiss each scrap of the torn-up paper to make up for it. Look, here "kind Julia" is written. Cruel Julia! As if in revenge for your ungratefulness, I throw your name down on these harmful stones. And I trample scornfully all over your disdain. And here "love-wounded Proteus" is written. Poor, wounded name! I shall keep the scrap of paper with your name on it near my heart, and so place a healing kiss on it. Two or three times "Proteus" is written down. Be calm, good wind, don't blow away a word of this, until I have found each letter in this letter. Except for my own name: you can carry that off in a whirlwind to a rugged scary cliff, and throw it from there into the raging sea! Look, here in one line his name is written twice. "Poor, helpless Proteus, passionate Proteus, to the sweet Julia." I will tear that away. No wait, I won't, since he links my name so nicely to his lamenting name. So, I will fold them9 on one another. Now kiss, embrace, grapple, and do what you want.

8 The word "wasps" here is a metaphor that refers to Julia's fingers.

9 Julia folds the paper here so that her name is lies on top of Proteus' name.

*LUCETTA re-enters.*

**LUCETTA**

Madam: dinner is ready and your father is waiting.

**JULIA**

Well, let's go.

**LUCETTA**

What? Will these papers just lie here then? Like sources of gossip?

**JULIA**

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

**LUCETTA**

Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:  
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.

**JULIA**

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

**LUCETTA**

Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;  
I see things too, although you judge I wink.

**JULIA**

Come, come; will't please you go?

*Exeunt***JULIA**

If you value them, you should pick them up.

**LUCETTA**

No, I was told off for dropping them. Yet they shouldn't lie  
here, or they'll catch a cold.

**JULIA**

I see you like them.

**LUCETTA**

Yes, madam, you can call it like you see it. I also see things,  
although I pretend that my eyes are closed.

**JULIA**

Come, come. Will you please go?

*LUCETTA and JULIA exit.*

## Act 1, Scene 3

### Shakespeare

*Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO*

**ANTONIO**

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

**PANTHINO**

'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

**ANTONIO**

Why, what of him?

**PANTHINO**

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

**ANTONIO**

Nor need'st thou much importune me to that  
Whereon this month I have been hammering.  
20 I have consider'd well his loss of time  
And how he cannot be a perfect man,  
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:  
Experience is by industry achieved  
And perfected by the swift course of time.  
25 Then tell me, whither were I best to send him?

**PANTHINO**

I think your lordship is not ignorant  
How his companion, youthful Valentine,  
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

**ANTONIO**

I know it well.

### Shakescleare Translation

*ANTONIO and PANTHINO enter.*

**ANTONIO**

Tell me, Panthino: what were you talking about so seriously  
with my brother in the cloister?

**PANTHINO**

It was about his nephew Proteus--your son.

**ANTONIO**

What about him?

**PANTHINO**

He was wondering why you had him spend his young days  
at home while other men--of less significant status--send  
their sons into the world. Some go to the wars, to try their  
luck there; some go to discover islands far away; some go to  
study at universities. He said that Proteus is fit for any and  
all of these tasks, and he asked me to urge you to not have  
him spend any more time at home. That would be a great  
discredit to him when he's older, since he wouldn't have  
traveled in his younger days.

**ANTONIO**

And you don't need to urge me to do what I've already been  
thinking about doing all month. I have considered how he's  
losing time, and how he can't be a fully-experienced man if  
he isn't tested and tutored abroad. Experience is achieved  
by activity, and perfected by the quick passing of time. So,  
where do you think I should send him?

**PANTHINO**

I think your Lordship is aware that Proteus' friend--the  
young Valentine--is waiting on the Duke of Milan in his royal  
court.

**ANTONIO**

I know about that.

**PANTHINO**

30 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:  
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,  
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen.  
And be in eye of every exercise  
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

**ANTONIO**

35 I like thy counsel; well hast thou advised:  
And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it,  
The execution of it shall make known.  
Even with the speediest expedition  
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

**PANTHINO**

40 To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,  
With other gentlemen of good esteem,  
Are journeying to salute the emperor  
And to commend their service to his will.

**ANTONIO**

Good company; with them shall Proteus go:  
45 And, in good time! Now will we break with him.

*Enter PROTEUS*

**PROTEUS**

Sweet love! Sweet lines! Sweet life!  
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;  
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.  
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,  
50 To seal our happiness with their consents!  
O heavenly Julia!

**ANTONIO**

How now! What letter are you reading there?

**PROTEUS**

May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two  
Of commendations sent from Valentine,  
55 Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

**ANTONIO**

Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

**PROTEUS**

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

**ANTONIO**

And how stand you affected to his wish?

**PROTEUS**

As one relying on your lordship's will  
And not depending on his friendly wish.

**ANTONIO**

My will is something sorted with his wish.  
65 Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;  
For what I will, I will, and there an end.  
I am resolved that thou shalt spend some time  
With Valentinus in the emperor's court:  
What maintenance he from his friends receives,  
70 Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.  
To-morrow be in readiness to go:  
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

**PROTEUS**

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

**PANTHINO**

I think it would be good to send him there, your Lordship.  
There, he can take part in jousts and tournaments; hear  
elegant conversation; and speak with noblemen. And he  
can see for himself every task worthy of his youth and noble  
social status.

**ANTONIO**

I like your advice; you have given a good recommendation.  
And you can see just how much I liked your counsel; I will  
make it happen. I will send him to the emperor's court with  
the fastest haste.

**PANTHINO**

Don Alphonso, let him go tomorrow, if you like. He can go  
with other respected gentlemen who are already planning  
to travel there in order to pay their respects to the emperor,  
and to commit their services to him.

**ANTONIO**

Good company! Proteus will go with them. And just at the  
right moment! I will tell him now.

*PROTEUS enters.*

**PROTEUS**

Sweet love! Sweet lines! Sweet life! Here is her handwriting--  
her heart's representative. Here is her promise of love--her  
honor's pledge. Oh, I hope that our fathers will be happy  
with our love, and accept our happiness by approving our  
relationship. Oh, heavenly Julia!

**ANTONIO**

What's all this? What letter are you reading?

**PROTEUS**

If it's all right with your Lordship, it's a word or two of  
greeting sent from Valentine, delivered by one of his friends  
who came from him.

**ANTONIO**

Give me the letter. Let me see what news it brings.

**PROTEUS**

There is no news, my lord! He only writes how happily he  
lives in Milan; how he is well-loved; and how the emperor  
shows Valentine his favor every day. He wishes I were there  
with him, to share in his good fortune.

**ANTONIO**

And what do you think of his wish?

**PROTEUS**

I rely on what you tell me to do, your Lordship. I don't  
depend upon his friendly wish.

**ANTONIO**

My wish is somewhat in agreement with his wish. Don't  
wonder why I decided so suddenly. Because I will have  
what I want--and that's that. I have decided that you will  
spend some time with Valentine in the emperor's court. I'll  
give you the same amount of money that he gets  
for allowance from his relatives. Be ready to go tomorrow.  
Make no excuses, because it's already decided.

**PROTEUS**

My lord, I can't be ready that soon. Please, let me have a  
day or two more.

**ANTONIO**

75 Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:  
No more of stay! To-morrow thou must go.  
Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd  
To hasten on his expedition.

*Exeunt ANTONIO and PANTHINO*

**PROTEUS**

Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning,  
80 And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.  
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,  
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;  
And with the vantage of mine own excuse  
Hath he excepted most against my love.  
85 O, how this spring of love resemblmeth  
The uncertain glory of an April day,  
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,  
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

*Re-enter PANTHINO*

**PANTHINO**

Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:  
90 He is in haste; therefore, I pray you to go.

**PROTEUS**

Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto,  
And yet a thousand times it answers 'no.'

*Exeunt*

**ANTONIO**

Look, anything you're missing will be sent to you after you go. No further talk of lingering around here! You must go tomorrow.

*[To PANTHINO] Come on, Panthino. You will make sure that this expedition is hastened.*

*ANTONIO and PANTHINO exit.*

**PROTEUS**

And so I have avoided the fire, because I was afraid I'd burn. And I avoided being drenched in the sea, where I would drown. I was scared to show Julia's letter to my father because he would have made objections to my love. And with the benefit of my own excuse about Valentine sending me this letter, my father has caused the greatest obstacle to my love. Oh, how similar is this spring of love to the uncertain weather of a beautiful April day! Days in April can be gloriously sunny--until a cloud comes along to take all of that beauty away.

*PANTHINO re-enters.*

**PANTHINO**

Sir Proteus, your father is calling for you. He is in a hurry, so please go now.

**PROTEUS**

This is it! My heart agrees to the journey, and yet it answers "no" a thousand times over.

*They exit.*

## Act 2, Scene 1

### Shakespeare

*Enter VALENTINE and SPEED*

**SPEED**

Sir, your glove.

**VALENTINE**

Not mine; my gloves are on.

**SPEED**

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

**VALENTINE**

Ha! Let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:  
5 Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!  
Ah, Silvia, Silvia!

**SPEED**

Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!

**VALENTINE**

How now, sirrah?

**SPEED**

She is not within hearing, sir.

### Shakescleare Translation

*VALENTINE and SPEED enter.*

**SPEED**

Sir, your glove.

**VALENTINE**

That's not mine. My gloves are on .

 Shakespeare puns on the way "on" and "one" were pronounced similarly in his day.

**SPEED**

Well, then, this one may be yours--because this is only one.

**VALENTINE**

Ha! Let me see! Yes, give it to me. It's mine. Sweet item of clothing that adorns a heavenly thing! Ah, Silvia, Silvia!

**SPEED**

Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!

**VALENTINE**

What's that, sir ?

 In the original text, Valentine uses the word "sirrah"--a familiar derivation of "sir" often used to address men of lower social rank.

**SPEED**

She's not within earshot, sir.

**VALENTINE**

10 Why, sir, who bade you call her?

**SPEED**

Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

**VALENTINE**

Well, you'll still be too forward.

**SPEED**

And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

**VALENTINE**

Go to, sir: tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?

**SPEED**

15 She that your worship loves?

**VALENTINE**

Why, how know you that I am in love?

**SPEED**

Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms, like a malecontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you 30 are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

**VALENTINE**

Are all these things perceived in me?

**SPEED**

They are all perceived without ye.

**VALENTINE**

Without me? They cannot.

**SPEED**

35 Without you? Nay, that's certain, for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you and shine through you like the water in an urinal, that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

**VALENTINE**

But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

**SPEED**

She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?

**VALENTINE**

Hast thou observed that? Even she, I mean.

**SPEED**

Why, sir, I know her not.

**VALENTINE**

45 Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knowest her not?

**VALENTINE**

Who asked you to call her, sir?

**SPEED**

Your Worship, sir. Or else I misunderstood you.

**VALENTINE**

Well, you'll always be too hasty.

**SPEED**

And yet, last time I was told off for being too slow.

**VALENTINE**

Oh, that's enough, sir! Tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?

**SPEED**

Is that the lady whom your Worship loves?

**VALENTINE**

Oh, but how do you know that I'm in love?

**SPEED**

By these particular signs: first, you have learned--like Sir Proteus--to fold your arms like a discontented person; to enjoy a love song, like a robin; to walk alone, like someone that has the plague; to sigh, like a school boy that has forgotten the alphabet; to cry, like a young girl that buried her grandmother; to fast, like someone on a diet; to remain awake, as if worried about being robbed; to whine like a beggar on All Saints' Day. Before you fell in love, when you laughed, you crowed like a rooster; when you walked, you walked like a lion; and when you didn't eat, it was because you'd just finished your dinner; when you looked sad, it was because you didn't have money. And now you've changed so much because of your mistress, that, when I look at you, I can hardly think that you are my master.

**VALENTINE**

Can you spot all these changes in me?

**SPEED**

They are easy to see all around you.

**VALENTINE**

They're visible all around me? They can't be.

**SPEED**

All around you? Yes, for sure, because if you could simply hide the signs of love, nobody would perceive them. But you are so madly in love, inside and out, that all of the symptoms of love shine through you like urine in a doctor's test cup, and anyone who just looks at you can diagnose your illness as if they were a physician.

**VALENTINE**

Tell me, though: do you know my lady Silvia?

**SPEED**

Is she the one that you stare at when she is having dinner?

**VALENTINE**

Have you noticed that? I mean, yes, that's her.

**SPEED**

Well, sir, I don't know her.

**VALENTINE**

So, you know her by my staring at her--and yet you don't know her?

**SPEED**

Is she not hard-favoured, sir?

**VALENTINE**

Not so fair, boy, as well-favoured.

**SPEED**

Sir, I know that well enough.

**VALENTINE**

50 What dost thou know?

**SPEED**

That she is not so fair as, of you, well-favoured.

**VALENTINE**

I mean that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

**SPEED**

That's because the one is painted and the other out of all count.

**VALENTINE**

How painted? And how out of count?

**SPEED**

Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

**VALENTINE**

How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.

**SPEED**

60 You never saw her since she was deformed.

**VALENTINE**

How long hath she been deformed?

**SPEED**

Ever since you loved her.

**VALENTINE**

I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

**SPEED**

65 If you love her, you cannot see her.

**VALENTINE**

Why?

**SPEED**

Because Love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered!

**VALENTINE**

What should I see then?

**SPEED**

Isn't she ugly, sir?

**VALENTINE**

Not so beautiful, boy, as she is attractive.

**SPEED**

Sir, I know that.

**VALENTINE**

What do you know?

**SPEED**

That she isn't so much beautiful as preferred 3 by you.

3 Speed puns on Valentine's prior use of the term "well-favored" (as in, attractive). He means that she's not so much "well-favored" (attractive) as she is "favored well" (preferred) by Valentine.

**VALENTINE**

I mean that her beauty is rare, but her charm is never-ending.

**SPEED**

That's because the one is artificial 4, and the other is beyond calculation.

4 In the original text, Speed refers to Silvia's beauty as "painted"--claiming she uses makeup to enhance her looks.

**VALENTINE**

What do you mean, "artificial?" And how is it "beyond calculation?"

**SPEED**

Well, sir, she's so artificial, to make herself beautiful, that no man values her beauty.

**VALENTINE**

Do you think nothing of my judgment, then? I value her beauty.

**SPEED**

You haven't seen her since she was disfigured.

**VALENTINE**

How long has she been disfigured?

**SPEED**

Ever since you fell in love with her.

**VALENTINE**

I have loved her ever since I saw her. And she is still beautiful in my eyes.

**SPEED**

You can't see her if you love her.

**VALENTINE**

Why?

**SPEED**

Because Love 5 is blind. Oh, if only you had my eyes! Or if your own eyes had the clear-sighted ability they used to have when you told Sir Proteus off for being disheveled!

5 Since Cupid is often portrayed as blind, Shakespeare refers to Cupid ("Love" with a capital "L") literally here--and to the idea that people in love are blinded by emotion.

**VALENTINE**

What would I see then?

**SPEED**

Your own present folly and her passing deformity:  
for he, being in love, could not see to garter his  
hose, and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your  
hose.

75

**VALENTINE**

Belike, boy, then, you are in love; for last  
morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

**SPEED**

True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you,  
you swinged me for my love, which makes me the  
bolder to chide you for yours.

80

**VALENTINE**

In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

**SPEED**

I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

**VALENTINE**

Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to  
one she loves.

**SPEED**

85 And have you?

**VALENTINE**

I have.

**SPEED**

Are they not lamey writ?

**VALENTINE**

No, boy, but as well as I can do them. Peace!  
Here she comes.

**SPEED**90 *[Aside]* O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet!  
Now will he interpret to her.

*Enter SILVIA*

**VALENTINE**

Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

**SPEED**95 *[Aside]* O, give ye good even! Here's a million of  
manners.**SILVIA**

Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

**SPEED**

*[Aside]* He should give her interest and she gives it  
him.

**VALENTINE**

As you enjoyn'd me, I have writ your letter  
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;  
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in  
But for my duty to your ladyship.

100

**SILVIA**

I thank you gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done.

**SPEED**

Your own foolishness and her extreme deformity. Because  
Proteus--who is in love--at least made himself presentable  
by putting on his pants properly. And you--also blindly in  
love--can't even do that.

**VALENTINE**

In that case, boy, you are in love. Because yesterday  
morning, you couldn't see well enough to clean my shoes.

**SPEED**

That's true, sir. I was in love with my bed. Thank you for  
beating me for my love. It makes me braver to tell you off  
for yours.

**VALENTINE**

To sum it up, I am in love with her.

**SPEED**

I wish you were calm, so that your affection would stop.

**VALENTINE**

Last night she told me to write some lines to someone she  
loves.

**SPEED**

And have you?

**VALENTINE**

I have.

**SPEED**

Are they not written badly?

**VALENTINE**

No, boy, I wrote them as well as I could. Be quiet! Here she  
is.

**SPEED**

*[To himself]* Oh, that's a great puppet-show! Oh, that's a  
great puppet! Now he will provide the words for the  
puppet.

*SILVIA enters.*

**VALENTINE**

Madam, beloved, I wish you a thousand good mornings.

**SPEED**

*[To himself]* Oh, good grief! This is a very excessive display  
of manners.

**SILVIA**

Sir Valentine, lover, I wish you two thousand.

**SPEED**

*[To himself]* He should show his interest in her, but she pays  
him **interest** instead by offering him twice as many good  
mornings.

 **6** Speed puns on Silvia's romantic  
interest, as well as the monetary  
meaning of "interest," since she's  
increased the number of "good  
mornings."

**VALENTINE**

As you have instructed, I have written your letter to your  
secret, unnamed lover. I didn't want to do it, but I did it  
because of my duty to you.

**SILVIA**

Thank you, kind servant. You've done it very scholarly.

**VALENTINE**

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

**SILVIA**

Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

**VALENTINE**

No, madam; so it stead you, I will write  
 Please you command, a thousand times as much; And yet--

**SILVIA**

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

**SPEED**

[Aside] And yet you will; and yet another 'yet.'

**VALENTINE**

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

**SILVIA**

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

**VALENTINE**

Madam, they are for you.

**SILVIA**

120 Ay, ay: you writ them, sir, at my request;  
 But I will none of them; they are for you;  
 I would have had them writ more movingly.

**VALENTINE**

Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

**SILVIA**

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

**VALENTINE**

If it please me, madam, what then?

**SILVIA**

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

*Exit*

**SPEED**

130 O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,  
 As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a  
 steeple!  
 My master sues to her, and she hath  
 taught her suitor,  
 135 He being her pupil, to become her tutor.  
 O excellent device! Was there ever heard a better,  
 That my master, being scribe, to himself should write  
 the letter?

**VALENTINE**

How now, sir? What are you reasoning with yourself?

**SPEED**

140 Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that have the reason.

**VALENTINE**

To do what?

**VALENTINE**

Trust me, madam, it was difficult to do. Since I didn't know  
 who it was meant for, I wrote randomly and with much  
 hesitation.

**SILVIA**

Perhaps you think it's not worth making so much effort?

**VALENTINE**

No, madam. As long as it is helpful to you, I will write. Order  
 me to write a thousand times as much. And yet--

**SILVIA**

A clever pause! Well, I guess what follows. And yet I won't  
 say it. And yet I don't care. And yet take this again. And yet I  
 thank you. I don't mean to trouble you any longer.

