The Two Gentlemen of Verona

by William Shakespeare

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA ***

Executive Director's Notes:

In addition to the notes below, and so you will *NOT* think all the spelling errors introduced by the printers of the time have been corrected, here are the first few lines of Hamlet, as they are presented herein:

Barnardo. Who's there? Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold your selfe

Bar. Long liue the King

* * * * *

As I understand it, the printers often ran out of certain words or letters they had often packed into a "cliche". . .this is the original meaning of the term cliche. . .and thus, being unwilling to unpack the cliches, and thus you will see some substitutions that look very odd. . .such as the exchanges of u for v, v for u, above. . .and you may wonder why they did it this way, presuming Shakespeare did not actually write the play in this manner. . . .

The answer is that they MAY have packed "liue" into a cliche at a time when they were out of "v"'s. . .possibly having used "vv" in place of some "w"'s, etc. This was a common practice of the day, as print was still quite expensive, and they didn't want to spend more on a wider selection of characters than they had to.

You will find a lot of these kinds of "errors" in this text, as I have mentioned in other times and places, many "scholars" have an extreme attachment to these errors, and many have accorded them a very high place in the "canon" of Shakespeare. My father read an assortment of these made available to him by Cambridge University in England for several months in a glass room constructed for the purpose. To the best of my knowledge he read ALL those available . . .in great detail. . .and determined from the various changes, that Shakespeare most likely did not write in nearly as many of a variety of errors we credit him for, even though he was in/famous for signing his name with several different spellings.

So, please take this into account when reading the comments below made by our volunteer who prepared this file: you may see errors that are "not" errors. . . .

So. . .with this caveat. . .we have NOT changed the canon errors, here is the Project Gutenberg Etext of Shakespeare's The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Michael S. Hart Project Gutenberg Executive Director

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Scanner's Notes:

What this is and isn't. This was taken from a copy of Shakespeare's first folio and it is as close as I can come in ASCII to the printed text.

The elongated S's have been changed to small s's and the conjoined ae have been changed to ae. I have left the spelling, punctuation, capitalization as close as possible to the printed text. I have corrected some spelling mistakes (I have put together a spelling dictionary devised from the spellings of the Geneva Bible and Shakespeare's First Folio and have unified spellings according to this template), typo's and expanded abbreviations as I have come across them. Everything within brackets [] is what I have added. So if you don't like that you can delete everything within the brackets if you want a purer Shakespeare.

Another thing that you should be aware of is that there are textual differences between various copies of the first folio. So there may be differences (other than what I have mentioned above) between this and other first folio editions. This is due to the printer's habit of setting the type and running off a number of copies and then proofing the printed copy and correcting the type and then continuing the printing run. The proof run wasn't thrown away but incorporated into the printed copies. This is just the way it is. The text I have used was a composite of more than 30 different First Folio editions' best pages.

David Reed

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The Two Gentlemen of Verona

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Valentine: Protheus, and Speed.

Valentine. Cease to perswade, my louing Protheus; Home-keeping youth, haue euer

homely wits, Wer't not affection chaines thy tender dayes To the sweet glaunces of thy honour'd Loue, I rather would entreat thy company, To see the wonders of the world abroad, Then (liuing dully sluggardiz'd at home) Weare out thy youth with shapelesse idlenesse. But since thou lou'st; loue still, and thriue therein, Euen as I would, when I to loue begin

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine adew, Thinke on thy Protheus, when thou (hap'ly) seest Some rare note-worthy obiect in thy trauaile. Wish me partaker in thy happinesse, When thou do'st meet good hap; and in thy danger, (If euer danger doe enuiron thee) Commend thy grieuance to my holy prayers, For I will be thy beades-man, Valentine

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

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

Val. That's on some shallow Storie of deepe loue, How yong Leander crost the Hellespont

Pro. That's a deepe Storie, of a deeper loue, For he was more then ouer-shooes in loue

Val. 'Tis true; for you are ouer-bootes in loue, And yet you neuer swom the Hellespont

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

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

Pro. What?

Val. To be in loue; where scorne is bought with grones: Coy looks, with hart-sore sighes: one fading moments mirth, With twenty watchfull, weary, tedious nights; If hap'ly won, perhaps a haplesse gaine; If lost, why then a grieuous labour won; How euer: but a folly bought with wit, Or else a wit, by folly vanquished

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me foole

Val. So, by your circumstance, I feare you'll proue

Pro. 'Tis Loue you cauill at, I am not Loue

Val. Loue is your master, for he masters you; And he that is so yoked by a foole, Me thinkes should not be chronicled for wise

Pro. Yet Writers say; as in the sweetest Bud, The eating Canker dwels; so eating Loue Inhabits in the finest wits of all

Val. And Writers say; as the most forward Bud Is eaten by the Canker ere it blow, Euen so by Loue, the yong, and tender wit Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the Bud, Loosing his verdure, euen in the prime, And all the faire effects of future hopes. But wherefore waste I time to counsaile thee That art a votary to fond desire? Once more adieu: my Father at the Road Expects my comming, there to see me ship'd

Pro. And thither will I bring thee Valentine

Val. Sweet Protheus, no: Now let vs take our leaue: To Millaine let me heare from thee by Letters Of thy successe in loue; and what newes else Betideth here in absence of thy Friend: And I likewise will visite thee with mine

Pro. All happinesse bechance to thee in Millaine

Val. As much to you at home: and so farewell.

Enter

Pro. He after Honour hunts, I after Loue; He leaues his friends, to dignifie them more; I loue my selfe, my friends, and all for loue: Thou Iulia, thou hast metamorphis'd me: Made me neglect my Studies, loose my time; Warre with good counsaile; set the world at nought; Made Wit with musing, weake; hart sick with thought

Sp. Sir Protheus: 'saue you: saw you my Master?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embarque for Millain

Sp. Twenty to one then, he is ship'd already, And I haue plaid the Sheepe in loosing

him

Pro. Indeede a Sheepe doth very often stray, And if the Shepheard be awhile away

Sp. You conclude that my Master is a Shepheard then, and I Sheepe?

Pro. I doe

Sp. Why then my hornes are his hornes, whether I wake or sleepe

Pro. A silly answere, and fitting well a Sheepe

Sp. This proues me still a Sheepe

Pro. True: and thy Master a Shepheard

Sp. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance

Pro. It shall goe hard but ile proue it by another

Sp. The Shepheard seekes the Sheepe, and not the Sheepe the Shepheard; but I seeke my Master, and my Master seekes not me: therefore I am no Sheepe

Pro. The Sheepe for fodder follow the Shepheard, the Shepheard for foode followes not the Sheepe: thou for wages followest thy Master, thy Master for wages followes not thee: therefore thou art a Sheepe

Sp. Such another proofe will make me cry baa

Pro. But do'st thou heare: gau'st thou my Letter to Iulia?

Sp. I Sir: I (a lost-Mutton) gaue your Letter to her (a lac'd-Mutton) and she (a lac'd-Mutton) gaue mee (a lost-Mutton) nothing for my labour

Pro. Here's too small a Pasture for such store of Muttons

Sp. If the ground be ouer-charg'd, you were best sticke her

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

Sp. Nay Sir, lesse then a pound shall serue me for carrying your Letter

Pro. You mistake; I meane the pound, a Pinfold

Sp. From a pound to a pin? fold it ouer and ouer, 'Tis threefold too little for carrying

a letter to your louer

Pro. But what said she?

Sp. I

Pro. Nod-I, why that's noddy

Sp. You mistooke Sir: I say she did nod; And you aske me if she did nod, and I say I

Pro. And that set together is noddy

Sp. Now you haue taken the paines to set it together, take it for your paines

Pro. No, no, you shall haue it for bearing the letter

Sp. Well, I perceiue I must be faine to beare with you

Pro. Why Sir, how doe you beare with me?

Sp. Marry Sir, the letter very orderly, Hauing nothing but the word noddy for my paines

Pro. Beshrew me, but you haue a quicke wit

Sp. And yet it cannot ouer-take your slow purse

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in briefe; what said she

Sp. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter may be both at once deliuered

Pro. Well Sir: here is for your paines: what said she?

Sp. Truely Sir, I thinke you'll hardly win her

Pro. Why? could'st thou perceiue so much from her?

Sp. Sir, I could perceiue nothing at all from her; No, not so much as a ducket for deliuering your letter: And being so hard to me, that brought your minde; I feare she'll proue as hard to you in telling your minde. Giue her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steele

Pro. What said she, nothing?

Sp. No, not so much as take this for thy pains: To testifie your bounty, I thank you,

you haue cestern'd me; In requital whereof, henceforth, carry your letters your selfe; And so Sir, I'le commend you to my Master

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to saue your Ship from wrack, Which cannot perish hauing thee aboarde, Being destin'd to a drier death on shore: I must goe send some better Messenger, I feare my Iulia would not daigne my lines, Receiuing them from such a worthlesse post.

Enter.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Iulia and Lucetta.

Iul. But say Lucetta (now we are alone) Would'st thou then counsaile me to fall in loue?

Luc. I Madam, so you stumble not vnheedfully

Iul. Of all the faire resort of Gentlemen, That euery day with par'le encounter me, In thy opinion which is worthiest loue?

Lu. Please you repeat their names, ile shew my minde, According to my shallow simple skill

Iu. What thinkst thou of the faire sir Eglamoure? Lu. As of a Knight, well-spoken, neat, and fine; But were I you, he neuer should be mine

Iu. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio? Lu. Well of his wealth; but of himselfe, so, so

Iu. What think'st thou of the gentle Protheus? Lu. Lord, Lord: to see what folly raignes in vs

Iu. How now? what meanes this passion at his name? Lu. Pardon deare Madam, 'tis a passing shame, That I (vnworthy body as I am) Should censure thus on louely Gentlemen

Iu. Why not on Protheus, as of all the rest? Lu. Then thus: of many good, I thinke

him best

Iul. Your reason? Lu. I haue no other but a womans reason: I thinke him so, because I thinke him so

Iul. And would'st thou haue me cast my loue on him? Lu. I: if you thought your loue not cast away

Iul. Why he, of all the rest, hath neuer mou'd me

Lu. Yet he, of all the rest, I thinke best loues ye

Iul. His little speaking, shewes his loue but small

Lu. Fire that's closest kept, burnes most of all

Iul. They doe not loue, that doe not shew their loue

Lu. Oh, they loue least, that let men know their loue

Iul. I would I knew his minde

Lu. Peruse this paper Madam

Iul. To Iulia: say, from whom? Lu. That the Contents will shew

Iul. Say, say: who gaue it thee? Lu. Sir Valentines page: & sent I think from Protheus; He would haue giuen it you, but I being in the way, Did in your name receiue it: pardon the fault I pray

Iul. Now (by my modesty) a goodly Broker: Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines? To whisper, and conspire against my youth? Now trust me, 'tis an office of great worth, And you an officer fit for the place: There: take the paper: see it be return'd, Or else returne no more into my sight

Lu. To plead for loue, deserues more fee, then hate

Iul. Will ye be gon? Lu. That you may ruminate.

Enter.

