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THE Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Valentine: Protheus, and Speed.

rem

*rem*Valentine.

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

rem

*rem*Pro.

Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adew,
Thinke on thy Protheus, when thou (hap'ly) seest
Some rare noteworthy object in thy trauaile.
Wish me partaker in thy happinesse,
When thou do'st meet good hap; and in thy danger,
(If euer danger doe enuiron thee)
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,

For I will be thy beadesman, Vaelentine.

rem

remUal.

And on a louebooke pray for my successe?

rem

remPro.

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

rem

remUal.

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

rem

remPro.

*That's a deepe Storie, of a deeper loue;
For he was more then ouershooes in loue.*

rem

remVal.

*'Tis true; for you are ouerbootes in loue,
And yet you neuer swom the Hellespont.*

rem

remPro.

Ouer the Bootes? nay giue me not the Boots.

rem

remVal.

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

rem

remPro.

What?

rem

remUal.

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

rem

remPro.

So, by your circumstance, you call me foole.

rem

remUal.

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

rem

remPro.

'Tis loue you cawill at, I am not Loue.

rem

remVal.

Loue is your master, for he masters you;

And he that is so yoked by a foole,

Me thinkes should not be chronicled for wise.

rem

remPro.

Yet Writers say; as in the sweetest Bud,

The eating Canker dwels; so eating Loue

Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

rem

remVal.

And Writers say; as the most forward Bud

Is eaten by the Canker ere it blow,

Euen so by Loue, the yong, and tender wit

Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the Bud,

Loosing his verdure, euen in the prime,

And all the faire effects of future hopes.

But wherefore waste I time to counsaile thee

That art a votary to fond desire?

Once more adieu: my Father at the Road

Expects my comming, there to see me ship'd.

rem

remPro.

And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

rem

remVal.

Sweet Protheus, no: Now let vs take our leaue:

To Millaine let me heare from thee by Letters

Of thy successe in loue; and what newes else

Betideth here in absence of thy Friend:

And I likewise will visite thee with mine.

rem

remPro.

All happinesse bechance to thee in Millaine.

rem

remVal.

As much to you at home: and so farewell.

Exit.

rem

remPro.

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

rem

remSp.

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

rem

remPro.

But now he parted hence to embarque for Millain.

rem

remSp.

Twenty to one then, he is ship'd already,

And I haue plaid the Sheepe in loosing him.

rem

remPro.

Indeed a Sheep doth very often stray,

And if the Shepheard be awhile away.

rem

remSp.

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

rem

remPro.

I doe.

rem

remSp.

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

rem

remPro.

A silly answeere, and fitting well a Sheepe.

rem

remSp.

This proues me still a Sheepe.

rem

remPro.

True: and thy Master a Shepheard.

rem

remSp.

Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

rem

remPro.

It shall goe hard but ile proue it by another.

rem

remSp.

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.

rem

remPro.

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.

rem

remSp.

Such another prooffe will make me cry ba.

rem

remPro.

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

rem

remSp.

I Sir: I (a lostMutton) gaue your Letter to her (a lac'dMutton) and she (a lac'dMutton) gaue mee (a lostMutton) nothing for my labour.

rem

remPro.

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

rem

remSp.

If the ground be ouercharg'd, you were best sticke her.

rem

remPro.

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

rem

remSp.

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

rem

remPro.

You mistake; I meane the pound, a Pinfeld.

rem

remSp.

From a pound to a pin? fold it ouer and ouer,

'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your louer

rem

remPro.

But what said she?

rem

remSp.

I.

rem

remPro.

NodI, Why that's noddy.

rem

remSp.

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

rem

remPro.

And that set together is noddy.

rem

remSp.

Now you haue taken the paines to set it toge ther, take it for your paines.

rem

remPro.

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

rem

remSp.

Well, I perceiue I must be faine to bear with you.

rem

remPro.

Why Sir, how doe you beare with me?

rem

remSp.

*Marry Sir, the letter very orderly,
Hauiug nothing but the word noddy for my paines.*

rem

remPro.

Beshrew me, but you haue a quicke wit.

rem

remSp.

And yet it cannot ouertake your slow purse.

rem

remPro.

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

rem

remSp.

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

rem

remPro.

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

rem

remSp.

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

rem

remPro.

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

rem

remSp.

*Sir, I could perceiue nothing at all from her;
No, not so much as a ducket for deliuering your letter:*

*And being so hard to me, that brought your minde;
I feare she'll proue as hard to you in telling your minde.
Giue her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steele.*

rem

remPro.

What said she, nothing?

rem

remSp.

No, not so much as take this for thy pains:

*To testifie your bounty, I thank you, you haue cestern'd (me;
In requital whereof, henceforth, carry your letters your
selfe; And so, Sir, I'le commend you to my Master.*

rem

remPro.

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

Exit.

Scna Secunda.

Enter Iulia and Lucetta.

rem

remIul.

But say Luceita (now we are alone)

Would'st thou then counsaile me to fall in loue?

rem

remLuc.

I Madam, so you stumble not vnheedfully.

rem

remIul.

Of all the faire resort of Gentlemen,

That euery day with par'le encounter me,

In thy opinion which is worthiest loue?

rem

remLu.

Please you repeat their names; ile shew my minde,

According to my shallow simple skill.

rem

remIu.

What thinkst thou of the faire sir Eglamoure?

rem

remLu.

As of a Knight, wellspoken, neat, and fine;

But were I you, he neuer should be mine.

rem

remIu.

What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

rem

remLu.

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

rem

remIu.

What think'st thou of the gentle Protheus?

rem

remLu.

Lord, Lord: to see what folly raignes in vs.

rem

remIu.

How now? what meanes this passion at his name?

rem

remLu.

Pardon deare Madam; 'tis a passing shame

That I (vnworthy body as I am)

Should censure thus on louely Gentlemen.

rem

remIu.

Why not on Protheus, as of all the rest?

rem

remLu.

Then thus: of many good, I thinke him best.

rem

remIul.

Your reason?

rem

remLu.

I haue no other but a womans reason:

I thinke him so, because I thinke him so.

rem

remIul.

And would'st thou haue me cast my loue on him?

rem

remLu.

I: if you thought your loue not cast away.

rem

remIul.

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

rem

remLu.

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

rem

remIul.

His little speaking, shewes his loue but small.

rem

remLu.

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

rem

remIul.

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

rem

remLu.

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

rem

remIul.

I would I knew his minde.

rem

remLu.

Peruse this paper Madam.

rem

remIul.

To Iulia: Say, from whom?

rem

remLu.

That the Contents will shew.

rem

remIul.

Say, say: who gaue it thee?

rem

remLu.

Sir Valentines page: \mathcal{E} sent I think from Protheus;

He would haue giuen it you, but I being in the way,

Did in your name receiue it: pardon the fault I pray.

rem

remIul.

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.

rem
remLu.

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

rem
remIul.

Will ye be gon?

rem
remLu.

That you may ruminare.

Exit.

rem
remIul.

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

rem
remLu.

What would your Ladiship?

rem
remIul.

Is't neere dinner time?

rem
remLu.

I would it were,

That you might kill your stomacke on your meat,
And not vpon your Maid.

rem
remIul.

What is't that you

Tooke vp so gingerly?

rem

remLu.

Nothing.

rem

remIu.

Why didst thou stoope then?

rem

remLu.

To take a paper vp, that I let fall.

rem

remIul.

And is that paper nothing?

rem

remLu.

Nothing concerning me.

rem

remIul.

Then let it lye, for those that it concernes.

rem

remLu.

Madam, it will not lye where it concernes,

Vnlesse it haue a false Interpreter.

rem

remIul.

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

rem

remLu.

That I might sing it (Madam) to a tune:

Giue me a Note, your Ladiship can set

rem

remIul.

As little by such toyes, as may be possible:

Best sing it to the tune of Light O, Loue.

rem

remLu.

It is too heauy for so light a tune.

rem

remIu.

Heauy? belike it hath some burden then?

rem

remLu.

I: and melodious were it, would you sing it,

rem

remIu.

And why not you?

rem

remLu.

I cannot reach so high.

rem

remIu.

Let's see your Song:

How now Minion?

rem

remLu.

Keepe tune there still; so you will sing it out:

And yet me thinkes I do not like this tune.

rem

remIu.

You doe not?

rem

remLu.

No (Madam) tis too sharpe.

rem

remIu.

You (Minion) are too saucie.

rem

remLu.

Nay, now you are too flat;

And marre the concord, with too harsh a descant:

There wanteth but a Meane to fill your Song.

rem

remIu.

The meane is dround with you vnruly base.

rem

remLu.

Indeede I bid the base for Protheus.

rem

remIu.

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.

rem

remLu.

She makes it strgestrange, but she would be best pleas'd

To be so angred with another Letter.

rem

remIu.

Nay, would I were so angred with the same:

Oh hatefull hands, to teare such louing words;

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

rem

remLu.

Madam: dinner is ready: and your father staies.

rem

remIu.

Well, let vs goe.

rem

remLu.

What, shall these papers lye, like Teltales here?

rem

remIu.

If you respect them; best to take them vp.

rem

remLu.

Nay, I was taken vp, for laying them downe.

Yet here they shall not lye, for catching cold.

rem

remIu.

I see you haue a months minde to them.

rem

remLu.

I (Madam) you may say what sights you see;

I see things too, although you iudge I winke.

rem

remLu.

Come, come, wilt please you goe.

Exeunt.

Scna Tertia.

Enter Antonio and Panthino, Protheus.

rem

remAnt.

Tell me Panthino, what sad talke was that,

Wherewith my brother held you in the Cloyster?

rem

remPan.

'Twas of his Nephew Protheus, your Sonne.

rem

remAnt.

Why? what of him?

rem

remPan.

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 Vniuersities;

For any, or for all these exercises,

He said, that Protheus, your sonne, was meet;

And did request me, to importune you

To let him spend his time no more at home;

Which would be great impeachment to his age,

In hauing knowne no trauaile in his youth.

rem

remAnt.

Nor need'st thou much importune me to that

Whereon, this month I haue bin hamering.

I haue consider'd well, his losse of time,

*And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tryed, and tutord in the world:
Experience is by industry atchieu'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then tell me, whether were I best to send him?*

rem

remPan.

*I thinke your Lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthfull Valentine,
Attends the Emperour in his royall Court.*

rem

remAnt.

I know it well.

rem

remPan.

*'Twere good, I thinke, your Lordship sent him (thither,
There shall he practise Tilts, and Turnaments;
Heare sweet discourse, conuerse with Noblemen,
And be in eye of euery Exercise
Worthy his youth, and noblenesse of birth.*

rem

remAnt.