**SPEED**

[To himself] And yet you will. And yet another "yet."

**VALENTINE**

What do you mean, your Ladyship? Don't you like the letter?

**SILVIA**

Yes, yes, the lines are written very skillfully. But since they  
 are written unwillingly, take them back. No, take them.

**VALENTINE**

They are for you, madam.

**SILVIA**

Yes, yes, you wrote them, sir, because I asked you to. But I  
 don't want them. They are for you. I would have had them  
 written with more emotion.

**VALENTINE**

If you'd like, I can write your Ladyship another one.

**SILVIA**

And when it's written, read it over for my sake. And if you're  
 happy with it, so be it; if not, well, so be it.

**VALENTINE**

Madam, if I'm happy with it, then what?

**SILVIA**

Well, if you're happy with it, take it as a payment for your  
 efforts. And so, good day, servant.

*SILVIA exits.*

**SPEED**

Oh, an unseen, mysterious, invisible joke! It's like the nose  
 on your face; or a weathervane on top of a spire! My master  
 courts her, and she taught her suitor. He is her student in  
 order to become her teacher. Oh, that's a genius scheme!  
 Has anyone heard of a better one, than that my master--  
 who is the writer-- should write the letter to himself?

**VALENTINE**

What's that, sir? What is it you're talking to yourself about?

**SPEED**

No, I was rhyming. You are the one who has a reason.

**VALENTINE**

To do what?

**SPEED**

To be a spokesman for Madam Silvia.

**VALENTINE**

To whom?

**SPEED**

To yourself: why, she woos you by a figure.

**VALENTINE**

145 What figure?

**SPEED**

By a letter, I should say.

**VALENTINE**

Why, she hath not writ to me?

**SPEED**

What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

**VALENTINE**

150 No, believe me.

**SPEED**

No believing you, indeed, sir. But did you perceive her earnest?

**VALENTINE**

She gave me none, except an angry word.

**SPEED**

Why, she hath given you a letter.

**VALENTINE**

155 That's the letter I writ to her friend.

**SPEED**

And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end.

**VALENTINE**

I would it were no worse.

**SPEED**

I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:  
For often have you writ to her, and she, in modesty,  
160 Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;  
Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind discover,  
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.  
165 All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.  
Why muse you, sir? 'Tis dinner-time.

**VALENTINE**

I have dined.

**SPEED**

Ay, but hearken, sir; though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved.

*Exeunt*

**SPEED**

To speak for Madam Silvia.

**VALENTINE**

To whom?

**SPEED**

To yourself! She courts you by an ingenious device.

**VALENTINE**

What device?

**SPEED**

The letter!

**VALENTINE**

But she didn't write it to me.

**SPEED**

Why would she need to, when she has already made you write it to yourself? Don't you get the joke?

**VALENTINE**

No, believe me.

**SPEED**

I don't believe it, that's for sure, sir. But did you really think she was serious?

**VALENTINE**

She gave me nothing except for an angry word.

**SPEED**

She gave you a letter.

**VALENTINE**

That's the letter I wrote for her lover.

**SPEED**

And she has delivered the letter. And there's the end to the matter.

**VALENTINE**

I wish it weren't so bad.

**SPEED**

I assure you, it's all good. You have written to her a lot, and she couldn't reply because of her modesty, or because she doesn't have enough down-time. Or she was afraid that some messenger might find out what she thinks. So she has taught her love to write a letter to her lover. I am speaking very precisely about all of this--exactly as I see it. Why are you lost in thought, sir? It's time for dinner.

**VALENTINE**

I've already dined on beauty.

**SPEED**

Yes, but listen, sir. Although Love is changeable like the chameleon, and can feed on air, / can only feed on food and would like to have meat. Oh, don't be like your mistress. Be persuaded, be persuaded.

*They exit.*

## Act 2, Scene 2

### Shakespeare

*Enter PROTEUS and JULIA*

**PROTEUS**

Have patience, gentle Julia.

**JULIA**

I must, where is no remedy.

**PROTEUS**

When possibly I can, I will return.

**JULIA**

If you turn not, you will return the sooner.

5 Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

*Giving a ring*

**PROTEUS**

Why then, we'll make exchange; here, take you this.

**JULIA**

And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

**PROTEUS**

Here is my hand for my true constancy;

10 And when that hour o'erslips me in the day

Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,

The next ensuing hour some foul mischance

Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!

My father stays my coming; answer not;

15 The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;

That tide will stay me longer than I should.

Julia, farewell!

*Exit JULIA*

**PROTEUS**

What, gone without a word?

Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;

20 For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

*Enter PANTHINO*

**PANTHINO**

Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.

**PROTEUS**

Go; I come, I come.

Alas! This parting strikes poor lovers dumb.

*Exeunt*

### Shakescleare Translation

*PROTEUS and JULIA enter.*

**PROTEUS**

Be patient, dear Julia.

**JULIA**

I have to be patient. There's no way to fix this.

**PROTEUS**

I will return as soon as I can.

**JULIA**

If you stay faithful, you will return sooner. Keep this love token, for the sake of your Julia.

*JULIA gives PROTEUS a ring.*

**PROTEUS**

Well then, we'll make an exchange. Here, you take this. [He gives her a ring]

**JULIA**

And seal the contract with a holy kiss. [They kiss]

**PROTEUS**

Here is my hand swearing true fidelity. And if it should ever happen that I won't swoon with love for you, Julia, then the next hour some horrible misfortune will torture me-- because I have forgotten my love! My father is waiting for me to go. Don't say anything. The best tide for sailing is ready now; no, not your tide of tears. That tide will make me stay longer than I should. Julia, goodbye!

*JULIA exits.*

**PROTEUS**

Is she gone without saying anything? Yes, true love should do just that. True love can't speak; besides, actions speak the truth louder than words.

*PANTHINO enters.*

**PANTHINO**

Sir Proteus, they are waiting for you.

**PROTEUS**

Go. I'm coming, I'm coming. Ah! Goodbyes like this can make poor lovers speechless.

*They exit.*

## Act 2, Scene 3

### Shakespeare

*Enter LANCE, leading a dog*

### Shakescleare Translation

*LANCE enters, leading a dog.*

**LANCE**

Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Lances have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab, my dog, be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandma, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father: no, this left shoe is my father: no, no, this left shoe is my mother: nay, that cannot be so neither: yes, it is so, it is so, it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on't! There 'tis: now, sit, this staff is my sister, for, look you, she is as white as a lily and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog: no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog--Oh! The dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; Father, your blessing: now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother: O, that she could speak now like a wood woman! Well, I kiss her; why, there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

*Enter PANTHINO*

**PANTHINO**

Launce, away, away, aboard! Thy master is shipped and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? Why weepest thou, man? Away, ass! You'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

**LANCE**

It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

**PANTHINO**

What's the unkindest tide?

**LANCE**

Why, he that's tied here, Crab, my dog.

**PANTHINO**

Tut, man, I mean thou'l lose the flood, and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage, and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master, and, in losing thy master, lose thy service, and, in losing thy service,--Why dost thou stop my mouth?

**LANCE**

For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

**PANTHINO**

Where should I lose my tongue?

**LANCE**

In thy tale.

**PANTHINO**

50 In thy tail!

**LANCE**

A lot of time will pass before I stop crying. Everyone from my family--the Lances--suffers from this. I have received my inheritance, like the prodigious 1 son, and am now going to the emperor's court with Sir Proteus. I think that my dog Crab has the sourest nature of all dogs. My mother is sobbing, my father is lamenting, my sister is crying, our servant is crying loudly, our cat wringing her hands to get the water out from all the crying, and all our house is in such a state--yet this cruel-hearted dog didn't cry one tear! He is made of stone, a very rough stone, and has no more pity than a dog. A Jew 2 would have cried to have seen my family say goodbye. Look, even my grandma, who has no eyes, cried herself blind when I was leaving. I'll show you how it happened. This shoe is my father. No, this left shoe is my father. No, no. This left shoe is my mother. No, that can't be correct either. Yet that's how it is, yes. It has a worse sole 3.

. This shoe, with the hole 4 in it, is my mother, and this is my father. Damn it! There it is. Now, stay there. This walking stick is my sister because, as you can see, she is as white as a lily and as slim as a stick. This hat is Nan, our servant. I am the dog. No, the dog is himself, and I am the dog...Oh! The dog is me and I am myself. Yes, that's it. Now I come to my father. Father, give me your blessing. Now the shoe couldn't speak a word because it was crying. Now I kiss my father and well, he continues to cry. Now I come to my mother. Oh, if only she could speak now like a mad woman! Well, I kiss her, there it is. This smells like my mother's breath exactly. Now I come to my sister. Note the moan that she makes. Now, the dog doesn't cry a single tear all this time, nor does he speak a word! But look how I make the dust on the ground wet with my own tears.

1 Lance likely means *Prodigal Son* here--a character in the parable of the same name, who receives his inheritance and spends it all.

2 Lance uses a common anti-Semitic view from his time that Jews were pitiless, like his dog.

3 Lance puns on the word "soul" when he says "sole"--a reference to the belief in Shakespeare's day that men's souls were superior to women's.

4 Shakespeare's use of "hole" is a crude reference to the vagina.

*PANTHINO enters.*

**PANTHINO**

Lance, go, go! Get on board! Your master is already on the ship, and you are supposed to hurry along and bring some oars. What's the matter? Why are you crying, man? Get out of here, you jackass! You'll lose the tide if you stay here any longer.

**LANCE**

It doesn't matter if the tied 5 was lost because it is the unkindest tied that any man ever had.

5 Lance uses "the tied" as a stand-in for the creature who is "tied" up--his dog Crab.

**PANTHINO**

What's the unkindest tide?

**LANCE**

Well, he that's tied here. My dog Crab.

**PANTHINO**

Oh please, man: I meant that you'll lose the sea's tide. And in losing the tide, you'll miss your voyage. And in missing your voyage, you'll lose your master. And in losing your master you'll lose your employment. And in losing your employment--why are you shutting me up?

**LANCE**

Because I'm afraid that you'll lose your tongue.

**PANTHINO**

Where should I lose my tongue?

**LANCE**

In your story.

**PANTHINO**

6 In your tail 6!

6 Panthino makes a bawdy pun on "tale" and "tail" (bottom).

**LANCE**

Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied! Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

**PANTHINO**

55 Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

**LANCE**

Sir, call me what thou darest.

**PANTHINO**

Wilt thou go?

**LANCE**

Well, I will go.

*Exeunt*

**LANCE**

Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the employment, and the dog! Indeed, man, if the river were dry, I'd be able to fill it with my tears. If the wind wasn't blowing, I could push the boat with my sighs.

**PANTHINO**

Come, come away, man. I was sent to call you away.

**LANCE**

Sir, call me what you like.

**PANTHINO**

Will you go?

**LANCE**

Well, I will go.

*They exit.*

## Act 2, Scene 4

### Shakespeare

Enter **SILVIA**, **VALENTINE**, **TURIO**, and **SPEED**

**SILVIA**

Servant!

**VALENTINE**

Mistress?

**SPEED**

Master, Sir Turio frowns on you.

**VALENTINE**

Ay, boy, it's for love.

**SPEED**

Not of you.

5

**VALENTINE**

Of my mistress, then.

**SPEED**

'Twere good you knocked him.

*Exit*

**SILVIA**

Servant, you are sad.

**VALENTINE**

Indeed, madam, I seem so.

**TURIO**

Seem you that you are not?

**VALENTINE**

Haply I do.

**TURIO**

So do counterfeits.

**VALENTINE**

So do you.

### Shakescleare Translation

**SILVIA**, **VALENTINE**, **TURIO**, and **SPEED** enter.

**SILVIA**

Servant!

**VALENTINE**

Mistress?

**SPEED**

Master, Sir Turio is frowning at you.

**VALENTINE**

Ah, yes, boy. He's frowning because of his love.

**SPEED**

Not his love for you.

**VALENTINE**

Love for my mistress, then.

**SPEED**

It would be a good idea for you to hit him.

**SPEED** exits.

**SILVIA**

You are sad, servant.

**VALENTINE**

Indeed, madam, I seem sad.

**TURIO**

Do you seem what you are not?

**VALENTINE**

Maybe I do.

**TURIO**

So do impostors.

**VALENTINE**

So do you.

**TURIO**

15 What seem I that I am not?

**VALENTINE**

Wise.

**TURIO**

What instance of the contrary?

**VALENTINE**

Your folly.

**TURIO**

And how quote you my folly?

**VALENTINE**

20 I quote it in your jerkin.

**TURIO**

My jerkin is a doublet.

**VALENTINE**

Well, then, I'll double your folly.

**TURIO**

How?

**SILVIA**

What, angry, Sir Turio! Do you change colour?

**VALENTINE**

25 Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.

**TURIO**

That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.

**VALENTINE**

You have said, sir.

**TURIO**

Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

**VALENTINE**

30 I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

**SILVIA**

A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

**VALENTINE**

'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

**SILVIA**

Who is that, servant?

**VALENTINE**

35 Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Turio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

**TURIO**

Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

**TURIO**

What do I seem that I'm not?

**VALENTINE**

Wise.

**TURIO**

What's the evidence that I'm not wise?

**VALENTINE**

Your foolishness.

**TURIO**

And how can you tell that I'm foolish?

**VALENTINE**

I can tell by your sleeveless jacket.

**TURIO**My sleeveless jacket is a doublet . A "doublet" is a close-fitting jacket.**VALENTINE**Well, then, I'll double  your foolishness. Valentine puns on Turio's "doublet," the jacket referred to in the previous line.**TURIO**

How?

**SILVIA**

Oh, are you angry, Sir Turio? Is your face changing color?

**VALENTINE**

Let him be, madam. He is like a chameleon.

**TURIO**

A chameleon that would rather feed on your blood than live off of the same air you breathe.

**VALENTINE**

Well, you have said it, sir.

**TURIO**

Yes, sir, and I am finished too. For now.

**VALENTINE**

30 I know that well enough, sir. You always stop before you've started.

**SILVIA**

That's a fine exchange of words, gentlemen. And quickly fired.

**VALENTINE**

It is indeed, madam. We thank the one who gave it to us.

**SILVIA**

Who is that, servant?

**VALENTINE**

You, sweet lady. Because you gave us the spark to set it off. Sir Turio borrows his wit from your Ladyship's appearance, and spends what he borrows in your company.

**TURIO**

Sir, if you waste a word with me, I shall bankrupt your wit.

**VALENTINE**

40 I know it well, sir; you have an exchequer of words,  
and, I think, no other treasure to give your  
followers, for it appears by their bare liveries,  
that they live by your bare words.

**SILVIA**

No more, gentlemen, no more:--here comes my father.  
45

*Enter DUKE*

**DUKE**

Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.  
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:  
What say you to a letter from your friends  
Of much good news?

**VALENTINE**

50 My lord, I will be thankful.  
To any happy messenger from thence.

**DUKE**

Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman?

**VALENTINE**

Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman  
To be of worth and worthy estimation  
55 And not without desert so well reputed.

**DUKE**

Hath he not a son?

**VALENTINE**

Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves  
The honour and regard of such a father.

**DUKE**

You know him well?

**VALENTINE**

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

**DUKE**

Besrew me, sir, but if he make this good,  
He is as worthy for an empress' love  
75 As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.  
Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me,  
With commendation from great potentates;  
And here he means to spend his time awhile:  
I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

**VALENTINE**

80 Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

**DUKE**

Welcome him then according to his worth.  
Silvia, I speak to you, and you, Sir Turio;  
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it;  
I will send him hither to you presently.

**VALENTINE**

I know that well enough, sir. You have a treasury of words.  
And I think that no other treasure helps you get servants. It  
seems that they live on your words alone, based on their  
shabby uniforms.

**SILVIA**

No more, gentlemen. No more. My father is coming.

*The DUKE enters.*

**DUKE**

Now you are besieged by suitors, my daughter Silvia.

*[To VALENTINE]* Sir Valentine, your father is well. What  
would you say to a letter from your friends, passing on a lot  
of good news?

**VALENTINE**

My lord, I would be thankful for any happy message from  
home.

**DUKE**

Do you know Don Antonio? He is from your country.

**VALENTINE**

Yes, my good lord. I know that he is a gentleman of high  
rank; one who deserves respect and esteem.

**DUKE**

Doesn't he have a son?

**VALENTINE**

Yes, my good lord. He has a son that deserves the honor  
and regard of such a great father.

**DUKE**

Do you know him well?

**VALENTINE**

I know him like I know myself. Ever since we were children,  
we have talked and spent all our time together. And  
although I have been a lazy delinquent-disregarding the  
benefit of time to perfect myself in my old age--Sir Proteus  
(that's the son's name) used his time well. He is young, but  
he is old if we consider his experience. There are no grey  
hairs on his head, and yet his judgement is mature. And, to  
sum it up (because my praises are not enough to praise his  
worth), he is perfect in his appearance and in his mind. And  
he has all the good grace that a gentleman has.

**DUKE**

Curse me, sir, if he is as good as you say he is. He deserves  
an empress' love as well as a position to advise an emperor.  
Well, sir, this gentleman is coming to me, with  
recommendation from powerful rulers. And he is thinking  
of spending some time here. I think you like this news too.

**VALENTINE**

If I could have wished for something, it would have been for  
him to come here!

**DUKE**

Welcome him, then, according to his worth. Silvia and Sir  
Turio, I speak to you, because I don't need to urge  
Valentine. I will send Proteus here to you immediately.

*Exit***VALENTINE**

85 This is the gentleman I told your ladyship  
Had come along with me, but that his mistress  
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

**SILVIA**

Belike that now she hath enfranchised them  
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

**VALENTINE**

90 Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.

**SILVIA**

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

**VALENTINE**

Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.

**TURIO**

They say that Love hath not an eye at all.

**VALENTINE**

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

**SILVIA**

Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

*Exit TURIO**Enter PROTEUS***VALENTINE**

Welcome, dear Proteus! Mistress, I beseech you,  
100 Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

**SILVIA**

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

**VALENTINE**

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

**SILVIA**

105 Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

**PROTEUS**

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

**VALENTINE**

Leave off discourse of disability:  
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

**PROTEUS**

110 My duty will I boast of; nothing else.

**SILVIA**

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

**PROTEUS**

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

*The DUKE exits.***VALENTINE**

This is the gentleman I told your Ladyship about. He would  
have come along with me, but his mistress kept his eyes  
locked on her.

**SILVIA**

Perhaps she has now freed his eyes, and instead chosen  
another man's vow of loyalty.

**VALENTINE**

No, I think she still holds his eyes as prisoners.

**SILVIA**

No, then he should be blind. And if he's blind, how could he  
see his way to find you?

**VALENTINE**

Indeed, Lady: Love has twenty pair of eyes.

**TURIO**

They say that Love is blind.

**VALENTINE**

Love is blind to such lovers as yourself, Turio. Love can shut  
its eyes when it meets an unattractive object.

**SILVIA**

Enough, enough! Here he comes.

*TURIO exits.**PROTEUS enters.***VALENTINE**

Welcome, dear Proteus!