Iul. And yet I would I had ore-look'd the Letter; It were a shame to call her backe

againe, And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her. What 'foole is she, that knowes I am a Maid, And would not force the letter to my view? Since Maides, in modesty, say no, to that, Which they would haue the profferer construe, I. Fie, fie: how way-ward is this foolish loue; That (like a testie Babe) will scratch the Nurse, And presently, all humbled kisse the Rod? How churlishly, I chid Lucetta hence, When willingly, I would haue had her here? How angerly I taught my brow to frowne, When inward ioy enforc'd my heart to smile? My pennance is, to call Lucetta backe And aske remission, for my folly past. What hoe: Lucetta

Lu. What would your Ladiship? Iul. Is't neere dinner time? Lu. I would it were, That you might kill your stomacke on your meat, And not vpon your Maid

Iu. What is't that you Tooke vp so gingerly? Lu. Nothing

Iu. Why didst thou stoope then? Lu. To take a paper vp, that I let fall

Iul. And is that paper nothing? Lu. Nothing concerning me

Iul. Then let it lye, for those that it concernes

Lu. Madam, it will not lye where it concernes, Vnlesse it haue a false Interpreter

Iul. Some loue of yours, hath writ to you in Rime

Lu. That I might sing it (Madam) to a tune: Giue me a Note, your Ladiship can set Iul. As little by such toyes, as may be possible: Best sing it to the tune of Light O, Loue

Lu. It is too heauy for so light a tune

Iu. Heauy? belike it hath some burden then? Lu. I: and melodious were it, would you sing it, Iu. And why not you? Lu. I cannot reach so high

Iu. Let's see your Song: How now Minion? Lu. Keepe tune there still; so you will sing it out: And yet me thinkes I do not like this tune

Iu. You doe not? Lu. No (Madam) tis too sharpe

Iu. You (Minion) are too saucie

Lu. Nay, now you are too flat; And marre the concord, with too harsh a descant: There wanteth but a Meane to fill your Song

Iu. The meane is dround with you vnruly base

Lu. Indeede I bid the base for Protheus

Iu. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me; Here is a coile with protestation: Goe, get you gone: and let the papers lye: You would be fingring them, to anger me

Lu. She makes it stra[n]ge, but she would be best pleas'd To be so angred with another Letter

Iu. Nay, would I were so angred with the same: Oh hatefull hands, to teare such louing words; Iniurious Waspes, to feede on such sweet hony, And kill the Bees that yeelde it, with your stings; Ile kisse each seuerall paper, for amends: Looke, here is writ, kinde Iulia: vnkinde Iulia, As in reuenge of thy ingratitude, I throw thy name against the bruzing-stones, Trampling contemptuously on thy disdaine. And here is writ, Loue wounded Protheus. Poore wounded name: my bosome, as a bed, Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly heal'd; And thus I search it with a soueraigne kisse. But twice, or thrice, was Protheus written downe: Be calme (good winde) blow not a word away, Till I haue found each letter, in the Letter, Except mine own name: That, some whirle-winde beare Vnto a ragged, fearefull, hanging Rocke, And throw it thence into the raging Sea. Loe, here in one line is his name twice writ: Poore forlorne Protheus, passionate Protheus: To the sweet Iulia: that ile teare away: And yet I will not, sith so prettily He couples it, to his complaining Names; Thus will I fold them, one vpon another; Now kisse, embrace, contend, doe what you will

Lu. Madam: dinner is ready: and your father staies

Iu. Well, let vs goe

Lu. What, shall these papers lye, like Tel-tales here? Iu. If you respect them; best to take them vp

Lu. Nay, I was taken vp, for laying them downe. Yet here they shall not lye, for catching cold

Iu. I see you haue a months minde to them

Lu. I (Madam) you may say what sights you see; I see things too, although you iudge I winke

Iu. Come, come, wilt please you goe.

Exeunt.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Antonio and Panthino. Protheus.

Ant. Tell me Panthino, what sad talke was that, Wherewith my brother held you in the Cloyster? Pan. 'Twas of his Nephew Protheus, your Sonne

Ant. Why? what of him? Pan. He wondred that your Lordship Would suffer him, to spend his youth at home, While other men, of slender reputation Put forth their Sonnes, to seeke preferment out. Some to the warres, to try their fortune there; Some, to discouer Islands farre away: Some, to the studious Vniuersities; For any, or for all these exercises, He said, that Protheus, your sonne, was meet; And did request me, to importune you To let him spend his time no more at home; Which would be great impeachment to his age, In hauing knowne no trauaile in his youth

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that Whereon, this month I haue bin hamering. I haue consider'd well, his losse of time, And how he cannot be a perfect man, Not being tryed, and tutord in the world: Experience is by industry atchieu'd, And perfected by the swift course of time: Then tell me, whether were I best to send him? Pan. I thinke your Lordship is not ignorant How his companion, youthfull Valentine, Attends the Emperour in his royall Court

Ant. I know it well

Pan. 'Twere good, I thinke, your Lordship sent him (thither, There shall he practise

Tilts, and Turnaments; Heare sweet discourse, conuerse with Noble-men, And be in eye of euery Exercise Worthy his youth, and noblenesse of birth

Ant. I like thy counsaile: well hast thou aduis'd: And that thou maist perceiue how well I like it, The execution of it shall make knowne; Euen with the speediest expedition, I will dispatch him to the Emperors Court

Pan. To morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso, With other Gentlemen of good esteeme Are iournying, to salute the Emperor, And to commend their seruice to his will

Ant. Good company: with them shall Protheus go: And in good time: now will we breake with him

Pro. Sweet Loue, sweet lines, sweet life, Here is her hand, the agent of her heart; Here is her oath for loue, her honors paune; O that our Fathers would applaud our loues To seale our happinesse with their consents

Pro. Oh heauenly Iulia

Ant. How now? What Letter are you reading there? Pro. May't please your Lordship, 'tis a word or two Of commendations sent from Valentine; Deliuer'd by a friend, that came from him

Ant. Lend me the Letter: Let me see what newes

Pro. There is no newes (my Lord) but that he writes How happily he liues, how well-belou'd, And daily graced by the Emperor; Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish? Pro. As one relying on your Lordships will, And not depending on his friendly wish

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish: Muse not that I thus sodainly proceed; For what I will, I will, and there an end: I am resolu'd, that thou shalt spend some time With Valentinus, in the Emperors Court: What maintenance he from his

friends receiues, Like exhibition thou shalt haue from me, To morrow be in readinesse, to goe, Excuse it not: for I am peremptory

Pro. My Lord I cannot be so soone prouided, Please you deliberate a day or two

Ant. Look what thou want'st shalbe sent after thee: No more of stay: to morrow thou must goe; Come on Panthino; you shall be imployd, To hasten on his Expedition

Pro. Thus haue I shund the fire, for feare of burning, And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd. I fear'd to shew my Father Iulias Letter, Least he should take exceptions to my loue, And with the vantage of mine owne excuse Hath he excepted most against my loue. Oh, how this spring of loue resembleth The vncertaine glory of an Aprill day, Which now shewes all the beauty of the Sun, And by and by a clowd takes all away

Pan. Sir Protheus, your Fathers call's for you, He is in hast, therefore I pray you go

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

Exeunt. Finis.

Actus secundus: Scoena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, Siluia

Speed. Sir, your Gloue

Valen. Not mine: my Gloues are on

Sp. Why then this may be yours: for this is but one

Val. Ha? Let me see: I, giue it me, it's mine: Sweet Ornament, that deckes a thing diuine, Ah Siluia, Siluia

Speed. Madam Siluia: Madam Siluia

Val. How now Sirha? Speed. Shee is not within hearing Sir

Val. Why sir, who bad you call her? Speed. Your worship sir, or else I mistooke

Val. Well: you'll still be too forward

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow

Val. Goe to, sir, tell me: do you know Madam Siluia? Speed. Shee that your worship loues? Val. Why, how know you that I am in loue? Speed. Marry by these speciall markes: first, you haue learn'd (like Sir Protheus) to wreath your Armes like a Male-content: to rellish a Loue-song, like a Robin-redbreast: to walke alone like one that had the pestilence: to sigh, like a Schoole-boy that had lost his A.B.C. to weep like a yong wench that had buried her Grandam: to fast, like one that takes diet: to watch, like one that feares robbing: to speake puling, like a beggar at Hallow-Masse: You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cocke; when you walk'd, to walke like one of the Lions: when you fasted, it was presently after dinner: when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money: And now you are Metamorphis'd with a Mistris, that when I looke on you, I can hardly thinke you my Master

Val. Are all these things perceiu'd in me? Speed. They are all perceiu'd without ye

Val. Without me? they cannot

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certaine: 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 Vrinall: that not an eye that sees you, but is a Physician to comment on your Malady

Val. But tell me: do'st thou know my Lady Siluia? Speed. Shee that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper? Val. Hast thou obseru'd that? euen she I meane

Speed. Why sir, I know her not

Val. Do'st thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not? Speed. Is she not hard-fauour'd, sir? Val. Not so faire (boy) as well fauour'd

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough

Val. What dost thou know? Speed. That shee is not so faire, as (of you)

well-fauourd? Val. I meane that her beauty is exquisite, But her fauour infinite

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

Val. How painted? and how out of count? Speed. Marry sir, so painted to make her faire, that no man counts of her beauty

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty

Speed. You neuer saw her since she was deform'd

Val. How long hath she beene deform'd? Speed. Euer since you lou'd her

Val. I haue lou'd her euer since I saw her, And still I see her beautifull

Speed. If you loue her, you cannot see her

Val. Why? Speed. Because Loue is blinde: O that you had mine eyes, or your owne eyes had the lights they were wont to haue, when you chidde at Sir Protheus, for going vngarter'd

Val. What should I see then? Speed. Your owne present folly, and her passing deformitie: for hee beeing in loue, could not see to garter his hose; and you, beeing in loue, cannot see to put on your hose

Val. Belike (boy) then you are in loue, for last morning You could not see to wipe my shooes

Speed. True sir: I was in loue with my bed, I thanke you, you swing'd me for my loue, which makes mee the bolder to chide you, for yours

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her

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

Val. Last night she enioyn'd me, To write some lines to one she loues

Speed. And haue you? Val. I haue

Speed. Are they not lamely writt? Val. No (Boy) but as well as I can do them: Peace, here she comes

Speed. Oh excellent motion; oh exceeding Puppet: Now will he interpret to her

Val. Madam & Mistres, a thousand good-morrows

Speed. Oh, 'giue ye-good-ev'n: heer's a million of manners

Sil. Sir Valentine, and seruant, to you two thousand

Speed. He should giue her interest: & she giues it him

Val. As you inioynd me; I haue writ your Letter Vnto the secret, nameles friend of yours: Which I was much vnwilling to proceed in, But for my duty to your Ladiship

Sil. I thanke you (gentle Seruant) 'tis very Clerklydone

Val. Now trust me (Madam) it came hardly-off: For being ignorant to whom it goes, I writ at randome, very doubtfully

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains? Val. No (Madam) so it steed you, I will write (Please you command) a thousand times as much: And yet - Sil. A pretty period: well: I ghesse the sequell; And yet I will not name it: and yet I care not. And yet, take this againe: and yet I thanke you: Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more

Speed. And yet you will: and yet, another yet

Val. What meanes your Ladiship? Doe you not like it? Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very queintly writ, But (since vnwillingly) take them againe. Nay, take them

Val. Madam, they are for you

Silu. I, I: you writ them Sir, at my request, But I will none of them: they are for you: I would haue had them writ more mouingly: Val. Please you, Ile write your Ladiship another

Sil. And when it's writ: for my sake read it ouer, And if it please you, so: if not: why so: Val. If it please me, (Madam?) what then? Sil. Why if it please you, take it for your labour; And so good-morrow Seruant.

