

Back Room Shakespeare Project
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ACT I

SCENE I. Verona. An open place.

Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS

VALENTINE

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

PROTEUS

Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel.
Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee.

VALENTINE

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

PROTEUS

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

VALENTINE

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

PROTEUS

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

VALENTINE

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

PROTEUS

What?

VALENTINE

To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:

PROTEUS

So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

VALENTINE

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

PROTEUS

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

VALENTINE

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

PROTEUS

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

VALENTINE

And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly--
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu! my father at the road
Expects my coming:
To Milan let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And likewise will visit thee with mine.

PROTEUS

All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

VALENTINE

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

Exit

PROTEUS

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

Enter SPEED

SPEED

Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master?

PROTEUS

But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

SPEED

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

PROTEUS

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

SPEED

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

PROTEUS

I do.

SPEED

Nay,

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

PROTEUS

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

SPEED

Such another proof will make me cry 'baa.'

PROTEUS

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

SPEED

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

PROTEUS

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

SPEED

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

PROTEUS

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

SPEED

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

PROTEUS

Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

SPEED

And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

PROTEUS

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

SPEED

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

PROTEUS

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

SPEED

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

PROTEUS

Why, couldst thou perceive so much from her?

SPEED

Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. She's as hard as steel.

PROTEUS

What said she? nothing?

SPEED

No, not so much as 'Take this for thy pains.'
Whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

PROTEUS

Go, go, be gone.

Exit SPEED

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

Exit

SCENE II. Garden of JULIA's house.

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA

JULIA

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

LUCETTA

Ay, madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

JULIA

Of all the fair resort of gentlemen
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

LUCETTA

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

JULIA

What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

LUCETTA

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

JULIA

What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

LUCETTA

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

JULIA

What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

LUCETTA

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

JULIA

How now! what means this passion at his name?

LUCETTA

Pardon, dear madam: 'tis a passing shame
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.
Then thus: of many good I think him best.

JULIA

Your reason?

LUCETTA

I think him so because I think him so.

JULIA

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

LUCETTA

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

JULIA

His little speaking shows his love but small.

LUCETTA

Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.

JULIA

I would I knew his mind.

LUCETTA

Peruse this paper, madam.

JULIA

'To Julia.' Say, from whom?

LUCETTA

Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.

He would have given it you; but I, being in the way,

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

JULIA

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

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

Or else return no more into my sight.

LUCETTA

To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

JULIA

Will ye be gone?

LUCETTA

That you may ruminat.

Exit

JULIA

And yet I would I had o'erlooked the letter:

What a fool **is she**, that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view!

Since maids, in modesty, say 'no' to that

Which they would have the profferer construe 'ay.'

Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love

How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,

When willingly I would have had her here!

How angerly I taught my brow to frown,

When inward joy enforced my heart to smile!

My penance is to call Lucetta back

And ask remission for my folly past.

What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA

LUCETTA

What would your ladyship?

JULIA

Is't near dinner-time?

LUCETTA

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

JULIA

What is't that you took up so gingerly?

LUCETTA

Nothing.

JULIA

Why didst thou stoop, then?

LUCETTA

To take a paper up that I let fall.

JULIA

And is that paper nothing?

LUCETTA

Nothing concerning me.

JULIA

Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

LUCETTA

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

JULIA

Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

LUCETTA

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

JULIA

And why not you?

LUCETTA

I cannot reach so high.

JULIA

You can not?

LUCETTA

No, madam; it is too sharp.

JULIA

You, minion, are too saucy.

LUCETTA

Nay, now you are too flat
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

JULIA

The mean is drown'd with your unruly bass.

LUCETTA

Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.

JULIA

Here is a coil with protestation!

Tears the letter

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

LUCETTA

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

Exit

JULIA

Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
~~Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey~~
~~And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!~~
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ 'kind Julia.' Unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
And here is writ 'love-wounded Proteus.'
Poor wounded name! my bosom as a bed
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;
~~And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.~~
~~But twice or thrice was 'Proteus' written down.~~
~~Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away~~
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,
'Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia:' that I'll tear away.
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names.
Thus will I fold them one on another:
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA

LUCETTA

Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.

JULIA

Well, let us go.

LUCETTA

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

JULIA

If you respect them, best to take them up.