*[To SILVIA]* Mistress, I beg you to welcome him with a  
special favor.

**SILVIA**

His worth is a guarantee for his welcome here, if this is the  
same man that you have often wanted to hear from.

**VALENTINE**

Mistress, it is him. Sweet lady, receive him as my fellow  
servant to your ladyship.

**SILVIA**

I am a mistress too humble to have such a superior servant.

**PROTEUS**

Not at all, sweet lady. I am an unworthy servant to have  
ever seen such a worthy mistress.

**VALENTINE**

Stop this talk of inadequacy.

*[To SILVIA]* Sweet lady, receive him as your servant.

**PROTEUS**

I will only boast of my sense of duty, nothing else.

**SILVIA**

And duty never lacked its reward. You are welcome,  
servant, to a worthless mistress.

**PROTEUS**

I'll die fighting with anyone who says that--except for you,  
of course.

**SILVIA**

That you are welcome?

**PROTEUS**

115 That you are worthless.

*Re-enter TURIO*

**TURIO**

Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

**SILVIA**

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

**PROTEUS**

We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

*Exeunt SILVIA and TURIO*

**VALENTINE**

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

**PROTEUS**

125 Your friends are well and have them much commended.

**VALENTINE**

And how do yours?

**PROTEUS**

I left them all in health.

**VALENTINE**

How does your lady? And how thrives your love?

**PROTEUS**

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

**VALENTINE**

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

**PROTEUS**

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

**VALENTINE**

Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

**PROTEUS**

No; but she is an earthly paragon.

**VALENTINE**

150 Call her divine.

**SILVIA**

Anyone who says that you are welcome?

**PROTEUS**

Anyone who says that you are worthless.

*TURIO re-enters.*

**TURIO**

Madam, my lord--your father--would like to speak to you.

**SILVIA**

I will come to please him. Come, Sir Turio, go with me.

*[To PROTEUS]* Once more, welcome, new servant. I'll leave you to catch up about what's happening at home. When you're done, we look forward to hearing from you.

**PROTEUS**

We both serve your Ladyship.

*SILVIA and TURIO exit.*

**VALENTINE**

Now, tell me: how are things from where you've come?

**PROTEUS**

Your friends are well, and they send their hearty greetings.

**VALENTINE**

And how are your friends?

**PROTEUS**

They were all well when I left them.

**VALENTINE**

How is your lady doing? And how is your love?

**PROTEUS**

My tales of love used to make you tired. I know that you don't enjoy talking about love.

**VALENTINE**

Yes, Proteus, but that's all changed now. I am repenting for condemning love. Love's high, domineering thoughts have punished me with bitter fasting; with groans of penance; with nightly tears and daily sighs from heartache. In revenge for my sneering at love, love has taken sleep from my enslaved eyes, and keep them open, as watchers of my heart's sorrow. Oh, dear Proteus, Love is a powerful lord, and has made me so humble. And, I confess, no misery is as bad as that which results from love's punishment. And yet, there is no joy on earth that can compare with serving love. Now there is no discussion, except about love. Now I can have breakfast, lunch, dinner and sleep--only feeding on the mere name of love.

**PROTEUS**

That's enough. I can read it all from your eyes. Was Silvia the idol that you worship?

**VALENTINE**

That's her. And isn't she like a saint from heaven?

**PROTEUS**

No. But she is person from earth who's beyond compare.

**VALENTINE**

Call her divine.

**PROTEUS**

I will not flatter her.

**VALENTINE**

O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.

**PROTEUS**

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

**VALENTINE**

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

**PROTEUS**

Except my mistress.

**VALENTINE**

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

**PROTEUS**

Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

**VALENTINE**

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

**PROTEUS**

Why, Valentine, what braggadism is this?

**VALENTINE**

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

**PROTEUS**

Then let her alone.

**VALENTINE**

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

**PROTEUS**

But she loves you?

**VALENTINE**

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

**PROTEUS**

I won't flatter her.

**VALENTINE**

Oh, then flatter me. Because love enjoys praises.

**PROTEUS**

When I was in love, you didn't mince words. So I must give  
you the same treatment.

**VALENTINE**

Then speak the truth about her. If she is not divine, let her  
be one of the nine orders of angels, ruling all the creatures  
of the earth.

**PROTEUS**

Except for my mistress.

**VALENTINE**

Ah, no! Except for no one. Unless you will object to my love.

**PROTEUS**

Do I not have a reason to promote my own?

**VALENTINE**

And I will help you to promote her too. She will be dignified  
with this high honor: to carry my lady's train. 3 Then, the  
lowly earth won't brush against her dress. And if she did let  
the earth touch it, the earth might glow so much with pride  
that it could refuse to allow summer flowers to take root. It  
would make the harsh winter last forever.

3 A "train" in this context refers to the flowing piece of fabric that trails behind a very long dress.

**PROTEUS**

Valentine, what's with your bragging?

**VALENTINE**

I'm sorry, Proteus. All that I can say is nothing compared to  
her. Her worth makes other valuable nothing. She is unique.

**PROTEUS**

Then let her be alone and remain unique.

**VALENTINE**

Not for the whole world! Indeed, man: she is my own. And,  
having a jewel like her, I am as twenty seas--if all their sand  
were pearls; their water, nectar; and their rocks, pure gold.  
Forgive me that I'm not paying much attention to you,  
because you see me only focusing lovingly on my love. My  
foolish rival in love--the one that her father likes only  
because he is rich--has gone with her. And so I must follow  
them. Because love, as you know, is full of jealousy.

**PROTEUS**

But she loves you, doesn't she?

**VALENTINE**

Yes, and we are engaged. No, more than that. We have  
decided on the time of our marriage, as well as an  
ingenious escape plan. I must climb up to her window on a  
rope ladder, and we have planned and agreed on all the  
other details for my happiness. Good Proteus, go with me to  
my room, and you can help me with your advice on these  
matters.

**PROTEUS**

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

**VALENTINE**

Will you make haste?

**PROTEUS**

I will.

*Exit VALENTINE*

**PROTEUS**

Even as one heat another heat expels,  
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,  
So the remembrance of my former love  
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.  
Is it mine, or Valentine's praise,  
205 Her true perfection, or my false transgression,  
That makes me reasonless to reason thus?  
She is fair; and so is Julia that I love--  
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;  
Which, like a waxen image, 'gainst a fire,  
210 Bears no impression of the thing it was.  
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,  
And that I love him not as I was wont.  
O, but I love his lady too too much,  
And that's the reason I love him so little.  
215 How shall I dote on her with more advice,  
That thus without advice begin to love her!  
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,  
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;  
But when I look on her perfections,  
220 There is no reason but I shall be blind.  
If I can cheque my erring love, I will;  
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.

*Exit*

**PROTEUS**

Go before me. I will seek you out. I have to go back to the road to unpack some things from my luggage that I need to use. And then I'll help you afterwards.

**VALENTINE**

Will you hurry?

**PROTEUS**

I will.

*VALENTINE exits.*

**PROTEUS**

It's like one source of heat replaces another one; or as if one nail drives out another by being stronger. So my memory of my past love is quite forgotten because of this newer sight. Is it my or Valentine's praise of her true perfection? Or is it my faithless sin that makes me justify myself without cause? She is beautiful and so is Julia whom I love--whom I loved. My love for Julia has now melted, like an image out of wax put next to a fire, which no longer looks like the thing it was. I think that my devotion to Valentine has gone cold, and that I don't love him like I used to. Oh, but I love this lady Silvia far too much, and that's why I love him less. How shall I adore her upon more reflection, since I started to fall in love with her without giving it a thought at all? It's only her appearance that I've seen so far, and that has dazzled me more than the light of my reason. But when I come to look at her exquisite inner qualities, no doubt I will be completely blinded by love. If I can restrain my wandering love, I will. If not, I will use my skill to win her.

*PROTEUS exits.*

## Act 2, Scene 5

### Shakespeare

*Enter SPEED and LANCE severally*

**SPEED**

Lance! By mine honesty, welcome to Milan!

**LANCE**

Forswear not thyself, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this always, that a man is never undone till he be hanged, nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid and the hostess say 'Welcome!'

**SPEED**

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

**LANCE**

Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

**SPEED**

But shall she marry him?

### Shakescleare Translation

*SPEED and LANCE enter from different directions.*

**SPEED**

Lance! I swear by my honesty: welcome to Milan!

**LANCE**

Don't swear falsely by that, sweet boy, because I am not welcome. I think it's always the case that a man is never ruined until he is hanged. In the same way, a man is never welcomed in a place until some bill is paid and the landlady of an inn says: "Welcome!"

**SPEED**

Come on, you madman. I'll go to the bar with you immediately. You shall have five thousand welcomes for one payment of five pence. But, sir, how did your master say goodbye to Lady Julia?

**LANCE**

Indeed, after they genuinely hugged each other, they said goodbye cordially, as a bit of a joke.

**SPEED**

But will she marry him?

**LANCE**

No.

**SPEED**

15 How then? Shall he marry her?

**LANCE**

No, neither.

**SPEED**

What, are they broken?

**LANCE**

No, they are both as whole as a fish.

**SPEED**

Why, then, how stands the matter with them?

**LANCE**

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

**SPEED**

What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

**LANCE**

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

**SPEED**

25 What thou sayest?

**LANCE**

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

**SPEED**

It stands under thee, indeed.

**LANCE**

Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

**SPEED**

30 But tell me true, will't be a match?

**LANCE**

Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will! If he say no, it will; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.

**SPEED**

The conclusion is then that it will.

**LANCE**

35 Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

**SPEED**

'Tis well that I get it so. But, Lance, how sayest thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

**LANCE**

I never knew him otherwise.

**SPEED**

Than how?

**LANCE**

40 A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

**LANCE**

No.

**SPEED**

Then what? Will he marry her?

**LANCE**

No, not that either.

**SPEED**

What, have they broken up?

**LANCE**No, they are together; as whole as a fish .

 Lance puns on the slang use of "hole" (homonym of "whole") and "fish" for "vagina."

**SPEED**

Well then, what's the problem that caused their falling out?

**LANCE**

Indeed, this is the problem: when things are going well for him, then she is well.

**SPEED**

You are such an idiot! I don't understand you.

**LANCE**

You are such a blockhead that you can't understand me! My staff understands me.

**SPEED**

What do you say?

**LANCE**

Yes, and I do too. Look! I'll lean and my staff understands me.

**SPEED**

It stands under you, yes.

**LANCE**

Well, stand-under and under-stand is the same thing.

**SPEED**

But tell me truth: will there be a wedding?

**LANCE**

Ask my dog; if he says yes, it will. If he says no, it will. If he shakes his tail and says nothing, it will.

**SPEED**

So then it will!

**LANCE**

You will never get such a secret from me apart from using cryptic and confusing speech.

**SPEED**

It's good that I get it now. Lance, what do you say to this? My master has become a notorious lover!

**LANCE**

I never knew him as anything else.

**SPEED**

Anything else than what?

**LANCE**

A notorious lubber—a clumsy fool, as you have just said he is.

**SPEED**

Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

**LANCE**

Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

**SPEED**

I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

**LANCE**

Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself  
in love. If thou wilt, go with me to the alehouse;  
if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the  
name of a Christian.  
45

**SPEED**

Why?

**LANCE**

Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to  
50 go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

**SPEED**

At thy service.

*Exeunt*

**SPEED**

Ah, you bastard ass, you aren't understanding me!

**LANCE**

You fool, I didn't mean *you*. I meant your master!

**SPEED**

I am telling you that my master has become a passionate  
lover.

**LANCE**

I am telling you that I don't care if he burns himself in love.  
If you want to, come with me to the pub. If not, you are a  
Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

**SPEED**

Why?

**LANCE**

Because you don't have enough charity  in you to go to  
the pub with a Christian. Will you go?

 Lance uses the anti-Semitic trope  
that Jews aren't charitable; a  
prejudicial view commonly held in  
Shakespeare's England.

**SPEED**

I'm at your service.

*SPEED and LANCE exit.*

## Act 2, Scene 6

### Shakespeare

*Enter PROTEUS*

**PROTEUS**

To leave my Julia, shall I be forsown;  
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsown;  
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsown;  
And even that power which gave me first my oath  
5 Provokes me to this threefold perjury;  
Love bade me swear and Love bids me forswear.  
O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinned,  
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!  
At first I did adore a twinkling star,  
10 But now I worship a celestial sun.  
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken,  
And he wants wit that wants resolved will  
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.  
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! To call her bad,  
15 Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd  
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.  
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;  
But there I leave to love where I should love.  
Julia I lose and Valentine I lose:  
20 If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;  
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss  
For Valentine myself, for Julia Silvia.  
I to myself am dearer than a friend,  
For love is still most precious in itself;  
25 And Silvia—witness Heaven, that made her fair!--  
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiopie.  
I will forget that Julia is alive,  
Remembering that my love to her is dead;  
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,  
30 Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.  
I cannot now prove constant to myself,  
Without some treachery used to Valentine.  
This night he meaneth with a cored ladder

### Shakescleare Translation

*PROTEUS enters.*

**PROTEUS**

If I were to leave Julia, I would break my promise. If I love the beautiful Silvia, I would break my promise. And I will break an even bigger promise if I hurt my friend Valentine. And yet even love—which made me swear to be faithful to Julia—provokes me to break my promise three times over. Love made me swear, but love wants me to break that promise. Oh, sweetly tempting Love: if you have ever sinned, teach me—your tempted subject—how to justify it! At first, I adored a star, who shone for just a moment. But now I worship the heavenly sun. Thoughtless promises can be carefully broken. And a man lacks intelligence if he can't take resolute action, teaching his wit to exchange a bad thing for a better thing. Ah, ah, impudent tongue! How could you call Julia bad, when you felt her power over you, and urged it on with twenty thousand soul-strengthening oaths? I cannot stop loving, and yet I do stop loving. But I stop loving the woman I should love, Julia. If I lose Julia, then I also lose Valentine. If I keep them, I must lose myself. Yet if I lose them, then I'll change places with Valentine, and Silvia will change places with Julia. I mean more to myself than a friend means to me, since love is still most precious in and of itself. And Silvia—Heaven look, you made her so beautiful!—shows Julia to be only a dark-complexioned Ethiopian  . I will forget that Julia is alive, and remember that my love for her is therefore dead. I'll consider Valentine my enemy, and direct myself to Silvia as my sweeter friend. I cannot be faithful to myself now, without committing some act of treason on Valentine. Tonight, he is planning on climbing a rope ladder to the window of heavenly Silvia's room. He told me this in confidence, and trusts me—but I am also his rival. Now I will immediately let her father know of their deceptive plan to escape. He will be angry, and will cast Valentine out, since he wants Turio to marry his

 Proteus alludes here to Julia's darker complexion, not her ethnicity--though his statement certainly has racist overtones by today's standards. The standards of beauty in Shakespeare's day emphasized a fair appearance.

To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window,  
 35 Myself in counsel, his competitor.  
 Now presently I'll give her father notice  
 Of their disguising and pretended flight;  
 Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine;  
 40 For Turio, he intends, shall wed his daughter;  
 But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross  
 By some sly trick blunt Turio's dull proceeding.  
 Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,  
 As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift!

Exit

daughter. But as soon as Valentine is gone, I'll quickly use some clever trick to prevent the stupid Turio's progress. Love, give me wings so my purpose can be quick, just like you have lent me wit to plan this scheme!

PROTEUS exits.

## Act 2, Scene 7

### Shakespeare

*Enter JULIA and LUCETTA*

#### JULIA

Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me;  
 And even in kind love I do conjure thee,  
 Who art the table wherein all my thoughts  
 Are visibly character'd and engraved,  
 5 To lesson me and tell me some good mean  
 How, with my honour, I may undertake  
 A journey to my loving Proteus.

#### LUCETTA

Alas, the way is wearisome and long!

#### JULIA

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

#### LUCETTA

Better forbear till Proteus make return.

#### JULIA

O, know'st thou not his looks are my soul's food?  
 Pity the dearth that I have pined in,  
 By longing for that food so long a time.  
 Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,  
 Thou wouldest as soon go kindle fire with snow  
 20 As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

#### LUCETTA

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

#### JULIA

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

### Shakescleare Translation

*JULIA and LUCETTA enter.*

#### JULIA

Give me advice, Lucetta. Dear girl, help me. I beg you with kind love. You are like the notebook where all my thoughts are clearly written and engraved. So teach me, and tell me about some good method by which I could travel to my loving Proteus, and still maintain my honor.

#### LUCETTA

Ah, the journey is tiring and long!

#### JULIA

A truly devoted traveler doesn't get tired from traveling across kingdoms with his weak steps. And she who flies on Love's wings will be even less tired. Especially when she flies to someone so dear--someone of such heavenly perfection--as Sir Proteus.

#### LUCETTA

You'd better have patience until Proteus returns.

#### JULIA

Oh, don't you know that his looks are the food that my soul feeds on? It's a pity that I have to waste away in a famine, because I have been longing for that food for so long. If you only knew the inward touch of love, you would as soon light a fire with snow as try to extinguish the fire of love with words.

#### LUCETTA

I don't want to suffocate your love's hot fire, but instead moderate the fire's extreme power--so it doesn't burn beyond what's reasonable.

#### JULIA

The more you try to moderate it, the more it burns. The current that flows gently and slowly impatiently rages when it's stopped. But when its flowing isn't prevented, it creates a pleasing sound as it babbles over the smooth stones, giving a gentle kiss to every plant it passes by on its journey. And so it stops at many twisting corners; it goes off with entertaining activity toward the wild ocean. Then let me go, and don't prevent my going. I'll be as patient as the gentle stream, and make an entertainment out of every tiring step, until the last step brings me to my love. And there I will remain, as a blessed soul would in heaven, after going to a lot of trouble.

**LUCETTA**

But in what habit will you go along?

**JULIA**

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

**LUCETTA**

Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.

**JULIA**

No, girl, I'll knit it up in silken strings  
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots.  
To be fantastic may become a youth  
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

**LUCETTA**

What fashion, madam shall I make your breeches?

**JULIA**

That fits as well as 'Tell me, good my lord,  
What compass will you wear your farthingale?'  
Why even what fashion thou best likest, Lucetta.

**LUCETTA**

You must needs have them with a codpiece, madam.

**JULIA**

Out, out, Lucetta! That would be ill-favour'd.

**LUCETTA**

A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,  
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.

**JULIA**

Lucetta, as thou lovest me, let me have  
What thou thinkst meet and is most mannerly.  
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me  
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?  
I fear me, it will make me scandalized.

**LUCETTA**

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

**JULIA**

Nay, that I will not.

**LUCETTA**

Then never dream on infamy, but go.  
If Proteus like your journey when you come,  
No matter who's displeased when you are gone:  
I fear me, he will scarce be pleased withal.

**JULIA**

That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:  
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears  
And instances of infinite of love  
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

**LUCETTA**

All these are servants to deceitful men.

**JULIA**

Base men, that use them to so base effect!  
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth  
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,

**LUCETTA**

But what clothes will you wear?

