



THE Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Valentine: Protheus, and Speed.

Valentine.

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

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet *Valentine* ad ew,
Thinke on thy *Protheus*, when thou (hap'ly) see'st
Some rare note-worthy obiekt 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 griuance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beades-man, *Valentine*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Pro. What?

(grones:

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

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

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

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

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

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

Val. And Writers say; as the most forward Bud

Is eaten by the Canker ere it blow,
Euen so by Loue, the yong, and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the Bud,
Loosing his verdure, euen in the prime,
And all the faire effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsaile thee
That art a votary to fond desire?

Once more adieu: my Father at the Road
Expects my comming, there to see me ship'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee *Valentine*.

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

Pro. All happinesse bechance to thee in *Millaine*.

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

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

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

Pro. But now he parted hence to embarque for *Millain*.

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

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

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

Pro. I doe.

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

Pro. A silly answere, and fitting well a Sheepe.

Sp. This proues me still a Sheepe.

Pro. True: and thy Master a Shepheard.

Sp. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

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

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

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

Sp. Such another prooffe will make me cry baâ.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Pro. But what said she?

Sp. I.

Pro. Nod-I, why that's noddy.

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

Pro. And that set together is noddy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Pro. What said she, nothing?

Sp. No, not so much as take this for thy pains: (me; To testifie your bounty, I thank you, you haue cestern'd In requital whereof, henceforth, carry your letters your selfe; And so Sir, I'll commend you to my Master.

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

Scena Secunda.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

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

Luc. I Madam, To your stumble not vnheedfully.

Jul. Of all the faire resort of Gentlemen, That euery day with parle encounter me,

In thy opinion which is worthiest loue?

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

Jul. What think'st thou of the faire sir *Eglamour*?

Luc. As of a Knight, well-spoken, neat, and fine; But were I you, he neuer should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich *Mercutio*?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himselfe, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle *Prothem*?

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

Jul. How now? what meanes this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon deare Madam, 'tis a passing shame, That I (vnworthy body as I am)

Should censure thus on louely Gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on *Prothem*, as of all the rest?

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

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I haue no other but a womans reason: I thinke him so, because I thinke him so.

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

Luc. I: if you thought your loue not cast away.

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

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

Jul. His little speaking, shewes his loue but small.

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

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

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

Jul. I would I knew his minde.

Luc. Peruse this paper Madam.

Jul. To *Julia*: say, from whom?

Luc. That the Contents will shew.

Jul. Say, say: who gaue it thee?

Luc. Sir *Valentines* page: & sent I think from *Prothem*; He would haue giuen it you, but I being in the way, Did in your name receiue it: pardon the fault I pray.

Jul. Now (by my modesty) a goodly Broker:

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper, and conspire against my youth?

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

And you an officer fit for the place:

There: take the paper: see it be return'd,

Or else returne no more into my sight.

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

Jul. Will ye be gon?

Luc. That you may ruminate. *Exit.*

Jul. And yet I would I had ore-look'd the Letter;

It were a shame to call her backe againe,

And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.

What foole is she, that knowes I am a Maid,

And would not force the letter to my view?

Since Maides, in modesty, say no, to that,

Which they would haue the profferer construe, I,

Fie, fie: how way-ward is this foolish loue;

That (like a testie Babe) will scratch the Nurse,

And presently, all humbled kisse the Rod?

How churlishly, I chid *Lucetta* hence,

When willingly, I would haue had her here?

How angerly I taught my brow to frowne,

When inward ioy enforc'd my heart to smile?

My pennance is, to call *Lucetta* backe

And aske remission, for my folly past.

What hoe: *Lucetta*.

Luc. What would your Ladiship?

Jul. Is't neere dinner time?

Luc. I would it were,

That you might kill your stomacke on your meat,

And

And not vpon your Maid.

Lu. What is't that you
Tooke vp so gingerly?

Lu. Nothing.

Lu. Why didst thou stoop then?

Lu. To take a paper vp, that I let fall.

Lu. And is that paper nothing?

Lu. Nothing concerning me.

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

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

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

Lu. That I might sing it (Madam) to a tune:
Giue me a Note, your Ladiship can set.

Lu. As little by such toyes, as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of *Light O, Loue*.

Lu. It is too heauy for so light a tune.

Lu. Heauy? belike it hath some burden then?

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

Lu. And why not you?

Lu. I cannot reach so high.

Lu. Let's see your Song:

How now Minion?

Lu. Keepe tune there still; so you will sing it out:
And yet me thinkes I do not like this tune.

Lu. You doe not?

Lu. No (Madam) tis too sharpe.

Lu. You (Minion) are too faucie.

Lu. Nay, now you are too flat;

And marre the concord, with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a Meane to fill ycur Song.

Lu. The meane is dround with you vnruely base.

Lu. Indeeede I bid the base for *Protheus*.

Lu. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me;
Here is a coile with protestation:

Goe, get you gone; and let the papers lye:

You would be fingring them, to anger me.

Lu. She makes it strange, but she would be best pleas'd
To be so ahgred with another Letter.

Lu. Nay, would I were so ahgred with the same:

Oh hatefull hands, to teare such louing words;

Iniurious Waspes, to feede on such sweet hony,

And kill the Bees that yeeld it, with your stings;

Ile kisse each seuerall paper, for amends:

Looke, here is writ, kinde *Julia*: vnkinde *Julia*;

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*.

Poore wounded name: my bosome, as a bed,

Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;

And thus I searce it with a soueraigne kisse.

But twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* written downe:

Be calme (good winde) blow not a word away,

Till I haue found each letter, in the Letter.

Except mine own name: That, some whirle-winde beare

Vnto a ragged, fearefull, hanging Rocke,

And throw it thence into the raging Sea.

Loe, here in one line is his name twice writ:

Poore forlorne *Protheus*, passionate *Protheus*:

To the sweet *Julia*: that ile teare away:

And yet I will not, sith so prettily

He couples it, to his complaining Names;

Thus will I fold them, one vpon another;

Now kisse, embrace, contend, doe what you will.

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

Lu. Well, let vs goe.

Lu. What, shall these papers lye, like Tel-tales here?

Lu. If you respect them; best to take them vp.

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

Lu. I see you haue a months minde to them.

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

Lu. Come, come, wilt please you goe.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Antonio and Panthino. Protheus.

Ant. Tell me *Panthino*, what sad talke was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the Cloyster?

Pan. 'Twas of his Nephew *Protheus*, your Sonne.

Ant. Why? what of him?

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

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

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

Ant. I know it well.

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

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

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

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

Pro. Sweet Loue, sweet lines, sweet life,
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for loue, her honors paune;

O that our Fathers would applaud our loues
To scale our happinesse with their consents.

Pro. Oh heavenly *Julia*.

Ant. How now? What Letter are you reading there?

