T H E
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Valentine: Protheus, and *Speed.*

Valentine.

Cease to perswade, my loving *Protheus ;*
Home-keeping youth,have ever homely wits,
Wer't not affection chaines thy tender dayes
To the sweer glaunces of thy honour'd Love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Then (living dully sluggardiz'd at home)
Weare out thy youth with shapelesse idlenesse.
But since thou lov'st; love still,and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.
Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet *Valentine* adew,
Thinke on thy *Protheus,* when thou (hap'ly) seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travaile.
Wish me partaker in thy happinesse,
When thou do'st meet good hap ; and in thy danger,
(If ever danger doe environ thee)
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beades-man, *Valentine.*
Val. And on a love-booke pray for my successe ?
Pro. Upon some booke I love, I'le pray for thee.
Val. That's on some shallow Storie of deepe love,
How yong *Leander* crost the *Hellespont.*
Pro. That's a deepe Storie, of a deeper love,
For he was more then over-shooes in love.
Val. 'Tis true ; for you are over-bootes in love,
And yet you never swom the *Hellespont.*
Pro. Over the Bootes? nay give me not the Boots.
Val. No, I will not ; for it boots thee not.
Pro. What? (grones :
Val. To be in love; where scorne is bought with
Coy looks, with hart-sore sighes : one fading moments
With twenty watchfull,weary,tedious nights; (mirth,
If hap'ly won,perhaps a haplesse gaine ;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won ;
How ever : 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 prove.
Pro. 'Tis Love you cavill at, I am not Love.
Val. Love 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 Love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.
Val. And Writers say; as the most forward Bud

Is eaten by the Canker ere it blow,
Even so by Love, the yong, and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the Bud,
Loosing his verdure, even 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, thereto see me ship'd.
Pro. And thither will I bring thee *Valentine.*
Val. Sweet *Protheus,* no : Now let us take our leave:
To *Millaine* let me heare from thee by Letters
Of thy successe in love ; and what news 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. *Exit.*
Pro. He after Honour hunts, I after Love ;
He leaves his friends, to dignifie them more;
I love my selfe, my friends, and all for love:
Thou *Julia,* 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 :* 'save 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 have 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 sleep.
Pro. A silly answere, and fitting well a Sheepe.
Sp. This proves 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 prove 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 baâ.
Pro. But do'st thou heare : gav'st thou my Letter
to *Julia?*

Sp. I

Sp. I Sir : I (a lost-Mutton) gave your Letter to her (a lac'd-Mutton) and she (a lac'd-Mutton) gave 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 over-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 serve me for carrying your Letter.

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

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

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 have taken the paines to set it together,take it for your paines.

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

Sp. well,I perceive I must be faine to beare with you.

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

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

Pro. Beshrew me,but you have a quicke wit.

Sp. And yet it cannot over-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 delivered.

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 perceive so much from her?

Sp. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her;
No,not so much as a ducket for delivering your letter :
And being so hard to me, that brought your minde;
I feare she'll prove as hard to you in telling your minde.
Give 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: (me;
To testifie your bounty, I thank you, you have cestern'd
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 save your Ship from wrack,
Which cannot perish having thee aboarde,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore :
I must goe send some better Messenger,
I feare my *Julia* would not daigne my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthlesse post. *Exit.*

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

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

Luc. I Madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the faire resort of Gentlemen,
That every day with par'le encounter me,

In thy opinion which is worthiest love ?
Lu. Please you repeat their names, ile shew my minde,
According to my shallow simple skill.
Ju. What thinkst thou of the faire sir *Eglamoure?*
Lu. As of a Knight, well-spoken,neat,and fine ;
But were I you, he never should be mine.
Ju. What think'st thou of the rich *Mercatio?*
Lu. Well of his wealth; but of himselfe, so,so.
Ju. What think'st thou of the gentle *Protheus ?*
Lu. Lord, Lord : to see what folly raignes in us.
Ju. How now? what meanes this passion at his name?
Lu. Pardon deare Madam, 'tis a passing shame,
That I (unworthy body as I am)
Should censure thus on lovely Gentlemen.
Lu. Why not on *Protheus,*as of all the rest?
Lu. Then thus : of many good,I thinke him best.
Jul. Your reason?
Lu. I have no other but a womans reason:
I thinke him so, because I thinke him so.
Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?
Lu. I : if you thought your love not cast away.
Jul. Why he, of all the rest, hath never mov'd me.
Lu. Yet he, of all the rest, I thinke best loves ye.
Jul. His little speaking, shewes his love but small.
Lu. Fire that' closest kept,burnes most of all.
Jul. They doe not love,that doe not shew their love.
Lu. Oh, they love least, that let men know their love.
Jul. I would I knew his minde.
Lu. Peruse this paper Madam.
Jul. To *Julia* : say,from whom ?
Lu. That the Contents will shew.
Jul. Say,say : who gave it thee?
Lu. Sir *Valentines* page: & sent I think from *Protheus;*
He would have given it you,but I being in the way,
Did in your name receive it : pardon the fault I pray.
Jul. 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 love, deserves more fee, then hate.
Jul. Will ye be gon?
Lu. That you may ruminate. *Exit.*
Jul. 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 have the profferer construe, I,
Fie, fie : how way-ward is this foolish love ;
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 have had her here?
How angerly I taught my brow to frowne,
When inward joy 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?
Jul. Is't neere dinner time ?
Lu. I would it were,
That you might kill your stomacke on your meat,

And

And not upon your Maid.
Ju. What is't that you
Tooke up so gingerly?
Lu. Nothing.
Ju. Why didst thou stoope then?
Lu. To take a paper up,that I let fall.
Jul. And is that paper nothing ?
Lu. Nothing concerning me.
Jul. Then let it lye,for those that it concernes.
Lu. Madam,it will not lye where it concernes,
Unlesse it have a false Interpreter.
Jul. Some love of yours,hath writ to you in Rime.
Lu. That I might sing it (Madam) to a tune :
Give me a Note, your Ladiship can set
Jul. As little by such toyes,as may be possible :
Best sing it to the tune of *Light O,Love.*
Lu. It is too heavy for so light a tune.
Ju. Heavy? belike it hath some burden then?
Lu. I : and melodious were it,would you sing it,
Jul. And why not you ?
Lu. I cannot reach so high.
Jul. 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.
Ju. You doe not?
Lu. No (Madam) tis too sharpe.
Ju. 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.
Ju. The meane is dround with you unruly base.
Lu. Indeede I bid the base for *Protheus.*
Ju. 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 strãge,but she would be best pleas'd
To be so angred with another Letter.
Ju. Nay,would I were so angred with the same:
Oh hatefull hands,to teare such loving words ;
Injurious Waspes, to feede on such sweet hony,
And kill the Bees that yeelde it,with your stings;
Ile kisse each severall paper,for amends :
Looke,here is writ,kinde *Julia* : unkinde *Julia,*
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruzing-stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdaine.
And here is writ, *Love 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 soveraigne kisse.
But twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* written downe:
Be calme (good winde) blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter, in the Letter,
Except mine own name: That,some whirle-winde beare
Unto 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 Julia: 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 upon another ;
Now kisse,embrace,contend,doe what you will.
Lu. Madam : dinner is ready : and your father staies.

