

Table Of Contents

Two Gentlemen of Verona Act 1	2
Two Gentlemen of Verona Act 2	9
Two Gentlemen of Verona Act 3	20
Two Gentlemen of Verona Act 4	28
Two Gentlemen of Verona Act 5	36

Two Gentlemen of Verona Act 1

[00:01:51] Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus:
 [00:01:54] Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
 [00:01:57] Were't not affection chains thy tender days
 [00:01:59] To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
 [00:02:02] I rather would entreat thy company
 [00:02:03] To see the wonders of the world abroad,
 [00:02:07] Than, living dully sluggardized at home,
 [00:02:10] Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
 [00:02:13] But since thou lovest, love still and thrive therein,
 [00:02:17] Even as I would when I to love begin.
 [00:02:20] Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
 [00:02:23] Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest
 [00:02:26] Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
 [00:02:29] Wish me partaker in thy happiness
 [00:02:30] When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,
 [00:02:32] If ever danger do environ thee,
 [00:02:34] Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
 [00:02:36] For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.
 [00:02:38] And on a love-book pray for my success?
 [00:02:39] Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee.
 [00:02:41] That's on some shallow story of deep love:
 [00:02:44] How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.
 [00:02:45] That's a deep story of a deeper love:
 [00:02:47] For he was more than over shoes in love.
 [00:02:49] 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
 [00:02:51] And yet you never swum the Hellespont.
 [00:02:52] Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.
 [00:02:54] No, I will not, for it boots thee not.
 [00:02:56] What?
 [00:02:58] To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
 [00:03:02] Coy looks with heart-sore sighs;
 [00:03:04] one fading moment's mirth
 [00:03:06] With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
 [00:03:10] If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
 [00:03:12] If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
 [00:03:14] However, but a folly bought with wit,
 [00:03:16] Or else a wit by folly vanquished.
 [00:03:18] So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.
 [00:03:20] So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.
 [00:03:22] 'Tis love you cavil at: I am not Love.
 [00:03:25] Love is your master, for he masters you:
 [00:03:27] And he that is so yoked by a fool,
 [00:03:29] Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.
 [00:03:31] Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
 [00:03:33] The eating canker dwells, so eating love
 [00:03:36] Inhabits in the finest wits of all.
 [00:03:38] And writers say, as the most forward bud
 [00:03:40] Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
 [00:03:41] Even so by love the young and tender wit
 [00:03:44] Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the bud,
 [00:03:46] Losing his verdure even in the prime
 [00:03:48] And all the fair effects of future hopes.
 [00:03:50] But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
 [00:03:54] That art a votary to fond desire?
 [00:03:58] Once more adieu! my father at the road
 [00:04:00] Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.
 [00:04:03] And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.
 [00:04:04] Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.

[00:04:08] To Milan let me hear from thee by letters
[00:04:10] Of thy success in love, and what news else
[00:04:13] Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
[00:04:15] And likewise will visit thee with mine.
[00:04:19] All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!
[00:04:22] As much to you at home! and so, farewell.
[00:04:41] He after honour hunts, I after love:
[00:04:47] He leaves his friends to dignify them more,
[00:04:50] I leave myself, my friends and all, for love.
[00:05:01] Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me,
[00:05:05] Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
[00:05:08] War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
[00:05:11] Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.
[00:05:17] Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master?
[00:05:19] But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.
[00:05:21] Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already,
[00:05:23] And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.
[00:05:26] Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
[00:05:28] An if the shepherd be a while away.
[00:05:30] You conclude that my master is a shepherd, then, and I a sheep?
[00:05:33] I do.
[00:05:34] Why then, my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.
[00:05:36] A silly answer and fitting well a sheep.
[00:05:38] This proves me still a sheep.
[00:05:39] True; and thy master a shepherd.
[00:05:41] Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.
[00:05:43] It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.
[00:05:44] The shepherd seeks the sheep,
[00:05:46] and not the sheep the Shepherd;
[00:05:47] but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me:
[00:05:49] therefore I am no sheep.
[00:05:50] The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd;
[00:05:52] the shepherd for food follows not the sheep:
[00:05:53] thou for wages followest thy master;
[00:05:55] thy master for wages follows not thee:
[00:05:56] therefore thou art a sheep.
[00:05:57] Such another proof will make me cry 'baa.'
[00:06:00] But, dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to Julia?
[00:06:01] Ay sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her,
[00:06:04] a laced mutton, and she, a laced mutton, gave me,
[00:06:07] a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.
[00:06:09] Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.
[00:06:11] If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.
[00:06:13] Nay: in that you are astray, 'twere best pound you.
[00:06:15] Nay, sir,
[00:06:17] less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.
[00:06:18] You mistake; I mean the pound,--a pinfold.
[00:06:20] From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
[00:06:23] 'Tis threefold too little
[00:06:24] for carrying a letter to your lover.
[00:06:26] Mmm.
[00:06:28] Mmm?
[00:06:29] Ay.
[00:06:30] Nod--Ay--why, that's noddy.
[00:06:33] You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod:
[00:06:38] and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, 'Ay.'
[00:06:40] And that set together is noddy.
[00:06:42] Now you have taken the pains to set it together,
[00:06:44] take it for your pains.
[00:06:45] No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

[00:06:47] Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.
[00:06:49] Why sir, how do you bear with me?
[00:06:50] Marry, sir, the letter, very orderly;
[00:06:52] having nothing but the word 'noddly' for my pains.
[00:06:55] Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.
[00:06:57] And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.
[00:06:59] Come come, open the matter in brief: what said she?
[00:07:02] Open your purse, that the money
[00:07:03] and the matter may be both at once delivered.
[00:07:07] Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said she?
[00:07:12] Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.
[00:07:15] Why, couldst thou perceive so much from her?
[00:07:16] Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her;
[00:07:19] no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter:
[00:07:21] and being so hard to me that brought your mind,
[00:07:23] I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind.
[00:07:26] Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.
[00:07:30] What said she? nothing?
[00:07:31] No, not so much as "Take this for thy pains."
[00:07:34] To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testerned me;
[00:07:37] in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself:
[00:07:41] and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.
[00:07:43] Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,
[00:07:45] Which cannot perish having thee aboard,
[00:07:46] Being destined to a drier death on shore.
[00:07:54] I must go send some better messenger:
[00:07:57] I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
[00:07:59] Receiving them from such a worthless post.
[00:08:20] But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
[00:08:23] Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?
[00:08:25] Ay, madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.
[00:08:27] Of all the fair resort of gentlemen
[00:08:29] That every day with parle encounter me,
[00:08:31] In thy opinion which is worthiest love?
[00:08:33] Please you repeat their names, I'll show my mind
[00:08:35] According to my shallow simple skill.
[00:08:37] What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?
[00:08:41] As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
[00:08:45] But, were I you, he never should be mine.
[00:08:48] What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?
[00:08:49] Well of his wealth; but of himself, so so.
[00:08:52] What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?
[00:08:59] Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!
[00:09:01] How now! what means this passion at his name?
[00:09:04] Pardon, dear madam: 'tis a passing shame
[00:09:06] That I, unworthy body as I am,
[00:09:08] Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.
[00:09:12] Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?
[00:09:13] Then thus: of many good I think him best.
[00:09:17] Your reason?
[00:09:18] I have no other, but a woman's reason;
[00:09:20] I think him so because I think him so.
[00:09:23] And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?
[00:09:24] Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.
[00:09:27] Why he, of all the rest, hath never moved me.
[00:09:29] Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.
[00:09:32] His little speaking shows his love but small.
[00:09:35] Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.
[00:09:37] They do not love that do not show their love.
[00:09:39] O, they love least that let men know their love.

[00:09:42] I would I knew his mind.
[00:09:48] Peruse this paper, madam.
[00:09:55] 'To Julia.' Say, from whom?
[00:09:59] That the contents will show.
[00:10:00] Say, say, who gave it thee?
[00:10:01] Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.
[00:10:05] He would have given it you; but I, being in the way,
[00:10:06] Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault I pray.
[00:10:09] Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
[00:10:24] Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
[00:10:26] To whisper and conspire against my youth?
[00:10:29] Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth
[00:10:31] And you an officer fit for the place.
[00:10:33] There, take the paper. See it be returned.
[00:10:36] Or else return no more into my sight.
[00:10:38] To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.
[00:10:40] Will ye be gone?
[00:10:42] That you may ruminare.
[00:10:56] And yet I would I had o'erlooked the letter:
[00:11:00] It were a shame to call her back again
[00:11:02] And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
[00:11:08] What a fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
[00:11:10] And would not force the letter to my view!
[00:11:13] Since maids, in modesty, say 'no' to that
[00:11:15] Which they would have the profferer construe 'ay.'
[00:11:37] Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love
[00:11:44] That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse
[00:11:47] And presently all humbled kiss the rod!
[00:11:52] How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
[00:11:54] When willingly I would have had her here!
[00:11:58] How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
[00:12:01] When inward joy enforced my heart to smile!
[00:12:06] My penance is to call Lucetta back
[00:12:09] And ask remission for my folly past.
[00:12:14] What ho! Lucetta!
[00:12:18] What would your ladyship?
[00:12:21] Is't near dinner-time?
[00:12:23] I would it were,
[00:12:24] That you might kill your stomach on your meat
[00:12:25] And not upon your maid.
[00:12:27] What is't that you took up so gingerly?
[00:12:28] Nothing.
[00:12:29] Why didst thou stoop, then?
[00:12:31] To take a paper up that I let fall.
[00:12:33] And is that paper nothing?
[00:12:35] Nothing concerning me.
[00:12:37] Then let it lie for those that it concerns.
[00:12:40] Madam, it will not lie where it concerns
[00:12:42] Unless it have a false interpreter.
[00:12:45] Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.
[00:12:48] That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.
[00:12:49] Give me a note: your ladyship can set.
[00:12:52] As little by such toys as may be possible.
[00:12:55] Best sing it to the tune of 'Light o' love.'
[00:12:59] It is too heavy for so light a tune.
[00:13:02] Heavy! belike it hath some burden then?
[00:13:05] Ay, and melodious were it, would you sing it.
[00:13:09] And why not you?
[00:13:11] I cannot reach so high.
[00:13:15] Let's see your song. How now, minion!