Exit. Sil.

Speed. Oh Iest vnseene: inscrutible: inuisible, As a nose on a mans face, or a Wethercocke on a steeple: My Master sues to her: and she hath taught her Sutor, He being her Pupill, to become her Tutor. Oh excellent deuise, was there euer heard a better? That my master being scribe, To himselfe should write the Letter? Val. How now Sir? What are you reasoning with your selfe? Speed. Nay: I was riming: 'tis you y haue the reason

Val. To doe what? Speed. To be a Spokes-man from Madam Siluia

Val. To whom? Speed. To your selfe: why, she woes you by a figure

Val. What figure? Speed. By a Letter, I should say

Val. Why she hath not writ to me? Speed. What need she, When shee hath made you write to your selfe? Why, doe you not perceiue the iest? Val. No, beleeue me

Speed. No beleeuing you indeed sir: But did you perceiue her earnest? Val. She gaue me none, except an angry word

Speed. Why she hath giuen you a Letter

Val. That's the Letter I writ to her friend

Speed. And y letter hath she deliuer'd, & there an end

Val. I would it were no worse

Speed. Ile warrant you, 'tis as well: For often haue you writ to her: and she in modesty, Or else for want of idle time, could not againe reply, Or fearing els some messe[n]ger, y might her mind discouer Her self hath taught her Loue himself, to write vnto her louer. All this I speak in print, for in print I found it. Why muse you sir, 'tis dinner time

Val. I haue dyn'd

Speed. I, but hearken sir: though the Cameleon Loue can feed on the ayre, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals; and would faine haue meate: oh bee not like your Mistresse, be moued, be moued.

Exeunt.

Scoena secunda.

Enter Protheus, Iulia, Panthion.

Pro. Haue patience, gentle Iulia: Iul. I must where is no remedy

Pro. When possibly I can, I will returne

Iul. If you turne not: you will return the sooner: Keepe this remembrance for thy Iulia's sake

Pro. Why then wee'll make exchange; Here, take you this

Iul. And seale the bargaine with a holy kisse

Pro. Here is my hand, for my true constancie: And when that howre ore-slips me in the day, Wherein I sigh not (Iulia) for thy sake, The next ensuing howre, some foule mischance Torment me for my Loues forgetfulnesse: My father staies my comming: answere not: The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of teares, That tide will stay me longer then I should, Iulia, farewell: what, gon without a word? I, so true loue should doe: it cannot speake, For truth hath better deeds, then words to grace it

Panth. Sir Protheus: you are staid for

Pro. Goe: I come, I come: Alas, this parting strikes poore Louers dumbe.

Exeunt.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Launce, Panthion.

Launce. Nay, 'twill bee this howre ere I haue done weeping: all the kinde of the Launces, haue this very fault: I haue receiu'd my proportion, like the prodigious Sonne, and am going with Sir Protheus to the Imperialls Court: I thinke Crab my dog, be the sowrest natured dogge that liues: My Mother weeping: my Father wayling: my Sister crying: our Maid howling: our Catte wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexitie, yet did not this cruell-hearted Curre shedde one

teare: he is a stone, a very pibble stone, and has no more pitty in him then a dogge: a Iew would haue wept to haue seene our parting: why my Grandam hauing no eyes, looke you, wept her selfe blinde at my parting: nay, Ile shew you the manner of it. This shooe is my father: no, this left shooe is my father; no, no, this left shooe is my mother: nay, that cannot bee so neyther: yes; it is so, it is so: it hath the worser sole: this shooe with the hole in it, is my mother: and this my father: a veng'ance on't, there 'tis: Now sir, this staffe is my sister: for, looke you, she is as white as a lilly, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan our maid: I am the dogge: no, the dogge is himselfe, and I am the dogge: oh, the dogge is me, and I am my selfe: I; so, so: now come I to my Father; Father, your blessing: now should not the shooe speake a word for weeping: now should I kisse my Father; well, hee weepes on: Now come I to my Mother: Oh that she could speake now, like a would-woman: well, I kisse her: why there 'tis; heere's my mothers breath vp and downe: Now come I to my sister; marke the moane she makes: now the dogge all this while sheds not a teare: nor speakes a word: but see how I lay the dust with my teares

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

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

Panth. What's the vnkindest tide? Lau. Why, he that's tide here, Crab my dog

Pant. Tut, man: I meane thou'lt loose the flood, and in loosing the flood, loose thy voyage, and in loosing thy voyage, loose thy Master, and in loosing thy Master, loose thy seruice, and in loosing thy seruice: - why dost thou stop my mouth? Laun. For feare thou shouldst loose thy tongue

Panth. Where should I loose my tongue? Laun. In thy Tale

Panth. In thy Taile

Laun. Loose the Tide, and the voyage, and the Master, and the Seruice, and the tide: why man, if the Riuer were drie, I am able to fill it with my teares: if the winde were downe, I could driue the boate with my sighes

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

Lau. Sir: call me what thou dar'st

Pant. Wilt thou goe? Laun. Well, I will goe.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

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

Sil. Seruant

Val. Mistris

Spee. Master, Sir Thurio frownes on you

Val. I Boy, it's for loue

Spee. Not of you

Val. Of my Mistresse then

Spee. 'Twere good you knockt him

Sil. Seruant, you are sad

Val. Indeed, Madam, I seeme so

Thu. Seeme you that you are not? Val. Hap'ly I doe

Thu. So doe Counterfeyts

Val. So doe you

Thu. What seeme I that I am not? Val. Wise

Thu. What instance of the contrary? Val. Your folly

Thu. And how quoat you my folly? Val. I quoat it in your Ierkin

Thu. My Ierkin is a doublet

Val. Well then, Ile double your folly

Thu. How? Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio, do you change colour? Val. Giue him leaue, Madam, he is a kind of Camelion

Thu. That hath more minde to feed on your bloud, then liue in your ayre

Val. You haue said Sir

Thu. I Sir, and done too for this time

Val. I know it wel sir, you alwaies end ere you begin

Sil. A fine volly of words, gentleme[n], & quickly shot off Val. 'Tis indeed, Madam, we thank the giuer

Sil. Who is that Seruant? Val. Your selfe (sweet Lady) for you gaue the fire, Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your Ladiships lookes, And spends what he borrowes kindly in your company

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

Val. I know it well sir: you haue an Exchequer of words, And I thinke, no other treasure to giue your followers: For it appeares by their bare Liueries That they liue by your bare words

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more: Here comes my father

Duk. Now, daughter Siluia, you are hard beset. Sir Valentine, your father is in good health, What say you to a Letter from your friends Of much good newes? Val. My Lord, I will be thankfull, To any happy messenger from thence

Duk. Know ye Don Antonio, your Countriman? Val. I, my good Lord, I know the Gentleman To be of worth, and worthy estimation, And not without desert so well reputed

Duk. Hath he not a Sonne? Val. I, my good Lord, a Son, that well deserues The honor, and regard of such a father

Duk. You know him well? Val. I knew him as my selfe: for from our Infancie We haue conuerst, and spent our howres together, And though my selfe haue beene an idle Trewant, Omitting the sweet benefit of time To cloath mine age with Angel-like perfection: Yet hath Sir Protheus (for that's his name) Made vse, and faire aduantage of his daies: His yeares but yong, but his experience old: His head vn-mellowed, but his Iudgement ripe; And in a word (for far behinde his worth Comes all the praises that I now bestow.) He is compleat in feature, and in minde, With all good grace, to grace a Gentleman

Duk. Beshrew me sir, but if he make this good He is as worthy for an Empresse loue, As meet to be an Emperors Councellor: Well, Sir: this Gentleman is come to me With Commendation from great Potentates, And heere he meanes to spend his time a while, I thinke 'tis no vn-welcome newes to you

Val. Should I haue wish'd a thing, it had beene he

Duk. Welcome him then according to his worth: Siluia, I speake to you, and you Sir Thurio, For Valentine, I need not cite him to it, I will send him hither to you presently

Val. This is the Gentleman I told your Ladiship Had come along with me, but that his Mistresse Did hold his eyes, lockt in her Christall lookes

Sil. Be-like that now she hath enfranchis'd them Vpon some other pawne for fealty

Val. Nay sure, I thinke she holds them prisoners stil

Sil. Nay then he should be blind, and being blind How could he see his way to seeke out you? Val. Why Lady, Loue hath twenty paire of eyes

Thur. They say that Loue hath not an eye at all

Val. To see such Louers, Thurio, as your selfe, Vpon a homely obiect, Loue can winke

Sil. Haue done, haue done: here comes y gentleman

Val. Welcome, deer Protheus: Mistris, I beseech you Confirme his welcome, with some speciall fauor

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hether, If this be he you oft haue wish'd to heare from

Val. Mistris, it is: sweet Lady, entertaine him To be my fellow-seruant to your Ladiship

Sil. Too low a Mistres for so high a seruant

Pro. Not so, sweet Lady, but too meane a seruant To haue a looke of such a worthy a Mistresse

Val. Leaue off discourse of disabilitie: Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your Seruant

Pro. My dutie will I boast of, nothing else

Sil. And dutie neuer yet did want his meed. Seruant, you are welcome to a worthlesse Mistresse

Pro. Ile die on him that saies so but your selfe

Sil. That you are welcome? Pro. That you are worthlesse

Thur. Madam, my Lord your father wold speak with you

Sil. I wait vpon his pleasure: Come Sir Thurio, Goe with me: once more, new Seruant welcome; Ile leaue you to confer of home affaires, When you haue done, we looke too heare from you

Pro. Wee'll both attend vpon your Ladiship

Val. Now tell me: how do al from whence you came? Pro. Your frends are wel, & haue the[m] much co[m]mended

Val. And how doe yours? Pro. I left them all in health

Val. How does your Lady? & how thriues your loue? Pro. My tales of Loue were wont to weary you, I know you ioy not in a Loue-discourse

Val. I Protheus, but that life is alter'd now, I haue done pennance for contemning Loue, Whose high emperious thoughts haue punish'd me With bitter fasts, with penitentiall grones, With nightly teares, and daily hart-sore sighes, For in reuenge of my contempt of loue, Loue hath chas'd sleepe from my enthralled eyes, And made them watchers of mine owne hearts sorrow. O gentle Protheus, Loue's a mighty Lord, And hath so humbled me, as I confesse There is no woe to his correction, Nor to his Seruice, no such ioy on earth: Now, no discourse, except it be of loue: Now can I breake my fast, dine, sup, and sleepe, Vpon the very naked name of Loue

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye: Was this the Idoll, that you worship so? Val. Euen She; and is she not a heauenly Saint? Pro. No; But she is an earthly Paragon

Val. Call her diuine

Pro. I will not flatter her

Val. O flatter me: for Loue delights in praises

Pro. When I was sick, you gaue me bitter pils, And I must minister the like to you

Val. Then speake the truth by her; if not diuine, Yet let her be a principalitie, Soueraigne to all the Creatures on the earth

Pro. Except my Mistresse

Val. Sweet: except not any, Except thou wilt except against my Loue

Pro. Haue I not reason to prefer mine owne? Val. And I will help thee to prefer her to: Shee shall be dignified with this high honour, To beare my Ladies traine, lest the base earth Should from her vesture chance to steale a kisse, And of so great a fauor growing proud, Disdaine to roote the Sommer-swelling flowre, And make rough winter euerlastingly

Pro. Why Valentine, what Bragadisme is this? Val. Pardon me (Protheus) all I can is nothing, To her, whose worth, make other worthies nothing; Shee is alone

Pro. Then let her alone

Val. Not for the world: why man, she is mine owne, And I as rich in hauing such a Iewell As twenty Seas, if all their sand were pearle, The water, Nectar, and the Rocks pure gold. Forgiue me, that I doe not dreame on thee, Because thou seest me doate vpon my loue: My foolish Riuall that her Father likes (Onely for his possessions are so huge) Is gone with her along, and I must after, For Loue (thou know'st is full of iealousie.) Pro. But she loues you? Val. I, and we are betroathd: nay more, our mariage howre, With all the cunning manner of our flight Determin'd of: how I must climbe her window, The Ladder made of Cords, and all the means Plotted, and 'greed on for my happinesse. Good Protheus goe with me to my chamber, In these affaires to aid me with thy counsaile

Pro. Goe on before: I shall enquire you forth: I must vnto the Road, to dis-embarque Some necessaries, that I needs must vse, And then Ile presently attend you

Val. Will you make haste?