Ju. Well,let us goe.
Lu. What,shall these papers lye,like Tel-tales here?
Ju. If you respect them ; best to take them up.
Lu. Nay,I was taken up,for laying them downe.
Yet here they shall not lye, for catching cold.
Ju. I see you have a months minde to them.
Lu. I (Madam) you may say what sights you see ;
I see things too,although you judge I winke.
Ju. 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 discover Islands farre away:
Some,to the studious Universities ;
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 having knowne no travaile in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon,this month I have bin hamering.
I have 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 atchiev'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. (thither,
Pan. 'Twere good, I thinke, your Lordship sent him
There shall he practise Tilts,and Turnaments :
Heare sweet discourse, converse with Noble-men,
And be in eye of every Exercise
Worthy his youth, and noblenesse of birth.
Ant. I like thy counsaile : well hast thou advis'd:
And that thou maist perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make knowne;
Even 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 journying, to salute the *Emperor,*
And to commend their service to his will.
Ant. Good company: with them shall *Protheus go :*
And in good time : now will we breake with him.
Pro. Sweet Love,sweet lines,sweet life,
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart ;
Here is her oath for love, her honors paune ;

O that our Fathers would applaud our loves
To seale our happinesse with their consents.
[*Pro.*] Oh heavenly *Julia.*
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;*
Deliver'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 lives, how well-belov'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 resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With *Valentinus,* in the Emperors Court :
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me ,
To morrow be in readinesse, to goe,
Excuse it not : for I am peremptory.
Pro. My Lord I cannot be so soone provided ,
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 [*Panthmo*]; you shall be imployd,
To hasten on his Expedition.
Pro. Thus have 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 *Julias* Letter,
Least he should take exceptions to my love,
And with the vantage of mine owne excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertaine 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, Silvia.

Speed. Sir, your Glove.
Valen. Not mine : my Gloves are on.
Sp. Why then this may be yours : for this is but one.
*Val.*Ha? Let me see : I, give it me, it's mine :
Sweet Ornament, that deckes a thing divine,
Ah *Silvia,Silvia.*
Speed. Madam *Silvia :* Madam *Silvia.*
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 *Silvia?*

Speed. Shee that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry by these speciall markes : first you have learn'd (like Sir *Protheus*) to wreath your Armes like a Male-content: to rellish a Love-song, like a *Robin*-red-breast : 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 perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'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 Urinall : 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 *Silvia*?

Speed. Shee that you gaze on so,as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observ'd that? even 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-favour'd , sir?

Val. Not so faire (boy) as well favour'd.

Speed. Sir,I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so faire, as (of you) well-favourd?

Val. I meane that her beauty is exquisite,
But her favour 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 never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she beene deform'd?

Speed. Ever since you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her ever since I saw her,
And still I see her beautifull.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because Love is blinde : O that you had mine eyes, or your owne eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chidde at Sir *Protheus,* for going ungarter'd.

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your owne present folly , and her passing deformitie :for hee beeing in love, could not see to garter his hose ; and you, beeing in love , cannot see to put on your hose. (ning

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

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

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 enjoyn'd me,
To write some lines to one she loves.
Speed. And have you ?
Val. I have.
Speed. Are they not lamely writt?
Val. No (Boy) but as well as I can do them :
Peace, here she comes.
Speed. O excellent motion; oh exceeding Puppet :
Now will he interpret to her.
Val. Madam & Mistres, a thousand good-morrows.
Speed. Oh, 'give ye-good-ev'n : heer's a million of manners.
Sil. Sir *Valentine,*and servant, to you two thousand.
Speed. He should give her interest: & she gives it him.
Val. As you injoynd me ; I have writ your Letter
Unto the secret, nameles friend of yours :
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your Ladiship. (done.
Sil. I thanke you (gentle Servant) 'tis very Clerkly-
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 unwillingly) take them againe.
Nay, take them.
Val. Madam, they are for you.
Silv. I, I: you writ them Sir, at my request,
But I will none of them : they are for you :
I would have had them writ more movingly :
Val. Please you, Ile write your Ladiship another.
Sil. And when it's writ : for my sake read it over,
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 Servant *Exit Sil.*
Speed. Oh jest unseene :inscrutible : invisible,
As a nose on a mans face,or a Wether cocke on a steeple :
My Master sues to her : and she hath taught her Sutor,
He being her Pupill, to become her Tutor.
Oh excellent devise, was there ever 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 [yt] have the reason.
Val. To doe what ?
Speed. To be a Spokes-man from Madam *Silvia.*
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 perceive the jest?
Val. No, beleeve me.
Speed. No beleeving you indeed sir:
But did you perceive her earnest?
Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.
Speed. Why she hath given you a Letter.
Val. That's the Letter I writ to her friend.
Speed. And [yt] letter hath she deliver'd, & there be an end.
Val. I would it were no worse.
Speed. Ile warrant you, 'tis as well:
For often have you writ to her : and she in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time,could not againe reply,
Or fearing els some messe˜ger, [ye] might her mind discover
Herself hath taught her Love himself, to write unto her
All this I speake in print.for in print I found it (lover.
Why muse you sir, 'tis dinner time.
Val. I have dyn'd.
Speed. I, but hearken sir; though the Cameleon Love
can feed on the ayre, I am one that am nourish'd by my
victuals ; and would faine have meate : oh bee not like
your Mistresse, be moved, be moved. *Exeunt.*

Scoena secunda.

Enter Protheus, Julia, Panthion.

Pro. Have patience, gentle *Julia:*
Jul. I must where is no remedy.
Pro. When possibly I can, I will returne.
Jul. If you turne not : you will return the sooner :
Keepe this remembrance for thy *Julia's* sake.
Pro. Why then wee'll make exchange;
Here, take you this.
Jul. 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 (*Julia*) for thy sake,
The next ensuing howre, some foule mischance
Torment me for my Loves 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,
Julia, farewell : what, gon without a word?
I, so true love 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 Lovers dumbe.
Exeunt.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Launce, Panthion.
Launce. Nay, 'twill bee this howre ere I have done
weeping : all the kinde of the *Launces* , have this very
fault: I have receiv'd my proportion,like the prodigious
sonne,

Sonne, and am going with Sir *Protheus* to the Imperialls Court : I think *Crab* my dog, be the sowrest natured dogge that lives : 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 Jew would have wept to have seene our parting : why my Grandam having 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 be 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 up 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 unkindest Tide, that ever any man tide.