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

rem

remPan.

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

rem

remAnt.

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

rem

remPro.

*Sweet Loue, sweet lines, sweet life,
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for loue, her honors paune;
O that our Fathers would applaud our loues*

To seale our happinesse with their consents.

rem

remPro.

Oh heauenly Iulia.

rem

remAnt.

How now? What Letter are you reading there?

rem

remPro.

*May't please your Lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine;
Deliu'er'd by a friend, that came from him.*

rem

remAnt.

Lend me the Letter: Let me see what newes.

rem

remPro.

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

rem

remAnt.

And how stand you affected to his wish?

rem

remPro.

*As one relying on your Lordships will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.*

rem

remAnt.

My will is something sorted with his wish:

Muse not that I thus sodainly proceed;

For what I will, I will, and there an end:

I am resolu'd that thou shalt spend some time

With Valentinus, in the Emperors Court:

What maintenance he from his friends receiues,

Like exhibition thou shalt haue from me,

To morrow be in readinesse, to goe,

Excuse it not: for I am peremptory.

rem

remPro.

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

rem

remAnt.

*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.*

rem

remPro.

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

rem

remPan.

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

rem

remPro.

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

Exeunt.

Finis.

Actus Secundus: Scna Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, Siluia.

rem

remSpeed.

Sir, your Gloue.

rem

remValen.

Not mine: my Gloues are on.

rem

remSp.

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

rem

remVal.

Ha? Let me see: I, giue it me, it's mine:

*Sweet ornament, that deckes a thing diuine,
Ah, Siluia, Siluia.*

rem

remSpeed.

Madam Siluia: Madam Siluia.

rem

remVal.

How now Sirha?

rem

remSpeed.

Shee is not within hearing Sir.

rem

remVal.

Why sir, who bad you call her?

rem

remSpeed.

Your worship sir, or else I mistooke.

rem

remVal.

Well: you'll still be too forward.

rem

remSpeed.

And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

rem

remVal.

Goe to, sir; tell me: do you know Madam Siluia?

rem

remSpeed.

Shee that your worship loues?

rem

remVal.

Why, how know you that I am in loue?

rem

remSpeed.

Marry, by these speciall markes: first, you haue learn'd (like Sir Protheus) to wreath your Armes like a Malecontent: to rellish a Louesong, like a Robinredbreast: to walke alone like one that had the pestilence: to sigh, like a Schooleboy 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 HallowMasse: 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.

rem

remVal.

Are all these things perceiu'd in me?

rem

remSpeed.

They are all perceiu'd without ye.

rem

remVal.

Without me? they cannot.

rem

remSpeed.

Without you? nay, that's certaine: for without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an Vrinall: that not an eye that sees you, but is a Physician to comment on your Malady.

rem

remVal.

But tell me: do'st thou know my Lady Siluia?

rem

remSpeed.

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

rem

remVal.

Hast thou obseru'd that? euen she I meane.

rem

remSpeed.

Why sir, I know her not.

rem

remVal.

Do'st thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

rem

remSpeed.

Is she not hardfauour'd, sir?

rem

remVal.

Not so faire (boy) as well fauour'd.

rem

remSpeed.

Sir, I know that well enough.

rem

remVal.

What dost thou know?

rem

remSpeed.

That shee is not so faire, as (of you) wellfauourd?

rem

remVal.

I mean that her beauty is exquisite

But her fauour infinite.

rem
remSpeed.

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

rem
remVal.

How painted? and how out of count?

rem
remSpeed.

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

rem
remVal.

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

rem
remSpeed.

You neuer saw her since she was deform'd.

rem
remVal.

How long hath she beene deform'd?

rem
remSpeed.

Euer since you lou'd her.

rem
remVal.

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

rem
remSpeed.

If you loue her, you cannot see her.

rem
remVal.

Why?

rem
remSpeed.

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

rem
remVal.

What should I see then?

rem
remSpeed.

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

rem
remVal.

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

rem

remSpeed.

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

rem

remVal.

In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

rem

remSpeed.

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

rem

remVal.

Last night she enioyn'd me,

To write some lines to one she loues.

rem

remSpeed.

And haue you?

rem

remUal.

I haue.

rem

remSpeed.

Are they not lamely writt?

rem

remVal.

No (Boy) but as well as I can do them:

Peace, here she comes.

rem

remSpeed.

Oh excellent motion; Oh exceeding Puppet:

Now will he interpret to her.

rem

remVal.

Madam & Mistres, a thousand goodmorrrows.

rem

remSpeed.

Oh, 'giue yegoodev'n: heer's a million of manners.

rem

remSil.

Sir Valentine, and seruant, to you two thousand.

rem

remSpeed.

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

rem

remVal.

As you inioynd me; I haue writ your Letter

Vnto the secret, nameles friend of yours:

*Which I was much vnwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your Ladiship.*

*rem
remSil.*

I thanke you (gentle Seruant) 'tis very Clerkly(done.

*rem
remVal.*

*Now trust me (Madam) it came hardlyoff:
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at randome, very doubtfully.*

*rem
remSil.*

Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

*rem
remVal.*

*No (Madam) so it steed you, I will write (Please you command) a thousand times
as much:*

*And yet
rem
remSil.*

*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.*

*rem
remSpeed.*

And yet you will: and yet, another yet.

*rem
remVal.*

What meanes your Ladiship?

*Doe you not like it?
rem
remSil.*

*Yes, yes; the lines are very queintly writ,
But (since vnwillingly) take them againe.*

*Nay, take them.
rem
remVal.*

Madam, they are for you.

*rem
remSil.*

*I, I: you writ them Sir, at my request,
But I will none of them: they are for you:
I would haue had them writ more mouingly:*

rem

remVal.

Please you, Ile write your Ladiship another.

rem

remSil.

*And when it's writ: for my sake read it ouer,
And if it please you, so: if not: why, so:*

rem

remVal.

If it please me, (Madam?) what then?

rem

remSil.

*Why if it please you, take it for your labour;
And so goodmorrow Seruant.*

Exit. Sil.

rem

remSpeed.

*Oh Iest vnseene: inscrutable: inuisible,
As a nose on a mans face, or a Weathercocke on a steeple:
My master sues to her: and she hath taught her Sutor,
He being her Pupill, to become her Tutor.
Oh excellent deuise, was there euer heard a better?
That my master being scribe,
To himselfe should write the Letter?*

rem

remVal.

How now Sir?

What are you reasoning with your selfe?

rem

remSpeed.

Nay: I was riming: 'tis you yt that haue the reason.

rem

remVal.

To doe what?

rem

remSpeed.

To be a spokesman from Madam Siluia.

rem

remVal.

To whom?

rem

remSpeed.

To your selfe: why, she woes you by a figure.

rem

remVal.

What figure?

rem

remSpeed.

By a Letter, I should say.

rem

remVal.

Why she hath not writ to me?

rem

remSpeed.

What need she,

When shee hath made you write to your selfe?

Why, doe you not perceiue the iest?

rem

remVal.

No, beleeue me.

rem

remSpeed.

No beleeuing you indeed sir:

But did you perceiue her earnest?

rem

remUal.

She gaue me none, except an angry word.

rem

remSpeed.

Why she hath giuen you a Letter.

rem

remVal.

That's the Letter I writ to her friend.

rem

remSpeed.

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

rem

remVal.

I would it were no worse.

rem

remSpeed.

Ile warrant you, 'tis as well:

For often haue you writ to her: and she in modesty,

Or else for want of idle time, could not againe reply,

Or fearing else some messenger¹, yt might her mind discover

Her self hath taught her Loue himself, to write vnto her (louer.

All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.

Why muse you sir? 'tis dinner time.

rem

¹messger

remUal.

I haue dyn'd.

rem

remSpeed.

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

Exeunt.

Scna Secunda.

Enter Protheus, Iulia, Panthion.

rem

remPro.

Haue patience, gentle Iulia:

rem

remIul.

I must where is no remedy.

rem

remPro.

When possibly I can, I will returne.

rem

remIul.

If you turne not: you will return the sooner:

Keepe this remembrance for thy Iulia's sake.

rem

remPro.

Why then wee'll make exchange;

Here, take you this.

rem

remIul.

And seale the bargaine with a holy kisse.

rem

remPro.

Here is my hand, for my true constancie:

And when that howre oerslips me in the day,

Wherein I sigh not (Iulia) for thy sake,

The next ensuing howre, some foule mischance

Torment me for my Loues forgetfulnesse:

My father staies my coming; answer not:

The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of teares,

That tide will stay me longer then I should,

Iulia, farewell: what, gon without a word?

I, so true loue should doe: it cannot speake,

For truth hath better deeds, then words to grace it.

rem

remPanth.

Sir Protheus: you are staid for.

rem

remPro.

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

Exeunt.

Scna Tertia.

Enter Launce, Panthion.

rem

remLaunce.

Nay, 'twill bee this howre ere I haue done weeping: all the kinde of the Launces, haue this very fault: I haue receiu'd my proportion, like the prodigious Sonne, and am going with Sir Protheus to the Imperialls Court: I think Crab my dog, be the sowrest natured dogge that liues: My Mother weeping: my Father wayling: my Sister crying: our Maid howling: our Catte wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexitie, yet did not this cruellhearted Curre shedde one teare: he is a stone, a very pibble stone, and has no more pittie in him then a dogge: a Iew would haue wept to haue seene our parting: why, my Grandam hauing no eyes, look you, wept her selfe blinde at my parting: nay, Ile shew you the manner of it. This shooe is my father: no, this left shooe is my father; no, no, this left shooe is my mother: nay, that cannot bee so neyther: yes; it is so, it is so, it hath the worser sole: this shooe with the hole in it, is my mother: and this my father: a veng'ance on't, there 'tis. Now sir, this staffe is my sister: for, looke you, she is as white as a lilly, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan our maid: I am the dogge: no, the dogge is himselfe, and I am the dogge: oh, the dogge is me, and I am my selfe: I, so, so: now come I to my Father; Father, your blessing: now should not the shooe speake a word for weeping: now should I kisse my Father; well, hee weepes on: Now come I to my Mother: Oh that she could speake now, like a wouldwoman: well, I kisse her: why there 'tis; heere's my mothers breath vp and downe: Now come I to my sister; marke the moane she makes: now the dogge all this while sheds not a teare: nor speakes a word: but see how I lay the dust with my teares.

rem

remPanth.

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.

rem

remLaun.