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

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

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

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

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

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish:
Mise not that I thus sodainly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end;
I am resolu'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With *Valentinus*, in the Emperors Court:
What maintenance he from his friends receiues,
Like exhibition thou shalt haue from me,
To morrow be in readinesse, to goe,
Excuse it not: for I am peremptory.

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

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

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

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

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

Exeunt. Finis.

Actus secundus: Scœna Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, Silvia.

Speed. Sir, your Gloue.

Valen. Not mine: my Gloues are on.

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

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

Sweet Ornament, that deckes a thing diuine,

Ah *Silvia*, *Silvia*.

Speed. Madam *Silvia*: Madam *Silvia*.

Val. How now *Sirha*?

Speed. Shee is not within hearing Sir.

Val. Why fir, who had you call her?

Speed. Your worship fir, or else I mistooke.

Val. Well: you'll still be too forward.

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

Val. Goe to, fir, tell me: do you know Madam *Silvia*?

Speed. Shee that your worship loues?

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

Speed. Marry by these speciall markes: first, you haue
learn'd (like Sir *Protheus*) to wreath your Armes like a
Male-content: to relish a Loue-song, like a *Robin-red-*
breast: to walke alone like one that had the pestilence:
to sigh, like a Schoole-boy that had lost his *A. B. C.* to
weep like a yong wench that had buried her Grandam:
to fast, like one that takes diet: to watch, like one that
feares robbing: to speake puling, like a beggar at Hal-
low-Masse: You were wont, when you laughed, to crow
like a cocke; when you walk'd, to walke like one of the
Lions: when you fasted, it was presently after dinner:
when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money: And
now you are Metamorphis'd with a Mistris, that when I
looke on you, I can hardly thinke you my Master.

Val. Are all these things perceiu'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiu'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

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

Val. But tell me: do'st thou know my Lady *Silvia*?

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

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

Speed. Why fir, I know her not.

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

Speed. Is she not hard-fauour'd, fir?

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

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That shee is not so faire, as (of you) well-fa-
uour'd?

Val. I meane that her beauty is exquisite,
But her fauour infinite.

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

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

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

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

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

Val. How long hath she beene deform'd?

Speed. Euer since you lou'd her.

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

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

Val. Why?

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

Val. What should I see then?

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

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

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

bolder to chide you, for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

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

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

Speed. And haue you?

Val. I haue.

Speed. Are they not lamely writt?

Val. No (Boy) but as well as I can do them:
Peace, here she comes.

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

Val. Madam & Mistres, a thousand good-morrows.

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

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

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

Val. As you inioynd me; I haue writ your Letter
Vnto the secret, nameles friend of yours:

Which I was much vnwilling to proceed in,

But for my duty to your Ladiship. (done.)

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

Val. Now trust me (Madam) it came hardly-off:

For being ignorant to whom it goes,

I writ at randome, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

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

And yet —

Sil. A pretty period: well: I ghesse the sequell;
And yet I will not name it: and yet I care not.

And yet, take this againe: and yet I thanke you:
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

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

Val. What meanes your Ladiship?

Doe you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very queintly writ,

But (since vnwillingly) take them againe.

Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. I, I: you writ them Sir, at my request,

But I will none of them: they are for you:

I would haue had them writ more mouingly:

Val. Please you, Ile write your Ladiship another.

Sil. And when it's writ: for my sake read it ouer,

And if it please you, so: if not: why so:

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

Sil. Why if it please you, take it for your labour;

And so good-morrow Seruant.

Exit. Sil.

Speed. Oh Iest vnseene: inscrutable: inuisible,

As a nose on a mans face, or a Wethercocke on a steeple:

My Master sues to her: and she hath taught her Tutor,

He being her Pupill, to become her Tutor.

Oh excellent deuise, was there euer heard a better?

That my master being scribe,

To himselfe, should write the Letter?

Val. How now Sir?

What are you reasoning with your selfe?

Speed. Nay: I was riming: 'tis you y haue the reason.

Val. To doe what?

Speed. To be a Spokes-man from Madam *Silvia*.

Val. To whom?

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

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a Letter, I should say:

Val. Why she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she,

When shee hath made you write to your selfe?

Why, doe you not perceiue the iest?

Val. No, beleecue me.

Speed. No beleecuing you indeed sir:

But did you perceiue her earnest?

Val. She gaue me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why she hath giuen you a Letter.

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

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

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. Ile warrant you, 'tis as well:

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

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

Or fearing els some messēger, y might her mind discouer

Her self hath taught her Loue himself, to write vnto her

All this I speak in print, for in print I found it. (louer.)

Why muse you sir, 'tis dinner time.

Val. I haue dyn'd.

Speed. I, but hearken sir: though the Camelon Loue

can feed on the ayre, I am one that am nourish'd by my

viſuals; and would faine haue meate: oh bee not like

your Mistresse, be moued, be moued.

Exit.

Scœna secunda.

Enter Protheus, Iulia, Panthion.

Pro. Haue patience, gentle *Iulia*:

Iul. I must where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will returne.

Iul. If you turne not: you will return the sooner:

Keepe this remembrance for thy *Iulia's* sake.

Pro. Why then wee'll make exchange;

Here, take you this.

Iul. And seale the bargain with a holy kisse.

Pro. Here is my hand, for my true constancie:

And when that howre ore-slips me in the day,

Wherein I sigh not (*Iulia*) for thy sake,

The next ensuing howre, some foule mischance

Torment me for my Loues forgetfulnesse:

My father staies my comming: 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.

Panth. Sir *Protheus*: you are staid for.

Pro. Goe: I come, I come:

Alas, this parting strikes poore Louers dumbe.

Exeunt.

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Launce, Panthion.

Launce. Nay, 'twill bee this howre ere I haue done

weeping: all the kinde of the *Launces*, haue this very

fault: I haue receiud my proportion, like the prodigious

sonne,

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

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

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

Panth. What's the vnkindest tide ?

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

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

Laun. For feare thou shouldst loose thy tongue.

Panth. Where should I loose my tongue ?

Laun. In thy Tale.

Panth. In thy Taile.

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

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

Laun. Sir : call me what thou dar'st.

Panth. Wilt thou goe ?

Laun. Well, I will goe.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

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

Sil. Seruant.

Val. Mistris.

Spec. Master, Sir *Thurio* frownes on you.

Val. I Boy, it's for loue.

Spec. Not of you.

Val. Of my Mistresse then.

Spec. Twere good you knockt him.

Sil. Seruant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, Madam, I seeme so.

Thu. Seeme you that you are not ?

Val. Hap'ly I doe.

Thu. So doe Counterfeyts.

Val. So doe you.

Thu. What seeme I that I am not ?

Val. Wife.

Thu. What instance of the contrary ?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quoad you my folly ?

Val. I quoad it in your Ierkin.

Thu. My Ierkin is a doublet.

Val. Well then, Ile double your folly.

Thu. How ?

Sil. What, angry, Sir *Thurio*, do you change colour ?

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

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

Val. You haue said Sir.

Thu. I Sir, and done too for this time.