Enter.

Pro. I will. Euen as one heate, another heate expels, Or as one naile, by strength driues out another. So the remembrance of my former Loue Is by a newer obiect quite forgotten, It is mine, or Valentines praise? Her true perfection, or my false transgression? That makes me reasonlesse, to reason thus? Shee is faire: and so is Iulia that I loue, (That I did loue, for now my loue is thaw'd, Which like a waxen Image 'gainst a fire Beares no impression of the thing it was.) Me thinkes my zeale to Valentine is cold, And that I loue him not as I was wont: O, but I loue his Lady too-too much, And that's the reason I loue him so little. How shall I doate on her with more aduice, That thus without aduice begin to loue her? 'Tis but her picture I haue yet beheld, And that hath dazel'd my reasons light: But when I looke on her perfections, There is no reason, but I shall be blinde. If I can checke my erring loue, I will, If not, to compasse her Ile vse my skill.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. Launce, by mine honesty welcome to Padua

Laun. Forsweare not thy selfe, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this alwaies, that a man is neuer vndon till hee be hang'd, nor neuer welcome to a place, till some certaine shot be paid, and the Hostesse say welcome

Speed. Come-on you mad-cap: Ile to the Ale-house with you presently; where, for one shot of fiue pence, thou shalt haue fiue thousand welcomes: But sirha, how did thy Master part with Madam Iulia? Lau. Marry after they cloas'd in earnest, they parted very fairely in iest

Spee. But shall she marry him? Lau. No

Spee. How then? shall he marry her? Lau. No, neither

Spee. What, are they broken? Lau. No; they are both as whole as a fish

Spee. Why then, how stands the matter with them? Lau. Marry thus, when it stands well with him, it stands well with her

Spee. What an asse art thou, I vnderstand thee not

Lau. What a blocke art thou, that thou canst not? My staffe vnderstands me? Spee. What thou saist? Lau. I, and what I do too: looke thee, Ile but leane, and my staffe vnderstands me

Spee. It stands vnder thee indeed

Lau. Why, stand-vnder: and vnder-stand is all one

Spee. But tell me true, wil't be a match? Lau. Aske my dogge, if he say I, it will: if hee say no, it will: if hee shake his taile, and say nothing, it will

Spee. The conclusion is then, that it will

Lau. Thou shalt neuer get such a secret from me, but by a parable

Spee. 'Tis well that I get it so: but Launce, how saist thou that that my master is become a notable Louer? Lau. I neuer knew him otherwise

Spee. Then how? Lau. A notable Lubber: as thou reportest him to bee

Spee. Why, thou whorson Asse, thou mistak'st me, Lau. Why Foole, I meant not thee, I meant thy Master

Spee. I tell thee, my Master is become a hot Louer

Lau. Why, I tell thee, I care not, though hee burne himselfe in Loue. If thou wilt goe with me to the Alehouse: if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Iew, and not worth the name of a Christian

Spee. Why? Lau. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to goe to the Ale with a Christian: Wilt thou goe? Spee. At thy seruice.

Exeunt.

Scoena Sexta.

Enter Protheus solus.

Pro. To leaue my Iulia; shall I be forsworne? To loue faire Siluia; shall I be forsworne? To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworne. And ev'n that Powre which gaue me first my oath Prouokes me to this three-fold periurie. Loue bad mee sweare, and Loue bids me for-sweare; O sweet-suggesting Loue, if thou hast sin'd, Teach me (thy tempted subiect) to excuse it. At first I did adore a twinkling Starre, But now I worship a celestiall Sunne: Vn-heedfull vowes may heedfully be broken, And he wants wit, that wants resolued will, To learne his wit, t' exchange the bad for better; Fie, fie, vnreuerend tongue, to call her bad, Whose soueraignty so oft thou hast preferd, With twenty thousand soule-confirming oathes. I cannot leaue to loue; and yet I doe: But there I leaue to loue, where I should loue. Iulia I loose, and Valentine I loose, If I keepe them, I needs must loose my selfe: If I loose them, thus

finde I by their losse, For Valentine, my selfe: for Iulia, Siluia. I to my selfe am deerer then a friend, For Loue is still most precious in it selfe, And Siluia (witnesse heauen that made her faire) Shewes Iulia but a swarthy Ethiope. I will forget that Iulia is aliue, Remembring that my Loue to her is dead. And Valentine Ile hold an Enemie, Ayming at Siluia as a sweeter friend. I cannot now proue constant to my selfe, Without some treachery vs'd to Valentine. This night he meaneth with a Corded-ladder To climbe celestiall Siluia's chamber window, My selfe in counsaile his competitor. Now presently Ile giue her father notice Of their disguising and pretended flight: Who (all inrag'd) will banish Valentine: For Thurio he intends shall wed his daughter, But Valentine being gon, Ile quickely crosse By some slie tricke, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding. Loue lend me wings, to make my purpose swift As thou hast lent me wit, to plot this drift.

Enter.

Scoena septima.

Enter Iulia and Lucetta.

Iul. Counsaile, Lucetta, gentle girle assist me, And eu'n in kinde loue, I doe coniure thee, Who art the Table wherein all my thoughts Are visibly Character'd, and engrau'd, To lesson me, and tell me some good meane How with my honour I may vndertake A iourney to my louing Protheus

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long

Iul. A true-deuoted Pilgrime is not weary To measure Kingdomes with his feeble steps, Much lesse shall she that hath Loues wings to flie, And when the flight is made to one so deere, Of such diuine perfection as Sir Protheus

Luc. Better forbeare, till Protheus make returne

Iul. Oh, know'st y not, his looks are my soules food? Pitty the dearth that I haue pined in, By longing for that food so long a time. Didst thou but know the inly touch of Loue, Thou wouldst as soone goe kindle fire with snow As seeke to quench the

fire of Loue with words

Luc. I doe not seeke to quench your Loues hot fire, But qualifie the fires extreame rage, Lest it should burne aboue the bounds of reason

Iul. The more thou dam'st it vp, the more it burnes: The Current that with gentle murmure glides (Thou know'st) being stop'd, impatiently doth rage: But when his faire course is not hindered, He makes sweet musicke with th' enameld stones, Giuing a gentle kisse to euery sedge He ouer-taketh in his pilgrimage. And so by many winding nookes he straies With willing sport to the wilde Ocean. Then let me goe, and hinder not my course: Ile be as patient as a gentle streame, And make a pastime of each weary step, Till the last step haue brought me to my Loue, And there Ile rest, as after much turmoile A blessed soule doth in Elizium

Luc. But in what habit will you goe along? Iul. Not like a woman, for I would preuent The loose encounters of lasciuious men: Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weedes As may beseeme some well reputed Page

Luc. Why then your Ladiship must cut your haire

Iul. No girle, Ile knit it vp in silken strings, With twentie od-conceited true-loue knots: To be fantastique, may become a youth Of greater time then I shall shew to be

Luc. What fashion (Madam) shall I make your breeches? Iul. That fits as well, as tell me (good my Lord) What compasse will you weare your Farthingale? Why eu'n what fashion thou best likes (Lucetta.) Luc. You must needs haue the[m] with a cod-peece Ma[dam] Iul. Out, out, (Lucetta) that wilbe illfauourd

Luc. A round hose (Madam) now's not worth a pin Vnlesse you haue a cod-peece to stick pins on

Iul. Lucetta, as thou lou'st me let me haue What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly. But tell me (wench) how will the world repute me For vndertaking so vnstaid a iourney? I feare me it will make me scandaliz'd

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

Iul. Nay, that I will not

Luc. Then neuer dreame on Infamy, but go: If Protheus like your iourney, when you come, No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone: I feare me he will scarce be pleas'd with all

Iul. That is the least (Lucetta) of my feare: A thousand oathes, an Ocean of his teares, And instances of infinite of Loue, Warrant me welcome to my Protheus

Luc. All these are seruants to deceitfull men

Iul. Base men, that vse them to so base effect; But truer starres did gouerne Protheus birth, His words are bonds, his oathes are oracles, His loue sincere, his thoughts immaculate, His teares, pure messengers, sent from his heart, His heart, as far from fraud, as heauen from earth

Luc. Pray heau'n he proue so when you come to him

Iul. Now, as thou lou'st me, do him not that wrong, To beare a hard opinion of his truth: Onely deserue my loue, by louing him, And presently goe with me to my chamber To take a note of what I stand in need of, To furnish me vpon my longing iourney: All that is mine I leaue at thy dispose, My goods, my Lands, my reputation, Onely, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence: Come; answere not: but to it presently, I am impatient of my tarriance.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus, Valentine, Launce, Speed.