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

rem

remPanth.

What's the vnkindest tide?

rem

remLau.

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

rem

remPant.

Tut, man: I meane thou'lt loose the flood, and, in loosing the flood, loose thy voyage, and in loosing thy voyage, loose thy Master, and in loosing thy Master, loose thy seruice, and in loosing thy seruice: why dost thou stop my mouth?

rem

remLaun.

For feare thou shouldst loose thy tongue.

rem

remPanth.

Where should I loose my tongue?

rem

remLaun.

In thy Tale.

rem

remPanth.

In thy Taile.

rem

remLaun.

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

rem

remPanth.

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

rem

remLau.

Sir: call me what thou dar'st.

rem

remPant.

Wilt thou goe?

rem

remLaun.

Well, I will goe.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

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

rem

remSil.

Seruant.

rem

remVal.

Mistris.

rem

remSpee.

Master, Sir Thurio frownes on you.

rem

remVal.

I Boy, it's for loue.

rem

remSpee.

Not of you.

rem

remVal.

Of my Mistresse then.

rem

remSpee.

'Twere good you knockt him.

rem

remSil.

Seruant, you are sad.

rem

remVal.

Indeed, Madam, I seeme so.

rem

remThu.

Seeme you that you are not?

rem

remVal.

Hap'ly I doe.

rem

remThu.

So doe Counterfeyts.

rem

remVal.

So doe you.

rem

remThu.

What seeme I that I am not?

rem

remVal.

Wise.

rem

remThu.

What instance of the contrary?

rem

remVal.

Your folly.

rem

remThu.

And how quoad you my folly?

rem

remVal.

I quoad it in your Ierkin.

rem

remThu.

My Ierkin is a doublet.

rem

remVal.

Well then, Ile double your folly.

rem

remThu.

How?

rem

remSil.

What, angry, Sir Thurio, do you change colour?

rem

remVal.

Giue him leaue, Madam, he is a kind of Camelion.

rem

remThu.

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

rem

remVal.

You haue said Sir.

rem

remThu.

I Sir, and done too for this time.

rem

remVal.

I know it well sir, you alwaies end ere you begin.

rem

remSil.

A fine volly of words, gentlemen², & quickly shot off.

rem

remVal.

'Tis indeed, Madam; we thank the giuer.

rem

remSil.

Who is that Seruant?

rem

²gentlem

remVal.

*Your selfe (sweet Lady) for you gaue the fire,
Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your Ladships lookes,
And spends what he borrowes kindly in your company.*

rem

remThu.

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

rem

remVal.

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

rem

remSil.

No more, gentlemen, no more:

Here comes my father.

rem

remDuk.

Now, daughter Siluia, you are hard beset.

Sir Valentine, your father is in good health,

What say you to a Letter from your friends

Of much good newes?

rem

remVal.

My Lord, I will be thankfull,

To any happy messenger from thence.

rem

remDuk.

Know ye Don Antonio, your Countriman?

rem

remVal.

I, my good Lord, I know the Gentleman

To be of worth, and worthy estimation,

And not without desert so well reputed.

rem

remDuk.

Hath he not a Sonne?

rem

remUal.

I, my good Lord, a Son, that well deserues

The honour, and regard of such a father.

rem

remDuk.

You know him well?

rem

remVal.

I knew him as my selfe: for from our Infancie

We haue conuerst and spent our howres together,

And though my selfe haue beene an idle Trewant,

Omitting the sweet benefit of time

To cloath mine age with Angellike perfection:

Yet hath Sir Protheus (for that's his name)

Made vse, and faire aduantage of his daies:

His yeares but yong, but his experience old:

His head vnmellowed, but his Iudgement ripe;

And, in a word (for far behinde his worth

Comes all the praises that I now bestow.)

He is compleat in feature, and in minde,

With all good grace, to grace a Gentleman.

rem

remDuk.

Beshrew me sir, but if he make this good

He is as worthy for an Empresse loue,

As meet to be an Emperors Councillor:

Well, Sir: this Gentleman is come to me

With Commendation from great Potentates,

And heere he meanes to spend his time a while,

I thinke 'tis no vnwelcome newes to you.

rem

remUal.

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

rem

remDuk.

*Welcome him then according to his worth: Siluia, I speake to you, and you Sir
Thurio,*

For Valentine, I need not cite him to it,

I will send him hither to you presently.

rem

remVal.

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.

rem

remSil.

Belike that now she hath enfranchis'd them

Vpon some other pawne for fealty.

rem

remVal.

Nay sure, I thinke she holds them prisoners stil.

rem

remSil.

Nay then he should be blind, and being blind

How could he see his way to seeke out you?

rem

remUal.

Why Lady, Loue hath twenty paire of eyes.

rem

remThur.

They say that Loue hath not an eye at all.

rem

remVal.

To see such Louers, Thurio, as your selfe,

Vpon a homely obiect, Loue can winke.

rem

remSil.

Haue done, haue done: here comes y gentleman.

rem

remVal.

Welcome, deer Protheus: Mistris, I beseech you

Confirme his welcome, with some speciall fauor.

rem

remSil.

His worth is warrant for his welcome hether,

If this be he you oft haue wish'd to heare from.

rem

remUal.

Mistris, it is: sweet Lady, entertaine him

To be my fellowseruant to your Ladiship.

rem

remSil.

Too low a Mistres for so high a seruant.

rem

remPro.

Not so, sweet Lady, but too meane a seruant

To haue a looke of such a worthy a Mistresse.

rem

remVal.

Leaue off discourse of disabilitie:

Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your Seruant.

rem

remPro.

My dutie will I boast of, nothing else.

rem

remSil.

And dutie neuer yet did want his meed.

Seruant, you are welcome to a worthlesse Mistresse.

rem

remPro.

Ile die on him that saies so but your selfe.

rem

remSil.

That you are welcome?

rem

remPro.

That you are worthlesse.

rem

remThur.

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

rem

remSil.

I wait vpon his pleasure: Come Sir Thurio,

Goe with me: once more, new Seruant welcome;

Ile leaue you to confer of home affaires,

When you haue done, we looke too heare from you.

rem

remPro.

Wee'll both attend vpon your Ladiship.

rem

remVal.

Now tell me: how do al from whence you came?

rem

remPro.

Your frends are wel, & haue them³ much cmended.

rem

remVal.

And how doe yours?

rem

remPro.

I left them all in health.

rem

remVal.

How does your Lady? & how thriues your loue?

rem

remPro.

My tales of Loue were wont to weary you,

³th

I know you ioy not in a Louediscourse.

rem

remVal.

I Protheus, but that life is alter'd now,

I haue done pennance for contemning Loue,

Whose high emperious thoughts haue punish'd me

With bitter fasts, with penitentiall grones,

With nightly teares, and daily hartsore sighes,

For in reuenge of my contempt of loue,

Loue hath chas'd sleepe from my enthralled eyes,

And made them watchers of mine owne hearts sorrow.

O gentle Protheus, Loue's a mighty Lord,

And hath so humbled me, as I confesse

There is no woe to his correction,

Nor to his Seruice, no such ioy on earth:

Now, no discourse, except it be of loue:

Now can I breake my fast, dine, sup, and sleepe,

Vpon the very naked name of Loue.

rem

remPro.

Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:

Was this the Idoll, that you worship so?

rem

remVal.

Euen She; and is she not a heauenly Saint?

rem

remPro.

No; But she is an earthly Paragon.

rem

remVal.

Call her diuine.

rem

remPro.

I will not flatter her.

rem

remUal.

O flatter me: for Loue delights in praises.

rem

remPro.

When I was sick, you gaue me bitter pils,

And I must minister the like to you.

rem

remVal.

Then speake the truth by her; if not diuine,

*Yet let her be a principalitie,
Soueraigne to all the Creatures on the earth.*

rem

remPro.

Except my Mistresse.

rem

remVal.

Sweet: except not any,

Except thou wilt except against my Loue.

rem

remPro.

Haue I not reason to prefer mine owne?

rem

remVal.

And I will help thee to prefer her to:

*Shee shall be dignified with this high honour,
To beare my Ladies traine, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steale a kisse,
And of so great a fauor growing proud,
Disdaine to roote the Sommerswelling flowre,
And make rough winter euerlastingly.*

rem

remPro.

Why Valentine, what Bragadisme is this?

rem

remVal.

Pardon me (Protheus) all I can is nothing,

To her, whose worth, make other worthies nothing;

Shee is alone.

rem

remPro.

Then let her alone.

rem

remVal.

Not for the world: why man, she is mine owne,

And I as rich in hauing such a Iewell

As twenty Seas, if all their sand were pearle,

The water, Nectar, and the Rocks pure gold.

Forgiue me that I doe not dreame on thee,

Because thou seest me doate vpon my loue:

My foolish Riual that her Father likes

(Onely for his possessions are so huge)

Is gone with her along, and I must after,

For Loue (thou know'st is full of iealousie.)

rem

remPro.

But she loues you?

rem

remVal.

I, and we are betroathd: nay more, our mariage (howre,

With all the cunning manner of our flight

Determin'd of: how I must climbe her window,

The Ladder made of Cords, and all the means

Plotted, and 'greed on for my happinesse.

Good Protheus goe with me to my chamber,

In these affaires to aid me with thy counsaile.

rem

remPro.

Goe on before: I shall enquire you forth:

I must vnto the Road, to disembarque

Some necessaries, that I needs must vse,

And then Ile presently attend you.

rem

remVal.

Will you make haste?

Exit.

rem

remPro.

I will.

Euen as one heate, another heate expels,

Or as one naile, by strength driues out another.

So the remembrance of my former Loue

Is by a newer obiect quite forgotten,

It is mine, or Valentines praise?

Her true perfection, or my false transgression?

That makes me reasonlesse, to reason thus?

Shee is faire: and so is Iulia that I loue,

(That I did loue, for now my loue is thaw'd,

Which like a waxen Image 'gainst a fire

Beares no impression of the thing it was.)

Me thinkes my zeale to Valentine is cold,

And that I loue him not as I was wont:

O, but I loue his Lady tootoo much,

And that's the reason I loue him so little.

*How shall I doate on her with more aduice,
That thus without aduice begin to loue her?
'Tis but her picture I haue yet beheld,
And that hath dazel'd my reasons light:
But when I looke on her perfections,
There is no reason, but I shall be blinde.
If I can checke my erring loue, I will,
If not, to compasse her Ile use my skill.*

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Speed and Launce.

rem
remSpeed.

Launce, by mine honesty welcome to Padua.

rem
remLaun.