**JULIA**

Not a woman's clothes, since I hope to avoid greedy men's  
improper advances. Dear Lucetta, give me clothes that are  
appropriate for some well-regarded servant.

**LUCETTA**

Well, then your Ladyship must cut your hair.

**JULIA**

No, girl. I'll tie it up with silken strings in twenty elaborately  
devised knots. Being imaginative is quite appropriate for a  
boy who's older than I will appear.

**LUCETTA**

In what style shall I make your pants?

**JULIA**

That's as if you were asking: "Tell me, my good lord, in what  
perimeter will you wear your petticoat?" In any style that  
you like, Lucetta.

**LUCETTA**

You should have the pants with a codpiece, madam.

 A codpiece was a decorative pouch attached to the front of men's breeches, covering their genitalia. Lucetta teases Julia by mentioning this suggestive article of clothing.

**JULIA**

Get out, Lucetta! That's unheard of!

**LUCETTA**

Pants aren't worth anything unless you have a codpiece to  
pin on them.

**JULIA**

Lucetta, since you love me, let me have anything that you  
think is appropriate. But tell me, girl, what will the world  
think of me for going on such an immodest journey? I am  
afraid that it will be a scandal.

**LUCETTA**

If you think so, then stay at home and don't go.

**JULIA**

No, I won't do that.

**LUCETTA**

Then don't worry about getting a bad reputation and just  
go. If Proteus is happy that you came when you arrive, it  
doesn't matter who is unhappy when you are gone. I am  
afraid that he won't be that happy about it.

**JULIA**

That is the least of my worries, Lucetta. A thousand  
promises, an ocean of his tears, and evidence of his never-  
ending love guarantee that Proteus will welcome my arrival.

**LUCETTA**

All these things simply help deceitful men in their  
treachery.

**JULIA**

They are lowly men that use them to such a lowly effect!  
But truer stars shone when Proteus was born. His words are  
binding promises; his love is sincere; his thoughts are pure;

His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,  
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,  
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

**LUCETTA**

Pray heaven he prove so, when you come to him!

**JULIA**

Now, as thou lovest me, do him not that wrong  
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:  
Only deserve my love by loving him;  
And presently go with me to my chamber,  
To take a note of what I stand in need of,  
To furnish me upon my longing journey.  
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,  
My goods, my lands, my reputation;  
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.  
Come, answer not, but to it presently!  
I am impatient of my tariance.

*Exeunt*

his tears are poor messengers sent from his heart; his heart  
is as far from lies as heaven is from earth.

**LUCETTA**

I hope to God that he'll prove to be true when you go to  
him!

**JULIA**

Now since you love me, don't speak like that about him.  
Don't have such a tough opinion of his sincerity. Earn my  
love by loving him. And go to my room immediately, to find  
out what I need to take with me on my journey, which will  
be full of yearning. I leave everything I have under your  
control: my things, my lands, my reputation. All I ask for in  
exchange is that you send me on my way. Come, don't  
answer, just do it now! I am impatient from your delay.

*JULIA and LUCETTA exit.*

## Act 3, Scene 1

### Shakespeare

*Enter DUKE, TURIO, and PROTEUS*

**DUKE**

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

*Exit TURIO*

**DUKE**

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

**PROTEUS**

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

**DUKE**

Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;  
Which to requite, command me while I live.  
25 This love of theirs myself have often seen,  
Haply when they have judged me fast asleep,  
And oftentimes have purposed to forbid  
Sir Valentine her company and my court:  
But fearing lest my jealous aim might err  
30 And so unworthily disgrace the man,  
A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,  
I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find  
That which thyself hast now disclosed to me.

### Shakescleare Translation

*The DUKE, TURIO, and PROTEUS enter.*

**DUKE**

Sir Turio, leave us alone for a while, please. We have to  
discuss some secrets.

*TURIO exits.*

**DUKE**

Now, what did you want to tell me, Proteus?

**PROTEUS**

My gracious lord, the rules of friendship tell me to keep  
certain things a secret. But when I remind myself of your  
kindness to me, my duty forces me to tell you a secret that  
nobody else could ever get out of me. My friend Sir  
Valentine is planning on stealing away with your daughter  
tonight. I have been entrusted with this secret information.  
I know you are determined to give her in marriage to Turio,  
whom your dear daughter hates. And if she were taken  
away from you like this, it would distress you--especially at  
your age. So, for the sake of my duty, I would rather choose  
to go against my friend's intended plan than hide it. That  
way, you won't be weighed down with sorrow, which could  
easily kill you.

**DUKE**

Proteus, I thank you for your honesty and care. To repay  
you, ask any favor of me while I'm still alive. I have often  
seen signs that Valentine and Silvia are in love, usually  
while they think I'm sleeping. And I have often thought of  
forbidding Sir Valentine to see her, and of banishing him  
from my court. But I was worried that my suspicions may be  
wrong, which would unfairly shame him. I put that rash  
decision out of my mind, and I looked upon him kindly in  
order to try and discover the information which you have  
just told me. You can guess that this causes me to worry  
about her. And knowing how young people are easily

And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,  
 35 Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,  
 I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,  
 The key whereof myself have ever kept;  
 And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

**PROTEUS**

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

**DUKE**

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

**PROTEUS**

Adieu, my Lord; Sir Valentine is coming.

*Exit*

*Enter VALENTINE*

**DUKE**

Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

**VALENTINE**

Please it your grace, there is a messenger  
 55 That stays to bear my letters to my friends,  
 And I am going to deliver them.

**DUKE**

Be they of much import?

**VALENTINE**

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

**DUKE**

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

**VALENTINE**

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

**DUKE**

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

tempted, I keep her in a high tower every night, and I hold onto the key so she can't be taken away.

**PROTEUS**

But, noble lord, they have come up with a plan to use a rope ladder—he'll climb up it to get to the window of her room, and will bring her down. The young man has just left to get that ladder, and he will soon come this way with it. If you wish, you may catch him bringing it here. But, my good lord, do it cleverly, so that I am not suspected of disclosing his secret plan. My love for you--not hatred of my friend--made me reveal his intention.

**DUKE**

I swear on my honor that he will never know that I heard any of this from you.

**PROTEUS**

Goodbye, my Lord. Sir Valentine is coming!

*PROTEUS exits.*

*VALENTINE enters.*

**DUKE**

Sir Valentine, where are you going so fast?

**VALENTINE**

I am sorry, your Grace . There is a messenger that is waiting to take my letters to my friends, and I'm going to give them to him.

 "Your Grace" is an honorific title to convey respect, similar to "your Highness."

**DUKE**

Are these letters important?

**VALENTINE**

They just talk of my health, and how happy I am at your court.

**DUKE**

Then they are not so important. Stay with me for a while. I want to tell you about some things that are close to my heart, and you must keep them secret. You know yourself that I have been trying to make a match between my friend Sir Turio and my daughter.

**VALENTINE**

I know that well, my Lord. And that match is rich and honorable, of course. Also, the gentleman is virtuous, generous, and worthy. And he has all the right qualities that are suitable for such a wife as your beautiful daughter will be. Can't you win her over so she likes him, your Grace?

**DUKE**

No, trust me. She is headstrong, sour, obstinate, proud, disobedient, and stubborn. She doesn't respect the duty that she owes me as my child, and doesn't fear my parental authority. And, I can tell you this, after thinking it over, this pride of hers has turned my love away from her. I thought that, in my old age, she might cherish me and be dutiful to me. But now I have decided to get a wife, and shun my daughter, so anyone can take her in. Then, let her beauty be her dowry . She is not worth me and my possessions.

 In Shakespeare's time, a dowry consisted of goods, property, or money brought by a bride to her husband upon their marriage. A sizable dowry would incentivize marriage.

**VALENTINE**

What would your Grace have me to do in this?

**DUKE**

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

**VALENTINE**

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

**DUKE**

But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

**VALENTINE**

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

**DUKE**

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

**VALENTINE**

Why, then, I would resort to her by night.

**DUKE**

Ay, but the doors be lock'd and keys kept safe,  
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

**VALENTINE**

115 What lets but one may enter at her window?

**DUKE**

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

**VALENTINE**

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

**DUKE**

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

**VALENTINE**

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

**VALENTINE**

Your Grace, what do you want me to do about this?

**DUKE**

There is a lady here in Verona whom I love. But she is  
reluctant and shy, and does not care to speak of love with  
me, an old man. I'd like you to be my tutor, since it's been a  
while and I have forgotten how to woo. And the fashion of  
the time has changed too. Tell me how and in what way I  
should behave to be well-regarded in her eyes.

**VALENTINE**

Win her with gifts, if she doesn't care for words. Jewels  
often influence a woman's mind; they're silent, but jewels  
move a woman quicker than words ever could.

**DUKE**

But she refused a gift that I sent her.

**VALENTINE**

A woman sometimes refuses what she likes the best. Send  
her another gift; don't give up on her. Refusal at first makes  
later love greater. If she frowns, it's not because she hates  
you. Instead, she wants to get more love out of you. If she  
tells you off, it's not because she wants you to stop or go  
away. These foolish women go crazy when they are left  
alone. Don't take her refusals seriously, no matter what she  
says. When she says "leave," she doesn't necessarily mean  
"go away." Flatter her, praise her, elaborate on all her  
virtues. However dark-complexioned women may be, say  
that they have angels' faces. I think that a man that has a  
tongue is no man at all if he can't use his tongue to win a  
woman.

**DUKE**

But her family has promised to marry her to some young,  
worthy gentleman. She is kept away from any other men, so  
that no man has access to her during the day.

**VALENTINE**

Well then, I would go to her at night.

**DUKE**

Yes, but her door is locked. And the keys are kept safely  
tucked away, so that no man can get to her at night.

**VALENTINE**

What prevents you from entering her room through her  
window?

**DUKE**

Her room is up high, quite far from the ground. And it's built  
in a way that you can't climb up without endangering your  
life.

**VALENTINE**

Well, then a ladder made out of ropes could be thrown up  
to her, and set with a pair of heavy hooks. These would  
work to get to another Hero's tower <sup>3</sup>, so bold Leander  
would try to reach her.

<sup>3</sup> Valentine refers to the mythical Hero, who showed her lover Leander the way to her room by hanging a light in her tower.

**DUKE**

Now, since you are a gentleman from a good family, tell me  
where I may find such a ladder.

**VALENTINE**

When would you need it? Please tell me when, sir.

**DUKE**

This very night; for Love is like a child,  
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

**VALENTINE**

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

**DUKE**

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

**VALENTINE**

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

**DUKE**

A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

**VALENTINE**

Ay, my good lord.

**DUKE**

Then let me see thy cloak:  
I'll get me one of such another length.

**VALENTINE**

Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

**DUKE**

How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?  
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.  
What letter is this same? What's here? 'To Silvia'!  
And here an engine fit for my proceeding.  
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once.

*Reads*

**DUKE**

'My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,  
And slaves they are to me that send them flying:  
O, could their master come and go as lightly,  
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying!  
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them:  
While I, their king, that hither them importune,  
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd  
them,  
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:  
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,  
That they should harbour where their lord would be.'  
What's here?  
'Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.'  
'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.  
Why, Phaeton,--for thou art Merops' son,--  
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car  
And with thy daring folly burn the world?  
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?  
Go, base intruder! Overweening slave!  
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,  
And think my patience, more than thy desert,  
Is privilege for thy departure hence:  
Thank me for this more than for all the favours  
Which all too much I have bestow'd on thee.  
But if thou linger in my territories  
Longer than swiftest expedition  
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,  
By heaven! My wrath shall far exceed the love  
I ever bore my daughter or thyself.  
Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;  
But, as thou lovest thy life, make speed from hence.

**DUKE**

Tonight! Because Love is like a child. It wants everything  
that it can get.

**VALENTINE**

I'll get you this ladder by seven o'clock.

**DUKE**

But, wait. I will be going to her alone, so how can I carry the  
ladder there?

**VALENTINE**

It's not heavy, my lord. And you can hide it under any coat,  
long or short.

**DUKE**

Would a coat as long as yours work?

**VALENTINE**

Yes, my good lord.

**DUKE**

Then let me see your coat. I'll get one of this length for  
myself.

**VALENTINE**

Any coat will be work, my lord.

**DUKE**

How can I get used to wearing a coat? Please, let me try  
yours. [He tries on the coat and finds a letter] What's this  
letter? What does it say? [Reading] "To Silvia!" This is a  
device suitable for the very scheme I have been planning.  
I'll be so bold as to break the seal for once.

*DUKE reads.*

**DUKE**

[Reading] "My thoughts take refuge with my Silvia every  
night, and whoever sends those thoughts flying are like  
scoundrels to me. Oh, if only I could come and go as easily  
my thoughts. Then I would choose to stay where all my  
thoughts of Silvia reside imperceptibly within my mind. My  
thoughts are like messages delivered to your pure heart.  
I--their sender--urge them to go there. But I also curse the  
good fortune that my thoughts have been blessed with,  
because I long to be as lucky as they are. I curse myself  
because even though I'm the one who sent them, I can't be  
where they get to be--with you." What's this here?  
[Reading] "Silvia, I will free you tonight." Is that so? And here  
is the ladder for that purpose. Are you like Phaeton,  
Merops' son, and will you hope to drive the heavenly  
chariot and burn the world with your daring foolishness?  
Will you reach the stars because they shine on you? Go, you  
lowly invader! You arrogant scoundrel! Give your smiles to  
women of your own worth. I hope you know that it is  
because of my patience--and not because you deserve it in  
any way--that I'm allowing you to leave. Thank me for this  
more than for all the kind things I've done for you--of which  
there have been far too many. But, if you stay behind in my  
lands longer than the short time that I'll give you to leave  
my royal court, I swear to God that my anger will be  
stronger than the love I've ever had for my daughter or for  
you. Get out of here! I don't want to hear any of your  
excuses. If you love your life, you'd better get out of here as  
fast as possible.

. 4 Shakespeare uses the more general term "bosom" to represent where Valentine imagines his thoughts residing within Silvia.

. 5 Phaeton was the son of the Greek sun god, Helios. Once he was allowed to drive his father's chariot, he crashed it, scalding the earth with the falling sun's rays.

*Exit*

*The DUKE exits.*

**VALENTINE**

And why not death rather than living torment?  
 To die is to be banish'd from myself;  
 And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her  
 Is self from self: a deadly banishment!  
 What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?  
 What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?  
 Unless it be to think that she is by  
 And feed upon the shadow of perfection  
 Except I be by Silvia in the night,  
 There is no music in the nightingale;  
 Unless I look on Silvia in the day,  
 There is no day for me to look upon;  
 She is my essence, and I leave to be,  
 If I be not by her fair influence  
 Foster'd, illumined, cherish'd, kept alive.  
 I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:  
 Tarry I here, I but attend on death:  
 But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

*Enter PROTEUS and LANCE*

**PROTEUS**

Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

**LANCE**

Soho, soho!

**PROTEUS**

What seest thou?

**LANCE**

195 Him we go to find: there's not a hair on's head  
 but 'tis a Valentine.

**PROTEUS**

Valentine?

**VALENTINE**

No.

**PROTEUS**

Who then? His spirit?

**VALENTINE**

200 Neither.

**PROTEUS**

What then?

**VALENTINE**

Nothing.

**LANCE**

Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

**PROTEUS**

Who wouldest thou strike?

**LANCE**

205 Nothing.

**PROTEUS**

Villain, forbear.

**LANCE**

Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,--

**PROTEUS**

Sirrah, I say, forbear. Friend Valentine, a word.

**VALENTINE**

And why don't I die rather than live in torment? To die is to be banished from myself, and Silvia *is* myself. Being banished from her is like being banished from myself. That's a deadly banishment! What light is light, if Silvia can't be seen? What joy is joy, if Silvia isn't nearby? Unless joy is to simply think that she is nearby and feed on that image of perfection. If I'm not by Silvia during the night, then the nightingale doesn't sing. Unless I look at Silvia during the day, there is no day for me to see. She is my everything, and I will cease to exist if I am not nurtured, illuminated, comforted, and kept alive by her power. It'll be as bad as dying under his death sentence if I run away. But, I will flee--even though I'll be fleeing from life itself.

*PROTEUS and LANCE enter.*

**PROTEUS**

Run, boy, run, run; and look for him.

**LANCE**

Oh, oh!

**PROTEUS**

What do you see?

**LANCE**

I found the man we wanted to find. Look, I swear that every hair on that man's head belongs to Valentine.

**PROTEUS**

Valentine?

**VALENTINE**

No.

**PROTEUS**

Who then? His ghost?

**VALENTINE**

Not his ghost neither.

**PROTEUS**

What then?

**VALENTINE**

Nothing.

**LANCE**

Can nothing speak? Master, shall I hit it?

**PROTEUS**

Who would you hit?

**LANCE**

Nothing.

**PROTEUS**

Rogue, stand by.

**LANCE**

But sir, I won't hit anything, I swear--

**PROTEUS**

I said, stand by, sir.

*[To VALENTINE] Valentine, my friend, speak to me.*

**VALENTINE**

My ears are stopt and cannot hear good news,  
210 So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

**PROTEUS**

Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,  
For they are harsh, untuneable and bad.

**VALENTINE**

Is Silvia dead?

**PROTEUS**

No, Valentine.

**VALENTINE**

215 No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia.  
Hath she forsworn me?

**PROTEUS**

No, Valentine.

**VALENTINE**

No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me.  
What is your news?

**LANCE**

220 Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.

**PROTEUS**

That thou art banished--O, that's the news!--  
From hence, from Silvia and from me thy friend.

**VALENTINE**

225 O, I have fed upon this woe already,  
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.  
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?

**PROTEUS**

Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom--  
Which, unreversed, stands in effectual force--  
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:  
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;  
230 With them, upon her knees, her humble self;  
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them  
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:  
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,  
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,  
235 Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;  
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.  
Besides, her intercession chafed him so,  
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,  
That to close prison he commanded her,  
240 With many bitter threats of bidding there.

**VALENTINE**

No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st  
Have some malignant power upon my life:  
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,  
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

**PROTEUS**

245 Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,  
And study help for that which thou lament'st.  
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.  
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;  
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.  
250 Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that  
And manage it against despairing thoughts.  
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;  
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd  
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.  
255 The time now serves not to expostulate:  
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate;

**VALENTINE**

My ears are blocked up and can't hear good news, since  
they have been packed with so much bad news already.

**PROTEUS**

Then I will bury my news in silence, because my news is  
harsh and bad.

**VALENTINE**

Is Silvia dead?

**PROTEUS**

No, Valentine.

**VALENTINE**

Then, indeed, there will be no Valentine for sacred Silvia.  
Has she rejected me?

**PROTEUS**

No, Valentine.

**VALENTINE**

There will be no Valentine, if Silvia has rejected me. What is  
your news?

**LANCE**

Sir, it has been announced that you are vanished.

**PROTEUS**

That you are banished! Oh, that's the news! Banished from  
here, from Silvia and from me, your friend.

**VALENTINE**

Oh, I have already heard this bad news--and now more of it  
will make me ill. Does Silvia know that I am banished?