LUCETTA

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

Exeunt

SCENE III. The same. ANTONIO's house.

Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO

ANTONIO

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

PANTHINO

'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

ANTONIO

Why, what of him?

PANTHINO

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

ANTONIO

I have consider'd well his loss of time
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
Then tell me, whither were I best to send him?

PANTHINO

I think your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.
'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:

ANTONIO

I like thy counsel; well hast thou advised:
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

PANTHINO

To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor

ANTONIO

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

Enter PROTEUS

PROTEUS

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

ANTONIO

How now! what letter are you reading there?

PROTEUS

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

ANTONIO

Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

PROTEUS

There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives,
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

ANTONIO

And how stand you affected to his wish?

PROTEUS

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

ANTONIO

My will is something sorted with his wish.
I am resolved that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentine in the emperor's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.

To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

PROTEUS

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

ANTONIO

No more of stay! to-morrow thou must go.
Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.

Exeunt ANTONIO and PANTHINO

PROTEUS

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

Exeunt

ACT II

SCENE I. Milan. The DUKE's palace.

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED

SPEED

Sir, your glove.

VALENTINE

Not mine; my gloves are on.

SPEED

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

VALENTINE

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

SPEED

Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!

VALENTINE

How now, sirrah?

SPEED

She is not within hearing, sir.

VALENTINE

Why, sir, who bade you call her?

SPEED

Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

VALENTINE

Well, you'll still be too forward.

SPEED

And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

VALENTINE

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

SPEED

She that your worship loves?

VALENTINE

Why, how know you that I am in love?

SPEED

Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms, like a malcontent; to sigh, like a school-boy; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandma. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

VALENTINE

Are all these things perceived in me?

SPEED

They are all perceived without ye.

VALENTINE

But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

SPEED

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

VALENTINE

Hast thou observed that? even she, I mean.

SPEED

Why, sir, I know her not.

VALENTINE

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

SPEED

Is she not hard-favoured, sir?

VALENTINE

Not so fair, boy, as well-favoured.

SPEED

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

VALENTINE

How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.

SPEED

You never saw her since she was deformed.

VALENTINE

How long hath she been deformed?

SPEED

Ever since you loved her.

VALENTINE

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

SPEED

If you love her, you cannot see her.

VALENTINE

Why?

SPEED

Because Love is blind.

VALENTINE

What should I see then?

SPEED

Your own present folly and her passing deformity:

VALENTINE

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

SPEED

True, sir; I was in love with my bed.

VALENTINE

In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

SPEED

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

VALENTINE

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

SPEED

And have you?

VALENTINE

I have.

SPEED

Are they not lamely writ?

VALENTINE

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

Enter SILVIA

VALENTINE

Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrrows.

SILVIA

Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

VALENTINE

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

SILVIA

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

VALENTINE

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

SILVIA

Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

VALENTINE

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

SILVIA

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

SPEED

[Aside] And yet you will.

VALENTINE

What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

SILVIA

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

VALENTINE

Madam, they are for you.

SILVIA

Ay, ay: you writ them, sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you.

VALENTINE

Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

SILVIA

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

VALENTINE

If it please me, madam, what then?

SILVIA

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

Exit

SPEED

O jest unseen, invisible, as a nose on a man's face,
or a weathercock on a steeple!

My master sues to her, and she hath
taught her suitor, to become her tutor.

O excellent device! was there ever heard a better,
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write
the letter?

VALENTINE

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

SPEED

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

VALENTINE

To do what?

SPEED

To be a spokesman for Madam Silvia.

VALENTINE

To whom?

SPEED

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

VALENTINE

What figure?

SPEED

By a letter, I should say.

VALENTINE

Why, she hath not writ to me?

SPEED

What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself?

VALENTINE

No, believe me.

SPEED

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

VALENTINE

She gave me none, except an angry word.

SPEED

Why, she hath given you a letter.

VALENTINE

That's the letter I writ to her friend.

SPEED

And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end. Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

Exeunt

SCENE II. Verona. JULIA'S house.

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA

PROTEUS

Have patience, gentle Julia.

JULIA

I must, where is no remedy.

PROTEUS

When possibly I can, I will return.

JULIA

If you turn not, you will return the sooner. Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

Giving a ring

PROTEUS

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

JULIA

And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

PROTEUS

Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not;
Julia, farewell!