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

Sil. A fine volly of words, gentlemē, & quickly shot off

Val. 'Tis indeed, Madam, we thank the giuer.

Sil. Who is that Seruant ?

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

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

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

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

Duk. Now, daughter *Silvia*, you are hard beset. Sir *Valentine*, your father is in good health, What say you to a Letter from your friends Of much good newes ?

Val. My Lord, I will be thankfull, To any happy messenger from thence.

Duk. Know ye *Don Antonio*, your Countiman ?

Val. I, my good Lord, I know the Gentleman To be of worth, and worthy estimation, And not without desert so well reputed.

Duk. Hath he not a Sonne ?

Val. I, my good Lord, a Son, that well deserues The honor, and regard of such a father.

Duk. You know him well ?

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

C

He

He is compleat in feature, and in minde,
With all good grace, to grace a Gentleman.

Duk. Beshrew me sir, but if he make this good
He is as worthy for an Empresse loue,
As meet to be an Emperors 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 vn-welcome newes to you.

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

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

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

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

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

Sil. Nay then he should be blind, and being blind
How could he see his way to seeke out you?

Val. Why Lady, Loue hath twenty paire of eyes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sil. Too low a Mistres for so high a seruant.

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

Val. Leaue off discourse of disabilitie:

Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your Seruant.

Pro. My dutie will I boast of, nothing else.

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

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

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthlesse. (you.)

Thur. Madam, my Lord your father wold speak with

Sil. I wait vpon his pleasure: Come Sir *Thurio*,
Goe with me: once more, new Seruant welcome;

Ile leaue you to confer of home affaires,
When you haue done, we looke too heare from you.

Pro. Wee'll both attend vpon your Ladiship.

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

Pro. Your friends are wel, & haue the much comended.

Val. And how doe yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your Lady? & how thrives your loue?

Pro. My tales of Loue were wont to weary you,
I know you ioy not in a Loue-discourse.

Val. I *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now,
I haue done penance for contemning Loue,
Whose high emperious thoughts haue punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitentiall grones,
With nightly teares, and daily hart-fore sighes,
For in reuenge of my contempt of loue,
Loue hath chas'd sleepe from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine owne hearts sorrow.
O gentle *Protheus*, Loue's a mighty Lord,

And hath so humbled me, as I confesse

There is no woe to his correction,

Nor to his Seruice, no such ioy on earth:

Now, no discourse, except it be of loue:

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

Vpon the very naked name of Loue.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:

Was this the Idoll, that you worship so?

Val. Euen She; and is she not a heauenly Saint?

Pro. No; But she is an earthly Paragon.

Val. Call her diuine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me: for Loue delights in praises.

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

Val. Then speake the truth by her; if not diuine,

Yet let her be a principallitie,

Soueraigne to all the Creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my Mistresse.

Val. Sweet: except not any,

Except thou wilt except against my Loue.

Pro. Haue I not reason to prefer mine owne?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her to:

Shee shall be dignified with this high honour,

To beare my Ladies traine, lest the base earth

Should from her vesture chance to steale a kisse,

And of so great a fauor growing proud,

Disdaine to roote the Sommer-swellling flowre,

And make rough winter euerlastingly.

Pro. Why *Valentine*, what Bragadisme is this?

Val. Pardon me (*Protheus*) all I can is nothing,
To her, whose worth, make other worthies nothing;
Shee is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

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

And I as rich in hauing such a Jewell

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 it is full of ieaousie.)

Pro. But she loues you? (howre,

Val. I, and we are betroathd: nay more, our mariage

With all the cunning manner of our flight

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

The Ladder made of Cords, and all the means

Plotted, and 'greed on for my happinesse.

Good *Protheus* goe with me to my chamber,

In these affaires to aid me with thy counsaile.

Pro. Goe on before: I shall enquire you forth:

I must vnto the Road, to dis-embarque

Some necessaries, that I needs must vse,

And then Ile presently attend you.

Val. Willyou make haste?

Exit.

Pro. I will.

Euen as one heate, another heate expels,

Or as one naile, by strength driues out another.

So the remembrance of my former Loue

Is by a newer obiekt quite forgotten,

It is mine, or *Valentines* praise?

Her true perfection, or my false transgression?

That makes me reasonlesse, to reason thus?

Shee is faire: and so is *Julia* that I loue,

(That

(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 thinks my zeale to *Valentine* is cold,
And that I loue him not as I was wont:
O, but I loue his Lady too too much,
And that's the reason I loue him so little.
How shall I doate on her with more aduice,
That thus without aduice begin to loue her?
'Tis but her picture I haue yet beheld,
And that hath dazel'd my reasons light:
But when I looke on her perfections,
There is no reason, but I shall be blinde.
If I can checke my erring loue, I will,
If not, to compasse her Ile vse my skill.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. *Launce*, by mine honesty welcome to *Padua*.

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

Speed. Come-on you mad-cap: Ile to the Ale-house with you presently; where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt haue five thousand welcomes: But firha, how did thy Master part with Madam *Julia*?

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

Spec. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Spec. How then? shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Spec. What, are they broken?

Laun. No; they are both as whole as a fish.

Spec. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

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

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

Laun. What a blocke art thou, that thou canst not? My staffe vnderstands me?

Spec. What thou saist?

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

Spec. It stands vnder thee indeed.

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

Spec. But tell me true, wilt be a match?

Laun. 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.

Spec. The conclusion is then, that it will.

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

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

Laun. I neuer knew him otherwise.

Spec. Then how?

Laun. A notable Lubber: as thou reportest him to bee.

Spec. Why, thou whorison Asse, thou mistak'st me,

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

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

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

Spec. Why?

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

Spec. At thy seruice.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Protheus solus.

Pro. To leaue my *Julia*; shall I be forsworne?
To loue faire *Silvia*; shall I be forsworne?
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworne.
And ev'n that Powre which gaue me first my oath
Prouokes me to this three-fold periurie.
Loue bad mee sweare, and Loue bids me for-swear;
O sweet-suggesting Loue, if thou hast sin'd,
Teach me (thy tempted subiect) to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling Starre,
But now I worship a celestiall Sunne:
Vn-heedfull vowes may heedfully be broken,
And he wants wit, that wants resolu'd will,
To learne his wit; t'exchange the bad for better;
Fie, fie, vnreuerend tongue, to call her bad,
Whose soueraignty so oft thou hast preferd,
With twenty thousand soule-confirming oathes.
I cannot leaue to loue; and yet I doe:
But there I leaue to loue, where I should loue.
Julia I loose, and *Valentine* I loose,
If I keepe them, I needs must loose my selfe:
If I loose them, thus finde I by their losse,
For *Valentine*, my selfe: for *Julia*, *Silvia*.
I to my selfe am deerer then a friend,
For Loue is still most precious in it selfe,
And *Silvia* (witnesse heaven that made her faire)
Shewes *Julia* but a swarthy Ethiopie.
I will forget that *Julia* is aliue,
Remembring that my Loue to her is dead.
And *Valentine* Ile hold an Enemie,
Ayning at *Silvia* as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now proue constant to my selfe,
Without some treachery vs'd to *Valentine*.
This night he meaneth with a Corded-ladder
To climbe celestiall *Silvia'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 quickly crosse
By some sietricke, blunt *Thurio's* dull proceeding.
Loue lend me wings, to make my purpose swift
As thou hast lent me wit, to plot this drift.