[00:13:26] Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
[00:13:30] And yet methinks I do not like this tune.
[00:13:31] You do not?
[00:13:32] No, madam; it is too sharp.
[00:13:33] You, minion, are too saucy.
[00:13:35] Nay, now you are too flat
[00:13:36] And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
[00:13:39] There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.
[00:13:42] The mean is drown'd with your unruly bass.
[00:13:45] Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.
[00:13:48] This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
[00:13:50] Here is a coil with protestation!
[00:13:57] Go get you gone, and let the papers lie:
[00:13:58] You would be fingering them, to anger me.
[00:14:01] She makes it strange; but she would be best pleased
[00:14:04] To be so anger'd with another letter.
[00:14:08] Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
[00:14:14] O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
[00:14:23] Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey
[00:14:28] And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!
[00:14:34] I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
[00:14:39] Look, here is writ 'kind Julia.' Unkind Julia!
[00:14:46] As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
[00:14:48] I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
[00:14:50] Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
[00:14:55] And here is writ 'love-wounded Proteus.'
[00:15:02] Poor wounded name! my bosom as a bed
[00:15:07] Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;
[00:15:11] And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
[00:15:17] But twice or thrice was 'Proteus' written down.
[00:15:20] Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away
[00:15:22] Till I have found each letter in the letter,
[00:15:25] Except mine own name: that some whirlwind bear
[00:15:28] Unto a ragged fearful-hanging rock
[00:15:29] And throw it thence into the raging sea!
[00:15:33] Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,
[00:15:39] 'Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
[00:15:45] To the sweet Julia:' that I'll tear away.
[00:15:51] And yet I will not, sith so prettily
[00:15:56] He couples it to his complaining names.
[00:16:01] Thus will I fold them one on another:
[00:16:08] Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.
[00:16:23] Madam,
[00:16:25] Dinner is ready, and your father stays.
[00:16:28] Well, let us go.
[00:16:29] What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?
[00:16:33] If you respect them, best to take them up.
[00:16:35] Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
[00:16:40] Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.
[00:16:43] I see you have a month's mind to them.
[00:16:47] Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
[00:16:50] I see things too, although you judge I wink.
[00:16:54] Come, come; will't please you go?
[00:17:42] Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that
[00:17:48] Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?
[00:17:51] 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.
[00:17:54] Why, what of him?
[00:17:56] He wonder'd that your lordship
[00:17:57] Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
[00:17:58] While other men, of slender reputation,

[00:18:00] Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
[00:18:03] Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
[00:18:06] Some to discover islands far away;
[00:18:09] Some to the studious universities.
[00:18:11] For any or for all these exercises,
[00:18:13] He said that Proteus your son was meet,
[00:18:15] And did request me to importune you
[00:18:19] To let him spend his time no more at home,
[00:18:21] Which would be great impeachment to his age,
[00:18:23] In having known no travel in his youth.
[00:18:26] Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
[00:18:27] Whereon this month I have been hammering.
[00:18:31] I have consider'd well his loss of time
[00:18:32] And how he cannot be a perfect man,
[00:18:35] Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
[00:18:38] Experience is by industry achieved
[00:18:40] And perfected by the swift course of time.
[00:18:44] Then tell me, whither were I best to send him?
[00:18:46] I think your lordship is not ignorant
[00:18:47] How his companion, youthful Valentine,
[00:18:50] Attends the emperor in his royal court.
[00:18:52] I know it well.
[00:18:53] 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:
[00:18:55] There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
[00:18:57] Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen.
[00:19:01] And be in eye of every exercise
[00:19:02] Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.
[00:19:08] I like thy counsel; well hast thou advised:
[00:19:10] And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it,
[00:19:12] The execution of it shall make known.
[00:19:14] Even with the speediest expedition
[00:19:16] I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.
[00:19:18] To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
[00:19:20] With other gentlemen of good esteem,
[00:19:21] Are journeying to salute the emperor
[00:19:23] And to commend their service to his will.
[00:19:25] Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
[00:19:28] And, in good time! now will we break with him.
[00:19:32] Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
[00:19:37] Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
[00:19:41] Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
[00:19:46] O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
[00:19:48] To seal our happiness with their consents!
[00:19:51] O heavenly Julia!
[00:19:53] How now! what letter are you reading there?
[00:19:55] May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
[00:20:05] Of commendations sent from Valentine,
[00:20:07] Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.
[00:20:09] Lend me the letter; let me see what news.
[00:20:11] There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
[00:20:13] How happily he lives, how well beloved
[00:20:15] And daily graced by the emperor;
[00:20:17] Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
[00:20:19] And how stand you affected to his wish?
[00:20:22] As one relying on your lordship's will
[00:20:23] And not depending on his friendly wish.
[00:20:26] My will is something sorted with his wish.
[00:20:30] Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
[00:20:31] For what I will, I will, and there an end.
[00:20:32] I am resolved that thou shalt spend some time

[00:20:37] With Valentinus in the emperor's court:
[00:20:40] What maintenance he from his friends receives,
[00:20:43] Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.
[00:20:46] To-morrow be in readiness to go:
[00:20:48] Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.
[00:20:53] My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:
[00:20:56] Please you, deliberate a day or two.
[00:20:58] Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:
[00:21:00] No more of stay! to-morrow thou must go.
[00:21:02] Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd
[00:21:05] To hasten on his expedition.
[00:21:21] Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning,
[00:21:25] And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
[00:21:36] I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
[00:21:37] Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
[00:21:40] And with the vantage of mine own excuse
[00:21:43] Hath he excepted most against my love.
[00:21:49] O, how this spring of love resembleth
[00:21:51] The uncertain glory of an April day,
[00:21:54] Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
[00:21:58] And by and by a cloud takes all away!
[00:22:04] Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:
[00:22:06] He is in haste; therefore, I pray you to go.
[00:22:10] Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto,
[00:22:15] And yet a thousand times it answers 'no.'

Two Gentlemen of Verona Act 2

[00:23:57] Sir, your glove.
 [00:23:59] Not mine; my gloves are on.
 [00:24:00] Why, then, this may be yours, for this is but one.
 [00:24:06] Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:
 [00:24:12] Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
 [00:24:16] Ah, Silvia, Silvia!
 [00:24:18] Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!
 [00:24:21] How now, sirrah?
 [00:24:22] She is not within hearing, sir.
 [00:24:23] Why, sir, who bade you call her?
 [00:24:24] Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.
 [00:24:27] Well, you'll still be too forward.
 [00:24:28] And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.
 [00:24:31] Go to, sir: tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?
 [00:24:35] She that your worship loves?
 [00:24:37] Why, how know you that I am in love?
 [00:24:39] Marry, by these special marks: first,
 [00:24:41] you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms,
 [00:24:45] like a malecontent; to relish a love-song,
 [00:24:48] like a robin-redbreast;
 [00:24:49] to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence;
 [00:24:52] to sigh, like a school-boy
 [00:24:53] that had lost his A B C;
 [00:24:55] to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam;
 [00:24:58] to fast, like one that takes diet;
 [00:25:00] to watch like one that fears robbing;
 [00:25:03] to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas.
 [00:25:06] You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock;
 [00:25:09] when you walked, to walk like one of the lions;
 [00:25:12] when you fasted, it was presently after dinner;
 [00:25:14] when you looked sadly, it was for want of money:
 [00:25:16] and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that,
 [00:25:18] when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.
 [00:25:21] Are all these things perceived in me?
 [00:25:23] They are all perceived without ye.
 [00:25:25] Without me? they cannot.
 [00:25:27] Without you? nay, that's certain, for,
 [00:25:29] without you were so simple, none else would:
 [00:25:31] but you are so without these follies,
 [00:25:33] that these follies are within you
 [00:25:35] and shine through you like the water in an urinal,
 [00:25:37] that not an eye that sees you but is a physician
 [00:25:39] to comment on your malady.
 [00:25:40] But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?
 [00:25:42] She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?
 [00:25:45] Hast thou observed that? even she, I mean.
 [00:25:48] Why, sir, I know her not.
 [00:25:49] Dost thou know her by my gazing on her,
 [00:25:51] and yet knowest her not?
 [00:25:52] Is she not hard-favoured, sir?
 [00:25:53] Not so fair, boy, as well-favoured.
 [00:25:56] Sir, I know that well enough.
 [00:25:57] What dost thou know?
 [00:25:59] That she is not so fair as, of you, well-favoured.
 [00:26:00] I mean that her beauty is exquisite,
 [00:26:03] but her favour infinite.
 [00:26:05] That's because the one is painted
 [00:26:06] and the other out of all count.

[00:26:07] How painted? and how out of count?
[00:26:09] Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair,
[00:26:11] that no man counts of her beauty.
[00:26:13] How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.
[00:26:15] You never saw her since she was deformed.
[00:26:17] How long hath she been deformed?
[00:26:19] Ever since you loved her.
[00:26:21] I have loved her ever since I saw her;
[00:26:23] and still I see her beautiful.
[00:26:25] If you love her, you cannot see her.
[00:26:26] Why?
[00:26:27] Because Love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes;
[00:26:32] or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have
[00:26:34] when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered!
[00:26:37] What should I see then?
[00:26:38] Your own present folly and her passing deformity:
[00:26:40] for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose,
[00:26:43] and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.
[00:26:46] Belike, boy, then, you are in love;
[00:26:48] for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.
[00:26:51] True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you,
[00:26:54] you swung me for my love,
[00:26:56] which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.
[00:26:57] In conclusion, I stand affected to her.
[00:27:01] I would you were set, so your affection would cease.
[00:27:03] Last night she enjoined me
[00:27:05] to write some lines to one she loves.
[00:27:07] And have you?
[00:27:08] I have.
[00:27:09] Are they not lamely writ?
[00:27:10] No, boy, but as well as I can do them. Peace!
[00:27:14] here she comes.
[00:27:42] O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet!
[00:27:45] Now will he interpret to her.
[00:27:46] Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.
[00:27:51] O, give ye good even! here's a million of manners.
[00:27:54] Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.
[00:27:58] He should give her interest and she gives it him.
[00:28:14] As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter
[00:28:16] Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
[00:28:19] Which I was much unwilling to proceed in
[00:28:21] But for my duty to your ladyship.
[00:28:27] I thank you gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done.
[00:28:31] Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
[00:28:33] For being ignorant to whom it goes
[00:28:35] I writ at random, very doubtfully.
[00:28:38] Perchance you think too much of so much pains?
[00:28:40] No, madam; so it stead you, I will write
[00:28:42] Please you command, a thousand times as much; And yet--
[00:28:45] A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
[00:28:52] And yet I will not name it; and yet I care not;
[00:28:56] And yet take this again; and yet I thank you,
[00:29:01] Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.
[00:29:03] And yet you will; and yet another 'yet.'
[00:29:06] What means your ladyship? do you not like it?
[00:29:10] Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ;
[00:29:18] But since unwillingly, take them again.
[00:29:21] Nay, take them.
[00:29:30] Madam, they are for you.
[00:29:33] Ay, ay: you writ them, sir, at my request;