Panth. What's the unkindest 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 Maste, loose thy service, and in loosing thy service :------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 Service, and the tide: why man, if the River were drie,I am able to fill it with my teares : if the winde were downe, I could drive 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, Silvia, Thurio, Speed, Duke, Protheus.

Sil. Servant.

Val. Mistris.

Spee. Master, Sir *Thurio* frownes on you.
Val. I Boy, it's for love.
Spee. Not of you.
Val. Of my Mistresse then.
Spee. 'Twere good you knockt him.
Sil. Servant, 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 Jerkin.
Thu. My Jerken is a doublet.
Val. Well then,Ile double your folly.
Thu. How?
Sil. What,angry, Sir *Thurio*, do your change colour?
Val. Give him leave, Madam, he is a kind of *Camelion.*
Thu. That hath more minde to feed on your bloud,
then live in your ayre.
Val. You have 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˜], & quickly shot off
Val. 'Tis indeed, Madam, we thank the giver.
Sil. Who is that Servant ?
Val. Your selfe (sweet Lady) for you gave 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. (words,
Val. I know it well sir : you have an Exchequer of
And I thinke, no other treasure to give your followers:
For it appeares by their bare Liveries
That they live by your bare words.
Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more:
Here comes my father.
*Duk.*Now,daughter *Silvia,* your are hard beset.
Sir *Valentine,* you 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 deserves
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 have converst,and spent our howres together,
And though my selfe have 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 use, and faire advantage of his daies :
His yeares but yong,but his experience old :
His head un-mellowed,but his Judgement 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 love,
As meet to be an Emperors Councellor :
Well, Sir : this Gentleman is come to me
With Commendation from gret Potentates,
And heere he meanes to spend his time a while,
I thinke 'tis no un-welcome newes to you.
Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had beene he.
Duk. Welcome him then according to his worth :
Silvia, 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
Upon 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,Love hath twenty paire of eyes.
Thur. They say that Love hath not an eye at all.
Val. To see such Lovers, *Thurio,* as your selfe,
Upon a homely object, Love can winke.
Sil. Have done,have done : here comes [ye] gentleman.
Val. Welcome, deer *Protheus :* Mistris, I beseech you
Confirme his welcome, with some speciall favor.
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hether,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to heare from.
Val. Mistris, it is : sweet Lady,entertaine him
To be my fellow-servant to your Ladiship.
Sil. Too low a Mistres for so high a servant.
Pro. Not so,sweet Lady,but too meane a servant
To have a looke of such a worthy Mistresse.
Val. Leave off discourse of disabilitie :
Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your Servant.
Pro. My dutie will I boast of,nothing else.
Sil. And dutie never yet did want his meed.
Servant,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. (you.
Thur. Madam,my Lord your father wold speak with
Sil. I wait upon his pleasure : Come Sir *Thurio,*
Goe with me : once more,new Servant welcome ;
Ile leave you to confer of home affaires,
When you have done, we looke too heare from you.
Pro. Wee'll both attend upon your Ladiship.
Val. Now tell me ; how do al from whence you came?
Pro. Your friends are wel,&have [thee?then?] much comended.
Val. And how doe yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your Lady?&how thrives your love?
Pro. My tales of Love were wont to weary you,
I know you joy not in a Love-discourse.
Val. I *Protheus,* but that life is alter'd now,
I have done pennance for contemning Love,
Whose high emperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts,with penitentiall grones,
With nightly teares, and daily hart-sore sighes,
For in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chas'd sleepe from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine owne hearts sorrow.
O gentle *Protheus,* Love's a mighty Lord,

And hath so humbled me,as I confesse
There is no woe to his correction ,
Nor to his Service,no such joy on earth :
Now,no discourse, except it be of love :
Now can I breake my fast,dine,sup,and sleepe,
Upon the very naked name of Love.
Pro. Enough ; I read your fortune in your eye :
Was this the Idoll,that you worship so?
Val. Even She ; and is she not a heavenly Saint?
Pro. No ; But she is an earthly Paragon.
Val. Call her divine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.
Val. O flatter me: for Love delights in praises.
Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pils,
And I must minister the like to you.
Val. Then speake the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principalitie,
Soveraigne to all the Creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my Mistresse.
Val. Sweet : except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my Love.
Pro. Have 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 favor growing proud,
Disdaine to roote the Sommer-swelling flowre,
And make rough winter everlastingly.
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 having such a Jewell
As twenty Seas,if all their sand were pearle,
The water,Nectar, and the Rocks pure gold.
Forgive me that I doe not dreame on thee,
Because thou seest me doate upon my love:
My foolish Rivall that her Father likes
(Onely for his possessions are so huge)
Is gone with her along, and I must after,
For Love (thou know'st is full of jealousie.)
Pro. But she loves you? (howre,
Val. I,and we are betroathed : nay more, our mariage
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 unto the Road,to dis-embarque
Some necessaries, that I needs must use,
And then Ile presently attend you.
Val. Will you make haste? *Exit.*
Pro. I will.
Even as one heate another heate expels,
Or as one naile,by strength drives out another.
So the remembrance of my former Love
Is by a newer object 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 *Julia* that I love,
(That

(That I did love,for now my love 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 love him not as I was wont :
O, but I love his Lady too-too much ,
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I doate on her with more advice ,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have 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 love, I will,
If not, to compasse her Ile use 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 never undon till hee be hang'd,nor never 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 five pence , thou shalt have five thousand welcomes : But sirha,how did thy Master part with Madam *Julia?*
Lau. Marry after they cloas'd in earnest, they parted very fairely in jest.
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 understnd thee not.
Lau. What a blocke art thou, that thou canst not ? My staffe understands me ?
Spee. What thou saist?
Lau. I,and what I do too : looke thee, Ile but leane, and my staffe understands me.
Spee. It stands under thee indeed.
Lau. Why,stand-under: and under-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 never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.
Spee. 'Tis well that I get it so : but *Launce,* how saist thou that my master is become a notable Lover?
Lau. I never 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 Lover:
Lau. Why, I tell thee, I care not, though hee burne himselfe in Love. If thou wilt goe with me to the Ale-house : if not, thou art an Hebrew,a Jew,and not worth the name of 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 service.

Exeunt.

Scoena Sexta.

Enter Protheus *solus.*

Pro. To leave my *Julia*; shall I be forsworne?
To love faire *Silvia ;* shall I be forsworne?
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworne.
And ev'n that Powre which gave me first my oath
Provokes me to this three-fold perjurie.
Love bad mee sweare,and Love bids me for-sweare ;
O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sin'd,
Teach me(thy tempted subject) to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling Starre,
But now I worship a celestiall Sunne :
Un-heedfull vowes may heedfully be broken,
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will,
To leaarne his wit, t'exchange the bad for better ;
Fie,fie,unreverend tongue, to call her bad,
Whose soveraignty so oft thou hast preferd ,
With twenty thousand soule-confirming oathes,
I cannot leave to love ; and yet I doe :
But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia 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 *Julia, Silvia.*
I to my selfe am deerer then a friend,
For Love is still most precious in it selfe,
And *Silvia* (witnesse heaven that made her faire)
Shewes *Julia* but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that *Julia* is alive,
Remembring that my Love to her is dead.
And *Valentine* Ile hold an Enemie ,
Ayming at *Silvia* as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to my selfe,
Without some treachery us'd to *Valentine.*
This night he meaneth with a Corded-ladder
To climbe celestiall *Silvia's* chamber window ,
My selfe in counsaile his competitor.
Now presently Ile give 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.
Love lend me wings, to make my purpose swift
As thou hast lent me wit, to plot this drift.