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

rem
remSpeed.

*Comeon you madcap: Ile to the Alehouse with you presently; where, for one shot of
fiue pence, thou shalt haue fiue thousand welcomes: But firha, how did thy Master
part with Madam Iulia?*

rem
remLau.

Marry after they cloas'd in earnest, they parted very fairely in lest.

rem
remSpee.

But shall she marry him?

rem
remLau.

No.

rem
remSpee.

How then? shall he marry her?

rem
remLau.

No, neither.

rem
remSpee.

What, are they broken?

rem

remLau.

No; they are both as whole as a fish.

rem

remSpee.

Why then, how stands the matter with them?

rem

remLau.

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

rem

remSpee.

What an asse art thou, I vnderstand thee not.

rem

remLau.

What a blocke art thou, that thou canst not?

My staffe vnderstands me?

rem

remSpee.

What thou saist?

rem

remLau.

I, and what I do too: looke thee, Ile but leane, and my staffe vnderstands me.

rem

remSpee.

It stands vnder thee indeed.

rem

remLau.

Why, standvnder: and vnderstand is all one.

rem

remSpee.

But tell me true, wil't be a match?

rem

remLau.

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.

rem

remSpee.

The conclusion is then, that it will.

rem

remLau.

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

rem

remSpee.

'Tis well that I get it so: but Launce, how saist thou that that my master is become a notable Louer?

rem

remLau.

I neuer knew him otherwise.

rem

remSpee.

Then how?

rem

remLau.

A notable Lubber: as thou reportest him to bee.

rem

remSpee.

Why, thou whorson Asse, thou mistak'st me,

rem

remLau.

Why Foole, I meant not thee, I meant thy Master.

rem

remSpee.

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

rem

remLau.

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

rem

remSpee.

Why?

rem

remLau.

Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to goe to the Ale with a Christian:

Wilt thou goe?

rem

remSpee.

At thy seruice.

Exeunt.

Scna Sexta.

Enter Protheus solus.

rem

remPro.

To leaue my Iulia; shall I be forsworne?

To loue faire Siluia; shall I be forsworne?

To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworne.

And ev'n that Powre which gaue me first my oath

Prouokes me to this threefold periurie.

Loue bad mee sweare, and Loue bids me forswear;

O sweetsuggesting Loue, if thou hast sin'd,

Teach me (*thy tempted subiect*) to excuse it.
 At first I did adore a twinkling Starre,
 But now I worship a celestiall Sunne:
 Vnheedfull vowes may heedfully be broken,
 And he wants wit, that wants resolved will,
 To learne his wit, t'exchange the bad for better;
 Fie, fie, vnreuerend tongue, to call her bad,
 Whose soueraignty so oft thou hast preferd,
 With twenty thousand souleconfirming oathes,
 I cannot leaue to loue; and yet I doe:
 But there I leaue to loue, where I should loue.
 Iulia I loose, and Valentine I loose,
 If I keepe them, I needs must loose my selfe:
 If I loose them, thus finde I by their losse,
 For Valentine, my selfe: for Iulia, Siluia.
 I to my selfe am deerer then a friend,
 For Loue is still most precious in it selfe,
 And Siluia (*witnesse heauen that made her faire*)
 Shewes Iulia but a swarthy Ethiope.
 I will forget that Iulia is aliue,
 Remembring that my Loue to her is dead.
 And Valentine Ile hold an Enemye,
 Ayming at Siluia as a sweeter friend.
 I cannot now proue constant to my selfe,
 Without some treachery vs'd to Valentine.
 This night he meaneth with a Cordedladder
 To climbe celestiall Siluia's chamber window,
 My selfe in counsaile his competitor.
 Now presently Ile giue her father notice
 Of their disguising and pretended flight:
 Who (*all inrag'd*) will banish Valentine:
 For Thurio he intends shall wed his daughter,
 But Valentine being gon, Ile quicklye crosse
 By some slie tricke, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
 Loue lend me wings, to make my purpose swift
 At thou hast lent me wit, to plot this drift.

Exit.

Scna septima.

Enter Iulia and Lucetta.

rem

remIul.

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

rem

remLuc.

Alas, the way is wearisome and long.

rem

remIul.

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

rem

remLuc.

Better forbear, till Protheus make returne.

rem

remIul:

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

rem

remLuc.

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

rem

remIul.

*The more thou dam'st it vp, the more it burnes:
The Current that with gentle murmure glides
(Thou know'st) being stop'd, impatiently doth rage:*

*But when his faire course is not hindered,
 He makes sweet musicke with th'enameld stones,
 Giuing a gentle kisse to euery sedge
 He ouertaketh in his pilgrimage.
 And so by many winding nookes he straies
 With willing sport to the wilde Ocean.
 Then let me goe, and hinder not my course:
 Ile be as patient as a gentle streame,
 And make a pastime of each weary step,
 Till the last step haue brought me to my Loue,
 And there Ile rest, as after much turmoile
 A blessed soule doth in Elizium.*

rem

remLuc.

But in what habit will you goe along?

rem

remIul.

Not like a woman, for I would preuent

The loose encounters of lasciuious men:

Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weedes

As may beseeme some well reputed Page.

rem

remLuc.

Why then your Ladship must cut your haire.

rem

remIul.

No girle, Ile knit it vp in silken strings,

With twentie odconceited trueloue knots:

To be fantastique, may become a youth

Of greater time then I shall shew to be.

rem

remLuc.

What fashion (Madam) shall I make your bree(ches?

rem

remIul.

That fits as well, as tell me (good my Lord)

What compasse will you weare your Farthingale?

Why eu'n what fashion thou best likes (Lucetta.)

rem

remLuc.

You must needs haue them⁴ with a codpeece (Ma(dam)

rem

⁴th

remIul.

Out, out, (Lucetta) that wilbe illfauourd.

rem

remLuc.

A round hose (Madam) now's not worth a pin

Vnlesse you haue a codpeece to stick pins on.

rem

remIul.

Lucetta, as thou lou'st me let me haue

What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.

But tell me (wench) how will the world repute me

For vndertaking s? vnstaid a iourney?

I feare me it will make me scandaliz'd.

rem

remLuc.

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

rem

remIul.

Nay, that I will not.

rem

remLuc.

Then neuer dreame on Infamy, but go:

If Protheus like your iourney, when you come,

No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone:

I feare me he will scarce be pleas'd with all.

rem

remIul.

That is the least (Lucetta) of my feare:

A thousand oathes, an Ocean of his teares,

And instances of infinite of Loue,

Warrant me welcome to my Protheus.

rem

remLuc.

All these are seruants to deceitfull men.

rem

remIul.

Base men, that use them to so base effect;

But truer starres did gouerne Protheus birth,

His words are bonds, his oathes are oracles,

His loue sincere, his thoughts immaculate,

His teares, pure messengers, sent from his heart,

His heary as far from fraud, as heauen from earth.

rem

remLuc.

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

rem

remIul.

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

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

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

rem

remDuke.

*Sir Thurio, giue vs leaue (I pray) a while,
We haue some secrets to confer about.
Now tell me Protheus, what's your will with me?*

rem

remPro.

*My gracious Lord, that which I wold discover,
The Law of friendship bids me to conceale,
But when I call to minde your gracious fauours
Done to me (vnderseuing as I am)
My dutie pricks me on to vtter that
Which else, no worldly good should draw from me:
Know (worthy Prince) Sir Valentine my friend
This night intends to steale away your daughter:
My selfe am one made priuy to the plot.
I know you haue determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates,
And should she thus be stolne away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus (for my duties sake) I rather chose
To crosse my friend in his intended drift,*

*Then (by concealing it) heap on your head
A pack of sorrowes, which would presse you downe
(Being vnpreuented) to your timelesse graue.*

rem

remDuke.

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

rem

remPro.

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

rem

remDuke.

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

rem

remPro.

Adieu, my Lord, Sir Valentine is comming.

rem

remDuk.

Sir Valentine, whether away so fast?

rem

remVal.

Please it your Grace, there is a Messenger

That stayes to beare my Letters to my friends,

And I am going to deliuer them.

rem

remDuk.

Be they of much import?

rem

remVal.

The tenure of them doth but signifie

My health, and happy being at your Court.

rem

remDuk.

Nay then no matter: stay with me a while,

I am to breake with thee of some affaires

That touch me neere: wherein thou must be secret.

'Tis not vnknown to thee, that I haue sought

To match my friend Sir Thurio, to my daughter.

rem

remVal.

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?

rem

remDuk.

No, trust me, She is peeuish, sullen, froward,

Proud, disobedient, stubborne, lacking duty,

Neither regarding that she is my childe,

Nor fearing me, as if I were her father:

And may I say to thee, this pride of hers

(Vpon aduice) hath drawne my loue from her,

And where I thought the remnant of mine age

Should haue beene cherish'd by her childlike dutie,

I now am full resolu'd to take a wife,

And turne her out, to who will take her in:

Then let her beauty be her wedding dowre:

For me, and my possessions she esteemes not.

rem

remVal.

What would your Grace haue me to do in this?

rem

remDuk.

There is a Lady in Verona heere

Whom I affect: but she is nice, and coy,

And naught esteemes my aged eloquence.

Now therefore would I haue thee to my Tutor

(For long agoe I haue forgot to court,

Besides the fashion of the time is chang'd)

How, and which way I may bestow my selfe

To be regarded in her sunbright eye.

rem

remVal.

Win her with gifts, if she respect not words,

Dumbe Iewels often in their silent kinde

More then quicke words, doe moue a womans minde.

rem

remDuk.

But she did scorne a present that I sent her,

rem

remVal.

A woman sometime scorns what best contents⁵ her.

Send her another: neuer giue her ore,

For scorne at first, makes afterloue the more.

If she doe frowne, 'tis not in hate of you,

But rather to beget more loue in you.

If she doe chide, 'tis not to haue you gone,

For why, the fooles are mad, if left alone.

Take no repulse, what euer she doth say,

For, get you gon, she doth not meane away.

Flatter, and praise, commend, extoll their graces:

Though nere so blacke, say they haue Angells faces,

That man that hath a tongue, I say is no man,

If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

rem

remDuk.

But she I meane, is promis'd by her friends

Vnto a youthfull Gentleman of worth,

And kept seuerely from resort of men,

That no man hath accesse by day to her.

rem

⁵ctents

remVal.

Why then I would resort to her by night.

rem

remDuk.

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

rem

remUal.

What letts but one may enter at her window?

rem

remDuk.

*Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelwing, that one cannot climbe it
Without apparant hazard of his life.*

rem

remUal.

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

rem

remDuk.

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

rem

remVal.

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

rem

remDuk.

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

rem

remVal.

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

rem

remDuk.

*But harke thee: I will goe to her alone,
How shall I best conuey the Ladder thither?*

rem

remVal.

*It will be light (my Lord) that you may beare it
Vnder a cloake, that is of any length.*

rem

remDuk.

A cloake as long as thine will serue the turne?

rem

remUal.

I my good Lord.

rem

remDuk.

Then let me see thy cloake,

Ile get me one of such another length.

rem

remVal.

Why any cloake will serue the turn (my Lord)

rem

remDuk.

How shall I fashion me to weare a cloake?

I pray thee let me feele thy cloake vpon me.

What Letter is this same? what's here? to Siluia?

And heere an Engine fit for my proceeding,

Ile be so bold to breake the scale for once.

My thoughts do harbour with my Siluia nightly,

And slaues they are to me, that send them flying.

Oh, could their Master come, and goe as lightly,

Himselfe would lodge where (senceles) they are lying.

My Herald Thoughts, in thy pure bosome restthem,

While I (their King) that thither them importune

Doe curse the grace, that with such grace hath blest them,

Because my selfe doe want my seruants fortune.

I curse my selfe, for they are sent by me,

That they should harbour where their Lord should be.

What's here? Siluia, this night I will enfranchise thee.

'Tis so: and heere's the Ladder for the purpose.

Why Phaeton (for thou art Merops sonne)

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heauenly Car?

And with thy daring folly burne the world?

Wilt thou reach stars, bccause they shine on thee?

Goe base Intruder, ouerweening Slaue,

Bestow thy fawning smiles on equall mates,

And thinke my patience, (more then thy desert)

Is priuiledge for thy departure hence.

Thanke me for this, more then for all the fauors

Which (all toomuch) I haue bestowed on thee.

But if thou linger in my Territories

Longer then swiftest expedition

Will giue thee time to leaue our royall Court,

*By heauen, my wrath shall farre exceed the loue
I euer bore my daughter, or thy selfe.
Be gone, I will not heare thy vaine excuse,
But as thou lou'st thy life, make speed from hence.*

rem

remVal.

*And why not death, rather then liuing torment?
To die, is to be banisht from my selfe,
And Siluia is my selfe: banish'd from her
Is selfe from selfe. A deadly banishment:
What light, is light, if Siluia be not seene?
What ioy is ioy, if Siluia be not by?
Vnlesse it be to thinke that she is by
And feed vpon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Siluia in the night,
There is no musicke in the Nightingale.
Vnlesse I looke on Siluia in the day,
There is no day for me to looke vpon.
Shee is my essence, and I leaue to be;
If I be not by her faire influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept aliue.
I flie not death, to flie his deadly doome,
Tarry I heere, I but attend on death,
But flie I hence, I flie away from life.*

rem

remPro.

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

rem

remLau.

Sohough, Soa hough

rem

remPro.

What seest thou?

rem

remLau.

Him we goe to finde,

There's not a haire on's head, but t'is a Valentine.

rem

remPro.

Valentine?

rem

remVal.

No.

rem

remPro.

Who then? his Spirit?

rem

remVal.

Neither,

rem

remPro.

What then?

rem

remUal.

Nothing.

rem

remLau.

Can nothing speake? Master, shall I strike?

rem

remPro.

Who wouldst thou strike?

rem

remLau.

Nothing.

rem

remPro.

Villaine, forbear.

rem

remLau.

Why Sir, Ile strike nothing: I pray you.

rem

remPro.

Sirha, I say forbear: friend Valentine, a word.

rem

remVal.

My eares are stopt, cannot hear good newes,

So much of bad already hath possest them.

rem

remPro.

Then in dumbe silence will I bury mine,

For they are harsh, vntuneable, and bad.

rem

remVal.

Is Siluia dead?

rem

remPro.

No, Valentine.

rem

remVal.

*No Valentine indeed, for sacred Siluia,
Hath she forsworne me?*

rem

remPro.

No, Valentine.

rem

remVel.

No Valentine, if Siluia haue forsworne me.

What is your newes?

rem

remLau.

Sir, there is a proclamation, yt you are vanished.

rem

remPro.

That thou art banish'd: oh that's the newes,

From hence, from Siluia, and from me thy friend.

rem

remVal.

Oh, I haue fed vpon this woe already,

And now excesse of it will make me surfet.

Doth Siluia know that I am banish'd?

rem

remPro.

I, I: and she hath offered to the doome

(Which vnreuerst stands in effectuall force)

A Sea of melting pearle, which some call teares;

Thoseat her fathers churlish feete she tenderd,

With them vpon her knees, her humble selfe,

Wringing her hands, whose whitenes so became them,

As if but now they waxed pale for woe:

But neither bended knees, pure hands held vp,

Sad sighes, deepe grones, nor siluershedding teares

Could penetrate her vncompassionate Sire;

But Valentine, if he be tane, must die.

Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,

When she for thy repeale was suppliant,

That to close prison he commanded her,

With many bitter threats of biding there.

rem

remVal.

No more: vnles the next word that thou speak'st

Haue some malignant power vpon my life:

If so: I pray thee breath it in mine eare,

As ending Antheme of my endlesse dolor.

rem

remPro.

*Cease to lament for that thou canst not helpe,
And study helpe for that which thou lament'st,
Time is the Nurse, and breeder of all good;
Here, if thou stay, thou canst not see thy loue:
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life:
Hope is a louers staffe, walke hence with that
And manage it, against despairing thoughts:
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliuer'd
Euen in the milkewhite bosome of thy Loue.
The time now serues not to expostulate,
Come, Ile conuey thee through the Citygate,
And ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concerne thy Loueaffaires:
As thou lou'st Siluia (though not for thy selfe)
Regard thy danger, and along with me.*

rem

remVal.

*I pray thee Launce, and if thou seest my Boy
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the Northgate.*

rem

remPro.

Goe sirha, finde him out: Come Valentine.

rem

remVal.

Oh my deere Siluia; haplesse Valentine.

rem

remLaunce.

I am but a foole, looke you, and yet I haue the wit to thinke my Master is a kinde of a knaue: but that's all one, if he be but one knaue: He liues not now that knowes me to be in loue, yet I am in loue, but a Teeme of horse shall not plucke that from me: nor who 'tis I loue: and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell my selfe: and yet 'tis a Milkmaid: yet 'tis not a maid: for shee hath had Gossips: yet 'tis a maid, for she is her Masters maid, and serues for wages. Shee hath more qualities then a WaterSpaniell, which is much in a bare Christian: Heere is the Catalog of her Condition. Inprimis, Shee can fetch and carry: why a horse can doe no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but onely carry, therefore is shee better then a Iade. Item. She can milke, looke you, a sweet vertue in a maid with cleane hands.

rem

remSpeed.

How now Signior Launce? what newes with your Mastership?

rem

remLa.

With my Mastership? why, it is at Sea:

rem

remSp.

Well, your old vice still: mistake the word: what newes then in your paper?

rem

remLa.

The black'st newes that euer thou heard'st.

rem

remSp.

Why man? how blacke?

rem

remLa.

Why, as blacke as Inke.

rem

remSp.

Let me read them?

rem

remLa.

Fie on thee Iolthead, thou canst not read.

rem

remSp.

Thou lyeest: I can.

rem

remLa.

I will try thee: tell me this: who begot thee?

rem

remSp.

Marry, the son of my Grandfather.

rem

remLa.

Oh illiterate loyterer; it was the sonne of thy Grandmother: this proues that thou canst not read.

rem

remSp.

Come fool, come: try me in thy paper.

rem

remLa.

There: and S. Nicholas be thy speed.

rem

remSp.

Inprimis she can milke.

rem

remLa.

I that she can.

rem

remSp.

Item, she brews good Ale.

rem

remLa.

And thereof comes the prouerbe: (Blessing of your heart, you brew good Ale.)

rem

remSp.

Item, she can sowe.

rem

remLa.

That's as much as to say (Can she so?)

rem

remSp.

Item she can knit.

rem

remLa.

What neede a man care for a stock with a wench,

When she can knit him a stock?

rem

remSp.

Item, she can wash and scoure.

rem

remLa.

A speciall vertue: for then shee need not be wash'd, and scour'd.

rem

remSp.

Item, she can spin.

rem

remLa.

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

rem

remSp.

Item, she hath many namelesse vertues.

rem

remLa.

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

rem

remSp.

Here follow her vices.

rem

remLa.

Close at the heels of her vertues.

rem

remSp.

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

rem

remLa.

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

rem

remSp.

Item, she hath a sweet mouth.

rem

remLa.

That makes amends for her soure breath.

rem

remSp.

Item, she doth talke in her sleepe.

rem

remLa.

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

rem

remSp.

Item, she is slow in words.

rem

remLa.

Oh villaine, that set this downe among her vices;

To be slow in words, is a womans onely vertue.

I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chiefe vertue.

rem

remSp.

Item, she is proud.

rem

remLa.

Out with that too:

It was Eues legacie, and cannot be t'ane from her.

rem

remSp.

Item, she hath no teeth.

rem

remLa.

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

rem

remSp.

Item, she is curst.

rem

remLa.

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

rem

remSp.

Item, she will often praise her liquor.

rem

remLa.

If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not,

I will; for good things should be praised.

rem

remSp.

Item, she is too liberall.

rem

remLa.

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

rem

remSp.

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

rem

remLa.

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

rem

remSp.

Item, she hath more haire then wit.

rem

remLa.

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

rem

remSp.

And more faults then haire.

rem

remLa.

That's monstrous: oh that that were out.

rem

remSp.

And more wealth then faults.

rem

remLa.

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

rem

remSp.

What then?

rem

remLa.

Why then, will I tell thee, that thy Master staires for thee at the North gate.

rem

remSp.

For me?

rem

remLa.

For thee? I, who art thou? he hath staid for a better man than thee.

rem

remSp.

And must I goe to him?

rem

remLa.

Thou must run to him; for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serue the turne.

rem

remSp.

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

rem

remLa.

Now will he be swing'd for reading my Letter; An vnmannerly slaue, that will thrust himselfe into secrets: Ile after, to reioyce in the boyes correction⁶.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus.

rem

remDu.

Sir Thurio, feare not, but that she will loue you

Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

rem

remTh.

Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,

Forsworne my company and rail'd at me,

That I am desperate of obtaining her.

rem

remDu.