Duke. Sir Thurio, giue vs leaue (I pray) a while, We haue some secrets to confer about. Now tell me Protheus, what's your will with me? Pro. My gracious Lord, that which I wold discouer, The Law of friendship bids me to conceale, But when I call to minde your gracious fauours Done to me (vndeseruing as I am) My dutie pricks

me on to vtter that Which else, no worldly good should draw from me: Know (worthy Prince) Sir Valentine my friend This night intends to steale away your daughter: My selfe am one made priuy to the plot. I know you haue determin'd to bestow her On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates, And should she thus be stolne away from you, It would be much vexation to your age. Thus (for my duties sake) I rather chose To crosse my friend in his intended drift, Then (by concealing it) heap on your head A pack of sorrowes, which would presse you downe (Being vnpreuented) to your timelesse graue

Duke. Protheus, I thank thee for thine honest care, Which to requite, command me while I liue. This loue of theirs, my selfe haue often seene, Haply when they haue iudg'd me fast asleepe, And oftentimes haue purpos'd to forbid Sir Valentine her companie, and my Court. But fearing lest my iealous ayme might erre, And so (vnworthily) disgrace the man (A rashnesse that I euer yet haue shun'd) I gaue him gentle lookes, thereby to finde That which thy selfe hast now disclos'd to me. And that thou maist perceiue my feare of this, Knowing that tender youth is soone suggested, I nightly lodge her in an vpper Towre, The key whereof, my selfe haue euer kept: And thence she cannot be conuay'd away

Pro. Know (noble Lord) they haue deuis'd a meane How he her chamber-window will ascend, And with a Corded-ladder fetch her downe: For which, the youthfull Louer now is gone, And this way comes he with it presently. Where (if it please you) you may intercept him. But (good my Lord) doe it so cunningly That my discouery be not aimed at: For, loue of you, not hate vnto my friend, Hath made me publisher of this pretence

Duke. Vpon mine Honor, he shall neuer know That I had any light from thee of this

Pro. Adiew, my Lord, Sir Valentine is comming

Duk. Sir Valentine, whether away so fast? Val. Please it your Grace, there is a Messenger That stayes to beare my Letters to my friends, And I am going to deliuer

them

Duk. Be they of much import? Val. The tenure of them doth but signifie My health, and happy being at your Court

Duk. Nay then no matter: stay with me a while, I am to breake with thee of some affaires That touch me neere: wherein thou must be secret. 'Tis not vnknown to thee, that I haue sought To match my friend Sir Thurio, to my daughter

Val. I know it well (my Lord) and sure the Match Were rich and honourable: besides, the gentleman Is full of Vertue, Bounty, Worth, and Qualities Beseeming such a Wife, as your faire daughter: Cannot your Grace win her to fancie him? Duk. No, trust me, She is peeuish, sullen, froward, Prowd, disobedient, stubborne, lacking duty, Neither regarding that she is my childe, Nor fearing me, as if I were her father: And may I say to thee, this pride of hers (Vpon aduice) hath drawne my loue from her, And where I thought the remnant of mine age Should haue beene cherish'd by her child-like dutie, I now am full resolu'd to take a wife, And turne her out, to who will take her in: Then let her beauty be her wedding dowre: For me, and my possessions she esteemes not

Val. What would your Grace haue me to do in this? Duk. There is a Lady in Verona heere Whom I affect: but she is nice, and coy, And naught esteemes my aged eloquence. Now therefore would I haue thee to my Tutor (For long agone I haue forgot to court, Besides the fashion of the time is chang'd) How, and which way I may bestow my selfe To be regarded in her sun-bright eye

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words, Dumbe Iewels often in their silent kinde More then quicke words, doe moue a womans minde

Duk. But she did scorne a present that I sent her, Val. A woman somtime scorns what best co[n]tents her. Send her another: neuer giue her ore, For scorne at first, makes after-loue the more. If she doe frowne, 'tis not in hate of you, But rather to beget more loue in you. If she doe chide, 'tis not to haue you gone, For why, the

fooles are mad, if left alone. Take no repulse, what euer she doth say, For, get you gon, she doth not meane away. Flatter, and praise, commend, extoll their graces: Though nere so blacke, say they haue Angells faces, That man that hath a tongue, I say is no man, If with his tongue he cannot win a woman

Duk. But she I meane, is promis'd by her friends Vnto a youthfull Gentleman of worth, And kept seuerely from resort of men, That no man hath accesse by day to her

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night

Duk. I, but the doores be lockt, and keyes kept safe, That no man hath recourse to her by night

Val. What letts but one may enter at her window? Duk. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground, And built so sheluing, that one cannot climbe it Without apparant hazard of his life

Val. Why then a Ladder quaintly made of Cords To cast vp, with a paire of anchoring hookes, Would serue to scale another Hero's towre, So bold Leander would aduenture it

Duk. Now as thou art a Gentleman of blood Aduise me, where I may haue such a Ladder

Val. When would you vse it? pray sir, tell me that

Duk. This very night; for Loue is like a childe That longs for euery thing that he can come by

Val. By seauen a clock, ile get you such a Ladder

Duk But harke thee: I will goe to her alone, How shall I best conuey the Ladder thither? Val. It will be light (my Lord) that you may beare it Vnder a cloake, that is of any length

Duk. A cloake as long as thine will serue the turne? Val. I my good Lord

Duk. Then let me see thy cloake, Ile get me one of such another length

Val. Why any cloake will serue the turn (my Lord) Duk. How shall I fashion me to weare a cloake? I pray thee let me feele thy cloake vpon me. What Letter is this same? what's here? to Siluia? And heere an Engine fit for my proceeding, Ile be so bold to breake the seale for once. My thoughts do harbour with my Siluia nightly, And slaues they are to me, that send them flying. Oh, could their Master come, and goe as lightly, Himselfe would lodge where (senceles) they are lying. My Herald Thoughts, in thy pure bosome rest-them, While I (their King) that thither them importune Doe curse the grace, that with such grace hath blest them, Because my selfe doe want my seruants fortune. I curse my selfe, for they are sent by me, That they should harbour where their Lord should be. What's here? Siluia, this night I will enfranchise thee. 'Tis so: and heere's the Ladder for the purpose. Why Phaeton (for thou art Merops sonne) Wilt thou aspire to guide the heauenly Car? And with thy daring folly burne the world? Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee? Goe base Intruder, ouer-weening Slaue, Bestow thy fawning smiles on equall mates, And thinke my patience, (more then thy desert) Is priuiledge for thy departure hence. Thanke me for this, more then for all the fauors Which (all too-much) I haue bestowed on thee. But if thou linger in my Territories Longer then swiftest expedition Will giue thee time to leaue our royall Court, By heauen, my wrath shall farre exceed the loue I euer bore my daughter, or thy selfe. Be gone, I will not heare thy vaine excuse, But as thou lou'st thy life, make speed from hence

Val. And why not death, rather then liuing torment? To die, is to be banisht from my selfe, And Siluia is my selfe: banish'd from her Is selfe from selfe. A deadly banishment: What light, is light, if Siluia be not seene? What ioy is ioy, if Siluia be not by? Vnlesse it be to thinke that she is by And feed vpon the shadow of perfection. Except I be by Siluia in the night, There is no musicke in the Nightingale. Vnlesse I looke on Siluia in the day, There is no day for me to looke vpon. Shee is my essence, and I leaue to be; If I be not by her faire influence

Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept aliue. I flie not death, to flie his deadly doome, Tarry I heere, I but attend on death, But flie I hence, I flie away from life

Pro. Run (boy) run, run, and seeke him out

Lau. So-hough, Soa hough- Pro. What seest thou? Lau. Him we goe to finde, There's not a haire on's head, but 'tis a Valentine

Pro. Valentine? Val. No

Pro. Who then? his Spirit? Val. Neither, Pro. What then? Val. Nothing

Lau. Can nothing speake? Master, shall I strike? Pro. Who wouldst thou strike? Lau. Nothing

Pro. Villaine, forbeare

Lau. Why Sir, Ile strike nothing: I pray you

Pro. Sirha, I say forbeare: friend Valentine, a word

Val. My eares are stopt, & cannot hear good newes, So much of bad already hath possest them

Pro. Then in dumbe silence will I bury mine, For they are harsh, vn-tuneable, and bad

Val. Is Siluia dead? Pro. No, Valentine

Val. No Valentine indeed, for sacred Siluia, Hath she forsworne me? Pro. No, Valentine

Val. No Valentine, if Siluia haue forsworne me. What is your newes? Lau. Sir, there is a proclamation, y you are vanished

Pro. That thou art banish'd: oh that's the newes, From hence, from Siluia, and from me thy friend

Val. Oh, I haue fed vpon this woe already, And now excesse of it will make me surfet. Doth Siluia know that I am banish'd? Pro. I, I: and she hath offered to the

doome (Which vn-reuerst stands in effectuall force) A Sea of melting pearle, which some call teares; Those at her fathers churlish feete she tenderd, With them vpon her knees, her humble selfe, Wringing her hands, whose whitenes so became them, As if but now they waxed pale for woe: But neither bended knees, pure hands held vp, Sad sighes, deepe grones, nor siluer-shedding teares Could penetrate her vncompassionate Sire; But Valentine, if he be tane, must die. Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so, When she for thy repeale was suppliant, That to close prison he commanded her, With many bitter threats of biding there

Val. No more: vnles the next word that thou speak'st Haue some malignant power vpon my life: If so: I pray thee breath it in mine eare, As ending Antheme of my endlesse dolor

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not helpe, And study helpe for that which thou lament'st, Time is the Nurse, and breeder of all good; Here, if thou stay, thou canst not see thy loue: Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life: Hope is a louers staffe, walke 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 deliuer'd Euen in the milke-white bosome of thy Loue. The time now serues not to expostulate, Come, Ile conuey thee through the City-gate. And ere I part with thee, confer at large Of all that may concerne thy Loue-affaires: As thou lou'st Siluia (though not for thy selfe) Regard thy danger, and along with me

Val. I pray thee Launce, and if thou seest my Boy Bid him make haste, and meet me at the North-gate

Pro. Goe sirha, finde him out: Come Valentine

Val. Oh my deere Siluia; haplesse Valentine

Launce. I am but a foole, looke you, and yet I haue the wit to thinke my Master is a kinde of a knaue: but that's all one, if he be but one knaue: He liues not now that knowes me to be in loue, yet I am in loue, but a Teeme of horse shall not plucke that

from me: nor who 'tis I loue: and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell my selfe: and yet 'tis a Milke-maid: yet 'tis not a maid: for shee hath had Gossips: yet 'tis a maid, for she is her Masters maid, and serues for wages. Shee hath more qualities then a Water-Spaniell, which is much in a bare Christian: Heere is the Catelog of her Condition. Inprimis. Shee can fetch and carry: why a horse can doe no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but onely carry, therefore is shee better then a Iade. Item. She can milke, looke you, a sweet vertue in a maid with cleane hands

Speed. How now Signior Launce? what newes with your Mastership? La. With my Mastership? why, it is at Sea: Sp. Well, your old vice still: mistake the word: what newes then in your paper? La. The black'st newes that euer thou heard'st

Sp. Why man? how blacke? La. Why, as blacke as Inke

Sp. Let me read them? La. Fie on thee Iolt-head, thou canst not read

Sp. Thou lyest: I can

La. I will try thee: tell me this: who begot thee? Sp. Marry, the son of my Grand-father

La. Oh illiterate loyterer; it was the sonne of thy Grand-mother: this proues that thou canst not read

Sp. Come foole, come: try me in thy paper

La. There: and S[aint]. Nicholas be thy speed

Sp. Inprimis she can milke

La. I that she can

Sp. Item, she brewes good Ale

La. And thereof comes the prouerbe: (Blessing of your heart, you brew good Ale.) Sp. Item, she can sowe

La. That's as much as to say (Can she so?) Sp. Item she can knit

La. What neede a man care for a stock with a wench, When she can knit him a

stocke? Sp. Item, she can wash and scoure

La. A speciall vertue: for then shee neede not be wash'd, and scowr'd

Sp. Item, she can spin

La. Then may I set the world on wheeles, when she can spin for her liuing

Sp. Item, she hath many namelesse vertues

La. That's as much as to say Bastard-vertues: that indeede know not their fathers; and therefore haue no names

Sp. Here follow her vices

La. Close at the heeles of her vertues

Sp. Item, shee is not to be fasting in respect of her breath

La. Well: that fault may be mended with a breakfast: read on

Sp. Item, she hath a sweet mouth

La. That makes amends for her soure breath

Sp. Item, she doth talke in her sleepe

La. It's no matter for that; so shee sleepe not in her talke

Sp. Item, she is slow in words

La. Oh villaine, that set this downe among her vices; To be slow in words, is a womans onely vertue: I pray thee out with't, and place it for her chiefe vertue

Sp. Item, she is proud

La. Out with that too: It was Eues legacie, and cannot be t'ane from her

Sp. Item, she hath no teeth

La. I care not for that neither: because I loue crusts

Sp. Item, she is curst

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

Sp. Item, she will often praise her liquor

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

Sp. Item, she is too liberall

La. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ downe she is slow of: of her purse, shee shall not, for that ile keepe shut: Now, of another thing shee may, and that cannot I helpe. Well, proceede

Sp. Item, shee hath more haire then wit, and more faults then haires, and more wealth then faults

La. Stop there: Ile haue her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last Article: rehearse that once more

Sp. Item, she hath more haire then wit

La. More haire then wit: it may be ile proue it: The couer of the salt, hides the salt, and therefore it is more then the salt; the haire that couers the wit, is more then the wit; for the greater hides the lesse: What's next? Sp. And more faults then haires

La. That's monstrous: oh that that were out

Sp. And more wealth then faults

La. Why that word makes the faults gracious: Well, ile haue her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible

Sp. What then? La. Why then, will I tell thee, that thy Master staies for thee at the North gate

Sp. For me? La. For thee? I, who art thou? he hath staid for a better man then thee

Sp. And must I goe to him? La. Thou must run to him; for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serue the turne

Sp. Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your loue Letters

La. Now will he be swing'd for reading my Letter; An vnmannerly slaue, that will thrust himselfe into secrets: Ile after, to reioyce in the boyes correctio[n].