[00:29:38] But I will none of them; they are for you;
[00:29:42] I would have had them writ more movingly.
[00:29:44] Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.
[00:29:46] And when it's writ, for my sake read it over,
[00:29:49] And if it please you, so; if not, why, so.
[00:29:54] If it please me, madam, what then?
[00:29:57] Why, if it please you, take it for your labour:
[00:30:02] And so, good morrow, servant.
[00:30:11] O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
[00:30:13] As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
[00:30:16] My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,
[00:30:19] He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
[00:30:23] O excellent device! was there ever heard a better,
[00:30:25] That my master, being scribe,
[00:30:27] to himself should write the letter?
[00:30:29] How now, sir? what are you reasoning with yourself?
[00:30:31] Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that have the reason.
[00:30:34] To do what?
[00:30:35] To be a spokesman for Madam Silvia.
[00:30:37] To whom?
[00:30:38] To yourself: why, she wooes you by a figure.
[00:30:41] By a letter, I should say.
[00:30:43] Why, she hath not writ to me?
[00:30:44] What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself?
[00:30:47] Why, do you not perceive the jest?
[00:30:49] No believing you, indeed, sir.
[00:30:51] But did you perceive her earnest?
[00:30:52] She gave me none, except an angry word.
[00:30:54] Why, she hath given you a letter.
[00:30:56] That's the letter I writ to her friend.
[00:30:58] And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end.
[00:31:05] I would it were no worse.
[00:31:07] I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:
[00:31:09] For often have you writ to her, and she, in modesty,
[00:31:12] Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
[00:31:14] Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind discover,
[00:31:17] Herself hath taught her love himself
[00:31:20] to write unto her lover.
[00:31:22] All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.
[00:31:25] Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.
[00:31:27] I have dined.
[00:31:29] Ay, but hearken, sir;
[00:31:31] though the chameleon Love can feed on the air,
[00:31:33] I am one that am nourished by my
[00:31:35] victuals, and would fain have meat.
[00:31:37] O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved.
[00:31:51] Have patience, gentle Julia.
[00:31:53] I must, where is no remedy.
[00:31:54] When possibly I can, I will return.
[00:31:56] If you turn not, you will return the sooner.
[00:32:01] Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.
[00:32:06] Why then, we'll make exchange; here, take you this.
[00:32:09] And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.
[00:32:17] Here is my hand for my true constancy;
[00:32:20] And when that hour o'erslips me in the day
[00:32:21] Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
[00:32:24] The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
[00:32:26] Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
[00:32:29] My father stays my coming; answer not;
[00:32:31] The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;

[00:32:35] That tide will stay me longer than I should.
[00:32:37] Julia, farewell!
[00:32:41] What, gone without a word?
[00:32:44] Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
[00:32:48] For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.
[00:32:51] Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.
[00:32:54] Go; I come, I come.
[00:32:58] Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.
[00:33:10] Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping;
[00:33:12] all the kind of the Launces have this very fault.
[00:33:16] I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son,
[00:33:18] and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court.
[00:33:22] I think Crab, my dog, be the sourest-natured dog that lives:
[00:33:27] my mother weeping, my father wailing,
[00:33:30] my sister crying, our maid howling,
[00:33:33] our cat wringing her hands,
[00:33:37] yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear:
[00:33:40] he is a stone, a very pebble stone,
[00:33:42] and has no more pity in him than a dog:
[00:33:47] a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting;
[00:33:49] why, my grandam,
[00:33:50] having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting.
[00:33:54] Nay, I'll show you the manner of it.
[00:33:56] This shoe is my father: no, this left shoe is my father:
[00:34:01] no, no, this left shoe is my mother:
[00:34:03] nay, that cannot be so neither: yes, it is so, it is so,
[00:34:06] it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it,
[00:34:11] is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on't!
[00:34:16] there 'tis: now, sit, this staff is my sister,
[00:34:19] for, look you, she is as white as a lily
[00:34:21] and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid:
[00:34:27] I am the dog: no, the dog is himself,
[00:34:30] and I am the dog--Oh! the dog is me, and I am myself;
[00:34:34] ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; Father, your blessing:
[00:34:40] now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping:
[00:34:44] now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on.
[00:34:50] Now come I to my mother: O, that she could speak now
[00:34:53] weeping like a wild woman! Now should I kiss my mother;
[00:34:59] why, there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down.
[00:35:06] Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes.
[00:35:12] Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear nor speaks a word;
[00:35:18] but see how I lay the dust with my tears.
[00:35:20] Launce, away, away, aboard! thy master is shipped
[00:35:25] and thou art to post after with oars.
[00:35:28] What's the matter? why weepst thou, man? Away, ass!
[00:35:31] You'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.
[00:35:33] It is no matter if the tied were lost;
[00:35:35] for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.
[00:35:38] What's the unkindest tide?
[00:35:39] Why, he that's tied here, Crab, my dog.
[00:35:41] Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood,
[00:35:43] and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage, and,
[00:35:45] in losing thy voyage, lose thy master,
[00:35:46] and, in losing thy master, lose thy service,
[00:35:48] and, in losing thy service,--Why dost thou stop my mouth?
[00:35:50] For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.
[00:35:53] Where should I lose my tongue?
[00:35:54] In thy tale.
[00:35:55] In thy tail!
[00:35:56] Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master,

[00:35:59] and the service, and the tied! Why, man,
[00:36:01] if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears;
[00:36:04] if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.
[00:36:07] Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.
[00:36:11] Sir, call me what thou darest.
[00:36:15] Wilt thou go?
[00:36:17] Well, I will go.
[00:37:04] Servant!
[00:37:05] Mistress?
[00:37:06] Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.
[00:37:08] Ay, boy, it's for love.
[00:37:09] Not of you.
[00:37:10] Of my mistress, then.
[00:37:12] 'Twere good you knocked him.
[00:37:13] Servant, you are sad.
[00:37:15] Indeed, madam, I seem so.
[00:37:16] Seem you that you are not?
[00:37:18] Haply I do.
[00:37:19] So do counterfeits.
[00:37:20] So do you.
[00:37:21] What seem I that I am not?
[00:37:22] Wise.
[00:37:23] What instance of the contrary?
[00:37:24] Your folly.
[00:37:25] And how quote you my folly?
[00:37:27] I quote it in your jerkin.
[00:37:28] My jerkin is a doublet.
[00:37:30] Well, then, I'll double your folly.
[00:37:33] How?
[00:37:34] What, angry, Sir Thurio! do you change colour?
[00:37:37] Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.
[00:37:40] That hath more mind
[00:37:41] to feed on your blood than live in your air.
[00:37:44] You have said, sir.
[00:37:45] Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.
[00:37:49] I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.
[00:37:52] A fine volley of words, gentlemen,
[00:37:55] and quickly shot off.
[00:37:57] 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.
[00:38:00] Who is that, servant?
[00:38:01] Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire.
[00:38:05] Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks,
[00:38:09] and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.
[00:38:12] Sir, if you spend word for word with me,
[00:38:14] I shall make your wit bankrupt.
[00:38:16] I know it well, sir; you have an exchequer of words,
[00:38:19] and, I think, no other treasure to give your
[00:38:20] followers, for it appears by their bare liveries,
[00:38:23] that they live by your bare words.
[00:38:25] No more, gentlemen, no more!--here comes my father.
[00:38:36] Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
[00:38:40] Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:
[00:38:43] What say you to a letter from your friends
[00:38:45] Of much good news?
[00:38:47] My lord, I will be thankful.
[00:38:48] To any happy messenger from thence.
[00:38:50] Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman?
[00:38:53] Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
[00:38:55] To be of worth and worthy estimation
[00:38:57] And not without desert so well reputed.

[00:39:00] Hath he not a son?
[00:39:02] Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves
[00:39:04] The honour and regard of such a father.
[00:39:06] You know him well?
[00:39:08] I know him as myself; for from our infancy
[00:39:11] We have conversed and spent our hours together:
[00:39:14] And though myself have been an idle truant,
[00:39:17] Omitting the sweet benefit of time
[00:39:18] To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
[00:39:22] Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,
[00:39:24] Made use and fair advantage of his days;
[00:39:27] His years but young, but his experience old;
[00:39:30] His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
[00:39:33] And, in a word, for far behind his worth
[00:39:35] Comes all the praises that I now bestow,
[00:39:38] He is complete in feature and in mind
[00:39:40] With all good grace to grace a gentleman.
[00:39:47] Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good,
[00:39:49] He is as worthy for an empress' love
[00:39:51] As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
[00:39:53] Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me,
[00:39:55] With commendation from great potentates;
[00:39:58] And here he means to spend his time awhile:
[00:40:01] I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.
[00:40:03] Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.
[00:40:06] Welcome him then according to his worth.
[00:40:08] Silvia, I speak to you, and you, Sir Thurio;
[00:40:11] For Valentine, I need not cite him to it:
[00:40:14] I will send him hither to you presently.
[00:40:23] This is the gentleman I told your ladyship
[00:40:25] Had come along with me, but that his mistress
[00:40:27] Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.
[00:40:30] Belike that now she hath enfranchised them
[00:40:33] Upon some other pawn for fealty.
[00:40:35] Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.
[00:40:39] Nay, then he should be blind;
[00:40:42] and, being blind How could he see his way to seek out you?
[00:40:45] Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.
[00:40:50] They say that Love hath not an eye at all.
[00:40:52] To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:
[00:40:55] Upon a homely object Love can wink.
[00:40:57] Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.
[00:41:02] Welcome, dear Proteus! Mistress, I beseech you,
[00:41:09] Confirm his welcome with some special favour.
[00:41:11] His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
[00:41:14] If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.
[00:41:16] Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
[00:41:19] To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.
[00:41:22] Too low a mistress for so high a servant.
[00:41:25] Not so, sweet lady: but too mean a servant
[00:41:27] To have a look of such a worthy mistress.
[00:41:30] Leave off discourse of disability:
[00:41:32] Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.
[00:41:35] My duty will I boast of; nothing else.
[00:41:36] And duty never yet did want his meed:
[00:41:40] Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.
[00:41:44] I'll die on him that says so but yourself.
[00:41:45] That you are welcome?
[00:41:48] That you are worthless.
[00:41:51] Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

[00:41:53] I wait upon his pleasure. Come, Sir Thurio,
[00:41:58] Go with me. Once more, new servant, welcome:
[00:42:02] I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;
[00:42:04] When you have done, we look to hear from you.
[00:42:07] We'll both attend upon your ladyship.
[00:42:18] Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?
[00:42:21] Your friends are well and have them much commended.
[00:42:22] And how do yours?
[00:42:23] I left them all in health.
[00:42:24] How does your lady? and how thrives your love?
[00:42:26] My tales of love were wont to weary you;
[00:42:28] I know you joy not in a love discourse.
[00:42:30] Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:
[00:42:35] I have done penance for contemning Love,
[00:42:37] Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
[00:42:41] With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
[00:42:43] With nightly tears and daily heart-sore sighs;
[00:42:46] For in revenge of my contempt of love,
[00:42:48] Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes
[00:42:51] And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
[00:42:54] O gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord,
[00:42:57] And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
[00:42:58] There is no woe to his correction,
[00:43:00] Nor to his service no such joy on earth.
[00:43:02] Now no discourse, except it be of love;
[00:43:05] Now can I break my fast, dine, sup and sleep,
[00:43:07] Upon the very naked name of love.
[00:43:09] Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.
[00:43:14] Was this the idol that you worship so?
[00:43:15] Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?
[00:43:18] No; but she is an earthly paragon.
[00:43:21] Call her divine.
[00:43:22] I will not flatter her.
[00:43:23] O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.
[00:43:26] When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills,
[00:43:28] And I must minister the like to you.
[00:43:30] Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
[00:43:33] Yet let her be a principality,
[00:43:34] Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.
[00:43:37] Sweet, except not any;
[00:43:38] Except thou wilt except against my love.
[00:43:40] Have I not reason to prefer mine own?
[00:43:42] And I will help thee to prefer her too:
[00:43:44] She shall be dignified with this high honour--
[00:43:47] To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
[00:43:49] Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss
[00:43:51] And, of so great a favour growing proud,
[00:43:54] Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower
[00:43:56] And make rough winter everlastingly.
[00:43:59] Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?
[00:44:01] Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing
[00:44:03] To her whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
[00:44:07] She is alone.
[00:44:08] Then let her alone.
[00:44:09] Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own,
[00:44:12] And I as rich in having such a jewel
[00:44:13] As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
[00:44:17] The water nectar and the rocks pure gold.
[00:44:20] Forgive me that I do not dream on thee,
[00:44:23] Because thou see'st me dote upon my love.