Exit.

Scena septima.

Enter Iulia and Lucetta.

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

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long.

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

Luc. Better forbear, till *Protheus* make returne.

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

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

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

Luc. But in what habit will you goe along?

Iul. Not like a woman, for I would preuent
The loose encounters of lasciuious men:
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with such weedes
As may besee me some well reputed Page.

Luc. Why then your Ladiship must cut your haire.

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

Luc. What fashion (Madam) shall I make your bree-

Iul. That fits as well, as tell me (good my Lord)
What compasse will you weare your Farthingale?
Why eu'n what fashion thou best likes (*Lucetta*.)

Luc. You must needs haue thē with a cod-peece (Ma-

Iul. Out, out, (*Lucetta*) that wilbe illfauid. (dam)

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

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

I feare me it will make me scandaliz'd.

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

Iul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then neuer dreame on Infamy, but go:

If *Protheus* like your iourney, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone:
I feare me he will scarce be pleas'd with all.

Iul. That is the least (*Lucetta*) of my feare:

A thousand oathes, an Ocean of his teares,
And instances of infinite of Loue,
Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.

Luc. All these are seruants to deceitfull men.

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

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

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

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

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

Duke. Sir *Thurio*, giue vs leaue (I pray) a while,
We haue some secrets to confer about.

Now tell me *Protheus*, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious Lord, that which I wold discouer,
The Law of friendship bids me to conceale,
But when I call to minde your gracious fauours
Done to me (vndeferuing as I am)

My dutie pricks me on to vtter that
Which else, no worldly good should draw from me:

Know (worthy Prince) Sir *Valentine* my friend

This night intends to steale away your daughter:

My selfe am one made priuy to the plot.

I know you haue determin'd to bestow her

On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates,

And should she thus be stolne away from you,

It would be much vexation to your age.

Thus (for my duties sake) I rather chose

To crosse my friend in his intended drift,

Then (by concealing it) heap on your head

A pack of sorrowes, which would presse you downe

(Being vnpreuented) to your timelesse graue.

Duke. *Protheus*, I thank thee for thine honest care,

Which to requite, command me while I liue.

This loue of theirs, my selfe haue often seene,

Haply when they haue iudg'd me fast asleepe,

And oftentimes haue purpos'd to forbid

Sir

Sir *Valentine* her companie, and my Court.
But fearing lest my iealous ayme might erre,
And so (vnworthily) disgrace the man
(A rashnesse that I euer yet haue shun'd)
I gaue him gentle lookes, thereby to finde
That which thy selfe hast now disclos'd to me.
And that thou maist perceiue my feare of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soone suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an vpper Towre,
The key whereof, my selfe haue euer kept:
And thence she cannot be conuay'd away.

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

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

Pro. Adiew, my Lord, Sir *Valentine* is comming.

Duk. Sir *Valentine*, whether away so fast?

Val. Please it your Grace, there is a Messenger
That stayes to beare my Letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliuer them.

Duk. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenure of them doth but signifie
My health, and happy being at your Court.

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

Val. I know it well (my Lord) and sure the Match
Were rich and honourable: besides, the gentleman
Is full of Vertue, Bounty, Worth, and Qualities
Beseeming such a Wife, as your faire daughter:
Cannot your Grace win her to fancie him?

Duk. No, trust me, She is peeuish, sullen, froward,
Prowd, disobedient, stubborne, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that she is my childe,
Nor fearing me, as if I were her father:
And may I say to thee, this pride of hers
(Vpon aduice) hath drawne my loue from her,
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should haue beene cherish'd by her child-like dutie,
I now am full resolu'd to take a wife,
And turne her out, to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding dowre:
For me, and my possessions she esteemes not.

Val. What would your Grace haue me to do in this?

Duk. There is a Lady in *Verona* heere
Whom I affect: but she is nice, and coy,
And naught esteemes my aged eloquence.
Now therefore would I haue thee to my Tutor
(For long 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 sun-bright eye.

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

Duk. But she did scorne a present that I sent her,

Val. A woman sometime scorns what best cōtents her.
Send her another: neuer giue her ore,
For scorne at first, makes after-loue the more.
If she doe frowne, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more loue in you.
If she doe chide, 'tis not to haue you gone,
For why, the fooles are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, what euer she doth say,
For, get you gon, she doth not meane away.
Flatter, and praise, commend, extoll their graces:
Though nere so blacke, say they haue Angells faces,
That man that hath a tongue, I say is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

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

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

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

Val. What lets but one may enter at her window?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Duk. But harken thee: I will goe to her alone,
How shall I best conuey the Ladder thither?

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

Duk. A cloake as long as thine will serue the turne?

Val. I my good Lord.

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

Val. Why any cloake will serue the turn (my Lord)

Duk. How shall I fashion me to weare a cloake?

I pray thee let me feele thy cloake vpon me.

What Letter is this same? what's here? to *Silvia*?

And heere an Engine fit for my proceeding,

Ile be so bold to breake the scale for once.

*My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,
And slanes they are to me, that send them flying.
Oh, could their Master come, and goe as lightly,
Himselfe would lodge where (senceles) they are lying.
My Herald Thoughts, in thy pure bosome rest-them,
While I (their King) that thither them importune
Doe curse the grace, that with such grace hath blest them,
Because my selfe doe want my seruants fortune.*

*I curse my selfe, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their Lord should be.*

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

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

Why *Phaeton* (for thou art *Merops* sonne)

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly Car?

And with thy daring folly burne the world?

Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?

Goe base Intruder, ouer-weening Slaue,
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equall mates,
And thinke my patience, (more then thy desert)
Is priuiledge for thy departure hence.
Thanke me for this, more then for all the fauors
Which (all too-much) I haue bestowed on thee.
But if thou linger in my Territories
Longer then swiftest expedition
Will giue thee time to leaue our royall Court,
By heauen, my wrath shall farre exceed the loue
I euer bore my daughter, or thy selfe.
Be gone, I will not heare thy vaine excuse,
But as thou lou'st thy life, make speed from hence.

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

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

Lau. So-hough, Soa hough ———

Pro. What seest thou?

Lau. Him we goe to finde,
There's not a haire on's head, but 'tis a *Valentine*.

Pro. *Valentine*?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his Spirit?

Val. Neither,

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Lau. Can nothing speake? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Who wouldst thou strike?

Lau. Nothing.

Pro. Villaine, forbear.