Exeunt

SCENE III. The same. A street.

Enter LAUNCE, leading a dog

LAUNCE

Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping;
all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I
have received my proportion, like the prodigious
son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's
court. I think Crab, my dog, be the sourest-natured
dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father
wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat
wringing her hands, and all our house in a great
perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed
one tear: he is a stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog--

Enter PANTHINO

PANTHINO

Launce, away, away, aboard! thy master is shipped
What's the matter? why weepest thou, man? Away, ass! You'll
lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

LAUNCE

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

PANTHINO

What's the unkindest tide?

LAUNCE

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

PANTHINO

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

LAUNCE

For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

PANTHINO

Where should I lose my tongue?

LAUNCE

In thy tale.

PANTHINO

In thy tail!

LAUNCE

Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied! Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears;

PANTHINO

Come, come away, man. Wilt thou go?

LAUNCE

Well, I will go.

Exeunt

SCENE IV. Milan. The DUKE's palace.

Enter SILVIA, VALENTINE, THURIO, and SPEED

SILVIA

Servant!

VALENTINE

Mistress?

SPEED

Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

VALENTINE

Ay, boy, it's for love.

SPEED

Not of you.

VALENTINE

Of my mistress, then.

SPEED

'Twere good you knocked him.

Exit

SILVIA

Servant, you are sad.

VALENTINE

Indeed, madam, I seem so.

THURIO

Seem you that you are not?

VALENTINE

Haply I do.

THURIO

So do counterfeits.

VALENTINE

So do you.

THURIO

What seem I that I am not?

VALENTINE

Wise.

THURIO

What instance of the contrary?

VALENTINE

Your folly.

THURIO

And how quote you my folly?

VALENTINE

I quote it in your jerkin.

THURIO

My jerkin is a doublet.

VALENTINE

Well, then, I'll double your folly.

SILVIA

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

VALENTINE

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

THURIO

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

SILVIA

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

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

Enter DUKE

DUKE

Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.

Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:

What say you to a letter from your friends

Of much good news?

VALENTINE

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

DUKE

Know ye a Proteus, your countryman?

VALENTINE

I know him as myself; for from our infancy
We have conversed and spent our hours together:
He is complete in feature and in mind
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

DUKE

Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me,
And here he means to spend his time awhile:

VALENTINE

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

DUKE

Welcome him then according to his worth.
I will send him hither to you presently.

Exit Duke and Thurio

VALENTINE

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

SILVIA

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

VALENTINE

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

SILVIA

Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Enter PROTEUS

VALENTINE

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

SILVIA

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

VALENTINE

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

SILVIA

Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

PROTEUS

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

VALENTINE

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

PROTEUS

My duty will I boast of; nothing else.

SILVIA

Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

PROTEUS

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

SILVIA

That you are welcome?

PROTEUS

That you are worthless.

SILVIA

Come,

I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

PROTEUS

We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

Exeunt SILVIA

VALENTINE

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

PROTEUS

Your friends are well and have them much commended.

VALENTINE

And how do yours?

PROTEUS

I left them all in health.

VALENTINE

How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

PROTEUS

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

VALENTINE

Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:
For in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.

O gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord,
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
Now no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

PROTEUS

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

VALENTINE

Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

PROTEUS

No; but she is an earthly paragon.

VALENTINE

Call her divine.

PROTEUS

I will not flatter her.

VALENTINE

O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.

PROTEUS

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

VALENTINE

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

PROTEUS

Except my mistress.

Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

VALENTINE

And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour--
To bear my lady's train.

PROTEUS

Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

VALENTINE

Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing
To her whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
My foolish rival, that her father likes
Only for his possessions are so huge,

Is gone with her along, and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

PROTEUS

But she loves you?

VALENTINE

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

PROTEUS

Go on before; I'll presently attend you.

VALENTINE

Will you make haste?

PROTEUS

I will.

Exit VALENTINE

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine, or Valentine's praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me reasonless to reason thus?
She is fair; and so is Julia that I love--
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont.
O, but I love his lady too too much,
And that's the reason I love him so little.
If I can cheque my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.

Exit

SCENE V. The same. A street.

Enter SPEED and LAUNCE severally

SPEED

Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan!