Exit.

Scoena septima.

Enter Julia *and* Lucetta.

Jul. Counsaile, *Lucetta,*gentle girle assist me,
And ev'n in kinde love, I doe conjure thee,
Who art the Table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly Character'd, and engrav'd,
To lesson me, and tell me some good meane
How with my honour I may undertake
A journey to my loving *Protheus.*
Lic. Alas, the way is wearisome and long.
Jul. A true-devoted Pilgrime is not weary
To measure Kingdomes with his feeble steps,
Much lesse shall she that hath Loves wings to flie,
And when the flight is made of one so deere,
Of such divine perfection as Sir *Protheus*.
Luc. Better forbeare,till Protheus make returne.
Jul: Oh,know'st [yu] not,his looks are my soules food?
Pitty the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of Love ,
Thou wouldst as soone goe kindle fire with snow
As seeke to quench the fire of Love with words.
Luc. I doe not seeke to quench your Loves hot fire,
But qualifie the fires extreame rage ,
Lest it should burne above the bounds of reason.
Jul. The more thou dam'st it up,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'enamel'd stones.
Giving a gentle kisse to every sedge
He over-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 have brought me to my Love,
And there Ile rest,as after much turmoile
A blessed soule doth in *Elizium.*
Luc. But in what habit will you goe along?
Jul. Not like a woman, for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men :
Gentle *Lucetta,* fit me with such weedes
As may beseeme some well reputed Page.
Luc. Why then your Ladiship must cut your haire.
Jul. No girle,Ile knit it up in silken strings,
With twentie od-conceited true-love knots :
To be fantastique, may become a youth
Of greater time then I shall shew to be. (ches?
Luc. What fashion (Madam) shall I make your bree-
Jul. That fits as well, as tell me (good my Lord)
What compasse will you weare your Farthingale?
Why ev'n what fashion thou best likes (*Lucetta.*)
Luc. You must needs have [them] with a cod-peece (Ma-
Jul. Out,out(*Lucetta*)that wilbe illfavourd. (dam)
Luc. A round hose(Madam)now's not worth a pin
Unlesse you have a cod-peece to stick pins on.
Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me let me have
What thou think'st meet,and is most mannerly,
But tell me (wench) how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?

I fear me it will make me scandaliz'd.
Luc. If you thinke so, then stay at home, and go not.
Jul. Nay, that I will not.
Luc. Then never dreame on Infamy,but go :
If *Protheus* like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd,when you are gone:
I feare me he will scarce be pleas'd with all.
Jul. That is the least(*Lucetta*)of my feare :
A thousand oathes, an Ocean of his teares,
And instances of infinite of Love,
Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus.*
Luc. All these are servants to deceitfull men.
Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect;
But truer starres did governe *Protheus* birth,
His words are bonds, his oathes are oracles ,
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His teares, pure messengers, sent from his heart,
His heart,as far from fraud,as heaven from earth.
Luc. Pray heav'n he prove so when you come to him.
Jul. Now,as thou lov'st me,do him not that wrong,
To beare a hard opinion of his truth:
Onely deserve my love, by loving him,
And presently goe with me to my chamber
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey :
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my Lands, my reputation.
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,*give us leave(I pray)a while,
We have some secrets to confer about.
Now tell me *Protheus,* what's your will with me?
Pro. My gracious Lord,that which I wold discover,
The Law of friendship bids me to conceale,
But when I call to minde your gracious favours
Done to me (underserving as I am)
My dutie pricks me on to utter that
Which else,no worldly good should draw from me:
Know (worthy Prince) Sir *Valentine* my friend
This night intends to steale away your daughter :
My selfe am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have 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 unprevented) to your timelesse grave.
Duke. Protheus, I thank thee for thine honest care,
Which to requite,command me while I live.
This love of theirs, my selfe have often seene ,
Haply when they have judg'd me fast asleepe,
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid

Sir

Sir *Valentine* her companie, and my Court.
But fearing lest my jealous ayme might erre,
And so (unworthily) disgrace the man
(A rashnesse that I ever yet have shun'd)
I gave him gentle lookes,thereby to finde
That which thy selfe hast now disclos'd to me.
And that thou maist perceive my feare of this ,
Knowing that tender youth is soone suggested ,
I nightly lodge her in an upper Towre,
The key whereof, my selfe have ever kept :
And thence she cannot be convay'd away.
Pro. Know (noble Lord) they have devis'd a meane
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a Corded-ladder fetch her downe:
For which,the youthfull Lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently.
Where (if it please you) you may intercept him.
But (good my Lord) doe it so cunningly
That my discovery be not aimed at:
For, 'love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.
Duke. Upon mine Honor, he shall never 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 bear my Letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver 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 unknown to thee, that I have 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 peevish,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
(Upon advice) hath drawne my love from her,
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have beene cherish'd by her child-like dutie,
I now am full resolv'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 have 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 have thee to my Tutor
(For long agone I have 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 Jewels often in their silent kinde
More then quicke words,doe move a womans minde.
Duk. But she did scorne a present that I sent her,

Val. A woman sometime scorns what best co[n]tents her.
Send her another : never give her ore,
For scorne at first, makes after-love the more.
If she doe frowne, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you,
If she doe chide, 'tis not to have you gone,
For why, the fooles are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, what ever 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 have 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
Unto a youthfull Gentleman of worth,
And kept severely 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 shelving,that one cannot climbe it
Without apparant hazard of his life.
Val. Why then a Ladder quaintly made of Cords
To cast up, with a paire of anchoring hookes,
Would serve to scale another *Hero's* towre,
So bold *Leander* would adventure it.
Duk. Now as thou art a Gentleman of blood
Advise me,where I may have such a Ladder.
Val. When would you use it? pray sir,tell me that.
Duk. This very night ; for Love islike a childe
That longs for every thing that he can come by.
Val. By seaven a clock, ile get you such a Ladder.
Duk. But harke thee : I will goe to her alone,
How shall I best convey the Ladder thither ?
Val. It will be light (my Lord) that you may beare it
Under a cloake, that is of any length.
Duk. A cloake as long as thine will serve 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 serve the turn (my Lord)
Duk. How shall I fashion me to weare a cloake ?
I pray thee let me feele thy cloake upon me.
What Letter is this same ? what's here ? to *Silvia* ?
And heere an Engine fit for my proceeding,
Ile be so bold to breake the seale for once.