[00:44:26] My foolish rival, that her father likes
[00:44:28] Only for his possessions are so huge,
[00:44:30] Is gone with her along, and I must after,
[00:44:33] For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.
[00:44:35] But she loves you?
[00:44:36] Ay, and we are betroth'd: nay, more, our, marriage-hour,
[00:44:41] With all the cunning manner of our flight,
[00:44:44] Determined of; how I must climb her window,
[00:44:46] The ladder made of cords, and all the means
[00:44:49] Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.
[00:44:51] Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
[00:44:52] In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.
[00:44:55] Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:
[00:44:57] I must unto the road, to disembark
[00:44:58] Some necessaries that I needs must use,
[00:45:00] And then I'll presently attend you.
[00:45:01] Will you make haste?
[00:45:02] I will.
[00:45:49] Even as one heat another heat expels,
[00:45:57] Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
[00:46:01] So the remembrance of my former love
[00:46:03] Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
[00:46:09] Is it mine, or Valentine's praise,
[00:46:15] Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
[00:46:20] That makes me reasonless to reason thus?
[00:46:22] She is fair; and so is Julia that I love--
[00:46:28] That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
[00:46:35] Which, like a waxen image, 'gainst a fire,
[00:46:37] Bears no impression of the thing it was.
[00:46:41] Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,
[00:46:43] And that I love him not as I was wont.
[00:46:46] O, but I love his lady too too much,
[00:46:50] And that's the reason I love him so little.
[00:46:53] How shall I dote on her with more advice,
[00:46:55] That thus without advice begin to love her!
[00:46:59] 'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
[00:47:01] And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
[00:47:05] But when I look on her perfections,
[00:47:07] There is no reason but I shall be blind.
[00:47:13] If I can cheque my erring love, I will;
[00:47:19] If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.
[00:47:28] Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to the courts!
[00:47:31] Forswear not thyself, sweet youth, for I am not welcome.
[00:47:34] I reckon this always, that a man is never undone
[00:47:36] till he be hanged, nor never welcome to a place
[00:47:39] till some certain shot be paid and the hostess say 'Welcome!'
[00:47:41] Come on, you madcap, I'll to the alehouse with you presently;
[00:47:44] where, for one shot of five pence,
[00:47:46] thou shalt have five thousand welcomes.
[00:47:48] But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia?
[00:47:51] Marry, after they closed in earnest,
[00:47:52] they parted very fairly in jest.
[00:47:54] But shall she marry him?
[00:47:55] No.
[00:47:56] How then? shall he marry her?
[00:47:57] No, neither.
[00:47:58] What, are they broken?
[00:47:59] No, they are both as whole as a fish.
[00:48:01] Why, then, how stands the matter with them?
[00:48:02] Marry, thus: when it stands well with him,

[00:48:04] it stands well with her.
 [00:48:05] What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.
 [00:48:07] What a block art thou, that thou canst not!
 [00:48:09] My staff understands me.
 [00:48:10] What thou sayest?
 [00:48:11] Ay, and what I do too:
 [00:48:12] look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.
 [00:48:14] It stands under thee, indeed.
 [00:48:16] Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.
 [00:48:18] But tell me true, will't be a match?
 [00:48:22] Ask my dog: if he say yes, it will! if he say no, it will;
 [00:48:29] if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.
 [00:48:33] The conclusion is then that it will.
 [00:48:34] Thou shalt never get such a secret from me
 [00:48:36] but by a parable.
 [00:48:37] 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how sayest thou,
 [00:48:40] that my master is become a notable lover?
 [00:48:42] I never knew him otherwise.
 [00:48:44] Than how?
 [00:48:45] A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.
 [00:48:47] Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.
 [00:48:49] Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.
 [00:48:51] I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.
 [00:48:54] Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love.
 [00:48:57] If thou wilt, go with me to the alehouse;
 [00:48:58] if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew,
 [00:49:01] and not worth the name of a Christian.
 [00:49:03] Why?
 [00:49:04] Because thou hast not so much charity in thee
 [00:49:05] as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?
 [00:49:08] At thy service.
 [00:49:19] To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
 [00:49:25] To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
 [00:49:28] To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
 [00:49:33] And even that power which gave me first my oath
 [00:49:35] Provokes me to this threefold perjury;
 [00:49:39] Love bade me swear and Love bids me forswear.
 [00:49:46] O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinned,
 [00:49:50] Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!
 [00:49:55] At first I did adore a twinkling star,
 [00:50:00] But now I worship a celestial sun.
 [00:50:06] Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken,
 [00:50:10] And he wants wit that wants resolved will
 [00:50:11] To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.
 [00:50:17] Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
 [00:50:24] Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
 [00:50:26] With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
 [00:50:29] I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
 [00:50:37] But there I leave to love where I should love.
 [00:50:40] Julia I lose and Valentine I lose:
 [00:50:45] If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
 [00:50:52] If I lose them, thus find I by their loss
 [00:50:56] For Valentine myself, for Julia Silvia.
 [00:51:01] I to myself am dearer than a friend,
 [00:51:03] For love is still most precious in itself;
 [00:51:07] And Silvia--witness Heaven, that made her fair!--
 [00:51:11] Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiopie.
 [00:51:20] I will forget that Julia is alive,
 [00:51:24] Remembering that my love to her is dead;
 [00:51:28] And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,

[00:51:30] Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
[00:51:34] I cannot now prove constant to myself,
[00:51:35] Without some treachery used to Valentine.
[00:51:44] This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
[00:51:48] To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window,
[00:51:50] Myself in counsel, his competitor.
[00:51:54] Now presently I'll give her father notice
[00:51:56] Of their disguising and pretended flight;
[00:51:59] Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine;
[00:52:02] For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter;
[00:52:06] But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross
[00:52:08] By some sly trick blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
[00:52:19] Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
[00:52:26] As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift!
[00:53:35] Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me;
[00:53:41] And even in kind love I do conjure thee,
[00:53:43] Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
[00:53:44] Are visibly character'd and engraved,
[00:53:47] To lesson me and tell me some good mean
[00:53:49] How, with my honour, I may undertake
[00:53:52] A journey to my loving Proteus.
[00:53:54] Alas, the way is wearisome and long!
[00:53:57] A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
[00:53:59] To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
[00:54:02] Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly,
[00:54:06] And when the flight is made to one so dear,
[00:54:08] Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.
[00:54:11] Better forbear till Proteus make return.
[00:54:13] O, know'st thou not his looks are my soul's food?
[00:54:16] Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
[00:54:18] By longing for that food so long a time.
[00:54:22] Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
[00:54:25] Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
[00:54:27] As seek to quench the fire of love with words.
[00:54:29] I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
[00:54:32] But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
[00:54:35] Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.
[00:54:38] The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.
[00:54:40] The current that with gentle murmur glides,
[00:54:43] Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
[00:54:46] But when his fair course is not hindered,
[00:54:50] He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
[00:54:53] Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
[00:54:55] He overtaketh in his pilgrimage,
[00:54:57] And so by many winding nooks he strays
[00:55:00] With willing sport to the wild ocean.
[00:55:03] Then let me go and hinder not my course
[00:55:07] I'll be as patient as a gentle stream
[00:55:10] And make a pastime of each weary step,
[00:55:14] Till the last step have brought me to my love;
[00:55:18] And there I'll rest, as after much turmoil
[00:55:20] A blessed soul doth in Elysium.
[00:55:24] But in what habit will you go along?
[00:55:28] Not like a woman; for I would prevent
[00:55:31] The loose encounters of lascivious men:
[00:55:35] Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
[00:55:39] As may beseem some well-reputed page.
[00:55:42] Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.
[00:55:45] No, girl, I'll knit it up in silken strings
[00:55:48] With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots.

[00:55:51] To be fantastic may become a youth
[00:55:52] Of greater time than I shall show to be.
[00:55:54] What fashion, madam shall I make your breeches?
[00:55:56] That fits as well as 'Tell me, good my lord,
[00:55:58] What compass will you wear your farthingale?'
[00:56:00] Why even what fashion thou best likest, Lucetta.
[00:56:02] You must needs have them with a codpiece, madam.
[00:56:04] Out, out, Lucetta! that would be ill-favour'd.
[00:56:06] A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
[00:56:09] Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.
[00:56:11] Lucetta, as thou lovest me, let me have
[00:56:12] What thou thinkest meet and is most mannerly.
[00:56:16] But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
[00:56:20] For undertaking so unsta'd a journey?
[00:56:22] I fear me, it will make me scandalized.
[00:56:24] If you think so, then stay at home and go not.
[00:56:27] Nay, that I will not.
[00:56:28] Then never dream on infamy, but go.
[00:56:31] If Proteus like your journey when you come,
[00:56:33] No matter who's displeas'd when you are gone:
[00:56:36] I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.
[00:56:39] That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
[00:56:42] A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears
[00:56:46] And instances of infinite of love
[00:56:48] Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.
[00:56:50] All these are servants to deceitful men.
[00:56:53] Base men, that use them to so base effect!
[00:56:55] But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth
[00:56:59] His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,
[00:57:04] His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
[00:57:06] His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,
[00:57:09] His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.
[00:57:12] Pray heaven he prove so, when you come to him!
[00:57:15] Now, as thou lovest me, do him not that wrong
[00:57:17] To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
[00:57:20] Only deserve my love by loving him;
[00:57:24] And presently go with me to my chamber,
[00:57:28] To take a note of what I stand in need of,
[00:57:29] To furnish me upon my longing journey.
[00:57:39] All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
[00:57:41] My goods, my lands, my reputation;
[00:57:43] Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
[00:57:45] Come, answer not, but to it presently!
[00:57:48] I am impatient of my tarriance.