LAUNCE

Forswear not thyself, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this always, that a man is never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid and the hostess say 'Welcome!'

SPEED

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

LAUNCE

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

SPEED

But shall she marry him?

LAUNCE

No.

SPEED

How then? shall he marry her?

LAUNCE

No, neither.

SPEED

What, are they broken?

LAUNCE

No, they are both as whole as a fish.

SPEED

Why, then, how stands the matter with them?

LAUNCE

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

SPEED

What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

LAUNCE

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

SPEED

What thou sayest?

LAUNCE

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

SPEED

It stands under thee, indeed.

LAUNCE

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

SPEED

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

LAUNCE

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

SPEED

The conclusion is then that it will.

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

LAUNCE

Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself
in love. If thou wilt, go with me to the alehouse;

SPEED

At thy service.

Exeunt

SCENE VI. The same. The DUKE'S palace.

Enter PROTEUS

PROTEUS

To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
Love bade me swear and Love bids me forswear.
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken,
And he wants wit that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad;
Julia I lose and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss
For Valentine myself, for Julia Silvia.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembering that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.

I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery
This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window,
Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising and pretended flight;
Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine;
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter;
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross
By some sly trick blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift!

Exit

SCENE VII. Verona. JULIA'S house.

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA

JULIA

Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me;
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

LUCETTA

Alas, the way is wearisome and long!

JULIA

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

LUCETTA

Better forbear till Proteus make return.

JULIA

O, know'st thou not his looks are my soul's food?

LUCETTA

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

JULIA

The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.
Then let me go and hinder not my course
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream
Till the last step have brought me to my love;

LUCETTA

But in what habit will you go along?

JULIA

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

LUCETTA

Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.

JULIA

No, girl, I'll knit it up in silken strings

LUCETTA

What fashion, madam shall I make your breeches?
You must needs have them with a codpiece, madam.

JULIA

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

LUCETTA

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

JULIA

Let me have

What thou thinkest meet and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unsta'd a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandalized.

LUCETTA

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

JULIA

Nay, that I will not.

LUCETTA

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

JULIA

A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

LUCETTA

All these are servants to deceitful men.

JULIA

But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

LUCETTA

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

JULIA

Now, as thou lovest me, do him not that wrong
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
Come, answer not, but to it presently!

Exeunt

ACT III**SCENE I. Milan. The DUKE's palace.**

Enter DUKE, and PROTEUS

DUKE

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

PROTEUS

My gracious lord, that which I would discover
The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter:
I know you have determined to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

DUKE

Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply when they have judged me fast asleep,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

PROTEUS

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

DUKE

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

PROTEUS

Adieu, my Lord; Sir Valentine is coming.

Exit

Enter VALENTINE

DUKE

Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

VALENTINE

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

DUKE

Be they of much import?

VALENTINE

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

DUKE

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

VALENTINE

I know it well, my Lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable
Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?

DUKE

No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Neither regarding that she is my child
Nor fearing me as if I were her father;
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,

Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolved to take a wife
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;

VALENTINE

What would your Grace have me to do in this?

DUKE

There is a lady in Verona here
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor
How and which way I may bestow myself
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

VALENTINE

Win her with gifts, if she respect not words:

DUKE

But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

VALENTINE

Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.

DUKE

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

VALENTINE

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

DUKE

Ay, but the doors be lock'd and keys kept safe,

VALENTINE

What lets but one may enter at her window?

DUKE

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

VALENTINE

Why then, a ladder quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,

DUKE

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

VALENTINE

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

DUKE

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

VALENTINE

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

DUKE

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

VALENTINE

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

DUKE

A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

VALENTINE

Ay, my good lord.

DUKE

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

VALENTINE

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

DUKE

How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.

(Takes Valentine's cloak, finds letter and corded ladder)

What letter is this same? What's here? 'To Silvia!'

And here an engine fit for my proceeding.

Reads

*'My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest'*

What's here?

'Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.'

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.

Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?

Go, base intruder! overweening slave!

Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,

And if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven! my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter or thyself.
Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But, as thou lovest thy life, make speed from hence.

Exit

VALENTINE

And why not death rather than living torment?
To die is to be banish'd from myself;
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her
Is self from self: a deadly banishment!
Tarry I here, I but attend on death:
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS

PROTEUS

Valentine?