**PROTEUS**

Yes, yes, and her reaction to the sentence--which, as long as  
it's not reversed, will be as powerful as ever--was a sea of  
tears. She offered them and her whole self at her father's  
feet, begging on her knees. She was wringing her hands,  
which were so white it was like they had just gone pale with  
sadness. But neither her knees, nor her hands held up. Her  
sad sighs, deep groans, and tears couldn't reach out to her  
unfeeling father. But, if you are taken, you will die. Also, her  
prayer--in which she asked for the reversal of your  
sentence--made her father so angry that he locked her up in  
a secluded prison. He made many awful threats if she didn't  
stay there.

**VALENTINE**

Say no more, unless your next word has some evil power  
over my life. If so, then I ask you, whisper it in my ear, like a  
tune playing at my funeral, to remember my endless  
suffering.

**PROTEUS**

Stop moaning; that won't help you. Instead, let's figure out  
how to help the situation you are moaning about. Time  
heals all wounds, and makes everything good. If you stay  
here, you won't be able to see your love. Besides, your  
staying here will shorten your life. Hope is like a lover's staff,  
and therefore you can walk with that and handle it against  
your despairing thoughts. Your letters can be here, even if  
you are away. Address them to me, and they'll be delivered  
your love's milk-white bosom. We have no time to discuss it  
further. Come, I'll walk you out through the city gate. And,  
before I say goodbye, we'll discuss anything that may  
concern your love affair in detail. For your love of Silvia--

And, ere I part with thee, confer at large  
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.  
As thou lovest Silvia, though not for thyself,  
Regard thy danger, and along with me!

260

**VALENTINE**

I pray thee, Lance, an if thou seest my boy,  
Bid him make haste and meet me at the North-gate.

**PROTEUS**

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

**VALENTINE**

O my dear Silvia! Hapless Valentine!

265

*Exeunt VALENTINE and PROTEUS*

**LANCE**

I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love; yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milkmaid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips; yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel; which is much in a bare Christian.

270

275

*Pulling out a paper*

**LANCE**

Here is the cate-log of her condition.  
'Imprimis: She can fetch and carry!' Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. 'Item: She can milk;' look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

280

*Enter SPEED*

**SPEED**

How now, Signior Lance! What news with your mastership?

285

**LANCE**

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

**SPEED**

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

**LANCE**

The blackest news that ever thou heardest.

**SPEED**

Why, man, how black?

**LANCE**

290

Why, as black as ink.

**SPEED**

Let me read them.

**LANCE**

Fie on thee, jolt-head! Thou canst not read.

even if not for your own sake--do what you can to avoid danger, and come along with me!

**VALENTINE**

Lance, if you see my boy, tell him to hurry up and meet me at the North Gate, please.

**PROTEUS**

*[To LANCE]* Go find him, sir.

*[To VALENTINE]* Come, Valentine.

**VALENTINE**

Oh, my dear Silvia! Unfortunate Valentine!

*VALENTINE and PROTEUS exit.*

**LANCE**

I am only a fool, you know. And yet I am clever enough to think that my master is some kind of villain. But that's all right if he's one specific kind of a villain. Not a man alive knows that I am in love. Yet I am in love. But a group of horses can't get that secret out of me, nor whom I love. And yet, it's a woman, but I won't say what woman. And yet, it's a milkmaid. Yet, it's not a servant, because she knows the gossip and provides domestic services for money. She has more accomplishments than a submissive dog, which is saying a lot for a mere Christian.

*LANCE pulls out a piece of paper.*

**LANCE**

Here is the list of her attributes. *[Reading]* "In the first place: She can bring and carry things." A horse can do that. No, a horse can't bring things, but only carry them. Therefore, she is better than a worthless old horse. *[Reading]* "Next: She can milk a cow." Yes, that is a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

*SPEED enters.*

**SPEED**

How are you, Mr. <sup>6</sup> Lance? What is the news with your Mastership?

<sup>6</sup> In the original text, Speed uses an Italianate form of address for a man ("signior"), appropriate for the scene's setting in Milan.

**LANCE**

With my master's ship <sup>7</sup>? It's at sea.

<sup>7</sup> Lance mishears Speed's honorific term of address "your Mastership."

**SPEED**

Ah, your old bad habit! You didn't understand the word. What news is in your paper, then?

**LANCE**

The blackest news that you've ever heard.

**SPEED**

How black, man?

**LANCE**

As black as ink.

**SPEED**

Let me read the news.

**LANCE**

Damn you, idiot! You can't read.

**SPEED**

Thou liest; I can.

**LANCE**

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

**SPEED**

295 Marry, the son of my grandfather.

**LANCE**

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

**SPEED**

Come, fool, come; try me in thy paper.

**LANCE**

There; and St. Nicholas be thy speed!

**SPEED**

300 [Reads] 'Imprimis: She can milk.'

**LANCE**

Ay, that she can.

**SPEED**

'Item: She brews good ale.'

**LANCE**

And thereof comes the proverb: 'Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.'

**SPEED**

305 'Item: She can sew.'

**LANCE**

That's as much as to say, 'Can she so?'

**SPEED**

'Item: She can knit.'

**LANCE**

What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

**SPEED**

310 'Item: She can wash and scour.'

**LANCE**

A special virtue: for then she need not be washed and scoured.

**SPEED**

'Item: She can spin.'

**LANCE**

Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

**SPEED**

'Item: She hath many nameless virtues.'

**LANCE**

That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers and therefore have no names.

**SPEED**

You lie. I can.

**LANCE**

I will test you. Tell me, who conceived you?

**SPEED**

Indeed, my grandfather's son.

**LANCE**

Oh, you illiterate slowpoke! It was your *grandmother's* son. This proves that you can't read.

**SPEED**

Come on, you fool, come on! Test me with your paper.

**LANCE**

Start reading here, and may St. Nicholas  help you!

 Lance suggests that Speed will need the help of St. Nicholas--the patron saint of scholars--to read the paper. He feels Speed can't read without divine intervention.

**SPEED**

[Reading] "In the first place: She can milk."

**LANCE**

Yes, that she can do.

**SPEED**

[Reading] "Next: She makes good beer."

**LANCE**

And that's where the proverb comes from: "Bless your heart, you make a good beer."

**SPEED**

[Reading] "Next: She can stitch."

**LANCE**

That's as if we were to say: "Can she really?"

**SPEED**

[Reading] "Next: She can knit."

**LANCE**

Why does a man need a dowry from a woman when she can knit him a stocking?

**SPEED**

[Reading] "Next: She can wash and scrub."

**LANCE**

That's a special virtue, because then she doesn't need to be cleaned and rubbed clean.

**SPEED**

[Reading] "Next: She can spin thread."

**LANCE**

Then I may have an easy life, when she can spin for a living.

**SPEED**

[Reading] "Next: She has many inexpressible qualities."

**LANCE**

That's as if we were to say that she has illegitimate children that don't know their fathers, and, therefore, have no names.

**SPEED**

320 'Here follow her vices.'

**LANCE**

Close at the heels of her virtues.

**SPEED**

'Item: She is not to be kissed fasting in respect of her breath.'

**LANCE**

Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

**SPEED**

'Item: She hath a sweet mouth.'

**LANCE**

That makes amends for her sour breath.

**SPEED**

'Item: She doth talk in her sleep.'

**LANCE**

It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

**SPEED**

330 'Item: She is slow in words.'

**LANCE**

O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

**SPEED**

'Item: She is proud.'

**LANCE**

335 Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

**SPEED**

'Item: She hath no teeth.'

**LANCE**

I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

**SPEED**

'Item: She is curst.'

**LANCE**

340 Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

**SPEED**

'Item: She will often praise her liquor.'

**LANCE**

If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

**SPEED**

'Item: She is too liberal.'

**LANCE**

345 Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut: now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

**SPEED**

[Reading] "Here are her bad qualities."

**LANCE**

Right after the list of her virtues.

**SPEED**

[Reading] "Next: She shouldn't be kissed before she has eaten, because of her breath."

**LANCE**

Well, that fault can be fixed by breakfast. Carry on reading.

**SPEED**

[Reading] "Next: She has a sweet tooth."

**LANCE**

That makes up for her sour breath.

**SPEED**

[Reading] "Next: She talks in her sleep."

**LANCE**

That doesn't matter, as long as she doesn't sleep when she talks.

**SPEED**

[Reading] "Next: She is slow with words."

**LANCE**

Oh, you rogue! You put that as one of her *bad* qualities! To be slow with words is a woman's only virtue. Take it out of there, I beg you, and put it as her main virtue.

**SPEED**

[Reading] "Next: She is greedy."

**LANCE**

Take that one out too. Women got that quality from Eve in the Garden of Eden, and greed can't be taken from her.

**SPEED**

[Reading] "Next: She doesn't have any teeth."

**LANCE**

I don't care about that one either, because I love to eat crusts.

**SPEED**

[Reading] "Next: She is bad-tempered."

**LANCE**

Well, at least she has no teeth to bite me with.

**SPEED**

[Reading] "Next: She drinks liquor often."

**LANCE**

If her liquor is good, she will drink it. If she won't drink it, I will--because good things should be drunk.

**SPEED**

[Reading] "Next: She is too unrestrained."

**LANCE**

She can't be unrestrained in speaking, because the list says she is slow in that. She can't be unrestrained with her money, because I will be in charge of the money. Now, she may be unrestrained in another thing <sup>9</sup>, and I can't help that. Well, carry on.

<sup>9</sup> Lance may be alluding to the woman's lack of sexual restraint, as

**SPEED**

350 'Item: She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.'

**LANCE**

Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

**SPEED**

'Item: She hath more hair than wit,'--

**LANCE**

355 More hair than wit? It may be; I'll prove it. The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's next?

**SPEED**

360 'And more faults than hairs,'--

**LANCE**

That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

**SPEED**

'And more wealth than faults.'

**LANCE**

365 Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,--

**SPEED**

What then?

**LANCE**

Why, then will I tell thee--that thy master stays for thee at the North-gate.

**SPEED**

For me?

**LANCE**

370 For thee! Ay, who art thou? He hath stayed for a better man than thee.

**SPEED**

And must I go to him?

**LANCE**

Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long that going will scarce serve the turn.

**SPEED**

375 Why didst not tell me sooner? Pox of your love letters!

*Exit*

**LANCE**

Now will he be swinged for reading my letter; an unmannly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets! I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction.

"thing" has sexual overtones--often used in Elizabethan slang as "penis."

**SPEED**

[Reading] "Next: She has more hair than wisdom; and more faults than hair; and more money than faults."

**LANCE**

Stop there. I will have her. She was mine, and then not mine--two or three times in that last item you read. Say that one again.

**SPEED**

[Reading] "Next: She has more hair than wisdom,--"

**LANCE**

More hair than wisdom? It very well may be; let me prove it logically. The lid of a large salt container hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt. The hair that covers the wisdom is more than the wisdom, because the greater hides the smaller. What's next?

**SPEED**

[Reading] "And more faults than hair,--"

**LANCE**

That's outrageous! Oh, that should not be on the list.

**SPEED**

[Reading] "And more money than faults."

**LANCE**

That fact makes the faults acceptable. Well, I'll have her; and if it's a match, since nothing is impossible--

**SPEED**

Then what?

**LANCE**

Then I'll tell you that my master is waiting for you at the North Gate.

**SPEED**

For me?

**LANCE**

For you! Yes, who are you? He has waited for a better man than you.

**SPEED**

And should I go to him?

**LANCE**

You must *run* to him, because you've stayed here for so long that just *going* won't be enough.

**SPEED**

Why didn't you tell me earlier? Curse your love letters!

*SPEED exits.*

**LANCE**

Now he will be beaten for reading my letter. He is an ill-mannered rascal who will reveal all secrets! I'll follow him so that I can enjoy watching his punishment.

[Exit](#)*LANCE* exits.

## Act 3, Scene 2

### Shakespeare

*Enter DUKE and TURIO***DUKE**

Sir Turio, fear not but that she will love you,  
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

**Turio**

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

**DUKE**

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

*Enter PROTEUS***DUKE**

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

**PROTEUS**

Gone, my good lord.

**DUKE**

15 My daughter takes his going grievously.

**PROTEUS**

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

**DUKE**

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

**PROTEUS**

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

**DUKE**

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

**PROTEUS**

25 I do, my lord.

**DUKE**

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

**PROTEUS**

She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

**DUKE**

Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.  
30 What might we do to make the girl forget  
The love of Valentine and love Sir Turio?

### Shakescleare Translation

*The DUKE and TURIO enter.***DUKE**

Sir Turio, don't be worried! She will love you now that Valentine is banished and out of her sight.

**TURIO**

Since his departure, she has hated me the most. She's rejected my company, and ranted so abusively at me that I have no chance in gaining her favor.

**DUKE**

This weak impression of love is a shape cut out ice, which will dissolve into water and lose its form if you heat it for an hour. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, and she'll forget all about worthless Valentine.

*PROTEUS enters.***DUKE**

How are you, Sir Proteus? Is your friend gone, just like our announcement says?

**PROTEUS**

He's gone, my good lord.

**DUKE**

My daughter grieves over his departure.

**PROTEUS**

It will take just a little time for her grief to be over, my lord.

**DUKE**

I believe so too, but Turio doesn't think so. Since you've shown some signs that you deserve the good opinion I have of you, I feel more inclined to talk to you.

**PROTEUS**

I will prove my loyalty to your Grace. If not, don't let me live any longer to look upon your face.

**DUKE**

You know how willingly I would bring about the marriage between Sir Turio and my daughter.

**PROTEUS**

I do, my lord.

**DUKE**

And I also think that you are quite aware of how vehemently she disagrees with my plan for her future.

**PROTEUS**

She did disagree when Valentine was here, my lord.

**DUKE**

Yes, and she continues to do so. What could we do to make her forget her love for Valentine, and to love Sir Turio instead?

**PROTEUS**

The best way is to slander Valentine  
With falsehood, cowardice and poor descent,  
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

**DUKE**

35 Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

**PROTEUS**

Ay, if his enemy deliver it:  
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken  
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

**DUKE**

Then you must undertake to slander him.

**PROTEUS**

40 And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do:  
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman,  
Especially against his very friend.

**DUKE**

Where your good word cannot advantage him,  
Your slander never can endamage him;  
45 Therefore the office is indifferent,  
Being entreated to it by your friend.

**PROTEUS**

You have prevail'd, my lord; if I can do it  
By ought that I can speak in his dispraise,  
She shall not long continue love to him.  
50 But say this weed her love from Valentine,  
It follows not that she will love Sir Turio.

**TURIO**

Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,  
Lest it should ravel and be good to none,  
You must provide to bottom it on me;  
55 Which must be done by praising me as much  
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

**DUKE**

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

**PROTEUS**

As much as I can do, I will effect:  
But you, Sir Turio, are not sharp enough;  
You must lay lime to tangle her desires  
70 By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes  
Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows.

**DUKE**

Ay,  
Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

**PROTEUS**

Say that upon the altar of her beauty  
75 You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:  
Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears  
Moist it again, and frame some feeling line  
That may discover such integrity:  
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,

**PROTEUS**

The best way is to speak badly of Valentine--speak of his falsehood, cowardice, and low social status. Women hate these three things very much.

**DUKE**

Yes, but she'll think that this criticism is motivated by hatred.

**PROTEUS**

Yes, but only if Valentine's enemy says these things to her. That's why someone she considers as his friend should speak about this with detailed evidence.

**DUKE**

Then you have to speak badly of him.

**PROTEUS**

I am very reluctant to do that, my lord. It doesn't suit a gentleman, especially if he does it against his best friend.

**DUKE**

Since your good words can't help him, your bad words can't hurt him. Therefore, your position is indifferent, since I am asking you to do it as a friend.

**PROTEUS**

You have won me over, my lord. If I can do it by saying things in order to damage his reputation, she won't continue to love him. But, even if we root out her love for Valentine, it doesn't necessarily mean that she will then love Sir Turio.

**TURIO**

Therefore, as you untangle her from her love for Valentine--unless it should get tangled up and be of no use to any of us--you must prepare to wind her around me. This must be done by praising me just as much as you speak badly of Sir Valentine.

**DUKE**

And Proteus, we trust you with all of this because we know--from Valentine--that you are already a great preacher of love, and wouldn't go against it and change your mind all of a sudden. I authorize you to have access to Silvia; you may speak together as much as you want, since she is dull, gloomy, and melancholy. She'll be happy to see you, her friend. There you may mold her by your persuasion to hate young Valentine, and to love my friend Turio.

**PROTEUS**

I will do as much as I can.

*[To TURIO]* But you, Sir Turio, are not eager enough. You must lay a trap to catch her desires with longing love poems, whose carefully-constructed rhymes should be entirely filled with vows of service.

**DUKE**

Yes, that's the poetry inspired by heaven.

**PROTEUS**

Say to her that you sacrifice your tears, your sighs, and your heart on the altar of her beauty. Write until your pen is dry, and make it wet again with your tears. Compose some emotional poetry that may reveal your absolute devotion. Indeed, *Orpheus* [1] 'lute [2] was strung with poets' tendons. When he played, his golden touch could melt steel

<sup>1</sup> According to Greek legend, Proteus was a skillful musician whose music could charm even animals, rocks, and trees.

Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,  
Make tigers tame and huge Leviathans  
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.  
After your dire-lamenting elegies,  
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window  
85 With some sweet concert; to their instruments  
Tune a deplored dump: the night's dead silence  
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.  
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

**DUKE**

This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

**TURIO**

90 And thy advice this night I'll put in practise.  
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,  
Let us into the city presently  
To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music.  
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn  
95 To give the onset to thy good advice.

**DUKE**

About it, gentlemen!

**PROTEUS**

We'll wait upon your grace till after supper,  
And afterward determine our proceedings.

**DUKE**

Even now about it! I will pardon you.

100

*Exeunt*

and stones, make tigers tame, and huge sea monsters abandon the unfathomed parts of the sea. After sending your deeply sorrowful, yearning love poems, come to the window of your lady's room at night with a group of musicians. Sing a melancholic melody to the music of their instruments. The night's dead silence will be perfect for such a sweet lament. If this doesn't win her over, nothing will.

 The lute is a string instrument (somewhat similar to a guitar), a more contemporary stand-in for Orpheus' ancient lyre.

**DUKE**

This teaching shows that you have been in love.

**TURIO**

And I'll put your advice to practice tonight. Therefore, sweet Proteus, my giver of directions: let's go to the city at once, to choose some gentlemen who are skilled musicians. I have a sonnet that will work; it will do the trick, according to your good advice.

**DUKE**

Get on with it, gentlemen!

**PROTEUS**

We'll wait for your Grace until after dinner, and then we'll determine what to do afterwards.

**DUKE**

So get on with it now! I excuse you.

*They all exit.*

## Act 4, Scene 1

### Shakespeare

*Enter certain Outlaws*

**FIRST OUTLAW**

Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.

**SECOND OUTLAW**

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

*Enter VALENTINE and SPEED*

**THIRD OUTLAW**

Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye:  
5 If not: we'll make you sit and rifle you.

**SPEED**

Sir, we are undone; these are the villains  
That all the travellers do fear so much.

**VALENTINE**

My friends,--

**FIRST OUTLAW**

That's not so, sir: we are your enemies.