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

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

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

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

Val. Is *Silvia* dead?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine* indeed, for sacred *Silvia*,
Hath she forsworne me?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine*, if *Silvia* haue forsworne me.
What is your newes?

Lau. Sir, there is a proclamation, y^e you are vanished.

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

Val. Oh, I haue fed vpon this woe already,
And now excesse of it will make me surfer.
Doth *Silvia* know that I am banish'd?

Pro. I, I: and she hath offered to the doome

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

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

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

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

Pro. Goe sirha, finde him out: Come *Valentine*.

Val. Oh my deere *Silvia*; haplesse *Valentine*.

Launce. I am but a foole, looke you, and yet I haue
the wit to thinke my Master is a kinde of a knaue: but
that's all one, if he be but one knaue: He liues not now
that knowes me to be in loue, yet I am in loue, but a
Teeme of horse shall not plucke that from me: nor who
'tis I loue: and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I
will not tell my selfe: and yet 'tis a Milke-maid: yet 'tis
not a maid: for shee hath had Gossips: yet 'tis a maid,
for she is her Masters maid, and serues for wages. Shee
hath more qualities then a Water-Spaniell, which is
much in a bare Christian: Heere is the Cate-log 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*.
Shee can milke, looke you, a sweet-vertue in a maid with
cleane hands.

Speed. How now Signior *Launce*? what newes with
your Mastership?

La. With my Mastership? why, it is at Sea:

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

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

Sp. Why man? how blacke?

La. Why, as blacke as Inke.

Sp. Let me read them?

La. Fie on thee Iolt-head, thou canst not read.

Sp. Thou lyest: I can.

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

Sp. Marry,

Sp. Marry, the son of my Grand-father.
 La. Oh illiterate loyterer; it was the sonne of thy Grand-mother: this proues that thou canst not read.
 Sp. Come foole, come; try me in thy paper.
 La. There: and S. Nicholas be thy speed.
 Sp. In primis she can milke.
 La. I that she can.
 Sp. Item, she brewes good Ale.
 La. And thereof comes the prouerbe: (*Blessing of your heart, you brew good Ale.*)
 Sp. Item, she can sowe.
 La. That's as much as to say (*Can she so?*)
 Sp. Item she can knit.
 La. What neede a man care for a stock with a wench, When she can knit him a stocke?
 Sp. Item, she can wash and scoure.
 La. A speciall vertue: for then shee neede not be wash'd, and scowr'd.
 Sp. Item, she can spin.
 La. Then may I set the world on wheelles, when she can spin for her lining.
 Sp. Item, she hath many namelesse vertues.
 La. That's as much as to say *Bastard-vertues*: that indeede know not their fathers; and therefore haue no names.
 Sp. Here follow her vices.
 La. Close at the heeles of her vertues.
 Sp. Item, shee is not to be fasting in respect of her breath.
 La. Well: that fault may be mended with a breakfast: read on.
 Sp. Item, she hath a sweet mouth.
 La. That makes amends for her soure breath.
 Sp. Item, she doth talke in her sleepe.
 La. It's no matter for that; so shee sleepe not in her talke.
 Sp. Item, she is slow in words.
 La. Oh villaine, that set this downe among her vices; To be slow in words, is a womans onely vertue: I pray thee out with't, and place it for her chiefe vertue.
 Sp. Item, she is proud.
 La. Out with that too:
 It was *Eues* legacie, and cannot be t'ane from her.
 Sp. Item, she hath no teeth.
 La. I care not for that neither: because I loue crusts.
 Sp. Item, she is curst.
 La. Well: the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.
 Sp. Item, she will often praise her liquor.
 La. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.
 Sp. Item, she is too liberall.
 La. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ downe she is slow of: of her purse, shee shall not, for that ile keepe shut: Now, of another thing shee may, and that cannot I helpe. Well, proceede.
 Sp. Item, shee hath more haire then wit, and more faults then haire, and more wealth then faults.
 La. Stop there: Ile haue her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last Article: rehearse that once more.
 Sp. Item, she hath more haire then wit.
 La. More haire then wit: it may be ile proue it: The couer of the salt, hides the salt, and therefore it is more then the salt; the haire that couers the wit, is more then the wit; for the greater hides the lesse: What's next?

Sp. And more faults then haire.
 La. That's monstrous: oh that that were our.
 Sp. And more wealth then faults.
 La. Why that word makes the faults gracious: Well, ile haue her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible.
 Sp. What then?
 La. Why then, will I tell thee, that thy Master staies for thee at the North gate.
 Sp. For me?
 La. For thee? I, who art thou? he hath staid for a better man then thee.
 Sp. And must I goe to him?
 La. Thou must run to him; for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serue the turne.
 Sp. Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your loue Letters.
 La. Now will he be swing'd for reading my Letter; An vnmanly flaue, that will thrust himselfe into secrets: Ile after, to reioyce in the boyes correctiō. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Proteus.

Du. Sir *Thurio*, feare not, but that she will loue you Now *Valentine* is banish'd from her sight.
 Th. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most, Forsworne my company, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.
 Du. This weake impresse of Loue, is as a figure Trenched in ice, which with an houres heate Dissolues to water, and doth loose his forme. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, And worthlesse *Valentine* shall be forgot. How now sir *Proteus*, is your countriman (According to our Proclamation) gon?
 Pro. Gon, my good Lord.
 Du. My daughter takes his going grieuously?
 Pro. A little time (my Lord) will kill that griefe.
 Du. So I beleue: but *Thurio* thinkes not so: *Proteus*, the good conceit I hold of thee, (For thou hast showne some signe of good desert) Makes me the better to confer with thee.
 Pro. Longer then I proue loyall to your Grace, Let me not liue, to looke vpon your Grace.
 Du. Thou know'st how willingly, I would effect The match betweene sir *Thurio*, and my daughter?
 Pro. I doe my Lord.
 Du. And also, I thinke, thou art not ignorant How she opposes her against my will?
 Pro. She did my Lord, when *Valentine* was here.
 Du. I, and peruersly, she persecues so: What might we doe to make the girle forget The loue of *Valentine*, and loue sir *Thurio*?
 Pro. The best way is, to slander *Valentine*, With falsehood, cowardize, and poore discent: Three things, that women highly hold in hate.
 Du. I, but she'll thinke, that it is spoke in hate.
 Pro. I, if his enemy deliuer it. Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.
 Du. Then you must vndertake to slander him.

Pro.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Du. This discipline, shoues thou hast bin in loue.

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

Du. About it Gentlemen.

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

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

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter *Valentine*, *Speed*, and certaine Out-lawes.

1. *Out-l.* Fellowes, stand fast: I see a passenger.

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

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

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

Val. My friends.

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

2. *Out.* Peace: we'll heare him.

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

Val. Then know that I haue little wealth to loose;

A man I am, cross'd with aduersitie:

My riches, are these poore habiliments,
Of which, if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I haue.

2. *Out.* Whether trauell you?

Val. To *Verona*.