VALENTINE

No.

PROTEUS

Who then? his spirit?

VALENTINE

Neither.

PROTEUS

What then?

VALENTINE

Nothing.

PROTEUS

Friend Valentine, a word.

VALENTINE

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

PROTEUS

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

VALENTINE

Is Silvia dead?

PROTEUS

No, Valentine.

VALENTINE

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

PROTEUS

No, Valentine.

VALENTINE

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

PROTEUS

That thou art banished from hence,
from Silvia and from me thy friend.

VALENTINE

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

PROTEUS

Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom--
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chafed him so,
That to close prison he commanded her,

VALENTINE

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

PROTEUS

Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate;
As thou lovest Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me!

VALENTINE

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

PROTEUS

Come, Valentine.

VALENTINE

O my dear Silvia! Hapless Valentine!

Exeunt VALENTINE and PROTEUS

LAUNCE

I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave: He lives not now that knows me to be in love; yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milkmaid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips; yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid,

Pulling out a paper

Here is the cate-log of her condition.

'Item: She can milk;' look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED

SPEED

How now, Signior Launce! What news, then, in your paper?

LAUNCE

The blackest news that ever thou heardest.

SPEED

Why, man, how black?

LAUNCE

Why, as black as ink.

SPEED

Let me read them.

LAUNCE

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

SPEED

Thou liest; I can.

LAUNCE

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

SPEED

Marry, the son of my grandfather.

LAUNCE

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

SPEED

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

LAUNCE

There; and St. Nicholas be thy speed!

SPEED

[Reads] 'Item: She can milk.'

LAUNCE

Ay, that she can.

SPEED

'Item: She brews good ale.'

LAUNCE

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

SPEED

'Here follow her vices.'

LAUNCE

Close at the heels of her virtues.

SPEED

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

LAUNCE

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

SPEED

'Item: She hath a sweet mouth.'

LAUNCE

That makes amends for her sour breath.

SPEED

'Item: She is slow in words.'

LAUNCE

O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue

SPEED

'Item: She hath no teeth.'

LAUNCE

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

SPEED

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

LAUNCE

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

Well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,--

SPEED

What then?

LAUNCE

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

SPEED

And must I go to him?

LAUNCE

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

SPEED

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

Exit

LAUNCE

Now will he be swunged for reading my letter; I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction.

Exit

SCENE II. The same. The DUKE's palace.

Enter DUKE and THURIO

DUKE

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

THURIO

Since his exile she hath despised me most, Forsworn my company and rail'd at me,

DUKE

A little time will melt her frozen thoughts And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.

Enter PROTEUS

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

PROTEUS

Gone, my good lord.

DUKE

My daughter takes his going grievously.

PROTEUS

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

DUKE

So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.

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

PROTEUS

I do, my lord.

DUKE

What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine and love Sir Thurio?

PROTEUS

The best way is to slander Valentine.

DUKE

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

PROTEUS

Ay, if his enemy deliver it:

Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

DUKE

Then you must undertake to slander him.

PROTEUS

And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do:

'Tis an ill office for a gentleman,
Especially against his very friend.

DUKE

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

PROTEUS

You have prevail'd, my lord;
But say this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.

THURIO

Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
You must provide to bottom it on me;
Which must be done by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

DUKE

And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already Love's firm votary
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
Where you may temper her by your persuasion
To hate young Valentine and love my friend.

PROTEUS

As much as I can do, I will effect:
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime to tangle her desires
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet concert;
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

DUKE

This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

THURIO

And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music.

DUKE

About it, gentlemen!

Exeunt

ACT IV

SCENE I. The frontiers of Mantua. A forest.

Enter certain Outlaws

First Outlaw

Fellow, stand fast; I see a passenger.

Second Outlaw

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

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED

First Outlaw

Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye:
If not: we'll make you sit and rifle you.

SPEED

Sir, we are undone; these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.

VALENTINE

My friends,--

Second Outlaw

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

First Outlaw

Peace! we'll hear him.

Ay, by my beard, will we, for he's a proper man.