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus.

Du. Sir Thurio, feare not, but that she will loue you Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight

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

Du. This weake impresse of Loue, is as a figure Trenched in ice, which with an houres heate Dissolues to water, and doth loose his forme. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, And worthlesse Valentine shall be forgot. How now sir Protheus, is your countriman (According to our Proclamation) gon? Pro. Gon, my good Lord

Du. My daughter takes his going grieuously? Pro. A little time (my Lord) will kill that griefe

Du. So I beleeue: but Thurio thinkes not so: Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee, (For thou hast showne some signe of good desert) Makes me the better to confer with thee

Pro. Longer then I proue loyall to your Grace, Let me not liue, to looke vpon your Grace

Du. Thou know'st how willingly, I would effect The match betweene sir Thurio, and my daughter? Pro. I doe my Lord

Du. And also, I thinke, thou art not ignorant How she opposes her against my will? Pro. She did my Lord, when Valentine was here

Du. I, and peruersly, she perseuers so: What might we doe to make the girle forget The loue of Valentine, and loue sir Thurio? Pro. The best way is, to slander

Valentine, With falsehood, cowardize, and poore discent: Three things, that women highly hold in hate

Du. I, but she'll thinke, that it is spoke in hate

Pro. I, if his enemy deliuer it. Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend

Du. Then you must vndertake to slander him

Pro. And that (my Lord) I shall be loath to doe: 'Tis an ill office for a Gentleman, Especially against his very friend

Du. Where your good word cannot aduantage him, Your slander neuer can endamage him; Therefore the office is indifferent, Being intreated to it by your friend

Pro. You haue preuail'd (my Lord) if I can doe it By ought that I can speake in his dispraise, She shall not long continue loue to him: But say this weede her loue from Valentine, It followes not that she will loue sir Thurio

Th. Therefore, as you vnwinde her loue from him; Least it should rauell, and be good to none, You must prouide to bottome it on me: Which must be done, by praising me as much As you, in worth dispraise, sir Valentine

Du. And Protheus, we dare trust you in this kinde, Because we know (on Valentines report) You are already loues firme votary, And cannot soone reuolt, and change your minde. Vpon this warrant, shall you haue accesse, Where you, with Siluia, may conferre at large. For she is lumpish, heauy, mellancholly, And (for your friends sake) will be glad of you; Where you may temper her, by your perswasion, To hate yong Valentine, and loue my friend

Pro. As much as I can doe, I will effect: But you sir Thurio, are not sharpe enough: You must lay Lime, to tangle her desires By walefull Sonnets, whose composed Rimes Should be full fraught with seruiceable vowes

Du. I, much is the force of heauen-bred Poesie

Pro. Say that vpon the altar of her beauty You sacrifice your teares, your sighes, your heart: Write till your inke be dry: and with your teares Moist it againe: and frame some feeling line, That may discouer such integrity: For Orpheus Lute, was strung with Poets sinewes, Whose golden touch could soften steele and stones; Make Tygers tame, and huge Leuiathans Forsake vnsounded deepes, to dance on Sands. After your dire-lamenting Elegies, Visit by night your Ladies chamber-window With some sweet Consort; To their Instruments Tune a deploring dumpe: the nights dead silence Will well become such sweet complaining grieuance: This, or else nothing, will inherit her

Du. This discipline, showes thou hast bin in loue

Th. And thy aduice, this night, ile put in practise: Therefore, sweet Protheus, my direction-giuer, Let vs into the City presently To sort some Gentlemen, well skil'd in Musicke. I haue a Sonnet, that will serue the turne To giue the on-set to thy good aduise

Du. About it Gentlemen

Pro. We'll wait vpon your Grace, till after Supper, And afterward determine our proceedings

Du. Euen now about it, I will pardon you.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, and certaine Out-lawes.

1.Outl. Fellowes, stand fast: I see a passenger

2.Out. If there be ten, shrinke not, but down with 'em

3.Out. Stand sir, and throw vs that you haue about 'ye. If not: we'll make you sit, and rifle you

Sp. Sir we are vndone; these are the Villaines That all the Trauailers doe feare so much

Val. My friends

1.Out. That's not so, sir: we are your enemies

2.Out. Peace: we'll heare him

3.Out. I by my beard will we: for he is a proper man

Val. Then know that I haue little wealth to loose; A man I am, cross'd with aduersitie: My riches, are these poore habiliments, Of which, if you should here disfurnish me, You take the sum and substance that I haue

2.Out. Whether trauell you? Val. To Verona

1.Out. Whence came you? Val. From Millaine

3.Out. Haue you long soiourn'd there? Val. Some sixteene moneths, and longer might haue staid, If crooked fortune had not thwarted me

1.Out. What, were you banish'd thence? Val. I was

2.Out. For what offence? Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse; I kil'd a man, whose death I much repent, But yet I slew him manfully, in fight, Without false vantage, or base treachery

1.Out. Why nere repent it, if it were done so; But were you banisht for so small a fault? Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doome

2.Out. Haue you the Tongues? Val. My youthfull trauaile, therein made me happy, Or else I often had beene often miserable

3.Out. By the bare scalpe of Robin Hoods fat Fryer, This fellow were a King, for our wilde faction

1.Out. We'll haue him: Sirs, a word

Sp. Master, be one of them: It's an honourable kinde of theeuery

Val. Peace villaine

2.Out. Tell vs this: haue you any thing to take to? Val. Nothing but my fortune

3.Out. Know then, that some of vs are Gentlemen, Such as the fury of vngouern'd youth Thrust from the company of awfull men. My selfe was from Verona banished, For practising to steale away a Lady, And heire and Neece, alide vnto the Duke

2.Out. And I from Mantua, for a Gentleman, Who, in my moode, I stab'd vnto the heart

1.Out. And I, for such like petty crimes as these. But to the purpose: for we cite our faults, That they may hold excus'd our lawlesse liues; And partly seeing you are beautifide With goodly shape; and by your owne report, A Linguist, and a man of such perfection, As we doe in our quality much want

2.Out. Indeede because you are a banish'd man, Therefore, aboue the rest, we parley to you: Are you content to be our Generall? To make a vertue of necessity, And liue as we doe in this wildernesse? 3.Out. What saist thou? wilt thou be of our consort? Say I, and be the captaine of vs all: We'll doe thee homage, and be rul'd by thee, Loue thee, as our Commander, and our King

1.Out. But if thou scorne our curtesie, thou dyest

2.Out. Thou shalt not liue, to brag what we haue offer'd

Val. I take your offer, and will liue with you, Prouided that you do no outrages On silly women, or poore passengers

3.Out. No, we detest such vile base practises. Come, goe with vs, we'll bring thee to our Crewes, And show thee all the Treasure we haue got; Which, with our selues, all rest at thy dispose.

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Protheus, Thurio, Iulia, Host, Musitian, Siluia.

Pro. Already haue I bin false to Valentine, And now I must be as vniust to Thurio, Vnder the colour of commending him, I haue accesse my owne loue to prefer. But Siluia is too faire, too true, too holy, To be corrupted with my worthlesse guifts; When I protest true loyalty to her, She twits me with my falsehood to my friend; When to her beauty I commend my vowes, She bids me thinke how I haue bin forsworne In breaking faith with Iulia, whom I lou'd; And notwithstanding all her sodaine quips, The least whereof would quell a louers hope: Yet (Spaniel-like) the more she spurnes my loue, The more it growes, and fawneth on her still; But here comes Thurio; now must we to her window, And giue some euening Musique to her eare

Th. How now, sir Protheus, are you crept before vs? Pro. I gentle Thurio, for you know that loue Will creepe in seruice, where it cannot goe

Th. I, but I hope, Sir, that you loue not here

Pro. Sir, but I doe: or else I would be hence

Th. Who, Siluia? Pro. I, Siluia, for your sake

Th. I thanke you for your owne: Now Gentlemen Let's tune: and too it lustily a while

Ho. Now, my yong guest; me thinks your' allycholly; I pray you why is it? Iu. Marry (mine Host) because I cannot be merry

Ho. Come, we'll haue you merry: ile bring you where you shall heare Musique, and see the Gentleman that you ask'd for

Iu. But shall I heare him speake

Ho. I that you shall

Iu. That will be Musique

Ho. Harke, harke

Iu. Is he among these? Ho. I: but peace, let's heare'm

Song. Who is Siluia? what is she? That all our Swaines commend her? Holy, faire,

and wise is she, The heauen such grace did lend her, that she might admired be. Is she kinde as she is faire? For beauty liues with kindnesse: Loue doth to her eyes repaire, To helpe him of his blindnesse: And being help'd, inhabits there. Then to Siluia, let vs sing, That Siluia is excelling; She excels each mortall thing Vpon the dull earth dwelling. To her let vs Garlands bring

Ho. How now? are you sadder then you were before; How doe you, man? the Musicke likes you not

Iu. You mistake: the Musitian likes me not

Ho. Why, my pretty youth? Iu. He plaies false (father.) Ho. How, out of tune on the strings

Iu. Not so: but yet So false that he grieues my very heart-strings

Ho. You haue a quicke eare

Iu. I, I would I were deafe: it makes me haue a slow heart

Ho. I perceiue you delight not in Musique

Iu. Not a whit, when it iars so

Ho. Harke, what fine change is in the Musique

Iu. I: that change is the spight

Ho. You would haue them alwaies play but one thing

Iu. I would alwaies haue one play but one thing. But Host, doth this Sir Protheus, that we talke on, Often resort vnto this Gentlewoman? Ho. I tell you what Launce his man told me, He lou'd her out of all nicke

Iu. Where is Launce? Ho. Gone to seeke his dog, which to morrow, by his Masters command, hee must carry for a present to his Lady

Iu. Peace, stand aside, the company parts

Pro. Sir Thurio, feare not you, I will so pleade, That you shall say, my cunning drift

excels

Th. Where meete we? Pro. At Saint Gregories well

Th. Farewell

Pro. Madam: good eu'n to your Ladiship

Sil. I thanke you for your Musique (Gentlemen) Who is that that spake? Pro. One (Lady) if you knew his pure hearts truth, You would quickly learne to know him by his voice