This weake impresse of Loue, is as a figure

Trenched in ice, which with an houres heate

Dissolues to water, and doth loose his forme.

A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,

And worthlesse Valentine shall be forgot.

How now sir Protheus, is your countriman

(According to our Proclamation) gon?

⁶correcti

rem

remPro.

Gon, my good Lord.

rem

remDu.

My daughter takes his going grievously?

rem

remPro.

A little time (my Lord) will kill that griefe.

rem

remDu.

So I beleeeue: 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.

rem

remPro.

Longer than I proue loyall to your Grace,

Let me not live, to looke vpon your Grace.

rem

remDu.

Thou know'st how willingly, I would effect

The match betweene sir Thurio, and my daughter.

rem

remPro.

I doe my Lord.

rem

remDu.

And also, I thinke, thou art not ignorant

How she opposes her against my will?

rem

remPro.

She did my Lord, when Ualentine was here.

rem

remDu.

I, and peruersly, she perseuers so:

What might we doe to make the girle forget

The loue of Valentine, and loue sir Thurio?

rem

remPro.

The best way is, to slander Ualentine,

With falsehood, cowardize, and poore discent:

Three things, that women highly hold in hate.

rem

remDu.

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

rem

remPro.

I, if his enemy deliuer it.

Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken

By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

rem

remDu.

Then you must vndertake to slander him.

rem

remPro.

And that (my Lord) I shall be loath to doe:

'Tis an ill office for a Gentleman,

Especially against his very friend.

rem

remDu.

Where your good word cannot aduantage him,

Your slander neuer can endamage him;

Therefore the office is indifferent,

Being entreated to it by your friend.

rem

remPro.

You haue preuail'd (my Lord) if I can doe it

By ought that I can speake in his dispraise,

She shall not long continue loue to him:

But say this weede her loue from Valentine,

It followes not that she will loue sir Thurio.

rem

remTh.

Therefore, as you vwind her loue from him;

Least it should rauell, 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.

rem

remDu.

And Protheus, we dare trust you in this kinde,

Because we know (on Valentines report)

You are already Loues firme votary,

And cannot soone reuolt, and change your minde.

Vpon this warrant, shall you haue accesse

Where you, with Siluia, may conferre at large.

For she is lumpish, heauy, mellancholly,

*And (for your friends sake) will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate yong Ualentine, and loue my friend.*

rem

remPro.

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

rem

remDu.

I, much is the force of heauenbred Poesie.

rem

remPro.

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

rem

remDu.

This discipline, shoues thou hast bin in loue.

rem

remTh.

*And thy aduice, this night, ile put in practice:
Therefore, sweet Protheus, my directiongiuer,
Let vs into the City presently
To sort some Gentlemen, well skil'd in Musicke.
I haue a Sonnet, that will serue the turne
To giue the onset to thy good aduice.*

rem

remDu.

About it Gentlemen.

rem

remPro.

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

rem

remDu.

Euen now about it, I will pardon you.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scna Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, and certain Outlawes.

rem

rem1. Outl.

Fellowes, stand fast: I see a passenger.

rem

rem2. Out.

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

rem

rem3. Out.

Stand sir, and throw vs that you haue about'ye.

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

rem

remSp.

Sir we are vndone; these are the Villaines

That all the Trauailers doe feare so much.

rem

remUal.

My friends.

rem

rem1. Out.

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

rem

rem2. Out.

Peace: we'll heare him.

rem

rem3. Out.

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

rem

remVal.

Then know that I haue little wealth to loose;

A man I am, cross'd with aduersitie;

My riches, are these poore habiliments,

Of which, if you should here disfurnish me,

You take the sum and substance that I haue.

rem

rem2. Out.

Whither trauell you?

rem

remVal.

To Verona.

rem

rem1. Out.

Whence came you?

rem

remVal.

From Millaine.

rem

rem3. Out.

Haue you long soiourn'd there?

rem

remVal.

*Some sixteene moneths, and longer might haue (staid,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.*

rem

rem1. Out.

What, were you banish'd thence?

rem

remVal.

I was.

rem

rem2. Out.

For what offence?

rem

remVal.

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

rem

rem1. Out.

Why nere repent it, if it were done so;

But were you banisht for so small a fault?

rem

remVal.

I was, and held me glad of such a doome.

rem

rem2. Out.

Haue you the Tongues?

rem

remVal.

*My youthfull trauaile, therein made me happy,
Or else I often had beene often miserable.*

rem

rem3. Out.

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

rem

rem1. Out.

We'll haue him: Sirs, a word.

rem

remSp.

Master, be one of them:

It's an honourable kinde of theeuery.

rem

remVal.

Peace villaine.

rem

rem2. Out.

Tell vs this: haue you any thing to take to?

rem

remVal.

Nothing but my fortune.

rem

rem3. Out.

Know then, that some of vs are Gentlemen,

Such as the fury of ungouern'd youth

Thrust from the company of awfull men.

My selfe was from Verona banished,

For practising to steale away a Lady,

And heire and Neece, alide vnto the Duke.

rem

rem2. Out.

And I from Mantua, for a Gentleman,

Who, in my moode, I stab'd vnto the heart.

rem

rem1. Out.

And I, for such like petty crimes as these.

But to the purpose: for we cite our faults,

That they may hold excus'd our lawlesse liues;

And partly seeing you are beautyfide

With goodly shape; and by your owne report,

A Linguist, and a man of such perfection,

As we doe in our quality much want.

rem

rem2. Out.

*Indeede because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, aboue the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our Generall?
To make a vertue of necessity,
And liue as we doe in this wildernesse?*

rem

rem3. Out.

*What saist thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say I, and be the captaine of vs all:
We'll doe thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Loue thee, as our Commander, and our King.*

rem

rem1. Out.

But if thou scorne our curtesie, thou dyest.

rem

rem2. Out.

Thou shalt not liue, to brag what we haue of(fer'd.

rem

remVal.

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

rem

rem3. Out.

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

Exeunt.

Scna Secunda.

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

rem

remPro.

*Already haue I bin false to Valentine,
And now I must be as vnjust to Thurio,
Vnder the colour of commending him,
I haue accesse my owne loue to prefer.
But Siluia is too faire, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthlesse gifts;
When I protest true loyalty to her,*

*She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
 When to her beauty I commend my vowes,
 She bids me thinke how I haue bin forsworne
 In breaking faith with Iulia, whom I lou'd;
 And notwithstanding all her sodaine quips,
 The least whereof would quell a louers hope:
 Yet (Spaniellike) the more she spurnes my loue,
 The more it growes and fawneth on her still;
 But here comes Thurio; now must we to her window,
 And giue some euening Musique to her eare.*

rem

remTh.

How now, sir Protheus, are you crept before vs?

rem

remPro.

I gentle Thurio, for you know that loue

Will creep in service, where it cannot goe.

rem

remTh.

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

rem

remPro.

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

rem

remTh.

Who, Siluia?

rem

remPro.

I, Siluia, for your sake.

rem

remTh.

I thanke you for your owne: Now Gentlemen

Let's tune: and too it lustily awhile.

rem

remHo.

Now, my yong guest; me thinks your' allycholly;

I pray you why is it?

rem

remIu.

Marry (mine Host) because I cannot be merry.

rem

remHo.

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

rem

remIu.

But shall I heare him speake.

rem

remHo.

I that you shall.

rem

remIu.

That will be Musique.

rem

remHo.

Harke, harke.

rem

remIu.

Is he among these?

rem

remHo.

I: but peace, let's heare'm.

Song.

Who is Siluia? What is she?

That all our Swaines commend her?

Holy, faire, and wise is she,

The heauen such grace did lend her,

that she might admired be.

Is she kinde as she is faire?

For beauty liues with kindnesse.

Loue doth to her eyes repaire,

To helpe him of his blindnesse:

And being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Siluia, let vs sing,

That Siluia is excelling;

She excels each mortall thing

Vpon the dull earth dwelling.

To her let vs Garlands bring.

rem

remHo.

How now? are you sadder than you were before;

How doe you, man? the Musicke likes you not.

rem

remIu.

You mistake: the Musitian likes me not.

rem

remHo.

Why, my pretty youth?

rem

remIu.

He plaies false (father.)

rem

remHo.

How, out of tune on the strings.

rem

remIu.

Not so: but yet

So false that he grieues my very heartstrings.

rem

remHo.

You have a quicke eare.

rem

remIu.

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

rem

remHo.

I perceiue you delight not in Musique.

rem

remIu.

Not a whit, when it iars so.

rem

remHo.

Harke, what fine change is in the Musique.

rem

remIu.

I: that change is the spight.

rem

remHo.

You would haue them alwaies play but one thing.

rem

remIu.

I would alwaies haue one play but one thing.

But Host, doth this Sir Protheus, that we talk on,

Often resort vnto this Gentlewoman?

rem

remHo.

I tell you what Launce his man told me,

He lou'd her out of all nicke.

rem

remIu.

Where is Launce?

rem

remHo.

Gone to seeke his dog, which to morrow, by his Masters command, hee must carry for a present to his Lady.

rem

remIu.

Peace, stand aside, the company parts.

rem

remPro.

Sir Thurio, feare not you, I will so pleade,

That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

rem

remTh.

Where meete we?

rem

remPro.

At Saint Gregories well.

rem

remTh.

Farewell.

rem

remPro.

Madam: good eu'n to your Ladyship.

rem

remSil.

I thanke you for your Musique (Gentlemen)

Who is that that spake?

rem

remPro.

One (Lady) if you knew his pure hearts truth,

You would quickly learne to know him by his voice.

rem

remSil.

Sir Protheus, as I take it.

rem

remPro.

Sir Protheus (gentle Lady) and your Seruant.

rem

remSil.

What's your will?

rem

remPro.

That I may compasse yours.

rem

remSil.

You haue your wish: my will is euen this,

That presently you hie you home to bed:

Thou subtile, periur'd, false, disloyall man:

*Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitlesse,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That has't deceiu'd so many with thy vowes?
Returne, returne, and make thy loue amends:
For me (by this pale queene of night I sweare)
I am so farre from granting thy request,
That I despise thee, for thy wrongfull suite;
And by and by intend to chide my selfe,
Euen for this time I spend in talking to thee.*

rem

remPro.

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

rem

remLu.

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

rem

remSil.

*Say that she be: yet Valentine thy friend
Suruiues; to whom (thy selfe art witness)
I am betroth'd; and art thou not asham'd
To wrong him, with thy importunacy?*

rem

remPro.

I likewise heare that Valentine is dead.

rem

remSil.

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

rem

remPro.