1. *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From *Milaine*.

3. *Out.* Haue you long sojourn'd there? (staid,

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

1. *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

2. *Out.* For what offence?

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

1. *Out.* Why nere repent it, if it were done so;
But were you banisht for so small a fault?

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

2. *Out.* Haue you the Tongues?

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

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

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

Sp. Master, be one of them:

It's an honourable kinde of theeuery.

Val. Peace villaine.

2. *Out.* Tell vs this: haue you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3. *Out.* Know then, that some of vs are Gentlemen,
Such as the fury of vngouern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awfull men.

My selfe was from *Verona* banished,
For practising to steale away a Lady,
And heire and Neece, alide vnto the Duke.

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

1. *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.

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

2. *Out.* Indeepe because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, about 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 wilderness?

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

1. *Out.*

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

Scena Secunda.

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

Pro. Already haue I bin false to *Valentine*,
 And now I must be as vniust to *Thurio*,
 Vnder the colour of commending him,
 I haue access to my owne loue to prefer.
 But *Silvia* is too faire, too true, too holy,
 To be corrupted with my worthlesse guifts;
 When I protest true loyalty to her,
 She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
 When to her beauty I commend my vowes,
 She bids me thinke how I haue bin forsworne
 In breaking faith with *Iulia*, whom I lou'd;
 And notwithstanding all her Iodaine quips,
 The least whereof would quell a louers hope:
 Yet (Spaniel-like) the more she spurnes my loue,
 The more it growes, and fawneth on her still;
 But here comes *Thurio*; now must we to her window,
 And giue some euening Musique to her eare.
Th. How now, sir *Protheus*, are you crept before vs?
Pro. I gentle *Thurio*, for you know that loue
 Will creepe in seruice, where it cannot goe.
Th. I, but I hope, Sir, that you loue not here.
Pro. Sir, but I doe: or else I would be hence.
Th. Who, *Silvia*?
Pro. I, *Silvia*, for your sake.
Th. I thanke you for your owne: Now Gentlemen
 Let's tune: and to o it lustily a while.
Ho. Now, my yong guest; me thinks your' allycholly;
 I pray you why is it?
Iu. Marry (mine *Host*) because I cannot be merry.
Ho. Come, we'll haue you merry: ile bring you where
 you shall heare Musique, and see the Gentleman that
 you ask'd for.
Iu. But shall I heare him speake.
Ho. I that you shall.
Iu. That will be Musique.
Ho. Harke, harke.
Iu. Is he among these?
Ho. I: but peace, let's heare'm.

Song. Who is *Silvia*? 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:
 Lone doth to her eyes repaire,
 To helpe him of his blindnesse:

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

Ho. How now? are you sadder then you were before;
 How doe you, man? the Musicke likes you not.
Iu. You mistake: the Musitian likes me not.
Ho. Why, my pretty youth?
Iu. He plaies false (father.)
Ho. How, out of tune on the strings.
Iu. Not so: but yet
 So false that he grieues my very heart-strings.
Ho. You haue a quicke eare. (heart.
Iu. I, I would I were deafe: it makes me haue a slow
Ho. I perceiue you delight not in Musique.
Iu. Not a whit, when it iars so.
Ho. Harke, what fine change is in the Musique.
Iu. I: that change is the spight.
Ho. You would haue them alwaies play but one thing.
Iu. I would alwaies haue one play but one thing.
 But *Host*, doth this Sir *Protheus*, that we talke on,
 Often resort vnto this Gentlewoman?
Ho. I tell you what *Launce* his man told me,
 He lou'd her out of all nicke.
Iu. Where is *Launce*?
Ho. Gone to seeke his dog, which to morrow, by his
 Masters command, hee must carry for a present to his
 Lady.
Iu. Peace, stand aside, the company parts.
Pro. Sir *Thurio*, feare not you, I will so pleade,
 That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.
Th. Where meete we?
Pro. At Saint *Gregories* well.
Th. Farewell.
Pro. Madam: good eu'n to your Ladiship.
Sil. I thanke you for your Musique (Gentlemen)
 Who is that that spake?
Pro. One (Lady) if you knew his pure hearts truth,
 You would quickly learne to know him by his voice.
Sil. Sir *Protheus*, as I take it.
Pro. Sir *Protheus* (gentle Lady) and your Seruant.
Sil. What's your will?
Pro. That I may compasse yours.
Sil. You haue your wish: my will is euen this,
 That presently you hie you home to bed:
 Thou subtil, periur'd, false, disloyall man:
 Think't thou I am so shallow, so conceitlesse,
 To be seduced by thy flattery,
 That has't deceiu'd so many with thy vowes?
 Returne, returne, and make thy loue amends:
 For me (by this pale queene of night I sweare)
 I am so farre from granting thy request,
 That I despise thee, for thy wrongfull suite;
 And by and by intend to chide my selfe,
 Euen for this time I spend in talking to thee.
Pro. I grant (sweet loue) that I did loue a Lady,
 But she is dead.
Iu. 'Twere false, if I should speake it;
 For I am sure she is not buried.
Sil. Say that she be: yet *Valentine* thy friend
 Suruiues; to whom (thy selfe art witnesse)
 I am betroth'd; and art thou not asham'd
 To wrong him, with thy importunacy?

Pro.

Pro. I likewise heare that *Valentine* is dead.

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

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

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

Iul. He heard not that.

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

And to your shadow, will I make true loue.

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

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

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

Iul. Hest, will you goe?

Ho. By my hallidome, I was fast asleepe.

Iul. Pray you, where lies Sir *Protheus*?

Ho. Marry, at my house:

Trust me, I thinke 'tis almost day.

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

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Eglamore, Siluia.

Eg. This is the houre that Madam *Silvia*
Entreated me to call, and know her miade:
Ther's some great matter she'd employ me in,
Madam, Madam.

Sil. Who calls?

Eg. Your seruant, and your friend;
One that attends your Ladiships command.

Sil. Sir *Eglamore*, a thousand times good morrow.

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

Sil. Oh *Eglamore*, thou art a Gentleman:
Thinke not I flatter (for I sweare I doe not)
Valiant, wise, remorse-full, well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant what deere good will
I beare vnto the banish'd *Valentine*:
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vaine *Thurio* (whom my very soule abhor'd.)
Thy selfe hast lou'd, and I haue heard thee say
No griefe did euer come so neere thy heart,
As when thy Lady, and thy true-loue dide,
Vpon whose Graue thou vow'dst pure chastitie:
Sir Eglamore: I would to *Valentine*
To *Mantua*, where I heare, he makes aboad;
And for the waies are dangerous to passe,
I doe desire thy worthy company,

Vpon whose faith and honor, I repose.

Vrge not my fathers anger (*Eglamore*)

But thinke vpon my griefe (a Ladies griefe)

And on the iustice of my flying hence,

To keepe me from a most vnholly match,

Which heauen and fortune still rewards with plagues.