**SECOND OUTLAW**

10 Peace! We'll hear him.

**THIRD OUTLAW**

Ay, by my beard, will we, for he's a proper man.

### Shakescleare Translation

*Several OUTLAWS enter.*

**FIRST OUTLAW**

Be ready, guys. I see a traveler.

**SECOND OUTLAW**

If there are ten of them, don't hesitate. Take them down.

*VALENTINE and SPEED enter.*

**THIRD OUTLAW**

Stop, sir, and give us what you've got there. If not, we'll make you sit, and we'll rob you.

**SPEED**

Sir, this is the end of us. These are the villains that all travelers are afraid of.

**VALENTINE**

My friends,--

**FIRST OUTLAW**

No, sir. We are your enemies.

**SECOND OUTLAW**

Quiet! Let's hear him out.

**THIRD OUTLAW**

Yes, I swear by my beard that we will. He is a fine-looking man.

**VALENTINE**

Then know that I have little wealth to lose:  
A man I am cross'd with adversity;  
My riches are these poor habiliments,  
15 Of which if you should here disfurnish me,  
You take the sum and substance that I have.

**SECOND OUTLAW**

Whither travel you?

**VALENTINE**

To Verona.

**FIRST OUTLAW**

Whence came you?

**VALENTINE**

20 From Milan.

**THIRD OUTLAW**

Have you long sojourned there?

**VALENTINE**

Some sixteen months, and longer might have stay'd,  
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

**FIRST OUTLAW**

What, were you banish'd thence?

**VALENTINE**

25 I was.

**SECOND OUTLAW**

For what offence?

**VALENTINE**

For that which now torments me to rehearse:  
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;  
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,  
30 Without false vantage or base treachery.

**FIRST OUTLAW**

Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.  
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

**VALENTINE**

I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

**SECOND OUTLAW**

Have you the tongues?

**VALENTINE**

35 My youthful travel therein made me happy,  
Or else I often had been miserable.

**THIRD OUTLAW**

By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,  
This fellow were a king for our wild faction!

**FIRST OUTLAW**

We'll have him. Sirs, a word.

**SPEED**

40 Master, be one of them; it's an honourable kind of  
thievery.

**VALENTINE**

Peace, villain!

**VALENTINE**

Then you should know that I don't have much wealth to  
lose. I am a man destroyed by misfortune. I only own these  
poor clothes, and if you would deprive me of those, you'd  
take everything that I have.

**SECOND OUTLAW**

Where are you heading?

**VALENTINE**

To Verona.

**FIRST OUTLAW**

Where did you come from?

**VALENTINE**

From Milan.

**THIRD OUTLAW**

Did you stay there for a long time?

**VALENTINE**

Around sixteen months; we might have stayed longer if  
such bad luck hadn't come my way.

**FIRST OUTLAW**

What, were you banished from there?

**VALENTINE**

I was.

**SECOND OUTLAW**

For what crime?

**VALENTINE**

For something that's painful to repeat now. I killed a man,  
and I regret his death very much. But I killed him in a fight  
like a man should, without unfair advantage or lowly  
treachery.

**FIRST OUTLAW**

Well, since it was done in that way, you don't have to regret  
it. But were you banished for just this small crime?

**VALENTINE**

I was, and I was glad to get such a reasonable sentence.

**SECOND OUTLAW**

Can you speak any foreign languages?

**VALENTINE**

Thanks to the traveling I did in my younger years, I am  
accomplished in speaking other languages. Otherwise, I  
would have been miserable quite often.

**THIRD OUTLAW**

By the bare head of Robin Hood's fat priest<sup>1</sup>, this guy  
would be a king for our wild group!

<sup>1</sup> Here, Shakespeare refers to Friar Tuck, a companion of the legendary Robin Hood, whose merry gang stole from the rich to give to the poor.

**FIRST OUTLAW**

We'll have him. Sirs, a word.

**SPEED**

Master, you should be one of them! It's an honorable kind of  
thievery.

**VALENTINE**

Quiet, rogue!

**SECOND OUTLAW**

Tell us this: have you any thing to take to?

**VALENTINE**

Nothing but my fortune.

**THIRD OUTLAW**

45 Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,  
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth  
Thrust from the company of awful men:  
Myself was from Verona banished  
For practising to steal away a lady,  
50 An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

**SECOND OUTLAW**

And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,  
Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

**FIRST OUTLAW**

And I for such like petty crimes as these,  
But to the purpose—for we cite our faults,  
55 That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives;  
And partly, seeing you are beautified  
With goodly shape and by your own report  
A linguist and a man of such perfection  
As we do in our quality much want--

**SECOND OUTLAW**

60 Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,  
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:  
Are you content to be our general?  
To make a virtue of necessity  
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

**THIRD OUTLAW**

65 What say'st thou? Wilt thou be of our consort?  
Say ay, and be the captain of us all:  
We'll do thee homage and be ruled by thee,  
Love thee as our commander and our king.

**FIRST OUTLAW**

But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

**SECOND OUTLAW**

70 Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

**VALENTINE**

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

**THIRD OUTLAW**

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

*Exeunt*

**SECOND OUTLAW**

Tell us: do you have any resources?

**VALENTINE**

Nothing apart from my fortune.

**THIRD OUTLAW**

You should know that some of us are gentlemen, thrust  
from the company of respectful men like reckless  
youngsters. I was banished from Verona for plotting to steal  
a lady, an heir, who was closely allied with the Duke.

**SECOND OUTLAW**

And I was banished from Mantua because I stabbed a  
gentlemen in the heart in a rage.

**FIRST OUTLAW**

And I was banished for small crimes like these. But let's  
focus on our purpose. We acknowledge our faults so that  
they may justify our lawless lives. And also because we see  
that you are of a beautiful physical appearance; and by  
what you said to us, you're a linguist and a man of such  
perfection that we would want you in our profession.

**SECOND OUTLAW**

Indeed, because you are a banished man, we negotiate with  
you. We're suggesting this because of *this* reason above all.  
Would you be happy to be our general? To make a virtue of  
necessity and live like we do, in this wilderness?

**THIRD OUTLAW**

What do you say? Will you be a part of our company? Say  
yes, and be our captain. We'll perform acts of allegiance, be  
ruled by you, and love you as our commander and our king.

**FIRST OUTLAW**

But if you reject what we offer you, you'll die.

**SECOND OUTLAW**

You won't live to boast about what we've just offered you.

**VALENTINE**

I accept your offer and will live with you--but only if you  
won't commit any acts of violence on defenseless women  
or poor travelers.

**THIRD OUTLAW**

No, we hate such vicious practices. Come along with us!  
We'll take you to our gang, and show you all our treasures.  
Like us, they are at your disposal.

*They all exit.*

## Act 4, Scene 2

### Shakespeare

*Enter PROTEUS*

#### PROTEUS

Already have I been false to Valentine  
And now I must be as unjust to Turio.  
Under the colour of commanding him,

### Shakescleare Translation

*PROTEUS enters.*

#### PROTEUS

I have already lied to Valentine, and now I have to be unfair  
to Turio. Under the pretense of praising him, I have access  
to my own love, and can praise her. But Silvia is too

I have access my own love to prefer:  
 5 But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,  
 To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.  
 When I protest true loyalty to her,  
 She twists me with my falsehood to my friend;  
 When to her beauty I commend my vows,  
 10 She bids me think how I have been forsown  
 In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved:  
 And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,  
 The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,  
 Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,  
 15 The more it grows and fawneth on her still.  
 But here comes Turio: now must we to her window,  
 And give some evening music to her ear.

*Enter TURIO and Musicians*

**TURIO**

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

**PROTEUS**

Ay, gentle Turio: for you know that love  
 20 Will creep in service where it cannot go.

**TURIO**

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

**PROTEUS**

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

**TURIO**

Who? Silvia?

**PROTEUS**

Ay, Silvia; for your sake.

**TURIO**

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

*Enter, at a distance, Host, and JULIA in boy's clothes*

**HOST**

Now, my young guest, methinks you're allicholly: I  
 pray you, why is it?

**JULIA**

Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

**HOST**

Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where  
 you shall hear music and see the gentleman that you  
 asked for.

**JULIA**

But shall I hear him speak?

**HOST**

Ay, that you shall.

**JULIA**

35 That will be music.

*Music plays*

**HOST**

Hark, hark!

**JULIA**

Is he among these?

beautiful, too true, too saintly, to be corrupted by my  
 worthless gifts. When I swear true loyalty to her, she'll taunt  
 me for how falsely I've treated my friend. When I declare my  
 vows to her beauty, she'll ask me to think about how I have  
 broken a promise to Julia, whom I loved. Despite all her  
 sudden sharp retorts--the smallest of which would crush a  
 lover's hope--I'll be devoted to her like a dog. The more she  
 rejects my love, the more it grows and flatters her still. But  
 here comes Turio. Now we must go to her window, and play  
 some evening music for her.

*TURIO and musicians enter.*

**TURIO**

How are you, Sir Proteus? Have you snuck here quietly  
 before us?

**PROTEUS**

Yes, noble Turio. Because you know that love will crawl in  
 service where it is forbidden to go.

**TURIO**

Yes. But I hope, sir, that you don't come here as a lover.

**PROTEUS**

But I do, sir. Otherwise I wouldn't be here.

**TURIO**

Whom do you love? Silvia?

**PROTEUS**

Yes, Silvia--in your name.

**TURIO**

Thank you, for your own sake, that you made your meaning  
 clear. Now, gentlemen, let's play and do so heartily!

*In the distance, the HOST and JULIA (disguised as a boy) enter.*

 The host is an innkeeper.

**HOST**

My young guest, I think you're melancholic. Tell me, what's  
 wrong?

**JULIA**

Indeed, I can't be happy, my host.

**HOST**

Come, we'll make you happy! I'll bring you where you will  
 hear music, and see the gentleman that you asked for.

**JULIA**

But will I hear him speak?

**HOST**

Yes, you will.

**JULIA**

Now that will be music.

*Music plays.*

**HOST**

Listen, listen!

**JULIA**

Is he among these gentlemen?

**HOST**

Ay: but, peace! Let's hear 'em.

**PROTEUS/MUSICIAN**

40 [sings the song]  
Who is Silvia? What is she?  
That all our swains commend her?  
Holy, fair and wise is she;  
45 The heaven such grace did lend her,  
That she might admired be.  
Is she kind as she is fair?  
For beauty lives with kindness.  
Love doth to her eyes repair,  
50 To help him of his blindness,  
And, being help'd, inhabits there.  
Then to Silvia let us sing,  
That Silvia is excelling;  
She excels each mortal thing  
55 Upon the dull earth dwelling:  
To her let us garlands bring.

**HOST**

How now! Are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? The music likes you not.

**JULIA**

You mistake; the musician likes me not.

**HOST**

60 Why, my pretty youth?

**JULIA**

He plays false, father.

**HOST**

How? Out of tune on the strings?

**JULIA**

Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

**HOST**

65 You have a quick ear.

**JULIA**

Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a slow heart.

**HOST**

I perceive you delight not in music.

**JULIA**

Not a whit, when it jars so.

**HOST**

Hark, what fine change is in the music!

**JULIA**

70 Ay, that change is the spite.

**HOST**

You would have them always play but one thing?

**JULIA**

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**

Yes, but quiet! Let's hear them!

**PROTEUS/MUSICIAN**

[Singing]  
*Who is Silvia? What is she?  
That all our lovers praise her?  
She is saintly, beautiful and wise.  
The heavens lent her such virtue,  
So that she might be admired.  
Is she as kind as she is beautiful?  
Because beauty lives with kindness.  
Love hastens to her eyes,  
To help him with his blindness,  
And being helped, stays there.  
Then let us sing to Silvia,  
That Silvia is perfection.  
She is better than every mortal thing  
Dwelling on this dull earth:  
Let us bring wreaths to her.*

**HOST**

What's this? Are you sadder than you were before? What's wrong, man? The music doesn't please you.

**JULIA**

You're wrong. The *musician* doesn't please me.

**HOST**

Why, my pretty young boy?

**JULIA**

He plays out of tune, old man <sup>2</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> In the original text, Julia refers to the Host as "father"—a respectful term of address for an old man, not an indication of parentage.

**HOST**

Out of tune on the strings?

**JULIA**

No. But yet he's so out of tune <sup>3</sup> that he makes my heart-strings sad.

<sup>3</sup> Julia puns on the musician (Proteus) singing "false" or out of tune notes--and his "false" love for her. She sees how he's gone back on his vow.

**HOST**

You have a sharp ear.

**JULIA**

Yes. I wish that I were deaf. This is making my heart heavy.

**HOST**

I see that you don't enjoy music.

**JULIA**

Not at all, when it sounds discordant like this.

**HOST**

Listen, what a nice variation in the music!

**JULIA**

Yes, that change <sup>4</sup> is what vexes me.

<sup>4</sup> Again, Julia puns on the change in the music and Proteus' "change"--his new interest in Silvia, expressed in song.

**HOST**

You would have them always play only one melody?

**JULIA**

I would always have *one* play only one melody. But, host, does this Sir Proteus that we are talking about come to see this gentlewoman often?

**HOST**

75 I tell you what Lance, his man, told me: he loved her out of all nick.

**JULIA**

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.

80

**JULIA**

Peace! Stand aside: the company parts.

**PROTEUS**

Sir Turio, fear not you: I will so plead  
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

**TURIO**

Where meet we?

**PROTEUS**

85 At Saint Gregory's well.

**TURIO**

Farewell.

*Exeunt TURIO and Musicians*

*Enter SILVIA above.*

**PROTEUS**

Madam, good even to your ladyship.

**SILVIA**

I thank you for your music, gentlemen.  
Who is that that spake?

**PROTEUS**

90 One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,  
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

**SILVIA**

Sir Proteus, as I take it.

**PROTEUS**

Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

**SILVIA**

What's your will?

**PROTEUS**

95 That I may compass yours.

**SILVIA**

You have your wish; my will is even this:  
That presently you hie you home to bed.  
Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man!  
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,  
100 To be seduced by thy flattery,  
That hast deceived so many with thy vows?  
Return, return, and make thy love amends.  
For me, by this pale queen of night I swear,  
I am so far from granting thy request  
105 That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit,  
And by and by intend to chide myself  
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

**PROTEUS**

I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;

**HOST**

I'll tell you what his servant Lance told me. He loved her beyond reckoning.

**JULIA**

Where is Lance?

**HOST**

He's gone to look for his dog, which he must carry to his lady as a present tomorrow--as his master ordered.

**JULIA**

Quiet! Let's back up. The men are leaving. [*JULIA and the HOST step back, unseen by the others*]

**PROTEUS**

Sir Turio, don't be afraid. I will carry on so that you shall say my clever plan is successful.

**TURIO**

Where should we meet?

**PROTEUS**

At Saint Gregory's Well.

**TURIO**

Goodbye.

*TURIO and musicians exit.*

*SILVIA enters from above, at her window.*

**PROTEUS**

Madam, good evening to your Ladyship.

**SILVIA**

Thank you for your music, gentlemen. Who was the man that spoke to me?

**PROTEUS**

One whose voice you would quickly learn to recognize, if you knew the truth of his pure heart.

**SILVIA**

I take it that it's Sir Proteus.

**PROTEUS**

Sir Proteus, noble lady. I am your servant.

**SILVIA**

What's your intent?

**PROTEUS**

That I may fulfill your wishes.

**SILVIA**

You have your wish. My wish is this: that you hurry home to bed immediately. You treacherous, lying, false, disloyal man! Do you think that I am so shallow, so witless that I can be seduced by your flattery; you that have deceived so many with your promises? Return, return, and make things right with your beloved. I swear by this moon that I am so far from agreeing to your request that I hate you and your insulting courtship. And for that, I plan to scold myself for spending even this time talking to you.

**PROTEUS**

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

But she is dead.

**JULIA**

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

**SILVIA**

Say that she be; yet Valentine thy friend  
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,  
I am betroth'd : and art thou not ashamed  
115 To wrong him with thy importunacy?

**PROTEUS**

I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

**SILVIA**

And so suppose am I; for in his grave  
Assure thyself my love is buried.

**PROTEUS**

Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

**SILVIA**

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

**JULIA**

[Aside] He heard not that.

**PROTEUS**

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

**JULIA**

130 [Aside] If 'twere a substance, you would, sure,  
deceive it,  
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

**SILVIA**

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

**PROTEUS**

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

140

*Exeunt PROTEUS and SILVIA severally*

**JULIA**

Host, will you go?

**HOST**

By my halidom, I was fast asleep.

**JULIA**

Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

**HOST**

Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 'tis almost  
145 day.

**JULIA**

[To herself] That's not true, if I 5 should say it. I'm sure  
she's not buried yet.

5 Here, Julia tries not to give her  
true identity away in the Host's  
presence. (She knows Julia's not dead  
because she herself is alive, but she  
must pretend that it's knowledge she,  
a "boy," has obtained.)

**SILVIA**

Even if she is dead, your friend Valentine is alive. You know  
that we are engaged, and yet you're not ashamed to wrong  
him with your persistent courtship?

**PROTEUS**

I also heard that Valentine is dead.

**SILVIA**

So then, imagine that I am dead too. You can be sure that  
my love is buried with Valentine in his grave.

**PROTEUS**

Sweet lady, let me gather your buried love from the earth.

**SILVIA**

Go to your lady's grave, and call her there. Or at least bury  
your love with hers there.

**JULIA**

[To herself] He didn't hear that.

**PROTEUS**

Madam, if your heart is so unyielding, allow me to get your  
picture for my love. The picture that is hanging in your  
room. I'll speak to that; I'll sigh and cry to that. Since the  
substance of your perfect self is devoted elsewhere, I am  
only a shadow. I will woo your image.

**JULIA**

[To herself] If this picture of Silvia were a real live woman,  
you would be unfaithful to it. You'd act as if it were a mere  
shadow to be discarded--the same way you've treated me.

**SILVIA**

I hate to be your idol, sir. It would be just like you to worship  
shadows and adore false shapes, because you are so false  
to women. Send for the picture in the morning and I'll give  
it to you. And so, goodnight.

**PROTEUS**

I feel like the wretches who have to wait overnight for an  
execution in the morning.

*PROTEUS and SILVIA exit in different directions.*

**JULIA**

Host, will you go?

**HOST**

By all I consider holy, I fell asleep.

**JULIA**

Tell me, where is Sir Proteus staying?

**HOST**

Indeed, at my inn. Trust me, I think it's almost day.

**JULIA**

Not so; but it hath been the longest night  
That e'er I watch'd and the most heaviest.

*Exeunt*

**JULIA**

No, it's not. But it has been the longest night that I've ever stayed up, and the most sorrowful.

*They exit.*

## Act 4, Scene 3

### Shakespeare

*Enter EGLAMOUR*

**EGLAMOUR**

This is the hour that Madam Silvia  
Entreated me to call and know her mind:  
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.  
Madam, madam!

*Enter SILVIA above*

**SILVIA**

5 Who calls?

**EGLAMOUR**

Your servant and your friend;  
One that attends your ladyship's command.