Sweet Lady, let me rake it from the earth.

rem

remSil.

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

rem

remIul.

He heard not that.

rem

remPro.

*Madam: if your heart be so obdurate:
Vouchsafe me yet your Picture for my loue,*

*The Picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that ile speake, to that ile sigh and weepe:
For since the substance of your perfect selfe
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.*

*rem
remIul.*

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

*rem
remSil.*

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

*rem
remPro.*

*As wretches have orenight
That wait for execution in the morne.*

*rem
remIul.*

Host, will you goe?

*rem
remHo.*

By my hallidome, I was fast asleepe.

*rem
remIul.*

Pray you, where lies Sir Protheus?

*rem
remHo.*

Marry, at my house:

Trust me, I think 'tis almost day.

*rem
remIul.*

*Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That ere I watch'd, and the most heaviest.*

Scna Tertia

Enter Eglamore, Siluia.

*rem
remEg.*

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

Madam, madam.

rem

remSil.

Who calls?

rem

remEg.

Your seruant and your friend;

One that attends your Ladiships command.

rem

remSil.

Sir Eglamore, a thousand times good morrow.

rem

remEg.

As many (worthy lady) to your selfe:

According to your Ladiships impose,

I am thus early come, to know what seruice

It is your pleasure to command me in.

rem

remSil.

Oh Eglamoure, thou art a Gentleman:

Thinke not I flatter, (for I sweare I doe not)

Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd.

Thou art not ignorant what deere good will

I beare vnto the banish'd Ualentine:

Nor how my father would enforce me marry

Vaine Thurio, (whom my very soule abhor'd.)

Thy selfe hast lou'd; and I haue heard thee say

No grieffe did euer come so neere thy heart

As when thy Lady and thy trueloue dide,

Vpon whose Graue thou vow'dst pure chastitie:

Sir Eglamoure: I would to Valentine,

To Mantua, where I heare, he makes aboard;

And, for the waies are dangerous to passe,

I doe desire thy worthy company,

Vpon whose faith and honor, I repose.

Vrge not my fathers anger, (Eglamoure),

But thinke vpon my grieffe (a Ladies grieffe)

And on the justice of my flying hence

To keep me from a most unholy match,

Which heauen and fortune still rewards with plagues.

I doe desire thee, euen from a heart

As full of sorrowes, as the Sea of sands,

*To beare me company, and goe with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.*

rem

remEgl.

*Madam, I pity much your griuances;
Which, since I know they vertuously are plac'd,
I giue consent to goe along with you,
Wreaking as little what betideth me,
As much, I wish all good befortune you.
When will you goe?*

rem

remSil.

This euening comming.

rem

remEg.

Where shall I meete you?

rem

remSil.

*At Frier Patrickes Cell,
Where I intend holy Confession.*

rem

remEg.

*I will not faile your Ladiship:
Good morrow (gentle Lady.)*

rem

remSil.

Good morrow, kinde Sir Eglamoure.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta

Enter Launce, Protheus, Iulia, Siluia.

rem

remLau.

When a mans seruant shall play the Curre with him (looke you) it goes hard one that I brought vp of a puppy: one that I sau'd from drowning, when three or foure of his blinde brothers and sisters went to it: I haue taught him (euen as one would say precisely, thus I would teach a dog) I was sent to deliuer him, as a present to Mistris Siluia from my Master; and I came no sooner into the dyningchamber, but he steps me to her Trencher and steales her Caponsleg: O, 'tis a foule thing, when a Cur cannot keepe himselfe in all companies: I would haue (as one should say) one that takes vpon him to be a dog indeede, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit then he, to take a fault vpon me that he did, I thinke verily hee had bin hang'd for't: sure as I liue, he had suffer'd for't. You shall iudge: Hee thrusts

me himselve into the company of three or foure gentlemanlikedogs, vnder the Dukes table: hee had not bin there (blesse the marke) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him: out with the dog (saies one) what cur is that? (saies another) whip him out (saies the third) hang him vp (saies the Duke). I, hauing bin acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogges: friend (quoth I) you mean to whip the dog: I marry doe I (quoth he) you doe him the more wrong (quoth I) 'twas I did the thing you wot of: he makes me no more adoe, but whips me out of the chamber. How many Masters would doe this for his Seruant? nay, ile be sworne I haue sat in the stockes, for puddings he hath stolne, otherwise he had been executed: I haue stood on the Pillorie for Geese he hath kil'd, otherwise he had sufferd for't: thou think'st not of this now: nay, I remember the tricke you seru'd me, when I tooke my leaue of Madam Siluia: did not I bid thee still marke me, and doe as I do; when did'st thou see me heaue vp my leg, and make water against a Gentlewomans farthingale? did'st thou euer see me doe such a tricke?

rem

remPro.

Sebastian is thy name: I like thee well,

And will imploy thee in some seruice presently.

rem

remIu.

In what you please; ile doe what I can.

rem

remPro.

I hope thou wilt.

How now you whorson pezant.

Where haue you bin these two dayes loytering?

rem

remLa.

Marry Sir, I carried Mistris Siluia the dogge you bad me.

rem

remPro.

And what saies she to my little Iewell?

rem

remLa.

Marry she saies your dog was a cur, and tels you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

rem

remPro.

But she receiu'd my dog?

rem

remLa.

No indeede did she not:

Here haue I brought him backe againe.

rem

remPro.

What, didst thou offer her this from me?

rem

remLa.

I Sir, the other Squirrill was stolne from me

By the Hangmans boys in the market place,

And then I offer'd her mine owne, who is a dog

As big as ten of yours, and therefore the guift the greater.

rem

remPro.

Goe, get thee hence, and finde my dog againe,

Or nere returne againe into my sight.

Away, I say: stayest thou to vexe me here;

A Slaue, that still an end, turnes me to shame:

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,

Partly that I haue neede of such a youth

That can with some discretion doe my businesse:

For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish Lout,

But chiefly, for thy face, and thy behauiour,

Which (if my Augury deceiue me not)

Witness good bringing vp, fortune, and truth:

Therefore know thee, for this I entertaine thee.

Go presently, and take this Ring with thee,

Deliuier it to Madam Siluia;

She lou'd me well, deliuer'd it to me.

rem

remIul.

It seemes you lou'd not her, to leaue her token:

She is dead belike?

rem

remPro.

Not so: I thinke she liues.

rem

remIul.

Alas.

rem

remPro.

Why do'st thou cry alas?

rem

remIul.

I cannot choose but pittie her.

rem

remPro.

Wherefore should'st thou pittie her?

rem

remIul.

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

rem

remPro.

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

rem

remIul.

*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 pittie him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loues her, he despiseth me;
Because I loue him, I must pittie him.
This Ring I gaue him, when he parted from me,
To binde him to remember my good will:
And now am I (vnhappy Messenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtaine;
To carry that, which I would have refus'd;
To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.
I am my Masters true confirmed Loue,
But cannot be true seruant to my Master,
Vnless I proue false traitor to my selfe.
Yet will I woe for him, but yet so coldly
As (heauen 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 Siluia.*

rem

remSil.

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

rem

remIul.

*If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To heare me speake the message I am sent on.*

rem

remSil.

From whom?

rem

remIul.

From my Master, Sir Protheus, Madam.

rem

remSil.

Oh: he sends you for a Picture?

rem

remIul.

I, Madam.

rem

remSil.

Vrsula, bring my Picture there,

Goe, giue your Master this: tell him from me,

One Iulia, that his changing thoughts forget

Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow.

rem

remIul.

Madam, please you peruse this Letter;

Pardon me (Madam) I have vnaduis'd

Deliuier'd you a paper that I should not;

This is the Letter to your Ladiship.

rem

remSil.

I pray thee let me looke on that againe.

rem

remIul.

It may not be: good Madam pardon me.

rem

remSil.

There, hold:

I will not looke vpon your Masters lines:

I know they are stuft with protestations,

And full of newfound oaths, which he will breake

As easily as I doe teare his paper.

rem

remIul.

Madam, he sends your Ladiship this Ring.

rem

remSil.

The more shame for him, that he sends it me;

*For I haue heard him say a thousand times
His Iulia gave it him, at his departure:
Though his false finger haue prophan'd the Ring,
Mine shall not doe his Iulia so much wrong.*

rem

remIul.

She thankes you.

rem

remSil.

What sai'st thou?

rem

remIul.

I thank you Madam, that you tender her:

Poor Gentlewoman, my Master wrongs her much.

rem

remSil.

Do'st thou know her?

rem

remIul.

Almost as well as I doe know my selfe.

To thinke vpon her woes, I doe protest

That I haue wept a hundred severall times.

rem

remSil.

Belike she thinks that Protheus hath forsook her?

rem

remIul.

I thinke she doth: and that's her cause of sorrow.

rem

remSil.

Is she not passing faire?

rem

remIul.

She hath been fairer (Madam) than she is,

When she did thinke my Master lou'd her well;

She, in my iudgement, was as faire as you.

But since she did neglect her lookinglasse

And threw her Sunexpelling Masque away,

The ayre hath staru'd the roses in her cheekes,

And pinch'd the lillytincture of her face,

That now she is become as blacke as I.

rem

remSil.

How tall was she?

rem

remIul.

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

rem

remSil.

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

rem

remIul.

*And she shall thanke you for't, if ere you know (her.
A vertuous gentlewoman, milde, and beautifull.
I hope my Masters suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my Mistris loue so much.
Alas, how loue can trifle with it selfe:
Here is her Picture: let me see. I thinke
If I had such a Tyre, this face of mine
Were full as louely, as is this of hers;
And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,
Vnlesse I flatter with my selfe too much.
Her haire is Aburne, mine is perfect Yellow;
If that be all the difference in his loue,
Ile get me such a coulour'd Perrywig:
Her eyes are grey as glasse, and so are mine:*

*I, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high:
 What should it be that he respects in her
 But I can make respectiue in my selfe?
 If this fond Loue, were not a blinded god.
 Come shadow, come, and take this shadow vp,
 For 'tis thy riuall: O thou sencelesse forme,
 Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, lou'd, and ador'd;
 And were there sence in his Idolatry,
 My substance should be statue in thy stead.
 Ile use thee kindly, for thy Mistris sake
 That vs'd me so: or else, by Ioue, I vow,
 I should haue scratch'd out your vnseeing eyes,
 To make my Master out of loue with thee.*

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scna Prima.

Enter Eglamoure, Siluia.

rem

remEgl.

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

rem

remSil.