Two Gentlemen of Verona Act 3

[00:58:26] Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
[00:58:30] We have some secrets to confer about.
[00:58:39] Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?
[00:58:44] My gracious lord, that which I would discover
[00:58:47] The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
[00:58:52] But when I call to mind your gracious favours
[00:58:55] Done to me, undeserving as I am,
[00:58:58] My duty pricks me on to utter that
[00:59:00] Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
[00:59:03] Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
[00:59:09] This night intends to steal away your daughter:
[00:59:12] Myself am one made privy to the plot.
[00:59:16] I know you have determined to bestow her
[00:59:18] On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
[00:59:20] And should she thus be stol'n away from you,
[00:59:23] It would be much vexation to your age.
[00:59:26] Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
[00:59:27] To cross my friend in his intended drift
[00:59:29] Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
[00:59:32] A pack of sorrows which would press you down,
[00:59:35] Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.
[00:59:46] Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
[00:59:51] Which to requite, command me while I live.
[00:59:58] This love of theirs myself have often seen,
[01:00:02] Haply when they have judged me fast asleep,
[01:00:05] And oftentimes have purposed to forbid
[01:00:07] Sir Valentine her company and my court:
[01:00:11] But fearing lest my jealous aim might err
[01:00:15] And so unworthily disgrace the man,
[01:00:18] A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,
[01:00:21] I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find
[01:00:24] That which thyself hast now disclosed to me.
[01:00:28] And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,
[01:00:30] I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
[01:00:33] The key whereof myself have ever kept;
[01:00:36] And thence she cannot be convey'd away.
[01:00:39] Know, noble lord, they have devised a mean
[01:00:41] How he her chamber-window will ascend
[01:00:43] And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
[01:00:45] For which the youthful lover now is gone
[01:00:47] And this way comes he with it presently;
[01:00:49] Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
[01:00:52] But, good my Lord, do it so cunningly
[01:00:55] That my discovery be not aimed at;
[01:00:59] For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
[01:01:01] Hath made me publisher of this pretence.
[01:01:05] Upon mine honour, he shall never know
[01:01:07] That I had any light from thee of this.
[01:01:10] Adieu, my Lord; Sir Valentine is coming.
[01:01:43] Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?
[01:01:45] Please it your grace, there is a messenger
[01:01:47] That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
[01:01:49] And I am going to deliver them.
[01:01:50] Be they of much import?
[01:01:51] The tenor of them doth but signify
[01:01:52] My health and happy being at your court.
[01:01:55] Nay then, no matter; stay with me awhile;
[01:02:07] I am to break with thee of some affairs

[01:02:09] That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
[01:02:14] 'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought
[01:02:15] To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.
[01:02:18] I know it well, my Lord; and, sure, the match
[01:02:20] Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
[01:02:23] Is full of virtue, bounty, worth and qualities
[01:02:27] Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
[01:02:32] Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?
[01:02:35] No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
[01:02:39] Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty,
[01:02:45] Neither regarding that she is my child
[01:02:47] Nor fearing me as if I were her father;
[01:02:48] And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
[01:02:52] Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
[01:02:56] And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
[01:02:58] Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
[01:03:01] I now am full resolved to take a wife
[01:03:05] And turn her out to who will take her in:
[01:03:07] Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
[01:03:10] For me and my possessions she esteems not.
[01:03:12] What would your Grace have me to do in this?
[01:03:16] There is a lady in city here
[01:03:20] Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy
[01:03:25] And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
[01:03:27] For long ago I have forgot to court;
[01:03:30] Besides, the fashion of the time is changed--
[01:03:34] Now therefore, when I have thee to my tutor
[01:03:38] How and which way I may bestow myself
[01:03:39] To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.
[01:03:43] Win her with gifts, if she respect not words:
[01:03:46] Dumb jewels often in their silent kind
[01:03:48] More than quick words do move a woman's mind.
[01:03:51] But she did scorn a present that I sent her.
[01:03:53] A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her.
[01:03:56] Send her another; never give her o'er;
[01:03:58] For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
[01:04:02] If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
[01:04:04] But rather to beget more love in you:
[01:04:07] If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
[01:04:09] For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
[01:04:13] Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
[01:04:15] For 'get you gone,' she doth not mean 'away!'
[01:04:18] Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;
[01:04:23] Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
[01:04:28] That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
[01:04:30] If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
[01:04:32] But she I mean is promised by her friends
[01:04:35] Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
[01:04:37] And kept severely from resort of men,
[01:04:39] That no man hath access by day to her.
[01:04:41] Why, then, I would resort to her by night.
[01:04:42] Ay, but the doors be lock'd and keys kept safe,
[01:04:45] That no man hath recourse to her by night.
[01:04:46] What lets but one may enter at her window?
[01:04:49] Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
[01:04:51] And built so shelving that one cannot climb it
[01:04:52] Without apparent hazard of his life.
[01:04:54] Why then, a ladder quaintly made of cords,
[01:05:00] To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
[01:05:03] Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,

[01:05:06] So bold Leander would adventure it.
[01:05:10] Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
[01:05:12] Advise me where I may have such a ladder.
[01:05:16] When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.
[01:05:18] This very night; for Love is like a child,
[01:05:21] That longs for every thing that he can come by.
[01:05:22] By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.
[01:05:24] But, hark thee; I will go to her alone:
[01:05:29] How shall I best convey the ladder thither?
[01:05:32] It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
[01:05:33] Under a cloak that is of any length.
[01:05:38] A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?
[01:05:44] Ay, my good lord.
[01:05:45] Then let me see thy cloak:
[01:05:47] I'll get me one of such another length.
[01:05:49] Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.
[01:05:51] How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?
[01:05:56] Let me feel thy cloak upon me.
[01:06:11] What letter is this same? What's here? 'To Silvia!'
[01:06:34] And here an engine fit for my proceeding.
[01:06:38] I'll be so bold to break the seal for once.
[01:06:44] 'My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,
[01:06:46] And slaves they are to me that send them flying:
[01:06:49] O, could their master come and go as lightly,
[01:06:51] Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying!
[01:06:55] My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them:
[01:06:59] While I, their king, that hither them importune,
[01:07:02] Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,
[01:07:06] Because myself do want my servants' fortune:
[01:07:11] I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
[01:07:15] That they should harbour where their lord would be.'
[01:07:20] What's here?
[01:07:22] 'Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.'
[01:07:31] 'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.
[01:07:37] Why, Phaeton,--for thou art Merops' son,--
[01:07:42] Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car
[01:07:43] And with thy daring folly burn the world?
[01:07:47] Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
[01:07:50] Go, base intruder! overweening slave!
[01:07:55] Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,
[01:07:57] And think my patience, more than thy desert,
[01:08:00] Is privilege for thy departure hence:
[01:08:02] Thank me for this more than for all the favours
[01:08:05] Which all too much I have bestow'd on thee.
[01:08:09] But if thou linger in my territories
[01:08:11] Longer than swiftest expedition
[01:08:13] Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
[01:08:17] By heaven! my wrath shall far exceed the love
[01:08:20] I ever bore my daughter or thyself.
[01:08:22] Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;
[01:08:27] But, as thou lovest thy life, make speed from hence.
[01:08:48] And why not death rather than living torment?
[01:08:53] To die is to be banish'd from myself;
[01:08:58] And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her
[01:09:03] Is self from self: a deadly banishment!
[01:09:15] What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
[01:09:21] What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
[01:09:27] Unless it be to think that she is by
[01:09:30] And feed upon the shadow of perfection
[01:09:34] Except I be by Silvia in the night,

[01:09:38] There is no music in the nightingale;
[01:09:41] Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
[01:09:43] There is no day for me to look upon;
[01:09:48] She is my essence, and I leave to be,
[01:09:53] If I be not by her fair influence
[01:09:57] Foster'd, illumined, cherish'd, kept alive.
[01:10:07] I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
[01:10:12] Tarry I here, I but attend on death:
[01:10:14] But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.
[01:10:19] Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.
[01:10:20] Soho, soho!
[01:10:22] What does't thou see?
[01:10:23] Him that we seek: there's not a hair on's head
[01:10:24] but 'tis a Valentine.
[01:10:28] Valentine?
[01:10:29] No.
[01:10:30] Neither.
[01:10:31] What then?
[01:10:32] Nothing.
[01:10:33] Who wouldst thou strike?
[01:10:34] Nothing.
[01:10:35] Villain, forbear.
[01:10:36] Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,--
[01:10:37] Sirrah, I say, forbear. Friend Valentine, a word.
[01:10:39] My ears are stopt and cannot hear good news,
[01:10:41] So much of bad already hath possess'd them.
[01:10:43] Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
[01:10:45] For they are harsh, untuneable and bad.
[01:10:47] Is Silvia dead?
[01:10:48] No, Valentine.
[01:10:49] No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia.
[01:10:51] Hath she forsworn me?
[01:10:52] No, Valentine.
[01:10:53] No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me.
[01:10:55] What is your news?
[01:10:56] Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.
[01:11:00] That thou art banished--O, that's the news!--
[01:11:04] From hence, from Silvia and from me thy friend.
[01:11:06] O, I have fed upon this woe already,
[01:11:09] And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
[01:11:11] Doth Silvia know that I am banished?
[01:11:12] Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom--
[01:11:15] Which, unreversed, stands in effectual force--
[01:11:17] A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
[01:11:21] Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
[01:11:24] With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
[01:11:26] Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them
[01:11:29] As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
[01:11:33] But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
[01:11:37] Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
[01:11:40] Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
[01:11:43] But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
[01:11:45] Besides, her intercession chafed him so,
[01:11:47] When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
[01:11:49] That to close prison he commanded her,
[01:11:50] With many bitter threats of bidding there.
[01:11:52] No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
[01:11:54] Have some malignant power upon my life:
[01:11:56] If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
[01:11:58] As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

[01:12:00] Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
[01:12:02] And study help for that which thou lament'st.
[01:12:05] Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
[01:12:08] Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
[01:12:10] Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
[01:12:13] Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that
[01:12:15] And manage it against despairing thoughts.
[01:12:18] Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
[01:12:21] Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
[01:12:23] Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
[01:12:26] The time now serves not to expostulate:
[01:12:29] Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate;
[01:12:32] And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
[01:12:33] Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.
[01:12:37] As thou lovest Silvia, though not for thyself,
[01:12:38] Regard thy danger, and along with me!
[01:12:40] I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
[01:12:43] Bid him make haste and meet me at the North-gate.
[01:12:47] Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.
[01:12:49] O my dear Silvia! Hapless Valentine!
[01:13:01] I am but a fool;
[01:13:02] and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave:
[01:13:09] but that's all one, if he be but one knave.
[01:13:15] He lives not now that knows me to be in love;
[01:13:19] yet I am in love;
[01:13:21] but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me;
[01:13:25] nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman,
[01:13:33] I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milkmaid;
[01:13:41] yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips;
[01:13:44] yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid,
[01:13:47] and serves for wages.
[01:13:49] She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel;
[01:13:55] which is much in a bare Christian.
[01:13:58] Here is the cate-log of her condition.
[01:14:02] 'Imprimis: She can fetch and carry.'
[01:14:06] Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch,
[01:14:08] but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade.
[01:14:11] 'Item: She can milk;' look you, a sweet virtue in a maid
[01:14:16] with clean hands.
[01:14:20] How now, Signior Launce! what news with your mastership?
[01:14:23] With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.
[01:14:25] Well, your old vice still; mistake the word.
[01:14:28] What news, then, in your paper?
[01:14:29] The blackest news that ever thou heardest.
[01:14:31] Why, man, how black?
[01:14:32] Why, as black as ink.
[01:14:33] Let me read them.
[01:14:34] Fie on thee, jolt-head! thou canst not read.
[01:14:37] Thou liest; I can.
[01:14:39] I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?
[01:14:40] Marry, the son of my grandfather.
[01:14:42] O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother:
[01:14:46] this proves that thou canst not read.
[01:14:48] Come, fool, come; try me in thy paper.
[01:14:51] There; and St. Nicholas be thy speed!
[01:14:53] 'Imprimis: She can milk.'
[01:14:56] Ay, that she can.
[01:14:57] 'Item: She brews good ale.'
[01:14:58] And thereof comes the proverb:
[01:15:00] 'Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.'

[01:15:02] Item: She can sew.'

[01:15:04] That's as much as to say, Can she so?

[01:15:06] 'Item: She can knit.'

[01:15:07] What need a man care for a stock with a wench,

[01:15:09] when she can knit him a stock?

[01:15:11] 'Item: She can wash and scour.'