**SILVIA**

Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

**EGLAMOUR**

As many, worthy lady, to yourself:  
10 According to your ladyship's impose,  
I am thus early come to know what service  
It is your pleasure to command me in.

**SILVIA**

O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman--  
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not--  
15 Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd:  
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will  
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine,  
Nor how my father would enforce me marry  
Vain Turio, whom my very soul abhors.  
20 Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say  
No grief did ever come so near thy heart  
As when thy lady and thy true love died,  
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.  
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,  
25 To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode;  
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,  
I do desire thy worthy company,  
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.  
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,  
30 But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,  
And on the justice of my flying hence,  
To keep me from a most unholy match,  
Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues.  
I do desire thee, even from a heart  
35 As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,  
To bear me company and go with me:  
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,  
That I may venture to depart alone.

**EGLAMOUR**

Madam, I pity much your grievances;  
40 Which since I know they virtuously are placed,  
I give consent to go along with you,  
Recking as little what betideth me  
As much I wish all good beforfune you.

### Shakescleare Translation

*EGLAMOUR enters.*

**EGLAMOUR**

This is the time that Madam Silvia told me to come and talk to her. There's something she wants me to do.

*[To SILVIA] Madam, madam!*

*SILVIA enters from above, at her window.*

**SILVIA**

Who's calling me?

**EGLAMOUR**

Your servant and your friend. One that is waiting to hear your Ladyship's order.

**SILVIA**

Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morning.

**EGLAMOUR**

As many good mornings to yourself, worthy lady. According to your ladyship's command, I was supposed to come this early to find out what service you'd like me to carry out.

**SILVIA**

Oh, Eglamour, you are a gentleman. Don't think that I'm flattering you; I swear I'm not. You are brave, wise, compassionate, well-accomplished. You know how much I care about the banished Valentine, and how my father wants to force me to marry the foolish Turio, whom I hate with all my heart. You have been in love. And I have heard you say that you have never felt more grief in your heart than you did when your lady--your true love--died. And you have vowed pure chastity on her grave. Sir Eglamour, I want to go to Valentine in Mantua, where I heard he is. And since the journey is dangerous, I would like your worthy company, because I rely on your faith and honor. Don't encourage my father's anger, Eglamour. Just think about my grief--a lady's grief--and about the justice of my running away from here; and from a most unholy marriage--which heaven and fortune would always make horrible. This is coming from a heart as full of sorrows as the sea is full of sand. I want you to keep me company and go with me. If you won't then keep secret what I have said to you so that I may go alone.

**EGLAMOUR**

Madam, I am sorry for your distress. Since I know your cause is right and virtuous, I agree to go with you. I don't care much about what will happen to me. My wish is that only good things happen to you. When are you planning on going?

When will you go?

**SILVIA**

45 This evening coming.

**EGLAMOUR**

Where shall I meet you?

**SILVIA**

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

**EGLAMOUR**

I will not fail your ladyship. Good morrow, gentle lady.

**SILVIA**

Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

*Exeunt severally*

**SILVIA**

This evening.

**EGLAMOUR**

Where shall I meet you?

**SILVIA**

At Friar  Patrick's cell, where I intend to make a holy confession.

 A friar is a monk, who lives in a monastic cell--a small room or hut.

**EGLAMOUR**

You can rely on me, your Ladyship. Have a good morning, gentle lady.

**SILVIA**

Good morning to you, too, kind Sir Eglamour.

*They exit in different directions.*

## Act 4, Scene 4

### Shakespeare

*Enter LANCE, with his his Dog*

**LANCE**

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it.  
 5 I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, 'thus I would teach a dog.' I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber but he steps me to her trenched and steals her capon's leg:  
 10 O, 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did,  
 15 I think verily he had been hanged for't; sure as I live, he had suffered for't; you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs under the duke's table: he had not been there--bless the mark!--a pissing while, but  
 20 all the chamber smelt him. 'Out with the dog!' says one: 'What cur is that?' says another: 'Whip him out' says the third: 'Hang him up' says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that  
 25 whips the dogs: 'Friend,' quoth I, 'you mean to whip the dog?' 'Ay, marry, do I,' quoth he. 'You do him the more wrong,' quoth I; "twas I did the thing you wot of! He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for  
 30 his servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't.  
 Thou thinkest not of this now. Nay, I remember the  
 35 trick you served me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia: did not I bid thee still mark me and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? Didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

*Enter PROTEUS and JULIA*

### Shakescleare Translation

*LANCE enters with his dog, Crab.*

**LANCE**

When a master's servant behaves like a dog to him, it is tough. I brought this one up from a puppy; I saved this one from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters drowned. I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, "I would teach a dog like this." I was sent to deliver him as a present from my master to Mistress Silvia, and as soon as I came into the dining room, he comes to her plate and steals her chicken leg. Oh, it's a horrible thing when a dog can't behave himself in different kinds of company! But, as they really should say, I happen to have a dog that is a dog indeed--a dog in everything he does. If I didn't have more wisdom than he does--to plead guilty for his wrongdoing--I really think he would have been hanged for it. For as sure as I live, he's suffered for it, as you'll see. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemanly dogs under the Duke's table. He had not been there (pardon my language) as long as the time it takes to piss--and everybody in the room smelled him. "Out with the dog!" someone says. "What dog is that?" someone else says. "Whip him!" a third says. "Hang him up" says the Duke. Since I have known the smell before, I knew it was Crab. So I go to the man that whips the dogs: "Friend," I say, "are you going to whip the dog?" "Yes, I am" he says. "You'll make things even worse for him if you do," I say. "I was the one who did the thing you know about." He makes no more fuss about it, but whips *me* out of the room. How many masters would do this for their servants? No, I swear, I have sat in the stocks  for sausages he has stolen. Otherwise, *he* would have been executed. I have also been punished for geese he has killed. Otherwise, *he* would have suffered for it. Don't think about this now. No, I remember the trick you played on me when I left Madam Silvia. Didn't I ask you to always pay attention to me, just like I pay attention to you? When did you see me raise up my leg and urinate onto a gentlewoman's skirt? Have you ever seen me do such a trick?

 For public punishment, criminals were placed in the stocks--wooden devices that locked their wrists and ankles in place.

*PROTEUS and JULIA (disguised as a boy) enter.*

**PROTEUS**

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

**JULIA**

In what you please: I'll do what I can.

**PROTEUS**

I hope thou wilt.

**PROTEUS**

45 [to LANCE] How now, you whoreson peasant!  
Where have you been these two days loitering?

**LANCE**

Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

**PROTEUS**

And what says she to my little jewel?

**LANCE**

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

**PROTEUS**

But she received my dog?

**LANCE**

No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.

**PROTEUS**

55 What, didst thou offer her this from me?

**LANCE**

Ay, sir: the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman boys in the market-place: and then I offered her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

**PROTEUS**

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

*Exit LANCE*

**PROTEUS**

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

**JULIA**

75 It seems you loved not her, to leave her token.  
She is dead, belike?

**PROTEUS**

Not so; I think she lives.

**JULIA**

Alas!

**PROTEUS**

[To JULIA] Is your name Sebastian? I like you, and so I'll give you a job to do soon.

**JULIA**

I'll do whatever you'd like, if I can.

**PROTEUS**

I hope you will.

**PROTEUS**

[To LANCE] What's this? You bastard peasant! Where have you been these past two days?

**LANCE**

I carried the dog to Mistress Silvia like you asked me to, sir.

**PROTEUS**

And what does she say to my pretty little dog?

**LANCE**

She says that your dog is badly-behaved. And she tells you that a snide "thanks" is good enough for a present like that.

**PROTEUS**

But did she receive my dog?

**LANCE**

No, she didn't. I have brought him back here again.

**PROTEUS**

Wait a second! Did you offer her *this* dog from me?

**LANCE**

Yes, sir. Some mischievous boys in the market square stole the other small dog from me. So then I offered her my own dog, who is as big as ten of yours. And therefore the gift was all the greater.

**PROTEUS**

Get out of here and go find my dog! And if you don't, I don't ever want to see you again. Go away, I say! Are you staying here to make me angry?

*LANCE exits.*

**PROTEUS**

He is a rascal that continuously makes me ashamed!  
Sebastian, I have taken you into service, partly because I need such a young boy who can carry out my business with discretion. There's no point in trusting that foolish man over there. But I have mostly employed you because of your face and your manners, which—if my prediction is correct—are evidence of a good upbringing, fortune, and truth.  
Therefore, you should know that I have taken you for these reasons. Go at once and take this ring with you. Deliver it to Madam Silvia. The girl who gave it to me loved me well.

**JULIA**

It seems that you didn't love her, since you parted with her token. Is she dead?

**PROTEUS**

No, I think she is alive.

**JULIA**

Ah!

**PROTEUS**

Why dost thou cry 'alas'?

**JULIA**

80 I cannot choose  
But pity her.

**PROTEUS**

Wherefore shouldest thou pity her?

**JULIA**

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

**PROTEUS**

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

*Exit*

**JULIA**

How many women would do such a message?  
95 Alas, poor Proteus! Thou hast entertain'd  
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.  
Alas, poor fool! Why do I pity him  
That with his very heart despiseth me?  
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;  
100 Because I love him I must pity him.  
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,  
To bind him to remember my good will;  
And now am I, unhappy messenger,  
To plead for that which I would not obtain,  
105 To carry that which I would have refused,  
To praise his faith which I would have dispraised.  
I am my master's true-confirmed love;  
But cannot be true servant to my master,  
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.  
110 Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly  
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

*Enter SILVIA, attended*

**JULIA**

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

**SILVIA**

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

**JULIA**

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

**SILVIA**

From whom?

**JULIA**

From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

**SILVIA**

120 O, he sends you for a picture.

**JULIA**

Ay, madam.

**PROTEUS**

Why do you cry, "Ah?"

**JULIA**

I can't help myself: I feel sorry for her.

**PROTEUS**

Why should you feel sorry for her?

**JULIA**

Because I think that she loved you as well as you love your  
lady Silvia. She dreams of the man who has forgotten her  
love. You are obsessed with someone who doesn't care to  
have your love. It's a pity that love should be so contrary.  
And thinking of it makes me cry, "Ah!"

**PROTEUS**

Well, give her that ring, and with it, this letter. That's her  
room there. Tell my lady that she should keep her promise  
and give me her heavenly picture. Once you deliver the  
message, go home to my room, where you will find me sad  
and alone.

*PROTEUS exits.*

**JULIA**

How many women would carry such a message? Ah, poor  
Proteus! You have employed a fox to be the shepherd of  
your lambs. Oh, I am a poor fool! Why do I pity the man who  
hates me with his heart? Because he loves *her*, he hates  
*me*. And because I love *him*, I have to feel sorry for him. I  
gave him this ring when we said goodbye--to make him  
promise to remember me. And now I am an unhappy  
messenger, who has to ask for the picture that I don't want  
to get; to carry the ring which I should have refused; to  
praise his faith--which I should have said bad things about. I  
am my master's truly-confirmed love. But I cannot be a true  
servant to my master, unless I betray myself. Yes, I will woo  
Silvia for him. But I'll do it coldly since I don't want him to  
succeed, as heaven knows.

*SILVIA enters, accompanied by servants.*

**JULIA**

Good day, gentlewoman! I beg you to take me where I can  
speak with Madam Silvia.

**SILVIA**

What do you want with her? Pretend that I'm her.

**JULIA**

If you are her, then I ask you to patiently hear the message I  
am sent here to deliver.

**SILVIA**

A message from whom?

**JULIA**

From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

**SILVIA**

Oh, he sends you here for a picture.

**JULIA**

Yes, madam.

**SILVIA**

Ursula, bring my picture here.  
Go give your master this: tell him from me,  
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,  
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

125

**JULIA**

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

**SILVIA**

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

**JULIA**

It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

**SILVIA**

There, hold!  
I will not look upon your master's lines:  
I know they are stuff'd with protestations  
135 And full of new-found oaths; which he will break  
As easily as I do tear his paper.

135

**JULIA**

Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

**SILVIA**

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

140

**JULIA**

She thanks you.

**SILVIA**

What say'st thou?

**JULIA**145 I thank you, madam, that you tender her.  
Poor gentlewoman! My master wrongs her much.

145

**SILVIA**

Dost thou know her?

**JULIA**

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

150

**SILVIA**

Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

**JULIA**

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

**SILVIA**

Is she not passing fair?

**JULIA**

She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:  
When she did think my master loved her well,  
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you:  
But since she did neglect her looking-glass  
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,  
The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks

160

**SILVIA**

*[To a servant]* Ursula, bring my picture here.

*[To JULIA]* Go and give your master this. Tell him, from me,  
that one Julia--whom he has forgotten in his changing  
thoughts--would better suit his room than this shadow of a  
picture.

**JULIA**

*[She hands SILVIA a letter]* Madam, please read this letter--  
Wait! Pardon me, madam. I have accidentally given you a  
paper that I shouldn't have. *[She hands SILVIA another  
letter]* This is the letter addressed to your Ladyship.

**SILVIA**

Please, let me look at *that* one again.

**JULIA**

No, I don't think that's a good idea, good madam. Forgive  
me.

**SILVIA**

Wait a moment! I will not read your master's lines. I know  
they are full of declarations of love and recently-invented  
oaths--which he will break as easily as I tear his letter apart.

**JULIA**

Madam, he sends your Ladyship this ring.

**SILVIA**

He should be ashamed for sending it to me, because I have  
heard him say a thousand times that his Julia gave him this  
ring when they said goodbye. Though his false finger has  
abused the ring, my finger will not do his Julia so much  
wrong by wearing the ring.

**JULIA**

She thanks you.

**SILVIA**

What did you say?

**JULIA**

I thank you, madam, that you care for her. Poor  
gentlewoman! My master has really wronged her.

**SILVIA**

Do you know her?

**JULIA**

Almost as well as I know myself. I have thought about her  
suffering a hundred times, and it has made me cry.

**SILVIA**

She probably thinks that Proteus has abandoned her.

**JULIA**

I think she does, and that's why she is mourning.

**SILVIA**

Isn't she beautiful?

**JULIA**

She has been more beautiful than she is now, madam.  
When she thought that my master loved her, I think she was  
as beautiful as you. But since she stopped looking in the  
mirror and threw her mask away, the air has starved the  
rosy blush on her cheeks, and eroded the lily-white color of  
her face, so now she has become as black as I.

And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,  
That now she is become as black as l.

**SILVIA**

How tall was she?

**JULIA**

About my stature; for at Pentecost,  
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,  
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,  
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown,  
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,  
As if the garment had been made for me:  
Therefore I know she is about my height.  
165 And at that time I made her weep agood,  
For I did play a lamentable part:  
Madam, 'twas Ariadne passioning  
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;  
Which so lively acted with my tears  
170 That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,  
Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead  
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

**SILVIA**

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

*Exit SILVIA, with attendants*

**JULIA**

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

*Exit*

**SILVIA**

How tall was she?

**JULIA**

About my height, because at Pentecost <sup>2</sup>, when all our enjoyable plays are performed, I played the woman's part <sup>3</sup>. And I dressed up in Madam Julia's dress, which fitted me as well as my men's clothes, as if the dress was made for me. Therefore, I know she is about my height. And, at that time, I made her cry in earnest because I played a tragic role. It was Ariadne <sup>4</sup>'s passionate sorrowing for Theseus not keeping his promise and unjustly running away, madam. I was so convincing with my acting, and even shed tears. Because of this, my poor mistress--moved by it all--cried bitterly. If I didn't feel her sorrow in that moment, I should have been dead!

<sup>2</sup> In the original text, "Pentecost" (or Whitsun) is the Christian festival held on the seventh Sunday after Easter.

<sup>3</sup> In Shakespeare's day, Englishwomen were not legally allowed to perform on the public stage. Men played women's roles dressed in drag. This adds layers of comic irony to Julia's cross-dressing.

<sup>4</sup> In Greek mythology, Theseus left his lover Ariadne, even though she had rescued him from the deadly Minotaur's labyrinth.

**SILVIA**

She is indebted to you, gentle boy. Ah, poor lady, abandoned and left behind! I cry just thinking about your words. Here, boy, take my purse. I give you this for the sake of your sweet mistress, because you love her. Goodbye.

*SILVIA exits with her servants.*

**JULIA**

And she *will* thank you for it, if you ever meet her. She is a virtuous, kind and beautiful gentlewoman. I hope my master's wooing will be received coldly, since Silvia respects my mistress Julia's love so much. Ah, how love can play with itself! Here is her picture. Let me see, I think if I had accessories like these, my face would be as lovely as hers. And yet the painter painted her more beautiful than she is, unless I think of myself as more beautiful. Her hair is auburn, mine is perfectly blond. If that's the only difference in his love, I can get myself a wig of that color. Her eyes are as gray as glass--and so are mine. Yes, but her forehead is low, whereas mine is high. What does he admire in her that I can make worthy of respect in myself--if this Love were not a blinded god? Come, shadow, <sup>5</sup> Come and pick up this picture of a shadow, since it's your rival. Oh, you unconscious image: you will be worshipped, kissed, loved and adored! And if Proteus' idolatry were to make sense, I would be the idol instead of you. I'll treat you kindly for the sake of your mistress Silvia, who likewise treated me kindly. Or else I'll swear by Jove <sup>6</sup> that I should have scratched out your unseeing eyes to make my master fall out of love with you!

<sup>5</sup> Here, this "shadow" refers to Julia's disguise.

<sup>6</sup> Jove was the ancient Roman king of the gods.

## Act 5, Scene 1

### Shakespeare

*Enter EGLAMOUR*

### Shakescleare Translation

*EGLAMOUR enters.*

**EGLAMOUR**

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

5

*Enter SILVIA***EGLAMOUR**

Lady, a happy evening!

**SILVIA**

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

15

*Exeunt**SILVIA enters.***EGLAMOUR**

Good evening to you, lady!

**SILVIA**

Amen to that! Let's go, good Eglamour. Let's go out at the back gate by the abbey wall. I am afraid that some spies are following me.

**EGLAMOUR**

Don't be afraid. The forest is less than nine miles away. If we reach it, we'll be safe enough.

*They exit.*

## Act 5, Scene 2

**Shakespeare***Enter TURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA***TURIO**

Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

**PROTEUS**

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

**TURIO**

What, that my leg is too long?

**PROTEUS**

5 No; that it is too little.

**TURIO**

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

**JULIA**

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

**TURIO**

What says she to my face?

**PROTEUS**

10 She says it is a fair one.

**TURIO**

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

**PROTEUS**

But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,  
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

**JULIA**

*[Aside]* 'Tis true; such pearls as put out  
ladies' eyes;  
For I had rather wink than look on them.

**Shakescleare Translation***TURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA enter.***TURIO**

Sir Proteus, what does Silvia say about my wooing?

**PROTEUS**

Oh, sir, I think she is more gracious than she was before.  
And yet, she is not so sure about your physical appearance.

**TURIO**

What? Is it because my legs are too long?

**PROTEUS**

No, it's because your legs are too thin.

**TURIO**

I'll wear boots to make my legs look a bit thicker.