*Amen, Amen: goe on, (good Eglamoure)
 Out at the postern by the Abbey wall;
 I fear I am attended by some Spies.*

rem

remEgl.

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

Exeunt.

Scna Secunda.

Enter Thurio, Protheus, Iulia, Duke.

rem

remTh.

Sir Protheus, what saies Siluia to my suit?

rem

remPro.

Oh Sir, I finde her milder than she was'

And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

rem

remThu.

What? that my leg is too long?

rem

remPro.

No, that it is too little.

rem

remThu.

Ile weare a Booet to make it somewhat roun(der.

rem

remPro.

But loue will not be spurd to what it loathes.

rem

remThu.

What saies she to my face?

rem

remPro.

She saies it is a faire one.

rem

remThu.

Nay then the wanton lies; my face is blacke.

rem

remPro.

But Pearles are faire; and the old saying is,

Blacke men are Pearles in beauteous Ladies eyes.

rem

remThu.

'Tis true, such Pearles as put out Ladies eyes,

For I had rather winke, then looke on them.

rem

remThu.

How likes she my discourse?

rem

remPro.

Ill, when you talke of war.

rem

remThu.

But well when I discourse of loue and peace?

rem

remIul.

But better indeede, when you hold you peace.

rem

remThu.

What sayes she to my valour?

rem

remPro.

Oh Sir, she makes no doubt of that.

rem

remIul.

She needes not, when she knowes it cowardize.

rem

remThu.

What saies she to my birth?

rem

remPro.

That you are well deriu'd.

rem

remIul.

True: from a Gentleman, to a foole.

rem

remThu.

Considers she my Possessions?

rem

remPro.

Oh, I: and pitties them.

rem

remThu.

Wherefore?

rem

remIul.

That such an Asse should owe them.

rem

remPro.

That they are out by Lease.

rem

remIul.

Here comes the Duke.

rem

remDu.

How now Sir Protheus; how now, Thurio?

Which of you saw Eglamoure of late?

rem

remThu.

Not I.

rem

remPro.

Nor I.

rem

remDu.

Saw you my daughter?

rem

remPro.

Neither.

rem

remDu.

Why then

She's fled vnto that peasant, 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 guess'd that it was she,

But being mask'd, he was not sure of it.

Besides, she did intend Confession

At Patricks Cell this euen, and there she was not.

These likelihoods confirme her flight from hence;

Therefore I pray you stand, not to discourse,

But mount you presently, and meete with me

Vpon the rising of the Mountaine foote

That leads toward Mantua, wether they are fled:

Dispatch (sweet Gentlemen) and follow me.

rem

remThu.

Why this it is, to be a peeuish Girle,

That flies her fortune when it followes her:

Ile after; more to be reueng'd on Eglamoure,

Then for the loue of recklesse Siluia.

rem

remPro.

And I will follow, more for Siluias loue

Then hate of Eglamoure that goes with her.

rem

remIul.

And I will follow, more to crosse that loue

Than hate for Siluia, that is gone for loue.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia*Silvia, Outlawes.**rem**rem1. Out.**Come, come be patient:**We must bring you to our Captaine.**rem**remSil.**A thousand more mischances than this one**Have learn'd me how to brooke this patiently.**rem**rem2 Out.**Come, bring her away.**rem**rem1 Out.**Where is the Gentleman that was with her?**rem**rem3 Out.**Being nimble footed, he hath outrun vs.**But Moyses and Valerius follow him:**Goe thou with her to the West end of the wood,**There is our Captaine: Wee'll follow him that's fled,**The Thicket is beset; he cannot scape.**rem**rem1 Out.**Come, I must bring you to our Captains caue.**Feare not: he beares an honourable minde,**And will not use a woman lawlesly.**rem**remSil.**O Valentine: this I endure for thee.**Exeunt.***Scna Quarta.***Enter Valentine, Protheus, Silvia, Iulia, Duke, Thurio, Outlawes.**rem**remVal.**How vse doth breed a habit in a man?**This shadowy desart, vnfrequented woods**I better brooke then flourishing peopled Townes:**Here can I sit alone, vnseene of any,**And to the Nightingales complaining Notes**Tune my distrestes, and record my woes.*

*O thou that dost inhabit in my brest,
 Leaue not the Mansion so long Tenantlesse,
 Lest growing ruinous, the building fall
 And leaue no memory of what it was,
 Repair me with thy presence, Siluia:
 Thou gentle Nymph, cherish thy forlorne swaine.
 What hallowing, and what stir is this to day?
 These are my mates, that make their wills their Law,
 Haue some vnhappy passenger in chace;
 They loue me well: yet I haue much to doe
 To keepe them from vnciuill outrages.
 Withdraw thee Valentine: who's this comes heere?*

rem

remPro.

*Madam, this seruice I haue done for you
 (Though you respect not aught your seruant doth)
 To hazard life, and reskew you from him,
 That would haue forc'd your honour, and your loue,
 Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair looke:
 (A smaller boone than this I cannot beg,
 And lesse than this, I am sure you cannot giue.)*

rem

remUal.

*How like a dreame is this? I see, and heare:
 Loue, lend me patience to forbear a while.*

rem

remSil.

O miserable, vnhappy that I am.

rem

remPro.

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

rem

remSil.

By thy approach thou mak'st me most vnhappy.

rem

remIul.

And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

rem

remSil.

*Had I been ceazed by a hungry Lion,
 I would haue been a breakfast to the Beast,
 Rather than haue false Protheus reskue me:*

*Oh heauen be iudge how I loue Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soule,
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I doe detest false periur'd Protheus:
Therefore be gone, sollicit me no more.*

rem

remPro.

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

rem

remSil.

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

rem

remPro.

*In Loue,
Who respects friend?*

rem

remSil.

All men but Protheus.

rem

remPro.

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

rem

remSil.

Oh heauen.

rem

remPro.

Ile force thee yeeld to my desire.

rem

remVal.

*Ruffian: let go that rude vnciuill touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion.*

rem

remPro.

Valentine.

rem

remVal.

*Thou common⁷ friend, that's without faith or loue,
For such is a friend now: treacherous man,
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have perswaded me: now I dare not say
I haue one friend aliue: thou wouldst disproue me:
Who should be trusted, when ones right hand
Is periured to the bosome? Protheus
I am sorry I must neuer trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake:
The priuate wound is deepest: oh time, most accurst:
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst?*

rem

remPro.

*My shame and guilt confounds me;
Forgiue me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient Ransome for offence,
I tender't heere: I do as truely suffer
As ere I did commit.*

rem

remVal.

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

rem

remIul.

Oh me unhappy.

rem

remPro.

Looke to the Boy.

rem

⁷cmon

remVal.

Why, Boy?

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

rem

remIul.

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

rem

remPro.

Where is that ring? boy?

rem

remIul.

Heere 'tis: this is it.

rem

remPro.

How? let me see.

Why this is the ring I gaue to Iulia.

rem

remIul.

Oh, cry you mercy, sir, I haue mistooke:

This is the ring you sent to Siluia.

rem

remPro.

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

rem

remIul.

And Iulia herself did giue it me,

And Iulia herself hath brought it hither.

rem

remPro.

How? Iulia?

rem

remIul.

Behold her, that gaue ayme to all thy oathes,

And entertain'd 'em deepely in her heart.

How oft hast thou with periury cleft the roote?

Oh Protheus, let this habit make thee blush.

Be thou asham'd that I have tooke vpon me

Such an immodest rayment; if shame liue

In a disguise of loue?

It is the lesser blot modesty findes,

Women to change their shapes, then men their minds.

rem

remPro.

*Then men their minds? tis true: o heuen, were man
 But Constant, he were perfect; that one error
 Fils him with faults: makes him run through all th'sins:
 Inconstancy fallsoff, ere it begins:
 What is in Siluia's face, but I may spie
 More fresh in Iulia's, with a constant eye?*

rem

remUal.

*Come, come: a hand from either:
 Let me be blest to make this happy close:
 'Twere pittie two such friends should be long foes.*

rem

remPro.

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

rem

remIul.

And I mine.

rem

remOutl.

A prize: a prize: a prize.

rem

remVal.

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

rem

remDuke.

Sir Valentine?

rem

remThu.

Yonder is Siluia: and Siluia's mine.

rem

remVal.

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

rem

remThu.

*Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I:
 I hold him but a foole that will endanger
 His Body, for a Girle that loues him not:*

I claime her not, and therefore she is thine.

rem

remDuke.

The more degenerate and base art thou

To make such meanes for her, as thou hast done,

And leaue her on such slight conditions:

Now, by the honor of my Ancestry,

I doe applaud thy spirit, Valentine,

And think thee worthy of an Empresse loue:

Know then, I here forget all former greefes,

Cancell all grudge, repeale thee home againe,

Plead a new state in thy vnriual'd merit,

To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,

Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriu'd,

Take thou thy Siluia, for thou hast deseru'd her.

rem

remUal.

I thank your Grace; y gift hath made me happy:

I now beseech you (for your daughter's sake)

To grant one Boone that I shall aske of you.

rem

remDuke.

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

rem

remVal.

These banish'd men, that I haue kept withall,

Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:

Forgiue them what they haue committed here,

And let them be recall'd from their Exile:

They are reformed, ciuill, full of good,

And fit for great employment (worthy Lord.)

rem

remDuke.

Thou hast preuaild, I pardon them and thee:

Dispose of them, as thou knowst their deserts.

Come, let vs goe, we will include all iarres,

With Triumphes, Mirth, and rare solemnity.

rem

remVal.

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?)

rem

remDuke.

I think the Boy hath grace in him, he blushes.

rem

remVal.

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

rem

remDuke.

What meane you by that saying?

rem

remVal.

Please you, Ile tell you, as we passe along,

That you will wonder what hath fortun'd:

Come Protheus, 'tis your pennance, but to heare

The story of your Loues discovered.

That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,

One Feast, one house, one mutuall happinesse.

Exeunt.

- *Duke: Father to Siluia.*
- *– Valentine.}*
- *– Protheus.*
- *the two Gentlemen.*
- *Antonio: father to Protheus.*
- *Thurio: a foolish riuall to Valentine.*
- *Eglamoure: Agent for Siluia in her escape.*
- *Host: where Iulia lodges.*
- *Outlawes with Valentine.*
- *Speed: a clownish seruant to Valentine.*
- *Launce: the like to Protheus.*
- *Panthion: seruant to Antonio.*
- *Iulia: beloued of Protheus.*
- *Siluia: beloued of Valentine.*
- *Lucetta: waightingwoman to Iulia.*

FINIS.