[01:15:13] A special virtue:

[01:15:14] for then she need not be washed and scoured.

[01:15:16] 'Item: She can spin.'

[01:15:17] Then may I set the world on wheels,

[01:15:20] when she can spin for her living.

[01:15:22] 'Item: She hath many nameless virtues.'

[01:15:24] That's as much as to say, bastard virtues;

[01:15:26] that, indeed, know not their fathers

[01:15:27] and therefore have no names.

[01:15:29] 'Here follow her vices.'

[01:15:31] Close at the heels of her virtues.

[01:15:32] 'Item: She is not to be kissed fasting

[01:15:35] in respect of her breath.'

[01:15:36] Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

[01:15:39] 'Item: She hath a sweet mouth.'

[01:15:41] That makes amends for her sour breath.

[01:15:43] 'Item: She doth talk in her sleep.'

[01:15:45] It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

[01:15:49] 'Item: She is slow in words.'

[01:15:51] O villain, that set this down among her vices!

[01:15:55] To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue:

[01:15:58] I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

[01:16:00] 'Item: She is proud.'

[01:16:02] Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy,

[01:16:05] and cannot be ta'en from her.

[01:16:06] 'Item: She hath no teeth.'

[01:16:09] I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

[01:16:13] 'Item: She is curst.'

[01:16:15] Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

[01:16:17] 'Item: She will often praise her liquor.'

[01:16:20] If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will;

[01:16:23] for good things should be praised.

[01:16:25] 'Item: She is too liberal.'

[01:16:27] Of her tongue she cannot be,

[01:16:30] for that's writ down she is slow of;

[01:16:32] of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut:

[01:16:36] now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help.

[01:16:41] Well, proceed.

[01:16:42] 'Item: She hath more hair than wit,

[01:16:44] and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.'

[01:16:47] Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine,

[01:16:49] twice or thrice in that last article.

[01:16:51] Rehearse that once more.

[01:16:53] 'Item: She hath more hair than wit,'--

[01:16:55] More hair than wit? It may be; I'll prove it.

[01:16:59] The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore

[01:17:01] it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit

[01:17:03] is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less.

[01:17:05] What's next?

[01:17:06] 'And more faults than hairs,'--

[01:17:08] That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

[01:17:10] 'And more wealth than faults.'

[01:17:12] Why, that word makes the faults gracious.

[01:17:15] Well, I'll have her; and if it be a match,

[01:17:17] as nothing is impossible,--
[01:17:20] What then?
[01:17:21] Why, then will I tell thee--that thy master stays
[01:17:27] for thee at the North-gate.
[01:17:33] For me?
[01:17:34] For thee! ay, who art thou?
[01:17:35] he hath stayed for a better man than thee.
[01:17:36] And must I go to him?
[01:17:37] Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long
[01:17:38] that going will scarce serve the turn.
[01:17:40] Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love letters!
[01:17:43] Now will he be swung for reading my letter;
[01:17:46] an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets!
[01:17:49] I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction.
[01:18:04] Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you,
[01:18:07] Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.
[01:18:09] Since his exile she hath despised me most,
[01:18:12] Forsworn my company and rail'd at me,
[01:18:14] That I am desperate of obtaining her.
[01:18:17] This weak impress of love is as a figure
[01:18:19] Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
[01:18:21] Dissolves to water and doth lose his form.
[01:18:25] A little time will melt her frozen thoughts
[01:18:27] And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.
[01:18:29] How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman
[01:18:32] According to our proclamation gone?
[01:18:34] Gone, my good lord.
[01:18:36] My daughter takes his going grievously.
[01:18:38] A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.
[01:18:40] So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.
[01:18:43] Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee--
[01:18:49] For thou hast shown some sign of good desert--
[01:18:50] Makes me the better to confer with thee.
[01:18:53] Longer than I prove loyal to your grace
[01:18:54] Let me not live to look upon your grace.
[01:18:57] Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
[01:18:59] The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.
[01:19:01] I do, my lord.
[01:19:02] And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
[01:19:03] How she opposes her against my will
[01:19:06] She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.
[01:19:08] Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.
[01:19:13] What might we do to make the girl forget
[01:19:16] The love of Valentine and love Sir Thurio?
[01:19:20] The best way is to slander Valentine
[01:19:23] With falsehood, cowardice and poor descent,
[01:19:26] Three things that women highly hold in hate.
[01:19:28] Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.
[01:19:30] Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
[01:19:31] Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
[01:19:34] By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.
[01:19:38] Then you must undertake to slander him.
[01:19:46] And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do:
[01:19:50] 'Tis an ill office for a gentleman,
[01:19:52] Especially against his very friend.
[01:19:54] Where your good word cannot advantage him,
[01:19:57] Your slander never can endamage him;
[01:19:59] Therefore the office is indifferent,
[01:20:00] Being entreated to it by your friend.
[01:20:07] You have prevail'd, my lord; if I can do it

[01:20:10] By ought that I can speak in his dispraise,
[01:20:13] She shall not long continue love to him.
[01:20:18] But say this weed her love from Valentine,
[01:20:20] It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.
[01:20:24] Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
[01:20:28] Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
[01:20:30] You must provide to bottom it on me;
[01:20:32] Which must be done by praising me as much
[01:20:35] As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.
[01:20:37] And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,
[01:20:39] Because we know, on Valentine's report,
[01:20:42] You are already Love's firm votary
[01:20:44] And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
[01:20:46] Upon this warrant shall you have access
[01:20:48] Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
[01:20:52] For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
[01:20:55] And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
[01:20:58] Where you may temper her by your persuasion
[01:21:00] To hate young Valentine and love my friend.
[01:21:05] As much as I can do, I will effect:
[01:21:08] But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
[01:21:13] You must lay lime to tangle her desires
[01:21:15] By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
[01:21:18] Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows.
[01:21:20] Ay,
[01:21:21] Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.
[01:21:24] Say that upon the altar of her beauty
[01:21:27] You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
[01:21:31] Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears
[01:21:33] Moist it again, and frame some feeling line
[01:21:36] That may discover such integrity:
[01:21:38] For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,
[01:21:41] Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
[01:21:44] Make tigers tame and huge leviathans
[01:21:47] Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
[01:21:52] After your dire-lamenting elegies,
[01:21:55] Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
[01:21:56] With some sweet concert; to their instruments
[01:21:59] Tune a deploring dump: the night's dead silence
[01:22:02] Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.
[01:22:06] This, or else nothing, will inherit her.
[01:22:09] This discipline shows thou hast been in love.
[01:22:13] And thy advice this night I'll put in practise.
[01:22:15] Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
[01:22:19] Let us into the city presently
[01:22:21] To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music.
[01:22:24] I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
[01:22:27] To give the onset to thy good advice.
[01:22:29] About it, gentlemen!
[01:22:30] We'll wait upon your grace till after supper,
[01:22:32] And afterward determine our proceedings.
[01:22:33] Even now about it! I will pardon you.

Two Gentlemen of Verona Act 4

[01:23:39] Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.
[01:23:46] If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.
[01:24:14] Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye:
[01:24:18] If not: we'll make you sit and rifle you.
[01:24:28] Sir, we are undone; these are the villains
[01:24:30] That all the travellers do fear so much.
[01:24:32] My friends,--
[01:24:33] That's not so, sir: we are your enemies.
[01:24:35] Peace! we'll hear him.
[01:24:39] Ay, by my beard, will we, for he's a proper man.
[01:24:41] Then know that I have little wealth to lose:
[01:24:44] A man I am cross'd with adversity;
[01:24:47] My riches are these poor habiliments,
[01:24:49] Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
[01:24:50] You take the sum and substance that I have.
[01:24:52] Whither travel you?
[01:24:53] To Verona.
[01:24:54] Whence came you?
[01:24:55] From Milan.
[01:24:56] Have you long sojourned there?
[01:24:57] Some sixteen months, and longer might have stay'd,
[01:24:58] If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
[01:25:01] What, were you banish'd thence?
[01:25:02] I was.
[01:25:03] For what offence?
[01:25:04] For that which now torments me to rehearse:
[01:25:06] I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
[01:25:09] But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
[01:25:12] Without false vantage or base treachery.
[01:25:15] Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
[01:25:17] But were you banish'd for so small a fault?
[01:25:21] I was, and held me glad of such a doom.
[01:25:24] Have you the tongues?
[01:25:25] My youthful travel therein made me happy,
[01:25:27] Or else I often had been miserable.
[01:25:28] By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
[01:25:31] This fellow were a king for our wild faction!
[01:25:35] We'll have him. Sirs, a word.
[01:25:38] Master, be one of them; it's an honourable kind of thievery.
[01:25:41] Peace, villain!
[01:25:42] Tell us this: have you any thing to take to?
[01:25:46] Nothing but my fortune.
[01:25:47] Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,
[01:25:50] Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
[01:25:52] Thrust from the company of awful men:
[01:25:54] Myself was from Verona banished
[01:25:56] For practising to steal away a lady,
[01:25:58] An heir, and near allied unto the duke.
[01:26:00] And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
[01:26:02] Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.
[01:26:04] And I for such like petty crimes as these,
[01:26:09] But to the purpose--for we cite our faults,
[01:26:11] That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives;
[01:26:14] And partly, seeing you are beautified
[01:26:16] With goodly shape and by your own report
[01:26:18] A linguist and a man of such perfection
[01:26:21] As we do in our quality much want--
[01:26:24] Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,

[01:26:26] Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
[01:26:28] Are you content to be our general?
[01:26:30] To make a virtue of necessity
[01:26:32] And live, as we do, in this wilderness?
[01:26:34] What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
[01:26:36] Say ay, and be the captain of us all:
[01:26:38] We'll do thee homage and be ruled by thee,
[01:26:40] Love thee as our commander and our king.
[01:26:43] But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.
[01:26:46] Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.
[01:26:50] I take your offer and will live with you,
[01:26:56] Provided that you do no outrages
[01:26:58] On silly women or poor passengers.
[01:27:01] No, we detest such vile base practises.
[01:27:05] Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
[01:27:07] And show thee all the treasure we have got,
[01:27:09] Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.
[01:27:35] Already have I been false to Valentine
[01:27:41] And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
[01:27:44] Under the colour of commending him,
[01:27:46] I have access my own love to prefer:
[01:27:50] But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
[01:27:57] To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
[01:28:04] When I protest true loyalty to her,
[01:28:08] She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
[01:28:13] When to her beauty I commend my vows,
[01:28:15] She bids me think how I have been forsworn
[01:28:17] In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved:
[01:28:20] And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
[01:28:23] The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
[01:28:26] Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
[01:28:30] The more it grows and fawneth on her still.
[01:28:35] But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
[01:28:37] And give some evening music to her ear.
[01:28:41] How now, Sir Proteus, are you crept before us?
[01:28:43] Ay, gentle Thurio: for you know that love
[01:28:46] Will creep in service where it cannot go.
[01:28:49] Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.
[01:28:50] Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.
[01:28:52] Who? Silvia?
[01:28:53] Ay, Silvia; for your sake.
[01:28:56] I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
[01:28:58] Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.
[01:29:13] Now, my young guest, methinks you're allycholly:
[01:29:16] I pray you, why is it?
[01:29:18] Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.
[01:29:20] Come, we'll have you merry:
[01:29:21] I'll bring you where you shall hear music
[01:29:24] and see the gentleman that you asked for.
[01:29:26] But shall I hear him speak?
[01:29:27] Ay, that you shall.
[01:29:28] That will be music.
[01:29:31] Hark, hark!
[01:29:32] Is he among these?
[01:29:33] Ay: but, peace! let's hear 'em.
[01:29:58] That all our swains commend her?
[01:30:04] Holy, fair and wise is she;
[01:30:09] The heaven such grace did lend her,
[01:30:15] That she might admired be.
[01:30:25] That she might admired be.