Sil. Sir Protheus, as I take it

Pro. Sir Protheus (gentle Lady) and your Seruant

Sil. What's your will? Pro. That I may compasse yours

Sil. You haue your wish: my will is euen this, That presently you hie you home to bed: Thou subtile, periur'd, false, disloyall man: Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitlesse, To be seduced by thy flattery, That has't deceiu'd so many with thy vowes? Returne, returne, and make thy loue amends: For me (by this pale queene of night I sweare) I am so farre from granting thy request, That I despise thee, for thy wrongfull suite; And by and by intend to chide my selfe, Euen for this time I spend in talking to thee

Pro. I grant (sweet loue) that I did loue a Lady, But she is dead

Iu. 'Twere false, if I should speake it; For I am sure she is not buried

Sil. Say that she be: yet Valentine thy friend Suruiues; to whom (thy selfe art witnesse) I am betroth'd; and art thou not asham'd To wrong him, with thy importunacy? Pro. I likewise heare that Valentine is dead

Sil. And so suppose am I; for in her graue Assure thy selfe, my loue is buried

Pro. Sweet Lady, let me rake it from the earth

Sil. Goe to thy Ladies graue and call hers thence, Or at the least, in hers, sepulcher thine

Iul. He heard not that

Pro. Madam: if your heart be so obdurate: Vouchsafe me yet your Picture for my loue, The Picture that is hanging in your chamber: To that ile speake, to that ile sigh and weepe: For since the substance of your perfect selfe Is else deuoted, I am but a shadow; And to your shadow, will I make true loue

Iul. If 'twere a substance you would sure deceiue it, And make it but a shadow, as I am

Sil. I am very loath to be your Idoll Sir; But, since your falsehood shall become you well To worship shadowes, and adore false shapes, Send to me in the morning, and ile send it: And so, good rest

Pro. As wretches haue ore-night That wait for execution in the morne

Iul. Host, will you goe? Ho. By my hallidome, I was fast asleepe

Iul. Pray you, where lies Sir Protheus? Ho. Marry, at my house: Trust me, I thinke 'tis almost day

Iul. Not so: but it hath bin the longest night That ere I watch'd, and the most heauiest.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Eglamore, Siluia.

Eg. This is the houre that Madam Siluia Entreated me to call, and know her minde: Ther's some great matter she'ld employ me in. Madam, Madam

Sil. Who cals? Eg. Your seruant, and your friend; One that attends your Ladiships command

Sil. Sir Eglamore, a thousand times good morrow

Eg. As many (worthy Lady) to your selfe: According to your Ladiships impose, I am thus early come, to know what seruice It is your pleasure to command me in

Sil. Oh Eglamoure, thou art a Gentleman: Thinke not I flatter (for I sweare I doe not)

Valiant, wise, remorse-full, well accomplish'd. Thou art not ignorant what deere good will I beare vnto the banish'd Valentine: Nor how my father would enforce me marry Vaine Thurio (whom my very soule abhor'd.) Thy selfe hast lou'd, and I haue heard thee say No griefe did euer come so neere thy heart, As when thy Lady, and thy true-loue dide, Vpon whose Graue thou vow'dst pure chastitie: Sir Eglamoure: I would to Valentine To Mantua, where I heare, he makes aboad; And for the waies are dangerous to passe, I doe desire thy worthy company, Vpon whose faith and honor, I repose. Vrge not my fathers anger (Eglamoure) But thinke vpon my griefe (a Ladies griefe) And on the iustice of my flying hence, To keepe me from a most vnholy match, Which heauen and fortune still rewards with plagues. I doe desire thee, euen from a heart As full of sorrowes, as the Sea of sands, To beare me company, and goe with me: If not, to hide what I haue said to thee, That I may venture to depart alone

Egl. Madam, I pitty much your grieuances, Which, since I know they vertuously are plac'd, I giue consent to goe along with you, Wreaking as little what betideth me, As much, I wish all good befortune you. When will you goe? Sil. This euening comming

Eg. Where shall I meete you? Sil. At Frier Patrickes Cell, Where I intend holy Confession

Eg. I will not faile your Ladiship: Good morrow (gentle Lady.) Sil. Good morrow, kinde Sir Eglamoure.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Launce, Protheus, Iulia, Siluia.

Lau. When a mans seruant shall play the Curre with him (looke you) it goes hard: one that I brought vp of a puppy: one that I sau'd from drowning, when three or foure of his blinde brothers and sisters went to it: I haue taught him (euen as one

would say precisely, thus I would teach a dog) I was sent to deliuer him, as a present to Mistris Siluia, from my Master; and I came no sooner into the dyning-chamber, but he steps me to her Trencher, and steales her Capons-leg: O, 'tis a foule thing, when a Cur cannot keepe himselfe in all companies: I would haue (as one should say) one that takes vpon him to be a dog indeede, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit then he, to take a fault vpon me that he did, I thinke verily hee had bin hang'd for't: sure as I liue he had suffer'd for't: you shall iudge: Hee thrusts me himselfe into the company of three or foure gentleman-like-dogs, vnder the Dukes table: hee had not bin there (blesse the marke) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him: out with the dog (saies one) what cur is that (saies another) whip him out (saies the third) hang him vp (saies the Duke.) I hauing bin acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogges: friend (quoth I) you meane to whip the dog: I marry doe I (quoth he) you doe him the more wrong (quoth I) 'twas I did the thing you wot of: he makes me no more adoe, but whips me out of the chamber: how many Masters would doe this for his Seruant? nay, ile be sworne I haue sat in the stockes, for puddings he hath stolne, otherwise he had bin executed: I haue stood on the Pillorie for Geese he hath kil'd, otherwise he had sufferd for't: thou think'st not of this now: nay, I remember the tricke you seru'd me, when I tooke my leaue of Madam Siluia: did not I bid thee still marke me, and doe as I do; when did'st thou see me heaue vp my leg, and make water against a Gentlewomans farthingale? did'st thou euer see me doe such a tricke? Pro. Sebastian is thy name: I like thee well, And will imploy thee in some seruice presently

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

Pro. I hope thou wilt. How now you whorson pezant, Where haue you bin these two dayes loytering? La. Marry Sir, I carried Mistris Siluia the dogge you bad me

Pro. And what saies she to my little Iewell? La. Marry she saies your dog was a cur,

and tels you currish thanks is good enough for such a present

Pro. But she receiu'd my dog? La. No indeede did she not: Here haue I brought him backe againe

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me? La. I Sir, the other Squirrill was stolne from me By the Hangmans boyes in the market place, And then I offer'd her mine owne, who is a dog As big as ten of yours, & therefore the guift the greater

Pro. Goe, get thee hence, and finde my dog againe, Or nere returne againe into my sight. Away, I say: stayest thou to vexe me here; A Slaue, that still an end, turnes me to shame: Sebastian, I haue entertained thee, Partly that I haue neede of such a youth, That can with some discretion doe my businesse: For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish Lowt; But chiefely, for thy face, and thy behauiour, Which (if my Augury deceiue me not) Witnesse good bringing vp, fortune, and truth: Therefore know thee, for this I entertaine thee. Go presently, and take this Ring with thee, Deliuer it to Madam Siluia; She lou'd me well, deliuer'd it to me

Iul. It seemes you lou'd not her, not leaue her token: She is dead belike? Pro. Not so: I thinke she liues

Iul. Alas

Pro. Why do'st thou cry alas? Iul. I cannot choose but pitty her

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pitty her? Iul. Because, me thinkes that she lou'd you as well As you doe loue your Lady Siluia: She dreames on him, that has forgot her loue, You doate on her, that cares not for your loue. 'Tis pitty Loue, should be so contrary: And thinking on it, makes me cry alas

Pro. Well: giue her that Ring, and therewithall This Letter: that's her chamber: Tell my Lady, I claime the promise for her heauenly Picture: Your message done, hye home vnto my chamber, Where thou shalt finde me sad, and solitarie

Iul. How many women would doe such a message? Alas poore Protheus, thou hast

entertain'd A Foxe, to be the Shepheard of thy Lambs; Alas, poore foole, why doe I pitty him That with his very heart despiseth me? Because he loues her, he despiseth me, Because I loue him, I must pitty him. This Ring I gaue him, when he parted from me, To binde him to remember my good will: And now am I (vnhappy Messenger) To plead for that, which I would not obtaine; To carry that, which I would haue refus'd; To praise his faith, which I would haue disprais'd. I am my Masters true confirmed Loue, But cannot be true seruant to my Master, Vnlesse I proue false traitor to my selfe. Yet will I woe for him, but yet so coldly, As (heauen it knowes) I would not haue him speed. Gentlewoman, good day: I pray you be my meane To bring me where to speake with Madam Siluia

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she? Iul. If you be she, I doe intreat your patience To heare me speake the message I am sent on

Sil. From whom? Iul. From my Master, Sir Protheus, Madam

Sil. Oh: he sends you for a Picture? Iul. I, Madam

Sil. Vrsula, bring my Picture there, Goe, giue your Master this: tell him from me, One Iulia, that his changing thoughts forget Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow

Iul. Madam, please you peruse this Letter; Pardon me (Madam) I haue vnaduis'd Deliuer'd you a paper that I should not; This is the Letter to your Ladiship

Sil. I pray thee let me looke on that againe

Iul. It may not be: good Madam pardon me

Sil. There, hold: I will not looke vpon your Masters lines: I know they are stuft with protestations, And full of new-found oathes, which he will breake As easily, as I doe teare his paper

Iul. Madam, he sends your Ladiship this Ring

Sil. The more shame for him, that he sends it me; For I haue heard him say a

thousand times, His Iulia gaue it him, at his departure: Though his false finger haue prophan'd the Ring, Mine shall not doe his Iulia so much wrong

Iul. She thankes you

Sil. What sai'st thou? Iul. I thanke you Madam, that you tender her: Poore Gentlewoman, my Master wrongs her much

Sil. Do'st thou know her? Iul. Almost as well as I doe know my selfe. To thinke vpon her woes, I doe protest That I haue wept a hundred seuerall times

Sil. Belike she thinks that Protheus hath forsook her? Iul. I thinke she doth: and that's her cause of sorrow

Sil. Is she not passing faire? Iul. She hath bin fairer (Madam) then she is, When she did thinke my Master lou'd her well; She, in my iudgement, was as faire as you. But since she did neglect her looking-glasse, And threw her Sun-expelling Masque away, The ayre hath staru'd the roses in her cheekes, And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face, That now she is become as blacke as I

Sil. How tall was she? Iul. About my stature: for at Pentecost, When all our Pageants of delight were plaid, Our youth got me to play the womans part, And I was trim'd in Madam Iulias gowne, Which serued me as fit, by all mens iudgements, As if the garment had bin made for me: Therefore I know she is about my height, And at that time I made her weepe a good, For I did play a lamentable part. (Madam) 'twas Ariadne, passioning For Thesus periury, and vniust flight; Which I so liuely acted with my teares: That my poore Mistris moued therewithall, Wept bitterly: and would I might be dead, If I in thought felt not her very sorrow

Sil. She is beholding to thee (gentle youth) Alas (poore Lady) desolate, and left; I weepe my selfe to thinke vpon thy words: Here youth: there is my purse; I giue thee this For thy sweet Mistris sake, because thou lou'st her. Farewell

Iul. And she shall thanke you for't, if ere you know her. A vertuous gentlewoman, milde, and beautifull. I hope my Masters suit will be but cold, Since she respects my

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

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Eglamoure, Siluia.