**JULIA**

*[To herself]* But love won't be inspired by something it hates.

**TURIO**

What does she say about my face?

**PROTEUS**

She says it's pale.

**Turio**

No, I think that willful woman lies. My face is tan.

**PROTEUS**

But pearls are white. And the old saying goes that tan men are pearls in the eyes of beautiful ladies.

**JULIA**

*[To herself]* That's true. Such pearls make ladies' eyes useless. I would rather shut my eyes than look at them.

**TURIO**

How likes she my discourse?

**PROTEUS**

Ill, when you talk of war.

**TURIO**

But well, when I discourse of love and peace?

**JULIA**

20 [Aside] But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.

**TURIO**

What says she to my valour?

**PROTEUS**

O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

**JULIA**

[Aside] She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

**TURIO**

What says she to my birth?

**PROTEUS**

25 That you are well derived.

**JULIA**

[Aside] True; from a gentleman to a fool.

**TURIO**

Considers she my possessions?

**PROTEUS**

O, ay; and pities them.

**TURIO**

Wherefore?

**JULIA**

30 [Aside] That such an ass should owe them.

**PROTEUS**

That they are out by lease.

**JULIA**

Here comes the duke.

*Enter DUKE*

**DUKE**

How now, Sir Proteus! How now, Turio!

35 Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?

**TURIO**

Not I.

**PROTEUS**

Nor I.

**DUKE**

Saw you my daughter?

**PROTEUS**

Neither.

**TURIO**

How does she like my conversation?

**PROTEUS**

She doesn't like it when you talk about violence.

**TURIO**

Then, what does she think when I speak about love and peace?

**JULIA**

[To herself] It's better when you just keep silent.

**TURIO**

What does she say about my bravery?

**PROTEUS**

Oh, sir, she has no doubt of that.

**JULIA**

[To herself] She doesn't need to doubt your bravery, because she knows that you're a coward.

**TURIO**

What does she say about my noble ancestry?

**PROTEUS**

That you are well descended.

**JULIA**

[To herself] True. You've gone from a gentleman to a fool.

**turio**

Does she consider my possessions?

**PROTEUS**

Oh, yes, and she feels sorry for them.

**TURIO**

Why?

**JULIA**

[To herself] Because such an ass owns them.

**PROTEUS**

That they are borrowed or rented and not entirely in your possession.

**JULIA**

Here comes the Duke.

*The DUKE enters.*

**DUKE**

Sir Proteus! How's it going? And Turio, how are you? Which of you saw Sir Eglamour recently?

**TURIO**

I didn't.

**PROTEUS**

Neither did I.

**DUKE**

Have you seen my daughter?

**PROTEUS**

Not her either.

**DUKE**

40 Why then,  
She's fled unto that peasant Valentine;  
And Eglamour is in her company.  
'Tis true; for Friar Laurence met them both,  
As he in penance wander'd through the forest;  
45 Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she,  
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it;  
Besides, she did intend confession  
At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not;  
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.  
50 Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,  
But mount you presently and meet with me  
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot  
That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled:  
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.

*Exit***TURIO**

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

*Exit***PROTEUS**

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

*Exit***JULIA**

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

*Exit***DUKE**

Well, then, she has run away to find that peasant Valentine, and Eglamour has accompanied her. It's true. Friar Lawrence has met them both as he wandered through the forest, repenting. He recognized Eglamour, and guessed that it was Silvia--but since she was masked, he wasn't sure of it. Besides, she was planning on going to confession tonight at Patrick's place, but she wasn't there. All of these instances confirm that she has run away. Therefore, please, don't delay by talking. Get on horseback at once, and meet me by the base of the mountain that leads toward Mantua, where they are going. Hurry up, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.

*The DUKE exits.***TURIO**

Well, she's a foolish girl for fleeing from a good courtship when it follows her. I'll go after her--not so much because I love the uncaring Silvia, but more because I want to take revenge on Eglamour.

*TURIO exits.***PROTEUS**

And I'll follow--because I love Silvia more than I hate Eglamour, who accompanies her.

*PROTEUS exits.***JULIA**

And I'll follow, so I can frustrate Proteus' love--not because I hate Silvia, who has left for love's sake.

*JULIA exits.*

## Act 5, Scene 3

**Shakespeare***Enter Outlaws with SILVIA***FIRST OUTLAW**

Come, come,  
Be patient; we must bring you to our captain.

**SILVIA**

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

**SECOND OUTLAW**

5 Come, bring her away.

**FIRST OUTLAW**

Where is the gentleman that was with her?

**THIRD OUTLAW**

Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,  
But Moyses and Valerius follow him.  
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;  
10 There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled;  
The thicket is beset; he cannot 'scape.

**Shakescleare Translation***OUTLAWS enter with SILVIA.***FIRST OUTLAW**

Come, come and be patient. We have to bring you to our captain.

**SILVIA**

A thousand misfortunes greater than this one have taught me how to endure this patiently.

**SECOND OUTLAW**

Come, bring her here.

**FIRST OUTLAW**

Where is the gentleman that was with her?

**THIRD OUTLAW**

He moved quickly and lightly, so he outran us. But Moyses and Valerius are following him. Go with her to the west end of the forest--that's where our captain is. We'll follow the one who ran away. The bushes surround him; he can't escape.

**FIRST OUTLAW**

Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave:  
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,  
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

**SILVIA**

15 O Valentine, this I endure for thee!

*Exeunt*

**FIRST OUTLAW**

Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave. Don't be afraid. He has an honorable mind, and won't mistreat a woman.

**SILVIA**

Oh, Valentine, I bear all of this for you!

*They all exit.*

## Act 5, Scene 4

### Shakespeare

*Enter VALENTINE.*

**VALENTINE**

How use doth breed a habit in a man!  
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,  
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:  
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,  
5 And to the nightingale's complaining notes  
Tune my distresses and record my woes.  
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,  
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,  
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall  
10 And leave no memory of what it was!  
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;  
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!  
What halloo and what stir is this to-day?  
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,  
15 Have some unhappy passenger in chase.  
They love me well; yet I have much to do  
To keep them from uncivil outrages.  
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes here?

*Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA*

**PROTEUS**

Madam, this service I have done for you,  
20 Though you respect not aught your servant doth,  
To hazard life and rescue you from him  
That would have forced your honour and your love;  
Vouchsafe me, for my need, but one fair look;  
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg  
25 And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

**VALENTINE**

[Aside] How like a dream is this I see and hear!  
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.

**SILVIA**

O miserable, unhappy that I am!

**PROTEUS**

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

**SILVIA**

By thy approach thou makest me most unhappy.

**JULIA**

[Aside] And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

**SILVIA**

Had I been seized by a hungry lion,  
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,  
35 Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.

### Shakescleare Translation

*VALENTINE enters.*

**VALENTINE**

Increasing familiarity can make people feel more at home, no matter where they are! This shadowy deserted place--a forest that no one ever visits--now feels better to me than towns bustling with people. Here, I can sit alone, and no one sees me. I can tune the sad songs I sing to the nightingale's sorrowful notes. Oh, you that live in my breast: don't leave my love's dwelling place so long without a tenant. Otherwise, it will become a ruin, and the building will fall and leave no memory of what it was! Revive me with your presence, Silvia. You gentle, beautiful creature: treasure me, your abandoned lover! What's this shouting and what hustle do we have here today? These are my friends that make their desires into their laws. They are following some unfortunate traveler. They love me, but I have a lot to do to keep them from committing uncivil and shocking acts. Valentine, keep away for now. Who's coming here?

*PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA (disguised as a boy) enter.*

**PROTEUS**

Madam, I have done you this service. But you don't value what I--your servant--have done. I risked my life and rescued you from the outlaw that would have raped you. Give me just one beautiful look as my reward. I cannot ask for a smaller favor. And I am sure this is the least you can do for me.

**VALENTINE**

[To himself] What I see and hear is like a dream! Love, give me patience to wait for a while.

**SILVIA**

Oh, I am miserable and unhappy!

**PROTEUS**

You were unhappy before I came, madam. But my coming here has made you happy.

**SILVIA**

But your loving advances make me very unhappy.

**JULIA**

[To herself] And when he makes those advances to you, Silvia, it makes me unhappy.

**SILVIA**

If I were taken by a hungry lion, I would rather have been the beast's breakfast than have the false Proteus rescue me. Oh, Heaven may be the judge of how much I love Valentine,

O, Heaven be judge how I love Valentine,  
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul!  
And full as much, for more there cannot be,  
I do detest false perjured Proteus.

40 Therefore be gone; solicit me no more.

### PROTEUS

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

### SILVIA

45 When Proteus cannot love where he's beloved.  
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,  
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith  
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths  
Descended into perjury, to love me.

50 Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst two;  
And that's far worse than none; better have none  
Than plural faith which is too much by one:  
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

### PROTEUS

In love  
55 Who respects friend?

### SILVIA

All men but Proteus.

### PROTEUS

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

### SILVIA

O heaven!

### PROTEUS

I'll force thee yield to my desire.

### VALENTINE

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

### PROTEUS

65 Valentine!

### VALENTINE

Thou common friend, that's without faith or love,  
For such is a friend now; treacherous man!  
Thou hast beguiled my hopes; nought but mine eye  
Could have persuaded me: now I dare not say  
70 I have one friend alive; thou wouldest disprove me.  
Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand  
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,  
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,  
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.  
75 The private wound is deepest: O time most accurst,  
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!

### PROTEUS

My shame and guilt confounds me.  
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow  
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,  
80 I tender 't here; I do as truly suffer  
As e'er I did commit.

### VALENTINE

Then I am paid;  
And once again I do receive thee honest.  
Who by repentance is not satisfied

whose life's as precious to me as my soul! And I hate the false, lying Proteus the most--more than words can express. Therefore, leave. Don't pursue me anymore.

### PROTEUS

I would take on any fight--even a deadly one--just for one loving glance! Oh, it's still proved true that love's curse is a woman who cannot reciprocate love.

### SILVIA

No, when *Proteus* can't reciprocate love. Study Julia's heart, your first and truest love. You tore up your fidelity to Julia into a thousand false promises (which are now just lies) in order to love me. You have no fidelity left now--unless you maintain two separate senses of loyalty, one to her and one to me. And *that's* worse than if you had *none*. It's better to be faithful to no one than to be faithful to two women. That's too much for either woman to bear. You are a false imitation of a true friend like Valentine!

### PROTEUS

Who takes a friend into consideration when it comes to love?

### SILVIA

All men do, except Proteus.

### PROTEUS

No, if the gentle nature of my wooing words cannot in any way make you behave more mildly, then I'll woo you like a soldier. I'll rape you at knife point, and love you in a way that goes against the nature of love.

### SILVIA

Oh God!

### PROTEUS

I'll force you to give in to my desire.

### VALENTINE

Rascal, stop that rude, brutish behavior, you wicked friend!

### PROTEUS

Valentine!

### VALENTINE

You are an ordinary friend that's without faith or love. And such a friend is now a treacherous man! You have deceived my hopes: nothing could have persuaded me about that except for witnessing your behavior firsthand. Now I won't dare to say that I have only one friend that's alive--because you would prove me wrong. Who should be trusted, when one's closest friend is a liar? Proteus, I am sorry I must never trust you again, but consider you a stranger. The personal wound is the deepest one. Oh, what an awful moment! Its terrible when a friend should be the worst among your enemies.

### PROTEUS

My shame and guilt overcome me. Forgive me, Valentine. If hearty sorrow can be enough to make up for my offense, I offer it here. I do suffer for the wrongs I've committed.

### VALENTINE

Then I am satisfied. And once again, I'll regard you as an honest man. He who is not satisfied with someone else's repentance is not of heaven or of earth. For repentance

Is nor of heaven nor earth, for these are pleased.  
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeased:  
And, that my love may appear plain and free,  
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

**JULIA**

O me unhappy!

90

*Swoons*

**PROTEUS**

Look to the boy.

**VALENTINE**

Why, boy! Why, wag! How now! What's the matter?  
Look up; speak.

**JULIA**

O good sir, my master charged me to deliver a ring  
to Madam Silvia, which, out of my neglect, was never  
done.

**PROTEUS**

Where is that ring, boy?

**JULIA**

Here 'tis; this is it.

**PROTEUS**

How! Let me see:  
100 Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

**JULIA**

O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook:  
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

**PROTEUS**

But how camest thou by this ring? At my depart  
I gave this unto Julia.

**JULIA**

105 And Julia herself did give it me;  
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

**PROTEUS**

How! Julia!

**JULIA**

Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,  
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart.  
110 How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!  
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!  
Be thou ashamed that I have took upon me  
Such an immodest raiment, if shame live  
In a disguise of love:  
115 It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,  
Women to change their shapes than men their minds.

**PROTEUS**

Than men their minds! 'Tis true.  
O heaven! Were man  
But constant, he were perfect. That one error  
120 Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the  
sins:  
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.  
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy  
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

**VALENTINE**

Come, come, a hand from either:  
Let me be blest to make this happy close;  
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

pleases both people on earth, and also God. Repentance calms God's anger. And to prove that my friendship can be honest and generous, I give you my claim to Silvia.

**JULIA**

Oh, I am unhappy!

*JULIA faints.*

**PROTEUS**

Take care of that boy.

**VALENTINE**

Boy! Come on, boy! What's the matter? Look up and speak.

**JULIA**

Oh, good sir. My master instructed me to deliver a ring to  
Madam Silvia, which I forgot to do.

**PROTEUS**

Where is that ring, boy?

**JULIA**

Here it is.

**PROTEUS**

Let me see. But this is the ring / gave to Julia!

**JULIA**

Oh, forgive me sir. I have made a mistake. This is the ring  
you sent to Silvia.

**PROTEUS**

But how is it that *you* have this ring? I gave it to Julia when  
we said goodbye.

**JULIA**

And Julia herself gave it to me. And Julia herself has  
brought it here.

**PROTEUS**

Julia?! Is that you?

**JULIA**

Look at me, the women who was once the object of all your  
promises. I received them deeply in my heart. How often  
have you split the bottom of my heart when you broke a  
promise! Oh, Proteus, let my outfit make you blush! Be  
ashamed that I have been wearing such immodest  clothing—if it can be shameful to wear a disguise for the  
sake of love. It's much more appropriate and a lesser fault  
for women to be deceptive in their appearance than for  
men to be deceptive in their love.

 In Shakespeare's time, sumptuary laws were strict guidelines for what people could wear according to their gender and social rank. Cross-dressing was considered immodest and controversial.

**PROTEUS**

Than for men to be unfaithful! That's true. Oh heaven! If  
only man could be faithful, then he would be perfect.  
Because one mistake fills him with faults, he commits so  
many sins. Being unfaithful gets old very fast. What is in  
Silvia's face, that I can't see more clearly in Julia's with  
faithful eyes?

**VALENTINE**

Come, come, give me your hands. Let me be blessed to  
make a happy end to this. It would be a pity if two friends  
like you should be enemies.

**PROTEUS**

Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever.

**JULIA**

And I mine.

130

*Enter Outlaws, with DUKE and TURIO*

**OUTLAWS**

A prize, a prize, a prize!

**VALENTINE**

Forbear, forbear, I say! It is my lord the duke.  
Your grace is welcome to a man disgraced,  
Banished Valentine.

**DUKE**

135

Sir Valentine!

**TURIO**

Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

**VALENTINE**

Turio, give back, or else embrace thy death;  
Come not within the measure of my wrath;  
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,  
140 Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands;  
Take but possession of her with a touch:  
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

**TURIO**

Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;  
I hold him but a fool that will endanger  
145 His body for a girl that loves him not:  
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

**DUKE**

The more degenerate and base art thou,  
To make such means for her as thou hast done  
And leave her on such slight conditions.  
150 Now, by the honour of my ancestry,  
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,  
And think thee worthy of an empress' love:  
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,  
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,  
155 Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,  
To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,  
Thou art a gentleman and well derived;  
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved her.

**VALENTINE**

I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.  
160 I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,  
To grant one boom that I shall ask of you.

**DUKE**

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

**VALENTINE**

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

**DUKE**

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

**PROTEUS**

Heaven, be my witness. I will keep my wish forever.

**JULIA**

And I will keep mine.

*OUTLAWS enter along with the DUKE and TURIO.*

**OUTLAWS**

A prize, a prize, a prize!

**VALENTINE**

Stop, stop, I say! It is my lord, the Duke. It is I, a dishonored  
man--the banished Valentine--who welcomes Your Grace.

**DUKE**

Sir Valentine!

**TURIO**

There's Silvia, and Silvia is mine.

**VALENTINE**

Turio, move back, or else accept your death. Don't come  
close to the range of my anger. Do not call Silvia yours. If  
you do that once more, Verona won't protect you. Here she  
is. Go ahead, try to only touch her and take her as your own;  
I dare you to do so much as breathe on my love.

**TURIO**

Sir Valentine, I don't care about her. I think a man would be  
foolish to put his body in danger for a girl that doesn't love  
him. I don't call her mine, and therefore she is yours.

**DUKE**

*[To TURIO]* You are all the more degenerate and lowly,  
because you went to such lengths to win her, and then just  
left her based on such insubstantial grounds.

*[To VALENTINE]* Now, by the honor of my ancestry, I  
congratulate your spirit, Valentine. And I think you are  
worthy of an empress' love. Know that I will now forget all  
previous trouble, cancel all hatred, and allow you to return  
to your home again. Ask for a new set of circumstances  
based on your unquestionable merit, and I'll agree to  
them. Sir Valentine, you are a gentleman. Take Silvia,  
because you have earned her.

**VALENTINE**

Thank you, your Grace. The gift has made me happy. I now  
ask you--for your daughter's sake--to do me one more favor.

**DUKE**

I'll grant your request, whatever it may be.

**VALENTINE**

These banished men that I have lived with have some  
valuable qualities. Forgive them for what they have done  
here, and let them return home from their exile. They are  
reformed, civil, full of goodness, and ready to do you great  
service, noble Lord.

**DUKE**

You have convinced me. I pardon them, and I pardon you.  
Make arrangements for them in accordance with what they  
deserve. Come, let's go. We will bring this all to an end with  
festivities, joy, and a marvelous celebration.

**VALENTINE**

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

**DUKE**

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

**VALENTINE**

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

**DUKE**

What mean you by that saying?

**VALENTINE**

Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,  
180 That you will wonder what hath fortuned.  
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance but to hear  
The story of your loves discovered:  
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;  
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

*Exeunt*

**VALENTINE**

And as we walk along, I will dare to be bold with our  
conversation--so I can make your Grace smile. [Referring to  
*JULIA*] What do you think of this boy, my lord?

**DUKE**

I think the boy is charming. He blushes.

**VALENTINE**

I guarantee, my lord, that this person is more beautiful and  
charming than this person is a boy.

**DUKE**

What do you mean by that?

**VALENTINE**

If you wish, I'll tell you while we walk--and you will marvel  
at what has happened.

[*To PROTEUS*] Come, Proteus. Your punishment will be to  
listen to the story of your discovered love. When that's  
done, our wedding day will also be yours. One feast, one  
house, and one mutual happiness.

*They all exit.*

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