[01:30:30] Is she kind as she is fair?
[01:30:36] For beauty lives with kindness.
[01:30:41] Love doth to her eyes repair,
[01:30:47] To help him of his blindness,
[01:30:53] And, being help'd, inhabits there.
[01:31:08] Then to Silvia let us sing,
[01:31:14] That Silvia is excelling;
[01:31:20] She excels each mortal thing
[01:31:25] Upon the dull earth dwelling:
[01:31:50] How now! are you sadder than you were before?
[01:31:54] How do you, man? the music likes you not.
[01:31:59] You mistake; the musician likes me not.
[01:32:02] Why, my pretty youth?
[01:32:04] He plays false, father.
[01:32:06] How? out of tune on the strings?
[01:32:09] Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.
[01:32:14] You have a quick ear.
[01:32:15] Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a slow heart.
[01:32:18] I perceive you delight not in music.
[01:32:20] Not a whit, when it jars so.
[01:32:22] Hark, what fine change is in the music!
[01:32:25] Ay, that change is the spite.
[01:32:29] You would have them always play but one thing?
[01:32:31] I would always have one play but one thing.
[01:32:35] But, host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on
[01:32:38] Often resort unto this gentlewoman?
[01:32:40] I tell you what Launce, his man, told me:
[01:32:43] he loved her out of all nick.
[01:32:44] Where is Launce?
[01:32:45] Gone to seek his dog; which tomorrow,
[01:32:47] by his master's command,
[01:32:49] he must carry for a present to his lady.
[01:32:52] Peace! stand aside: the company parts.
[01:33:04] Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead
[01:33:06] That you shall say my cunning drift excels.
[01:33:09] Where meet we?
[01:33:10] At Saint Gregory's well.
[01:33:11] Farewell.
[01:33:17] Madam, good even to your ladyship.
[01:33:23] I thank you for your music, gentlemen.
[01:33:30] Who is that that spake?
[01:33:32] One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
[01:33:36] You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.
[01:33:38] Sir Proteus, as I take it.
[01:33:39] Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.
[01:33:41] What's your will?
[01:33:43] That I may compass yours.
[01:33:46] You have your wish; my will is even this:
[01:33:49] That presently you hie you home to bed.
[01:33:54] Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man!
[01:34:01] Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,
[01:34:05] To be seduced by thy flattery,
[01:34:08] That hast deceived so many with thy vows?
[01:34:12] Return, return, and make thy love amends.
[01:34:16] For me, by this pale queen of night I swear,
[01:34:21] I am so far from granting thy request
[01:34:24] That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit,
[01:34:27] And by and by intend to chide myself
[01:34:29] Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.
[01:34:32] I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;

[01:34:35] But she is dead.
[01:34:37] 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
[01:34:40] For I am sure she is not buried.
[01:34:43] Say that she be; yet Valentine thy friend Survives;
[01:34:49] to whom, thyself art witness,
[01:34:51] I am betroth'd: and art thou not ashamed
[01:34:55] To wrong him with thy importunacy?
[01:34:58] I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.
[01:35:08] And so suppose am I; for in his grave
[01:35:13] Assure thyself my love is buried.
[01:35:16] Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.
[01:35:21] Go to thy lady's grave and call hers thence,
[01:35:27] Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.
[01:35:30] He heard not that.
[01:35:33] Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
[01:35:36] Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
[01:35:38] The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
[01:35:41] To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:
[01:35:46] For since the substance of your perfect self
[01:35:48] Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
[01:35:50] And to your shadow will I make true love.
[01:35:54] If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
[01:35:57] And make it but a shadow, as I am.
[01:36:03] I am very loath to be your idol, sir;
[01:36:08] But since your falsehood shall become you well
[01:36:11] To worship shadows and adore false shapes,
[01:36:16] Send to me in the morning and I'll send it:
[01:36:21] And so, good rest.
[01:36:24] As wretches have o'ernight
[01:36:25] That wait for execution in the morn.
[01:36:48] Host, will you go?
[01:36:51] By my halidom, I was fast asleep.
[01:36:53] Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?
[01:36:55] Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 'tis almost day.
[01:37:00] Not so; but it hath been the longest night
[01:37:03] That e'er I watch'd and the most heaviest.
[01:37:31] This is the hour that Madam Silvia
[01:37:34] Entreated me to call and know her mind:
[01:37:38] There's some great matter she'd employ me in.
[01:38:12] Madam, madam!
[01:38:13] Who calls?
[01:38:14] Your servant and your friend;
[01:38:17] One that attends your ladyship's command.
[01:38:19] Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.
[01:38:22] As many, worthy lady, to yourself:
[01:38:26] According to your ladyship's impose,
[01:38:29] I am thus early come to know what service
[01:38:32] It is your pleasure to command me in.
[01:38:34] O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman--
[01:38:38] Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not--
[01:38:40] Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd:
[01:38:45] Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
[01:38:47] I bear unto the banish'd Valentine,
[01:38:50] Nor how my father would enforce me marry
[01:38:51] Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.
[01:38:55] Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say
[01:38:58] No grief did ever come so near thy heart
[01:39:00] As when thy lady and thy true love died,
[01:39:02] Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
[01:39:06] Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,

[01:39:09] To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode;
[01:39:12] And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
[01:39:13] I do desire thy worthy company,
[01:39:16] Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
[01:39:18] Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
[01:39:21] But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,
[01:39:24] And on the justice of my flying hence,
[01:39:26] To keep me from a most unholy match,
[01:39:28] Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues.
[01:39:31] I do desire thee, even from a heart
[01:39:34] As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
[01:39:37] To bear me company and go with me:
[01:39:39] If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
[01:39:42] That I may venture to depart alone.
[01:39:45] Madam, I pity much your grievances;
[01:39:49] Which since I know they virtuously are placed,
[01:39:53] I give consent to go along with you,
[01:39:56] Recking as little what betideth me
[01:39:59] As much I wish all good befotune you.
[01:40:04] When will you go?
[01:40:05] This evening coming.
[01:40:08] Where shall I meet you?
[01:40:09] At Friar Patrick's cell,
[01:40:10] Where I intend holy confession.
[01:40:12] I will not fail your ladyship. Good morrow, gentle lady.
[01:40:21] Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.
[01:40:48] When a man's servant shall play the cur with him,
[01:40:50] look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy;
[01:40:53] one that I saved from drowning,
[01:40:54] when three or four
[01:40:55] of his blind brothers and sisters went to it.
[01:40:57] I have taught him, even as one would say precisely,
[01:41:00] 'thus I would teach a dog.' I was sent to deliver
[01:41:03] him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master;
[01:41:05] and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber
[01:41:07] but he steps me to her trencher and steals her capon's leg:
[01:41:12] O, 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself
[01:41:14] in all companies! I would have, as one should say,
[01:41:19] one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be,
[01:41:22] as it were, a dog at all things.
[01:41:26] If I had not had more wit than he,
[01:41:27] to take a fault upon me that he did,
[01:41:29] I think verily he had been hanged for't;
[01:41:31] sure as I live, he had suffered for't; you shall judge.
[01:41:35] He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four
[01:41:38] gentlemanlike dogs under the duke's table:
[01:41:43] he had not been there--bless the mark!--
[01:41:45] a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him.
[01:41:50] 'Out with the dog!' says one:
[01:41:51] 'What cur is that?' says another:
[01:41:53] 'Whip him out' says the third: 'Hang him up' says the duke.
[01:41:56] I, having been acquainted with the smell before,
[01:41:58] knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that
[01:42:03] whips the dogs: 'Friend,' quoth I, 'you mean to whip the dog?'
[01:42:05] 'Ay, marry, do I,' quoth he.
[01:42:07] 'You do him the more wrong,' quoth I;
[01:42:10] 'twas I did the thing you wot of.'
[01:42:13] He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber.
[01:42:16] How many masters would do this for his servant?
[01:42:18] Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings

[01:42:21] he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed;
[01:42:25] I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed,
[01:42:27] otherwise he had suffered for't.
[01:42:29] Thou thinkest not of this now.
[01:42:30] Nay, I remember the trick you served me
[01:42:33] when I took my leave of Madam Silvia:
[01:42:35] did not I bid thee still mark me and do as I do?
[01:42:43] when didst thou see me heave up my leg
[01:42:45] and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale?
[01:42:48] didst thou ever see me do such a trick?
[01:43:11] Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well
[01:43:23] And will employ thee in some service presently.
[01:43:26] In what you please: I'll do what I can.
[01:43:28] I hope thou wilt.
[01:43:30] How now, you whoreson peasant!
[01:43:33] Where have you been these two days loitering?
[01:43:36] Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.
[01:43:39] And what says she to my little jewel?
[01:43:40] Marry, she says your dog was a cur,
[01:43:42] and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.
[01:43:44] But she received my dog?
[01:43:45] No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.
[01:43:49] What, didst thou offer her this from me?
[01:43:52] Ay, sir: the other squirrel was stolen from me
[01:43:53] by the hangman boys in the market-place:
[01:43:56] and then I offered her mine own,
[01:43:59] who is a dog as big as ten of yours,
[01:44:01] and therefore the gift the greater.
[01:44:03] Go get thee hence, and find my dog again,
[01:44:05] Or ne'er return again into my sight.
[01:44:07] Away, I say! stay'st thou to vex me here?
[01:44:15] A slave, that still an end turns me to shame!
[01:44:23] Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
[01:44:28] Partly that I have need of such a youth
[01:44:30] That can with some discretion do my business,
[01:44:32] For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lout,
[01:44:37] But chiefly for thy face and thy behavior,
[01:44:51] Which, if my augury deceive me not,
[01:44:54] Witness good bringing up, fortune and truth:
[01:45:01] Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
[01:45:06] Go presently and take this ring with thee,
[01:45:10] Deliver it to Madam Silvia:
[01:45:13] She loved me well deliver'd it to me.
[01:45:18] It seems you loved not her, to leave her token.
[01:45:23] She is dead, belike?
[01:45:24] Not so; I think she lives.
[01:45:25] Alas!
[01:45:26] Why dost thou cry 'alas'?
[01:45:29] I cannot choose
[01:45:30] But pity her.
[01:45:31] Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?
[01:45:34] Because methinks that she loved you as well
[01:45:36] As you do love your lady Silvia:
[01:45:39] She dreams of him that has forgot her love;
[01:45:43] You dote on her that cares not for your love.
[01:45:47] 'Tis pity love should be so contrary;
[01:45:52] And thinking of it makes me cry 'alas!'
[01:45:56] Well, give her that ring and therewithal
[01:45:59] This letter. That's her chamber.
[01:46:12] Tell my lady I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.