VALENTINE

Then know that I have little wealth to lose:

A man I am cross'd with adversity;

My riches are these poor habiliments,

Of which if you should here disfurnish me,

You take the sum and substance that I have.

First Outlaw

Whither travel you?

VALENTINE

To Verona.

Second Outlaw

Whence came you?

VALENTINE

From Milan.

First Outlaw

Have you long sojourned there?

VALENTINE

Some sixteen months, and longer might have stay'd,

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

Second Outlaw

What, were you banish'd thence?

VALENTINE

I was.

Second Outlaw

For what offence?

VALENTINE

For that which now torments me to rehearse:

I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;

But yet I slew him manfully in fight,

Without false vantage or base treachery.

Second Outlaw

Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.

But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

VALENTINE

I was.

First Outlaw

By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction!
We'll have him. Sirs, a word.

SPEED

Master, be one of them; it's an honourable kind of thievery.

First Outlaw

Tell us this: have you any thing to take to?

VALENTINE

Nothing.

First Outlaw

Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
Myself was from Verona banished
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

Second Outlaw

And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

First Outlaw

And I for such like petty crimes as these,
But to the purpose--for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives;
And partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape
As we do in our quality much want--

Second Outlaw

Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

First Outlaw

Say ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage and be ruled by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king.

Second Outlaw

But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

VALENTINE

I take your offer and will live with you,
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women or poor passengers.

First Outlaw

No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And show thee all the treasure we have got,
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

Exeunt

SCENE II. Milan. Outside the DUKE's palace, under SILVIA's chamber.

Enter PROTEUS

PROTEUS

Already have I been false to Valentine
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer:
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved:
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio

Enter THURIO and Musicians

THURIO

How now, Sir Proteus, are you crept before us?
I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter, at a distance, Host, and JULIA in boy's clothes

HOST

Now, my young guest, I'll bring you where
you shall hear music and see the gentleman that you asked for.

JULIA

But shall I hear him speak?

HOST

Ay, that you shall.

Music plays

HOST

Hark, hark!

JULIA

Is he among these?

HOST

Ay: but, peace! let's hear 'em.

SONG.

HOST

How now! are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.

JULIA

You mistake; the musician likes me not.

HOST

Why, my pretty youth?

JULIA

He plays false, father.

I would I were deaf; it makes me have a slow heart.

But, host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on

Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

HOST

I tell you what Launce, his man, told me: he loved her out of all nick.

JULIA

Where is Launce?

HOST

Gone to seek his dog; which tomorrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

JULIA

Peace! stand aside: the company parts.

PROTEUS

Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

THURIO

Where meet we?

PROTEUS

At Saint Gregory's well.

THURIO

Farewell.

Exeunt THURIO and Musicians

Enter SILVIA above

PROTEUS

Madam, good even to your ladyship.

SILVIA

I thank you for your music, gentlemen.

Who is that that spake?

PROTEUS

One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

SILVIA

Sir Proteus, as I take it.

What's your will?

PROTEUS

That I may compass yours.

SILVIA

You have your wish; my will is even this:
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceived so many with thy vows?
I am so far from granting thy request
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit,

PROTEUS

I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.

JULIA

[Aside] 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not buried.

SILVIA

Say that she be; yet Valentine thy friend
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd:

PROTEUS

I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

SILVIA

And so suppose am I; for in his grave
Assure thyself my love is buried.

PROTEUS

Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:

SILVIA

I am very loath to be your idol, sir;
But since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning and I'll send it:

PROTEUS

As wretches have o'ernight
That wait for execution in the morn.

Exeunt PROTEUS and SILVIA severally

JULIA

Host, will you go?

HOST

By my halidom, I was fast asleep. I think 'tis almost day.

JULIA

Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd.

Exeunt

SCENE III. The same.

Enter EGLAMOUR

EGLAMOUR

This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call and know her mind:
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.
Madam, madam!

Enter SILVIA above

SILVIA

Who calls?

EGLAMOUR

Your servant and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

SILVIA

Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

EGLAMOUR

As many, worthy lady, to yourself:
I am thus early come to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

SILVIA

O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman--
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd:
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine,
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Bear me company and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

EGLAMOUR

Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are placed,
I give consent to go along with you,
When will you go?

SILVIA

This evening coming.

EGLAMOUR

Where shall I meet you?