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia *nightly,*
And slaves 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 servants fortune.
I curse my selfe,for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their Lord should be.

What's here ? *Silvia, 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 heavenly Car ?
And with thy daring folly burne the world?
Wilt thou reach stars,because they shine on thee?

Goe base Intruder, over-weening Slave,
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equall mates,
And thinke my patience, (more then thy desert)
Is priviledge for thy departure hence.
Thanke me for this, more then for all the favors
Which (all too-much) I have bestowed on thee.
But if thou linger in my Territories
Longer then swiftest expedition
Will give the time to leave our royall Court,
By heaven, my wrath shall farre exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thy selfe.
Be gone, I will not heare thy vaine excuse ,
But as thou lov'st thy life,make speed from hence.
Val. And why not death,rather then living torment?
To die, is to be banisht from my selfe,
And *Silvia* is my selfe : banish'd from her
Is selfe from selfe : A deadly banishment :
What light, is light, if *Silvia* be not seene ?
What joy is joy, if *Silvia* be not by ?
Unlesse it be to thinke that she is by
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,
There is no musicke in the Nightingale.
Unlesse I looke on *Silvia* in the day,
There is no day for me to looke upon.
Shee is my essence, and I leave to be ;
If I be not by her faire influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
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 t'is 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, un-tuneable, and bad.
Val. Is *Silvia* dead?
Pro. No, *Valentine.*
Val. No *Valentine* indeed, for sacred *Silvia,*
Hath she forsworne me?
Pro. No, *Valentine.*
Val. No *Valentine,* if *Silvia* have forsworne me.
What is your newes ?
Lau. Sir, there is a proclamation, [yt] you are vanished.
Pro. That thou art banish'd: oh that's the newes,
From hence,from *Silvia,*and from me thy friend.
Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excesse of it will make me surfet.
Doth *Silvia* know that I am banish'd ?
Pro. I,I : and she hath offered to the doome

(Which un-reverst stands in effectuall force)
A Sea of melting pearle, which some call teares;
Those at her fathers churlish feete she tenderd,
With them upon 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 up,
Sad sighes, deepe grones, nor silver-shedding teares
Could penetrate her uncompassionate 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: unles the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon 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 love :
Besides,thy staying will abridge thy life :
Hope is a lovers 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 deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosome of thy Love.
The time now [serve's] not to expostulate ,
Come, Ile convey thee through the City-gate.
And ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concerne thy Love-affaires :
As thou lov'st *Silvia* (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 *Silvia* ; haplesse *Valentine.*
Launce. I am but a foole, look you , and yet I have the wit to thinke my Master is a kinde of a knave : but that's all one , if he be but one knave : He lives not now that knowes me to be in love, yet I am in love , but a Teeme of horse shall not plucke that from me : nor who 'tis I love : 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 serves for wages. Shee hath more qualities then a Water-Spaniell , which is much in a bare Christian : Heere is the Cate-log of her Condition. *Inprimis.* She 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 Jade. *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 ever thou heard'st.
Sp. Why man? how blacke?
La. Why, as blacke as Inke.
Sp. Let me read them?
La. Fie on thee Jolt-head, thou canst not read.
Sp. Thou lyest : I can.
La. I will try thee : tell me this ; who begot thee?
Sp. Marry,

Sp. Marry,the son of my Grand-father.
La. Oh illiterate loyterer ; it was the sonnne of thy Grand-mother : this proves that thou canst not read.
Sp. Come foole, come : [thy] me in thy paper.
La. There : and S.*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 proverbe : (*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 living.
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 have no names.
Sp. Here followes her vices.
La. Close at the heeles of her vertues.
Sp. Item, she is not to be fasting in respect of her breth.
La. Well : that fault may be mended with a break-fast : 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 [take.]
Sp. Item,she is slow in words.
La. Oh villanie,that set this downe among her vices;
To be slow in words,is a womans onely vertue :
I pray the out with't, and place it for her chiefe vertue.
Sp. Item, she is proud.
La. Out with that too:
It was *Eves* legacie,and cannot be t'ane from her.
Sp. Item, she hath no teeth.
La. I care not for that neither : because I love 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, she 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 haires then wit, and more faults then haires, and more wealth then faults.
La. Stop there : Ile have her : she was mine, and not mine twice, or thrice in that Article : rehearse that once more.
Sp. Item, she hath more haire then wit.
La. More haire then wit : it may be ile prove it : The cover of the salt, hides the salt, and therefore it is more then the salt ; the haire that covers 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 have 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 bet-
ter 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 serve the turne.
Sp. Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love
Letters.
La. Now will he be swing'd for reading my Letter;
An unmannerly slave , that will thrust himselfe into se-
crets : Ile after, to rejoyce in the boyes correctio[n]. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus.

Du. Sir *Thurio,*feare not,but that she will love 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 Love, is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an houres heate
Dissolves 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.
[Gon, my good Lord.
Du. My daughter takes his going heavily?
Pro. A little time (my Lord) will kill tht griefe.
Du. So I beleeve : 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 prove loyall to your Grace,
Let me not live,to looke upon 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 perversly,she persevers so :
What might we doe to make the girle forget
The love of *Valentine,*and love 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 deliver it.
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.
Du. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro.

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 advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him ;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.
Pro. You have prevail'd (my Lord) if I can doe it
By ought that I can speake in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him :
But say this weede her love from *Valentine,*
It followes not that she will love sir *Thurio.*
Th. Therefore,as you unwinde her love from him;
Least it should ravell,and be good to none,
You must provide 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 loves firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt, and change your minde.
Upon this warrant, shall you have accesse,
Where you, with *Silvia,*may conferre at large.
For she is lumpish, heavy, mellancholly,
And (for your friends sake) will be glad of you ;
Where you may temper her, by your perswasion,
To hate yong *Valentine,*and love 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 servicable vowes.
Du. I,much is the force of heaven-bred Poesie.
Pro. Say that upon 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 discover such integrity :
For *Orpheus* Lute,was strung with Poets sinewes,
Whose golden touch could soften steele and stones ;
Make tygers tame,and huge *Leviathans*
Forsake unfounded 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 grievance :
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.
Du. This discipline,showes thou hast bin in love.
Th. And thy advice,this night, ile put in practice :
Therefore, sweet *Protheus,*my direction-giver,
Let us into the City presently
To sort some Gentlemen,well skil'd in Musicke.
I have a Sonnet,that will serve the turne
To give the on-set to thy good advice.
Du. About it Gentlemen.
Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace, till after Supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.
Du. Even now about it,I will pardon you. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Valentine,Speed,and certaine Out-lawes.
1.Out-l. 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 us that you have about'ye.
If not: we'll make you sit, and rifle you.
Sp. Sir we are undone ; these are the Villaines
That all the Travailers 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 have little wealth to loose;
A man I am, cross'd with adversitie:
My riches, are these poore habiliments,
Of which,if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.
2.Out. Whether travell you?
Val. To *Verona.*
1.Out. Whence came you ?
Val. From *Millaine.*
3.Out. Have you long fojourn'd there? (staid,
Val. Some sixteene moneths, and longer might have
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,
Withour 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. Have you the Tongues ?
Val. My youthfull travaile,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 have him : Sirs, a word.
Sp. Master,be one of them:
It's an honourable kinde of theevery.
Val. Peace villaine.
2.Out. Tell us this : have you any thing to take to?
Val. Nothing but my fortune.
3.Out. Know then,that some of us are Gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awfull men.
My selfe was from *Verona* banished,
For practicing to steale away a Lady,
And heire and Neece alied unto the Duke.
2.Out. And I from *Mantua,*for a Gentleman,
Who ,in my moode,I stab'd unto 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 lives ;
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,above the rest,we parley to you.
Are you content bo be our Generall?
To make a vertue of necessity,
And live as we doe in this wildernesse?
3.Out. What saist thou? wilt thou be of our consort ?
Say I,and be the captaine of us all :
We'll doe thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee,as our Commander,and our King.