Egl. The Sun begins to guild the westerne skie, And now it is about the very houre That Siluia, at Fryer Patricks Cell should meet me, She will not faile; for Louers breake not houres, Vnlesse it be to come before their time, So much they spur their expedition. See where she comes: Lady a happy euening

Sil. Amen, Amen: goe on (good Eglamoure) Out at the Posterne by the Abbey wall; I feare I am attended by some Spies

Egl. Feare not: the Forrest is not three leagues off, If we recouer that, we are sure enough.

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Thurio, Protheus, Iulia, Duke.

Th. Sir Protheus, what saies Siluia to my suit? Pro. Oh Sir, I finde her milder then she was, And yet she takes exceptions at your person

Thu. What? that my leg is too long? Pro. No, that it is too little

Thu. Ile weare a Boote, to make it somewhat rounder

Pro. But loue will not be spurd to what it loathes

Thu. What saies she to my face? Pro. She saies it is a faire one

Thu. Nay then the wanton lyes: my face is blacke

Pro. But Pearles are faire; and the old saying is, Blacke men are Pearles, in beauteous Ladies eyes

Thu. 'Tis true, such Pearles as put out Ladies eyes, For I had rather winke, then looke on them

Thu. How likes she my discourse? Pro. Ill, when you talke of war

Thu. But well, when I discourse of loue and peace

Iul. But better indeede, when you hold you peace

Thu. What sayes she to my valour? Pro. Oh Sir, she makes no doubt of that

Iul. She needes not, when she knowes it cowardize

Thu. What saies she to my birth? Pro. That you are well deriu'd

Iul. True: from a Gentleman, to a foole

Thu. Considers she my Possessions? Pro. Oh, I: and pitties them

Thu. Wherefore? Iul. That such an Asse should owe them

Pro. That they are out by Lease

Iul. Here comes the Duke

Du. How now sir Protheus; how now Thurio? Which of you saw Eglamoure of late?
Thu. Not I

Pro. Nor I

Du. Saw you my daughter? Pro. Neither

Du. Why then She's fled vnto that pezant, Valentine; And Eglamoure is in her Company: 'Tis true: for Frier Laurence met them both As he, in pennance wander'd through the Forrest: Him he knew well: and guesd that it was she, But being mask'd, he was not sure of it. Besides she did intend Confession At Patricks Cell this euen, and there she was not. These likelihoods confirme her flight from hence; Therefore I pray you stand, not to discourse, But mount you presently, and meete with me Vpon the rising of the Mountaine foote That leads toward Mantua, whether they are fled: Dispatch (sweet Gentlemen) and follow me

Thu. Why this it is, to be a peeuish Girle, That flies her fortune when it followes her: Ile after; more to be reueng'd on Eglamoure, Then for the loue of reck-lesse Siluia

Pro. And I will follow, more for Siluias loue Then hate of Eglamoure that goes with her

Iul. And I will follow, more to crosse that loue Then hate for Siluia, that is gone for loue.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Siluia, Outlawes.

1.Out. Come, come be patient: We must bring you to our Captaine

Sil. A thousand more mischances then this one Haue learn'd me how to brooke this patiently

2 Out. Come, bring her away

1 Out. Where is the Gentleman that was with her? 3 Out. Being nimble footed, he hath out-run vs. But Moyses and Valerius follow him: Goe thou with her to the West end of the wood, There is our Captaine: Wee'll follow him that's fled, The Thicket is beset, he cannot scape

1 Out. Come, I must bring you to our Captains caue. Feare not: he beares an honourable minde, And will not vse a woman lawlesly

Sil. O Valentine: this I endure for thee.

Exeunt.

Scoena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Protheus, Siluia, Iulia, Duke, Thurio, Outlawes.

Val. How vse doth breed a habit in a man? This shadowy desart, vnfrequented woods I better brooke then flourishing peopled Townes: Here can I sit alone, vn-seene of any, And to the Nightingales complaining Notes Tune my distresses, and record my woes. O thou that dost inhabit in my brest, Leaue not the Mansion so long Tenant-lesse, Lest growing ruinous, the building fall, And leaue no memory of what it was, Repaire me, with thy presence, Siluia: Thou gentle Nimph, cherish thy forlorne swaine. What hallowing, and what stir is this to day? These are my mates, that make their wills their Law, Haue some vnhappy passenger in chace; They loue me well: yet I haue much to doe To keepe them from vnciuill outrages. Withdraw thee Valentine: who's this comes heere? Pro. Madam, this seruice I haue done for you (Though you respect not aught your seruant doth) To hazard life, and reskew you from him, That would haue forc'd your honour, and your loue, Vouchsafe me for my meed, but one faire looke: (A smaller boone then this I cannot beg, And lesse then this, I am sure you cannot giue.) Val. How like a dreame is this? I see, and heare: Loue, lend me patience to forbeare a while

Sil. O miserable, vnhappy that I am

Pro. Vnhappy were you (Madam) ere I came: But by my comming, I haue made you happy

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most vnhappy

Iul. And me, when he approcheth to your presence

Sil. Had I beene ceazed by a hungry Lion, I would haue beene a breakfast to the Beast, Rather then haue false Protheus reskue me: Oh heauen be iudge how I loue Valentine, Whose life's as tender to me as my soule, And full as much (for more there cannot be) I doe detest false periur'd Protheus: Therefore be gone, sollicit me no more

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death Would I not vndergoe, for one calme looke: Oh 'tis the curse in Loue, and still approu'd When women cannot loue, where they're belou'd

Sil. When Protheus cannot loue, where he's belou'd: Read ouer Iulia's heart, (thy first best Loue) For whose deare sake, thou didst then rend thy faith Into a thousand oathes; and all those oathes, Descended into periury, to loue me, Thou hast no faith left now, vnlesse thou'dst two, And that's farre worse then none: better haue none Then plurall faith, which is too much by one: Thou Counterfeyt, to thy true friend

Pro. In Loue, Who respects friend? Sil. All men but Protheus

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of mouing words Can no way change you to a milder forme; Ile wooe you like a Souldier, at armes end, And loue you 'gainst the nature of Loue: force ye

Sil. Oh heauen

Pro. Ile force thee yeeld to my desire

Val. Ruffian: let goe that rude vnciuill touch, Thou friend of an ill fashion

Pro. Valentine

Val. Thou co[m]mon friend, that's without faith or loue, For such is a friend now: treacherous man, Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye Could haue perswaded me: now I dare not say I haue one friend aliue; thou wouldst disproue me: Who should be trusted, when ones right hand Is periured to the bosome? Protheus I am sorry I must neuer trust thee more, But count the world a stranger for

thy sake: The priuate wound is deepest: oh time, most accurst. 'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst? Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me: Forgiue me Valentine: if hearty sorrow Be a sufficient Ransome for offence, I tender't heere: I doe as truely suffer, As ere I did commit

Val. Then I am paid: And once againe, I doe receiue thee honest; Who by Repentance is not satisfied, Is nor of heauen, nor earth; for these are pleas'd: By Penitence th' Eternalls wrath's appeas'd: And that my loue may appeare plaine and free, All that was mine, in Siluia, I giue thee

Iul. Oh me vnhappy

Pro. Looke to the Boy

Val. Why, Boy? Why wag: how now? what's the matter? look vp: speak

Iul. O good sir, my master charg'd me to deliuer a ring to Madam Siluia: w (out of my neglect) was neuer done

Pro. Where is that ring? boy? Iul. Heere 'tis: this is it

Pro. How? let me see. Why this is the ring I gaue to Iulia

Iul. Oh, cry you mercy sir, I haue mistooke: This is the ring you sent to Siluia

Pro. But how cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart I gaue this vnto Iulia

Iul. And Iulia her selfe did giue it me, And Iulia her selfe hath brought it hither

Pro. How? Iulia? Iul. Behold her, that gaue ayme to all thy oathes, And entertain'd 'em deepely in her heart. How oft hast thou with periury cleft the roote? Oh Protheus, let this habit make thee blush. Be thou asham'd that I haue tooke vpon me, Such an immodest rayment; if shame liue In a disguise of loue? It is the lesser blot modesty findes, Women to change their shapes, then men their minds

Pro. Then men their minds? tis true: oh heuen, were man But Constant, he were perfect; that one error Fils him with faults: makes him run through all th' sins; Inconstancy falls-off, ere it begins: What is in Siluia's face, but I may spie More

fresh in Iulia's, with a constant eye? Val. Come, come: a hand from either: Let me be blest to make this happy close: 'Twere pitty two such friends should be long foes

Pro. Beare witnes (heauen) I haue my wish for euer

Iul. And I mine

Outl. A prize: a prize: a prize

Val. Forbeare, forbeare I say: It is my Lord the Duke. Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd, Banished Valentine

Duke. Sir Valentine? Thu. Yonder is Siluia: and Siluia's mine

Val. Thurio giue backe; or else embrace thy death: Come not within the measure of my wrath: Doe not name Siluia thine: if once againe, Verona shall not hold thee: heere she stands, Take but possession of her, with a Touch: I dare thee, but to breath vpon my Loue

Thur. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I: I hold him but a foole that will endanger His Body, for a Girle that loues him not: I claime her not, and therefore she is thine

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou To make such meanes for her, as thou hast done, And leaue her on such slight conditions. Now, by the honor of my Ancestry, I doe applaud thy spirit, Valentine, And thinke thee worthy of an Empresse loue: Know then, I heere forget all former greefes, Cancell all grudge, repeale thee home againe, Plead a new state in thy vn-riual'd merit, To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine, Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriu'd, Take thou thy Siluia, for thou hast deseru'd her

Val. I thank your Grace, y gift hath made me happy: I now beseech you (for your daughters sake) To grant one Boone that I shall aske of you

Duke. I grant it (for thine owne) what ere it be

Val. These banish'd men, that I haue kept withall, Are men endu'd with worthy qualities: Forgiue them what they haue committed here, And let them be recall'd

from their Exile: They are reformed, ciuill, full of good, And fit for great employment (worthy Lord.) Duke. Thou hast preuaild, I pardon them and thee: Dispose of them, as thou knowst their deserts. Come, let vs goe, we will include all iarres, With Triumphes, Mirth, and rare solemnity

Val. And as we walke along, I dare be bold With our discourse, to make your Grace to smile. What thinke you of this Page (my Lord?) Duke. I think the Boy hath grace in him, he blushes

Val. I warrant you (my Lord) more grace, then Boy

Duke. What meane you by that saying? Val. Please you, Ile tell you, as we passe along, That you will wonder what hath fortuned: Come Protheus, 'tis your pennance, but to heare The story of your Loues discouered. That done, our day of marriage shall be yours, One Feast, one house, one mutuall happinesse.

Exeunt.

The names of all the Actors.

Duke: Father to Siluia. Valentine. Protheus. the two Gentlemen. Anthonio: father to Protheus. Thurio: a foolish riuall to Valentine. Eglamoure: Agent for Siluia in her escape. Host: where Iulia lodges. Outlawes with Valentine. Speed: a clownish seruant to Valentine. Launce: the like to Protheus. Panthion: seruant to Antonio.

Iulia: beloued of Protheus. Siluia: beloued of Valentine. Lucetta: waighting-woman to Iulia.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA ***

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