SILVIA

At Friar Patrick's cell,

EGLAMOUR

I will not fail your ladyship. Good morrow, gentle lady.

Exeunt severally

SCENE IV. The same.

Enter LAUNCE, with his Dog

LAUNCE

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him,
look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a
puppy; one that I saved from drowning,
I have taught him, even as one would say precisely,
'thus I would teach a dog.' I was sent to deliver
him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master;
and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber but he
steps me to her trencher and steals her capon's leg:
he had not been there--bless the mark!--a pissing while, but
all the chamber smelt him. 'Out with the dog!' says
one: 'What cur is that?' says another: 'Whip him
out' says the third: I, having been acquainted with the smell before,
knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that
whips the dogs: 'Friend,' quoth I, 'you mean to whip
the dog?' 'Ay, marry, do I,' quoth he. 'You do him
the more wrong,' quoth I; 'twas I did the thing you
wot of.' He makes me no more ado, but whips me out
of the chamber. How many masters would do this for
his servant? I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen,
otherwise he had been executed.

Thou thinkest not of this now. Nay, I remember the
trick you served me when I took my leave of Madam
Silvia: did not I bid thee still mark me and do as I
do?-when didst thou see me heave up my leg and make
water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst
thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA

PROTEUS

Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well
And will employ thee in some service presently.

JULIA

In what you please: I'll do what I can.

To LAUNCE

PROTEUS

How now, you whoreson peasant!
Where have you been these two days loitering?

LAUNCE

Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.
She says your dog was a cur, and tells you
currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

PROTEUS

But she received my dog?

LAUNCE

No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.

PROTEUS

What, didst thou offer her this from me?

LAUNCE

Ay, sir: the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman boys in the market-place: and then I offered her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

PROTEUS

Go get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Exit LAUNCE

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly that I have need of such a youth
That can with some discretion do my business,
But chiefly for thy face and thy behavior,
Which, if my augury deceive me not,
Witness good bringing up, fortune and truth:
Go presently and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to Madam Silvia:
She loved me well deliver'd it to me.

JULIA

It seems you loved not her, to leave her token.
She is dead, belike?

PROTEUS

Not so; I think she lives.

JULIA

Alas!

PROTEUS

Why dost thou cry 'alas'?

JULIA

I cannot choose but pity her.

PROTEUS

Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

JULIA

Because methinks that she loved you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams of him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
And thinking of it makes me cry 'alas!'

PROTEUS

Well, give her that ring and therewithal
This letter. That's her chamber. Tell my lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary.

Exit

JULIA

How many women would do such a message?
Because I love him I must pity him.
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
And now am I, unhappy messenger,
To plead for that which I would not obtain,
I am my master's true-confirmed love;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.

SILVIA

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

JULIA

If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

SILVIA

From whom?

JULIA

From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

SILVIA

O, he sends you for a picture.

JULIA

Ay, madam.

SILVIA

Go give your master this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

JULIA

Madam, please you peruse this letter.--

SILVIA

I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know they are stuff'd with protestations
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper.

JULIA

Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

SILVIA

The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For I have heard him say a thousand times
His Julia gave it him at his departure.
Though his false finger have profaned the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

JULIA

She thanks you.

SILVIA

What say'st thou?

JULIA

I thank you, madam, that you tender her.
Poor gentlewoman! My master wrongs her much.

SILVIA

Dost thou know her?

JULIA

Almost as well as I do know myself.

SILVIA

Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

JULIA

I think she doth; and that's her cause of sorrow.

SILVIA

Alas, poor lady, desolate and left!
I weep myself to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lovest her.
Farewell.

Exit SILVIA

JULIA

And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Here is her picture:
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Her hair is [deep black], mine is perfect brown:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a color'd periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.
What should it be that he respects in her
But I can make respective in myself,
Come, shadow, come and O thou senseless form,
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That used me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes!

Exit

ACT V**SCENE I. Milan. An abbey.**

Enter EGLAMOUR

EGLAMOUR

Now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at Friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
She will not fail, for lovers break not hours,
See where she comes.

Enter SILVIA

Lady, a happy evening!

SILVIA

Amen, amen! Go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall:
I fear I am attended by some spies.

EGLAMOUR

Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure enough.