1.Out. But if thou scorne our curtesie,thou dyest.
2.Out. Thou shalt not live,to brag what we have of-
Val. I take your offer,and will live with you, (fer'd.
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women,or poore passengers.
3.Out. No,we detest such vile base practises.
Come,goe with us, we'll bring thee to our Crewes,
And show thee all the Treasure we have got ;
Which,with our selves,all rest at thy dispose. *Exeunt.*

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Protheus ,Thurio, Julia,Host,Musitian,Silvia.

Pro. Already have I bin false to *Valentine,*
And now I must be as unjust to *Thurio ,*
Under the colour of commending him,
I have accesse my owne love to prefer.
But *Silvia* 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 have bin forsworne
In breaking faith with *Julia,* whom I lov'd ;
And notwithstanding all her sodaine quips,
The least whereof would quell a lovers hope :
Yet (Spaniel-like) the more she spurnes my love,
The more it growes,and fawneth on her still ;
But here comes *Thurio* :now must we to her window,
And give some evening Musique to her eare.
Th. How now,sir *Protheus,*are you crept before us ?
Pro. I gentle *Thurio,* for you know that love
Will creepe in service, where it cannot goe.
Th. I,but I hope, Sir,that you love not here.
Pro. Sir,but I doe : or else I would be hence.
Th. Who,*Silvia?*
Pro. I,*Silvia,* for your sake.
Th. I thanke you for your owne : Now Gentlemen
Let's tune :and to o it lustily a while.
Ho. Now,my young guest; me thinks your' allycholly ;
I pray you why is it ?
Ju. Marry(mine *Host)* because I cannot be merry.
Ho. Come, we'll have you merry: ile bring you where
you shall heare Musique, and see the Gentleman that
you ask'd for.
Ju. But shall I heare him speake.
Ho. I that you shall.
Ju. That will be Musique.
Ho. Harke,harke.
Ju. Is he among these?
Ho. I :but peace, let's heare'm

Song. Who is Silvia? what is she ?
That all our Swaines commend her ?
Holy,faire,and wise is she,
The heaven such grace did lend her,
that she might admired be.
Is she kinde as she is faire ?
For beauty lives with kindnesse :
Love doth to her eyes repaire,
To helpe him of his blindnesse :

And being help'd,inhabits there.
Then to Silvia,let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling ;
She excels each mortall thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let us Garlands bring.

Ho. How now? are you sadder then you were before;
How doe you, man ? the Musicke likes you not.
Ju. You mistake : the Musitian likes me not.
Ho. Why,my pretty youth?
Ju. He plaies false (father.)
Ho. How, out of tune on the strings.
Ju. Not so : but yet
So false that he grieves my very heart-strings.
Ho. You have a quicke eare. (heart.)
Ju. I,I would I were deafe : it makes me have a slow
Ho. I perceive you delight not in Musique.
Ju. Not a whit, when it jars so.
Ho. Harke,what fine change is in the Musique.
Ju. I :that change is the spight.
Ho. You would have them always play but one thing.
Ju. I would alwayes have one play but one thing.
But Host,doth this Sir *Protheus,*that we talke on,
Often resort unto this Gentlewoman ?
Ho. I tell you what *Launce* his man told me,
He lov'd her out of all nicke.
Ju. 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.
Ju. 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 ev'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 Servant.
Sil. What's your will?
Pro. That I may compasse yours.
Sil. You have your wish : my will is even this,
That presently you hie you home to bed :
Thou subtile,perjur'd,false,disloyall man :
Think'st thou I am so shallow,so conceitlesse,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That has't deceiv'd so many with thy vowes ?
Returne,returne and make thy love 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,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.
Pro. I grant (sweet love) that I did love a Lady,
But she is dead.
Ju. 'Twere false,if I should speake it;
For I am sure she is not buried.
Sil. Say that she be :yet *Valentine* thy friend
Survives ; to whom (thy selfe art witnesse)
I am betroth'd ; and art thou not asham'd
To wrong him,with thy importunacy?

Pro.

Pro. I likewise heare that *Valentine* is dead.
Sil. And so suppose am I ; for in her grave
Assure thy selfe,my love is buried.
Pro. Sweet Lady,let me rake it from the earth.
Sil. Goe to thy Ladies grave and call hers thence,
Or at the least,in hers,sepulcher thine.
Jul. He heard not that.
Pro. Madam : if your heart be so obdurate :
Vouchsafe me yet your Picture for my love,
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 devoted, I am but a shadow ;
And to your shadow, will I make true love.
Jul. If'twere a substance you would sure deceive 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 have ore-night
That wait for execution in the morne.
Jul. *Host,* will you goe ?
Ho. By my hallidome,I was fast asleepe.
Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir *Protheus* ?
Ho. Marry, at my house:
Trust me, I thinke 'tis almost day.
Jul. Not so : but it hath bin the longest night
That ere I watch'd,and the most heaviest.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Eglamore, Silvia.

Eg. This is the houre that Madam *Silvia*
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 servant ,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 service
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 unto the banish'd *Valentine*:
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vaine *Thurio* (whom my very soule abhor'd.)
Thy selfe hast lov'd, and I have heard thee say
No griefe did ever come so neere thy heart,
As when thy Lady,and thy true-love dide,
Upon whose Grave 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,

Upon whose faith and honor, I repose.
Urge not my fathers anger (*Eglamoure*)
But thinke upon my griefe(a Ladies griefe)
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keepe me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues.
I doe desire thee, even 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 have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.
Egl. Madam, I pitty much your grievances,
Which,since I know they vertuously are plac'd,
I give 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 evening 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, Julia, Silvia.