I doe desire thee, euen from a heart

As full of sorrowes, as the Sea of sands,

To beare me company, and goe with me:

If not, to hide what I haue said to thee,

That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pittie much your grieuances,
Which, since I know they vertuously are plac'd,

I giue consent to goe along with you,

Wreaking as little what betideth me,

As much, I wish all good befortune you.

When will you goe?

Sil. This euening comming.

Eg. Where shall I meete you?

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

Eg. I will not faile your Ladiship:

Good morrow (gentle Lady.)

Sil. Good morrow, kinde Sir *Eglamore*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Launce, Protheus, Iulia, Siluia.

La. 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 pre-
sent to Mistris *Silvia*, from my Master; and I came no
sooner into the dyning-chamber, but he steps me to her
Trencher, and steales her Capons-leg: O, 'tis a foule
thing, when a Cur cannot keepe himselfe in all compa-
nies: I would haue (as one should say) one that takes vp-
on him to be a dog indeede, to be, as it were, a dog at all
things. If I had not had more wit then he, to take a fault
vpon me that he did, I thinke verily hee had bin hang'd
for't: sure as I liue he had suffer'd for't: you shall iudge:
Hee thrusts me himselfe into the company of three or
foure gentleman-like-dogs, vnder the Dukes table: hee
had not bin there (blessed 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 ac-
quainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and
goes me to the fellow that whips the dogges: friend
(quoth I) you meane to whip the dog: I marry doe I
(quoth he) you doe him the more wrong (quoth I) 'twas
I did the thing you wot of: he makes me no more adoe,
but whips me out of the chamber: how many Masters
would doe this for his Seruant? nay, ile be sworne I haue
sat in the stockes, for puddings he hath stolne, otherwise
he had bin executed: I haue stood on the Pillorie for
Geese he hath kil'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't: thou
thinkest not of this now: nay, I remember the tricke you
seru'd me, when I tooke my leaue of Madam *Silvia*: did

not

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 trick?

Pro. Sebastian is thy name: I like thee well, And will imploy thee in some seruice presently.

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

Pro. I hope thou wilt.
How now you whor-son pezant,
Where haue you bin these two dayes loytering?

La. Marry Sir, I carried Mistris *Silvia* the dogge you bad me.

Pro. And what saies she to my little Iewell?

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

Pro. But she receiue'd my dog?

La. No indeede did she not:

Here haue I brought him backe againe.

Pro. What, did'st thou offer her this from me?

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

Pro. Goe, get thee hence, and finde my dog againe, Or nere returne againe into my sight.

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

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

Sebastian, I haue entertained thee,
Partly that I haue neede of such a youth,
That can with some discretion doe my businesse:

For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish Lowt;

But chiefly, for thy face, and thy behauiour,

Which (if my Augury deceiue me not)

Witnesse good bringing vp, fortune, and truth:

Therefore know thee, for this I entertaine thee.

Go presently, and take this Ring with thee,

Deliuier it to Madam *Silvia*;

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

Lu. It seemes you lou'd not her, not leaue her token:
She is dead belike?

Pro. Not so: I thinke she liues.

Lu. Alas.

Pro. Why do'st thou cry alas?

Lu. I cannot choose but pittie her.

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pittie her?

Lu. Because, me thinkes that she lou'd you as well
As you doe loue your Lady *Silvia*:

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.

Pro. Well: giue her that Ring, and therewithall

This Letter: that's her chamber: Tell my Lady,

I claime the promise for her heauenly Picture:

Your message done, hye home vnto my chamber,

Where thou shalt finde me sad, and solitarie.

Lu. 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 haue refus'd;

To praise his faith, which I would haue disprais'd.

I am my Masters true confirmed Loue,

But cannot be true seruant to my Master,

Vnlesse I proue false traitor to my selfe.

Yet will I woe for him, but yet so coldly,

As (heauen it knowes) I would not haue him speed.

Gentlewoman, good day: I pray you be my meane

To bring me where to speake with Madam *Silvia*.

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

Lu. If you be she, I doe intreat your patience

To heare me speake the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Lu. From my Master, Sir *Protheus*, Madam.

Sil. Oh: he sends you for a Picture?

Lu. I, Madam.

Sil. *Vrsula*, bring my Picture there,

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

One *Julia*, that his changing thoughts forget

Would better sit his Chamber, then this Shadow.

Lu. Madam, please you peruse this Letter;

Pardon me (Madam) I haue vnaduis'd

Deliuier'd you a paper that I should not;

This is the Letter to your Ladiship.

Sil. I pray thee let me looke on that againe.

Lu. It may not be: good Madam pardon me.

Sil. There, hold:

I will not looke vpon your Masters lines:

I know they are stuf't with protestations,

And full of new-found oathes, which he will breake

As easily as I doe teare his paper.

Lu. Madam, he sends your Ladiship this Ring.

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

For I haue heard him say a thousand times,

His *Julia* gaue it him, at his departure:

Though his false finger haue prophan'd the Ring,

Mine shall not doe his *Julia* so much wrong.

Lu. She thanks you.

Sil. What said'st thou?

Lu. I thanke you Madam, that you tender her:

Poore Gentlewoman, my Master wrongs her much.

Sil. Do'st thou know her?

Lu. Almost as well as I doe know my selfe.

To thinke vpon her woes, I doe protest

That I haue wept a hundred seuerall times.

Sil. Belike she thinks that *Protheus* hath forsook her?

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

Sil. Is she not passing faire?

Lu. She hath bin fairer (Madam) then she is;

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

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

But since she did neglect her looking-glasse,

And threw her Sun-expelling Masque away,

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

And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face,

That now she is become as blacke as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Lu. About my stature: for at *Pentecost*,

When all our Pageants of delight were plaid,

Our youth got me to play the womans part,

And I was trim'd in Madam *Julias* gowne,

Which 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 *Theseus* periury, and vniust flight;
Which I so liuely acted with my teares:
That my poore Mistris moued therewithall,
Wept bitterly: and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

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

Int. And she shall thanke you for't, if ere you know
A vertuous gentlewoman, milde, and beautifull. (her.
I hope my Masters suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my Mistris 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,
He get me such a coulour'd Perrywig:
Her eyes are grey as glasse, and so are mine:
I, but her fore-head's low, and mine's as high:
What should it be that he respects in her,
But I can make respectiue in my selfe?
If this fond Loue, were not a blinded god.
Come shadow, come, and take this shadow vp,
For 'tis thy riual: O thou sencelesse forme,
Thou shalt be worship'd, kifs'd, lou'd, and ador'd;
And were there sence in his Idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
He vse thee kindly, for thy Mistris sake
That vs'd me so: or else by *Ioue*, I vow,
I should haue scratch'd out your vnseeing eyes,
To make my Master out of loue with thee. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Eglamour, Siluia.

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

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

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

Scena Secunda.

Enter Thurio, Protheus, Iulia, Duke.

Th. Sir *Protheus*, what saies *Silvia* to my suit?