Exeunt

SCENE II. The same. The DUKE's palace.

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA

THURIO

Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

PROTEUS

O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

THURIO

What, that my leg is too long?

PROTEUS

No; that it is too little.

THURIO

I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.

How likes she my discourse?

PROTEUS

Ill, when you talk of war.

THURIO

But well, when I discourse of love and peace?

JULIA

[Aside] But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.

THURIO

Considers she my possessions?

PROTEUS

O, ay; and pities them.

THURIO

Wherefore?

JULIA

[Aside] That such an ass should owe them.

Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE

DUKE

How now, Sir Proteus! how now, Thurio!

Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?

THURIO

Not I.

PROTEUS

Nor I.

DUKE

Saw you my daughter?

PROTEUS

Neither.

DUKE

Why then,
She's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true; for Friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest;
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not;
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently and meet with me
We lead towards Mantua, whither they are fled:
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.

Exit

THURIO

Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
I'll after, more to be revenged on Eglamour
Than for the love of reckless Silvia.

Exit

PROTEUS

And I will follow, more for Silvia's love
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her.

Exit

JULIA

And I will follow, more to cross that love
Than hate for Silvia that is gone for love.

Exit

SCENE III. The frontiers of Mantua. The forest.

Enter Outlaws with SILVIA

First Outlaw

Come, come,
Be patient; we must bring you to our captain.

SILVIA

A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

Second Outlaw

Where is the gentleman that was with her?

First Outlaw

Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;
There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled;
he cannot 'scape.

Second Outlaw

Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave:
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

SILVIA

O Valentine, this I endure for thee!

Exeunt

SCENE IV. Another part of the forest.

Enter VALENTINE

VALENTINE

How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes.

(shouts within)

Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes here?

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA

PROTEUS

Madam, this service I have done for you,
To hazard life and rescue you from him
That would have forced your honour and your love;
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg

VALENTINE

[Aside] How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.

SILVIA

O miserable, unhappy that I am!

PROTEUS

Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.

SILVIA

Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, Heaven be judge how I love Valentine,
I do detest false perjured Proteus.
Therefore be gone; solicit me no more.

PROTEUS

What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look!
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approved,
When women cannot love where they're beloved!

SILVIA

When Proteus cannot love where he's beloved.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

PROTEUS

In love who respects friend?

SILVIA

All men but Proteus.

PROTEUS

Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love,--force ye.

SILVIA

O heaven!

PROTEUS

I'll force thee yield to my desire.

VALENTINE

Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,

PROTEUS

Valentine!

VALENTINE

Treacherous man! nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,

But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest: O time most accurst,
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!

PROTEUS

My shame and guilt confounds me.
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender 't here; I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.

VALENTINE

Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest.
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeased:
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

JULIA

O me unhappy!
O good sir, my master charged me to deliver a ring
to Madam Silvia, which, out of my neglect, was never done.

PROTEUS

Where is that ring, boy?

JULIA

Here 'tis; this is it.

PROTEUS

How! let me see:
Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

JULIA

O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

PROTEUS

But how camest thou by this ring? At my depart
I gave this unto Julia.

JULIA

And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

PROTEUS

How! Julia!

JULIA

Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart.
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!

Be thou ashamed that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment,
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes than men their minds.

PROTEUS

Than men their minds! 'tis true.
O heaven! That one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the sins:
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

VALENTINE

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

PROTEUS

Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish forever.

JULIA

And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, with DUKE and THURIO

Outlaws

A prize, a prize, a prize!

VALENTINE

Forbear, forbear, I say! it is my lord the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgraced,
Banished Valentine.

DUKE

Sir Valentine!

THURIO

Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

VALENTINE

Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath;
Take but possession of her with a touch:
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

THURIO

Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

DUKE

The more degenerate and base art thou,
To leave her on such slight conditions.
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love:
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved her.

VALENTINE

I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boom that I shall ask of you.

DUKE

I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

VALENTINE

These banish'd men that I have kept withal
Are men endued with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

DUKE

Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them and thee:
Come, let us go: we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth and rare solemnity.

VALENTINE

And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile.
What think you of this page, my lord?

DUKE

I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.

VALENTINE

I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

DUKE

What mean you by that saying?

VALENTINE

Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

Exeunt