Lau. When a mans servant shall play the Curre with him (looke you) it goes hard : one that I brought up of a puppy : one that I sav'd from drowning,when three or foure of his blinde brothers and sisters went to it : I have taught him (even as one would say precisely , thus I would teach a dog) I was sent to deliver him, as a present to Mistris *Silvia,* 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 have (as one should say) one that takes upon 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 upon me that he did, I thinke verily hee had bin hang'd for't : sure as I live he had suffer'd for't : you shall judge : Hee thrusts me himselfe into the company of three or foure gentleman-like-dogs,under 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 up (saies the Duke.) I having 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 Servant ? nay,ile be sworne I have sat in the stockes,for puddings he hath stolne,otherwise he had bin executed : I have 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 serv'd me, when I tooke my leave of Madam *Silvia :* did

not

not I bid thee still marke me, and doe as I do;when did'st
thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a
Gentlewomans farthingale? did'st thou ever see me doe
such a tricke?
Pro. Sebastian is thy name : I like thee well.
And will imploy thee in some service presently.
Ju. In what you please,Ile doe what I can.
Pro. I hope thou wilt.
How now you whor-son pezant,
Where have you bin these two dayes loytering?
La. Marry Sir, I carried Mistris *Silvia* the dogge you
bad me.
Pro. And what saies she to my little Jewell?
La. Marry she saies your dog was a cur, and tels you
currish thanks is good enough for such a present.
Pro. But she receiv'd my dog?
La. No indeede did she not :
Here have 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 Hangman's 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 Slave,that still an end,turnes me to shame :
Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly that I have 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 behaviour,
Which (if my Augury deceive me not)
Witnesse good bringing up, fortune,and truth :
Therefore know thee,for this I entertaine thee.
Go presently, and take this Ring with thee,
Deliver it to Madam *Silvia ;*
She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.
Jul. It seemes [you lov'd not her, not leave her token :]
She is dead belike?
Pro. Not so : I thinke she lives.
Jul. Alas.
Pro. Why do'st thou cry alas ?
Jul. I cannot choose but pitty her.
Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pitty her ?
Jul. Because,methinkes that she lov'd you as well
As you doe love your Lady *Silvia :*
She dreames on him,that has forgot her love,
You doate on her, that cares not for your love.
'Tis pitty Love,should be so contrary :
And thinking on it,makes me cry alas.
Pro. Well : give her that Ring,and therewithall
This Letter : that's her chamber : Tell my Lady,
I claime the promise for her heavenly Picture :
Your message done,hye home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt finde me sad,and solitarie.
Jul. 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 loves her,he despiseth me,
Because I love him, I must pitty him.
This Ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To binde him to remember my good will :
And now am I (unhappy Messenger)

To plead for that, which I would not obtaine ;
To carry that,which I would have refus'd;
To praise his faith,which I would have disprais'd.
I am my Masters true confirmed Love,
But cannot be true servant to my Master,
Unlesse I prove false traitor to my selfe.
Yet will I woe for him,but yet so coldly,
As (heaven it knowes) I would not have him speed.
Gentlewoman,good day : I pray you be my meane
To bring me where to speake with Madam *Silvia.*
Sil. What would you with her,if that I be she?
Jul. If you be she, I doe intreat your patience
To heare me speake the message I am sent on.
Sil. From whom?
Jul. From my Master Sir *Protheus,* Madam.
Sil. Oh : he sends you for a Picture ?
Jul. I, Madam.
Sil. *Ursula,* bring my Picture there,
Goe,give your Master this : tell him from me,
One *Julia,*that his changing thoughts forget
Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow.
Jul. Madam, please you peruse this Letter ;
Pardon me (Madam) I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not ;
This is the Letter to your Ladiship.
Sil. I pray thee let me looke on that againe.
Jul. It may not be : good Madam pardon me.
Sil. There, hold:
I will not looke upon 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.
Jul. Madam, he sends your Ladiship this Ring.
Sil. The more shame for him,that he sends it me ;
For I have heard him say a thousand times,
His *Julia* gave it him,at his departure :
Though his false finger have prophan'd the Ring,
Mine shall not do his *Julia* so much wrong.
Jul. She thankes you.
Sil. What sai'st thou ?
Jul. I thanke you Madam, that you tender her :
Poore Gentlewoman, my Master wrongs her much.
Sil. Do'st thou know her ?
Jul. Almost as well as I doe know my selfe.
To thinke upon her woes, I doe protest
That I have wept a hundred severall times.
Sil. Belike she thinks that *Protheus* hath forsook her?
Jul. I thinke she doth : and that's her cause of sorrow.
Sil. Is she not passing faire?
Jul. She hath bin fairer (Madam) then she is ;
When she did thinke my Master lov'd her well;
She,in my judgement,was as faire as you.
But since she did neglect her looking-glasse,
And threw her Sun-expelling Masque away,
The ayre hath starv'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 ?
Jul. 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 *Julias* gowne,
Which served me as fit,by all mens judgements,
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

For I did play a lamentable part.
(Madam) 'twas *Ariadne,* passioning
For *Theseus* perjury ,and unjust flight ;
Which I so lively acted with my teares :
That my poore Mistris moved there withall,
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 upon thy words :
Here youth : there is my purse ; I give thee this (well,
For thy sweet Mistris sake,because thou lov'st her. Fare-
Jul. And she shall thanke you for't, if ere you know
A vertuous gentlewoman,milde,and beautifull. (her.
I hope my Masters suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my Mistris love so much.
Alas,how love 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 lovely,as is this of hers ;
And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,
Unlesse I flatter with my selfe too much.
Her haire is *Auburne,*mine is perfect *Yellow ;*
If that be all the difference in his love,
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 respective in my selfe?
If this fond Love, were not a blinded god.
Come shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rivall : O thou sencelesse forme,
Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd,lov'd, and ador'd;
And were there sence in his Idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
Ile use thee kindly,for thy Mistris sake
That us'd me so : or else by *Jove,*I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my Master out of love with thee. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Eglamoure, Silvia.
Egl. The Sun begins to guild the westerne skie,
And now it is about the very houre
That *Silvia,* at Fryer *Patricks* Cell should meet me,
She will not faile ; for Lovers breake not houres,
Unlesse it be to come before their time,
So much they spur their expedition.
See where she comes : Lady a happy evening.
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 reccover that, we are sure enough. *Exeunt.*

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Thurio,Protheus,Julia,Duke.
Th. Sir *Protheus,* what saies *Silvia* 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. (der.)
Thu. Ile weare a Boote, to make it somewhat roun-
Pro. But love 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 lies : 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 love and peace.
Jul. But better indeede,when you hold [you] peace.
Thu. What sayes she to my valour?
Pro. Oh Sir, she makes no doubt of that.
Jul. She needes not, when she knowes it cowardize.
Thu. What saies she to my birth?
Pro. That you are well deriv'd.
Jul. True : from a Gentleman, to a foole.
Thu. Considers she my Possessions ?
Pro. Oh, I : and pitties them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Jul. That such an Asse should owe them.
Pro. That they are out by Lease.
Jul. 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 unto 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 gues'd that it was she,
But being mask'd, he was not sure of it.
Besides she did intend Confession
At *Patricks* Cell this even,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
Upon 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 peevish Girle,
That flies her fortune when it followes her :
Ile after ; more to be reveng'd on *Eglamoure,*
Then for the love of reck-lesse *Silvia.*
Pro. And I will follow, more for *Silvias* love
Then hate of *Eglamoure* that goes with her.
Jul. And I will follow ,more to crosse that love
Then hate for *Silvia,* that is gone for love. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Silvia, Out-Lawes.
1.Out. Come, come be patient :
We

We must bring you to our Captaine.
Sil. A thousand more mischances then this one
Have 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 us .
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 cave.
Feare not : he beares an honourable minde,
And will not use a woman lawlesly.
Sil. O *Valentine* : this I endure for thee.
Exeunt.