Pro. Oh Sir, I finde her milder then she was,
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What? that my leg is too long?

Pro. No, that it is too little. (der.

Thu. He weare a Boote, to make it somewhat roun-

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

Thu. What saies she to my face?

Pro. She saies it is a faire one.

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

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

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

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talke of war.

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

Iul. But better indeede, when you hold you peace.

Thu. What sayes she to my valour?

Pro. Oh Sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Iul. She needes not, when she knowes it cowardize.

Thu. What saies she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriu'd.

Iul. True: from a Gentleman, to a foole.

Thu. Considers she my Possessions?

Pro. Oh, I: and pitties them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Iul. That such an Ass should owe them.

Pro. That they are out by Lease.

Iul. Here comes the Duke.

Du. How now sir *Protheus*; how now *Thurio*?

Which of you saw *Eglamour* of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Du. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Du. Why then

She's fled vnto that pezzant, *Valentine*;

And *Eglamour* is in her Company:

'Tis true: for Frier *Laurence* met them both

As he, in pennance wander'd through the Forrest:

Him he knew well: and guesd that it was she,

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

Besides she did intend Confession

At *Patrick's* Cell this euen, and there she was not.

These likelihoods confirme her flight from hence;

Therefore I pray you stand, not to discourse,

But mount you presently, and meete with me

Vpon the rising of the Mountaine foote

That leads toward *Mantua*, whether they are fled:

Dispatch (sweet Gentlemen) and follow me.

Thu. Why this it is, to be a peeuish Girle,

That flies her fortune when it followes her:

He after; more to be reueng'd on *Eglamour*,

Then for the loue of reck-lesse *Silvia*.

Pro. And I will follow, more for *Silvia's* loue

Then hate of *Eglamour* that goes with her.

Iul. And I will follow, more to crosse that loue

Then hate for *Silvia*, that is gone for loue. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Silvia, One-Lanes.

I. Out. Come, come be patient:

We

We must bring you to our Captaine.

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

2 Ont. Come, bring her away.

1 Ont. Where is the Gentleman that was with her?

3 Ont. Being nimble footed, he hath out-run vs.

But *Moyser* and *Valerius* follow him:

Goe thou with her to the West end of the wood,
There is our Captaine: Wee'll follow him that's fled,
The Thicket is beset, he cannot scape.

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

Sil. O *Valentine*: this I endure for thee.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Valentine, Protheus, Siluia, Iulia, Duke, Thurio,
Out-laves.*

Val. How vse doth breed a habit in a man?
This shadowy desert, vnfrequented woods
I better brooke then flourishing peopled Townes:
Here can I sit alone, vn-seene of any,
And to the Nightingales complaining Notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leaue not the Mansion so long Tenantlesse,
Lest growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leaue no memory of what it was,
Repaire me, with thy presence, *Silvia*:
Thou gentle Nymph, cherish thy for-lottie swaine.
What hallowing, and what stir is this to day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their Law,
Haue some unhappy passenger in chace;
They loue me well: yet I haue much to doe
To keepe them from vnciuill outrages.
Withdraw thee *Valentine*: who's this comes heere?

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

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

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am,

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

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

Iul. And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

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

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death
Would I not vndergoe, for one calme looke:
Oh 'tis the curse in Loue, and still approu'd

When women cannot loue, where they're belou'd.

Sil. When *Protheus* cannot loue, where he's belou'd:

Read ouer *Iulia's* heart, (thy first best Loue)
For whose deare sake, thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oathes; and all those oathes,
Descended into periury, to loue me,
Thou hast no faith left now, vnlesse thou'dst two,
And that's farre worse then none: better haue none
Then plurall faith, which is too much by one:
Thou Counterseyt, to thy true friend.

Pro. In Loue,
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but *Protheus*.

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

Sil. Oh heauen,

Pro. He forc'd thee yeeld to my desire.

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

Pro. Valentine.

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

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

Val. Then I am paid:

And once againe, I doe receiue thee honest;
Who by Repentance is not satisfied,
Is not 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 *Silvia*, I giue thee.

Iul. Oh me unhappy.

Pro. Looke to the Boy.

Val. Why, Boy?

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

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

Pro. Where is that ring? boy?

Iul. Heere 'tis: this is it.

Pro. How? let me see.

Why this is the ring I gaue to *Iulia*.

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

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

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

Pro. How? *Iulia*?

Iul. Behold her, that gaue ayme to all thy oathes,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart.
How oft hast thou with periury cleft the roote?
Oh *Protheus*, let this habit make thee blush.

Be thou asham'd that I haue tooke vpon me,
Such an immodest rayment; if shame liue
In a disguise of loue?
It is the lesser blot modesty findes,
Women to change their shapes, then men their minds.

Pro. Then men their minds? is true: oh heuen, were man
But Constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults: makes him run through all th' sins;
Inconstancy falls-off, ere it begins:

What is in *Silvia's* face, but I may spie
More fresh in *Iulia's*, with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come: a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close:

'Twere pittie two such friends should be long foes.

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

Iul. And I mine.

Out-l. A prize: a prize: a prize.

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

Duke. Sir *Valentine*?

Thu. Yonder is *Silvia*: and *Silvia's* mine.

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

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

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou
To make such meanes for her, as thou hast done,
And leaue her on such slight conditions.

Now, by the honor of my Ancestry,
I doe applaud thy spirit, *Valentine*,
And thinke thee worthy of an Empresse loue:
Know then, I heere forget all former greefes,
Cancell all grudge, repeale thee home againe,
Plead a new state in thy vn-riual'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir *Valentine*,
Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriu'd,
Take thou thy *Silvia*, for thou hast deseru'd her.

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

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

Val. These banish'd men, that I haue kept withall,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:

Forgiue them what they haue committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their Exile:

They are reformed, ciuill, full of good,
And fit for great employment (worthy Lord.)

Duke. Thou hast preuaild, I pardon them and thee:
Dispose of them, as thou knowst their deserts.

Come, let vs goe, we will include all iarres,
With Triumphes, Mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And as we walke along, I dare be bold
With our discourse, to make your Grace to smile.

What thinke you of this Page (my Lord?)

Duke. I thinke the Boy hath grace in him, he blushes.

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

Duke. What meane you by that saying?

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

That you will wonder what hath 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.*

The names of all the Actors.

Duke: Father to *Silvia*.

Valentine. } the two Gentlemen.

Protheus. }

Anthonio: father to *Protheus*.

Thurio: a foolish riuall to *Valentine*.

Eglamore: Agent for *Silvia* in her escape.

Host: where *Iulia* lodges.

Out-laws with *Valentine*.

Speed: a clownish seruant to *Valentine*.

Launce: the like to *Protheus*.

Panthion: seruant to *Antonio*.

Iulia: beloued of *Protheus*.

Silvia: beloued of *Valentine*.

Lucetta: waighing woman to *Iulia*.

FINIS.

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