Scoena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Protheus, Silvia, Julia, Duke, Thurio, Out-lawes.
Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man?
This shadowy desart, unfrequented woods
I better brooke then flourishing peopled Townes :
Here can I sit alone, un-seene of any,
And to the Nightengales complaining Notes
Tune my [distrestes,] and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my brest,
Leave not the Mansion so long Tenant-lesse,
Lest growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was,
repaire me, with thy presence, *Silvia :*
Thou gentle Nimph, cherish thy for-lorne swaine.
What hallowing, and what stir is this to day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their Law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chace ;
They love me well : yet I have much to doe
To keepe them from uncivill outrages.
Withdraw thee *Valentine :* who's this comes heere?
Pro. Madam,this service I have done for you
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth)
To hazard life,and reskew you from him,
That would have forc'd your honour, and your love ,
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 give.)
Val. How like a dreame is this? I see,and heare :
Love, lend me patience to forbeare a while.
Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am.
Pro. Unhappy were you (Madam) ere I came :
But by my comming, I have made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.
Jul. And me,when he approcheth to your presence.
Sil. Had I beene ceazed by a hungry Lion ,
I would have been a break-fast to the Beast,
Rather than have false *Protheus* reskue me :
Oh heaven be judge how I love *Valentine ,*
Whose life's as tender to me as my soule,
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I doe detest false perjur'd *Protheus :*
Therefore be gone, sollicit me no more.
Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death
Would I not undergoe, for one calme looke :
Oh 'tis the curse in Love,and still approv'd

When women cannot love,where they're belov'd.
Sil. When *Protheus* cannot love,where he's belov'd:
Read over *Julia's* Heart, (thy first best Love)
For whose deare sake, thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oathes ; and all those oathes,
Descended into perjury, to love me,
Thou hast no faith left now, unlesse thou'dst two,
And that's farre worse then none : better have none
Then plurall faith, which is too much by one :
Thou Counterfeyt, to thy true friend.
Pro. In Love,
Who respects friend ?
Sil. All men but *Protheus.*
Pro. Nay,if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder forme[;]
Ile wooe you like a Souldier, at armes end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of Love : force ye.
Sil. Oh heaven.
Pro. Ile force thee yeeld to my desife.
Val. Ruffian : let goe that rude uncivill touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion.
Pro. Valentine.
Val. Thou comon friend,that's without faith or love,
For such is a friend now : treacherous man,
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes ; nought but mine eye
Could have perswaded me : now I dare not say
I have one friend alive : thou wouldst disprove me :
Who should be trusted, when ones right hand
Is perjured to the bosome ? *Protheus*
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake:
The private wound is deepest : oh time, most accurst :
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst?
Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me :
Forgive 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 receive thee honest ;
Who by Repentance is not satisfied ,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth : for these are pleas'd:
By Penitence th'Eternalls wrath's appeas'd :
And that my love may appeare plaine and free,
All that was mine, in *Silvia,* I give thee.
Jul. Oh me unhappy.
Pro. Looke to the Boy.
Val. Why, Boy ?
Why wag:how now? what's the matter?look up: speak.
Jul. O good sir ,my master charg'd me to deliver a ring
to Madam *Silvia* : [wc] (out of my neglect) was never done.
Pro. Where is that ring ? boy?
Why this is the ring I gave to *Julia.*
Jul. Oh, cry you mercy sir, I have mistooke :
This is the ring you sent to *Silvia.*
Pro. But how cam'st thou by this ring ? at my depart
I gave this unto *Julia.*
Jul. And *Julia* her selfe did give it me,
And *Julia* her selfe hath brought it hither.
Pro. How ? *Julia?*
Jul. Behold her, that gave ayme to all thy oathes,
And entertain'd 'em deepely in her heart.
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the roote ?
Oh, *Protheus,* let this habit make thee blush.

Be thou asham'd that I have tooke upon me,
Such an immodest rayment ; if shame live
In a disguise of Love ?
It is the lesser blot modesty findes,
Women to change their shapes,then men their minds.
Pro. Then men their minds?tis true:oh heven, 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 *Silvia's* face, but I may spie
More fresh in *Julia'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 withes (heaven) I have my wish for ever.
Jul. And I mine.
Out-l. 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 *Silvia :* and *Silvia's* mine.
Val. Thurio give backe; or else embrace thy death :
Come not within the measure of my wrath :
Doe not name *Silvia* 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 upon my Love.
Thur. Sir *Valentine,* I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a foole that will endanger
His Body, for a Girle that loves 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 leave her on such slight conditioons.

,

The names of all the Actors.

Duke : Father to Silvia.
Valentine.
}*the two Gentlemen.*
Protheus.
Anthonio:father to Protheus.
Thurio: a foolish rivall to Valentine.

F I N I S.

T H E

Now by the honor of my Ancestry ,
I doe applaud thy spirit, *Valentine,*
And thinke thee worthy of an Empresse love:
Know then, I heere forget all former greefes,
Cancell all grudge, repeale thee home againe,
Plead a new state in thy un-rival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe : Sir *Valentine,*
Thou art a Gentleman,and well deriv'd,
Take thou thy *Silvia,* for thou hast deserv'd her.
Val. I thank your Grace, [ye] 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 have kept withall,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their Exile:
They are reformed, civill,full of good,
And fit for great employment (worthy Lord.)
Duke. Thou hast prevaild,I pardon them and thee :
Dispose of them,as thou knowst their deserts.
Come,let us goe, we will include all jarres,
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 Loves discovered.
That done,our day of marriage shall be yours,
One Feast,one house, one mutuall happinesse. *Exeunt.*

Eglamoure : Agent for Silvia in her escape.
Host: where Julia lodges.
Out-lawes with Valentine.
Speed: a clownish servant to Valentine.
Launce: the like to Protheus.
Panthion: servant to Antonio.
Julia: beloved of Protheus.
Silvia:beloved of Valentine.
Lucetta: waighting-woman to Julia.