[01:46:19] Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
[01:46:25] Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary.
[01:46:39] How many women would do such a message?
[01:46:45] Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
[01:46:49] A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.
[01:46:53] Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
[01:46:59] That with his very heart despiseth me?
[01:47:03] Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
[01:47:09] Because I love him I must pity him.
[01:47:16] This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
[01:47:20] To bind him to remember my good will;
[01:47:24] And now am I, unhappy messenger,
[01:47:27] To plead for that which I would not obtain,
[01:47:30] To carry that which I would have refused,
[01:47:33] To praise his faith which I would have dispraised.
[01:47:41] I am my master's true-confirmed love;
[01:47:45] But cannot be true servant to my master,
[01:47:49] Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
[01:47:56] Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly
[01:48:01] As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.
[01:48:11] Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
[01:48:14] To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.
[01:48:17] What would you with her, if that I be she?
[01:48:21] If you be she, I do entreat your patience
[01:48:25] To hear me speak the message I am sent on.
[01:48:26] From whom?
[01:48:27] From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.
[01:48:32] O, he sends you for a picture.
[01:48:36] Ay, madam.
[01:48:38] Ursula, bring my picture here.
[01:48:49] Go give your master this: tell him from me,
[01:48:54] One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
[01:48:56] Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.
[01:49:00] Madam, please you peruse this letter.--
[01:49:08] Pardon me, madam; I have unadvised
[01:49:09] Deliver'd you a paper that I should not:
[01:49:12] This is the letter to your ladyship.
[01:49:15] I pray thee, let me look on that again.
[01:49:16] It may not be; good madam, pardon me.
[01:49:18] There, hold!
[01:49:27] I will not look upon your master's lines:
[01:49:30] I know they are stuff'd with protestations
[01:49:32] And full of new-found oaths; which he will break
[01:49:35] As easily as I do tear his paper.
[01:49:41] Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.
[01:49:49] The more shame for him that he sends it me;
[01:49:53] For I have heard him say a thousand times
[01:49:55] His Julia gave it him at his departure.
[01:49:58] Though his false finger have profaned the ring,
[01:50:01] Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.
[01:50:04] She thanks you.
[01:50:06] What say'st thou?
[01:50:09] I thank you, madam, that you tender her.
[01:50:12] Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.
[01:50:15] Dost thou know her?
[01:50:16] Almost as well as I do know myself:
[01:50:19] To think upon her woes I do protest
[01:50:20] That I have wept a hundred several times.
[01:50:23] Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.
[01:50:27] I think she doth; and that's her cause of sorrow.

[01:50:31] Is she not passing fair?
[01:50:34] She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
[01:50:38] When she did think my master loved her well,
[01:50:40] She, in my judgment, was as fair as you:
[01:50:45] But since she did neglect her looking-glass
[01:50:47] And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
[01:50:49] The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks
[01:50:52] And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
[01:50:54] That now she is become as black as I.
[01:50:58] How tall was she?
[01:51:01] About my stature; for at Pentecost,
[01:51:03] When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
[01:51:06] Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
[01:51:09] And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown,
[01:51:10] Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,
[01:51:12] As if the garment had been made for me:
[01:51:15] Therefore I know she is about my height.
[01:51:21] And at that time I made her weep agoon,
[01:51:25] For I did play a lamentable part:
[01:51:30] Madam, 'twas Ariadne passioning
[01:51:32] For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
[01:51:37] Which I so lively acted with my tears
[01:51:42] That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
[01:51:49] Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead
[01:51:56] If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!
[01:52:02] She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.
[01:52:08] Alas, poor lady, desolate and left!
[01:52:15] I weep myself to think upon thy words.
[01:52:21] Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
[01:52:27] For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lovest her.
[01:52:35] Farewell.
[01:52:44] And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.
[01:52:51] A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful
[01:52:56] I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
[01:52:58] Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
[01:53:02] Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
[01:53:12] Here is her picture: let me see;
[01:53:29] I think, If I had such a tire, this face of mine
[01:53:32] Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
[01:53:37] And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
[01:53:41] Unless I flatter with myself too much.
[01:53:46] Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
[01:53:51] If that be all the difference in his love,
[01:53:52] I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
[01:53:56] Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.
[01:54:01] What should it be that he respects in her
[01:54:05] But I can make respect in myself,
[01:54:07] If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
[01:54:16] Come, shadow, come and take this shadow up,
[01:54:28] For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
[01:54:34] Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, loved and adored!
[01:54:41] And, were there sense in his idolatry,
[01:54:42] My substance should be statue in thy stead.
[01:54:48] I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
[01:54:55] That used me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
[01:55:03] I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes
[01:55:05] To make my master out of love with thee!

Two Gentlemen of Verona Act 5

[01:55:33] The sun begins to gild the western sky;
[01:55:36] And now it is about the very hour
[01:55:38] That Silvia, at Friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
[01:55:45] She will not fail, for lovers break not hours,
[01:55:49] Unless it be to come before their time;
[01:55:51] So much they spur their expedition.
[01:56:06] See where she comes.
[01:56:08] Lady, a happy evening!
[01:56:11] Amen, amen! Go on, good Eglamour,
[01:56:15] Out at the postern by the abbey-wall:
[01:56:17] I fear I am attended by some spies.
[01:56:20] Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
[01:56:22] If we recover that, we are sure enough.
[01:56:51] Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?
[01:56:53] O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
[01:56:55] And yet she takes exceptions at your person.
[01:56:58] What, that my leg is too long?
[01:57:00] No; that it is too little.
[01:57:03] I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.
[01:57:05] But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.
[01:57:08] What says she to my face?
[01:57:09] She says it is a fair one.
[01:57:10] Nay then, the wanton lies; my face is black.
[01:57:14] But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
[01:57:16] Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.
[01:57:19] 'Tis true; such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
[01:57:21] For I had rather wink than look on them.
[01:57:22] How likes she my discourse?
[01:57:25] Ill, when you talk of war.
[01:57:26] But well, when I discourse of love and peace?
[01:57:30] But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.
[01:57:32] What says she to my valour?
[01:57:33] O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.
[01:57:36] She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.
[01:57:37] What says she to my birth?
[01:57:39] That you are well derived.
[01:57:40] True; from a gentleman to a fool.
[01:57:42] Considers she my possessions?
[01:57:44] O, ay; and pities them.
[01:57:47] Wherefore?
[01:57:48] That such an ass should owe them.
[01:57:49] That they are out by lease.
[01:57:51] Here comes the duke.
[01:57:52] How now, Sir Proteus! how now, Thurio!
[01:57:55] Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?
[01:57:57] Not I.
[01:57:58] Saw you my daughter?
[01:57:59] Neither.
[01:58:00] Why then,
[01:58:01] She's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
[01:58:03] And Eglamour is in her company.
[01:58:04] 'Tis true; for Friar Laurence met them both,
[01:58:06] As he in penance wander'd through the forest;
[01:58:09] Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she,
[01:58:12] But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it;
[01:58:14] Besides, she did intend confession
[01:58:15] At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not;
[01:58:18] These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.

[01:58:21] Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
 [01:58:23] But mount you presently and meet with me
 [01:58:24] Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
 [01:58:26] That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled:
 [01:58:28] Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.
 [01:58:35] Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
 [01:58:37] That flies her fortune when it follows her.
 [01:58:40] I'll after, more to be revenged on Eglamour
 [01:58:42] Than for the love of reckless Silvia.
 [01:58:47] And I will follow, more for Silvia's love
 [01:58:49] Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her.
 [01:58:54] And I will follow, more to cross that love
 [01:58:56] Than hate for Silvia that is gone for love.
 [02:00:29] Come, come,
 [02:00:30] Be patient; we must bring you to our captain.
 [02:00:33] A thousand more mischances than this one
 [02:00:35] Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.
 [02:00:37] Come, bring her away.
 [02:00:39] Where is the gentleman that was with her?
 [02:00:41] Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,
 [02:00:46] But Moyses and Valerius follow him.
 [02:00:49] Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;
 [02:00:51] There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled;
 [02:00:54] The thicket is beset; he cannot 'scape.
 [02:00:56] Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave:
 [02:01:00] Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
 [02:01:02] And will not use a woman lawlessly.
 [02:01:04] O Valentine, this I endure for thee!
 [02:01:23] How use doth breed a habit in a man!
 [02:01:28] This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
 [02:01:32] I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
 [02:01:58] Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
 [02:02:02] And to the nightingale's complaining notes
 [02:02:04] Tune my distresses and record my woes.
 [02:02:10] O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
 [02:02:12] Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
 [02:02:15] Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall
 [02:02:18] And leave no memory of what it was!
 [02:02:21] Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
 [02:02:24] Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!
 [02:02:31] What halloing and what stir is this to-day?
 [02:02:36] These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
 [02:02:38] Have some unhappy passenger in chase.
 [02:02:40] They love me well; yet I have much to do
 [02:02:42] To keep them from uncivil outrages.
 [02:02:45] Withdraw thee, Valentine:
 [02:02:51] who's this comes here?
 [02:02:57] Madam, this service I have done for you,
 [02:03:01] Though you respect not aught your servant doth,
 [02:03:03] To hazard life and rescue you from him
 [02:03:05] That would have forced your honour and your love;
 [02:03:07] Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
 [02:03:11] A smaller boon than this I cannot beg
 [02:03:12] And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.
 [02:03:15] How like a dream is this I see and hear!
 [02:03:17] Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.
 [02:03:19] O miserable, unhappy that I am!
 [02:03:23] Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
 [02:03:25] But by my coming I have made you happy.
 [02:03:28] By thy approach thou makest me most unhappy.

[02:03:30] And me, when he approacheth to your presence.
 [02:03:32] Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
 [02:03:35] I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
 [02:03:37] Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
 [02:03:41] O, Heaven be judge how I love Valentine,
 [02:03:45] Whose life's as tender to me as my soul!
 [02:03:49] And full as much, for more there cannot be,
 [02:03:52] I do detest false perjured Proteus.
 [02:03:55] Therefore be gone; solicit me no more.
 [02:03:58] What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
 [02:04:00] Would I not undergo for one calm look!
 [02:04:04] O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approved,
 [02:04:06] When women cannot love where they're beloved!
 [02:04:08] When Proteus cannot love where he's beloved.
 [02:04:11] Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
 [02:04:15] For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
 [02:04:19] Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
 [02:04:22] Descended into perjury, to love me.
 [02:04:25] Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst two;
 [02:04:30] And that's far worse than none; better have none
 [02:04:34] Than plural faith which is too much by one:
 [02:04:37] Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!
 [02:04:40] In love Who respects friend?
 [02:04:41] All men but Proteus.
 [02:04:43] Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
 [02:04:47] Can no way change you to a milder form,
 [02:04:49] I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,
 [02:04:51] And love you 'gainst the nature of love,--force ye.
 [02:04:55] I'll force thee yield to my desire.
 [02:04:57] Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,
 [02:05:01] Thou friend of an ill fashion!
 [02:05:09] Valentine!
 [02:05:17] Thou common friend, that's without faith or love,
 [02:05:23] For such is a friend now; treacherous man!
 [02:05:29] Thou hast beguiled my hopes; nought but mine eye
 [02:05:32] Could have persuaded me: now I dare not say
 [02:05:35] I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
 [02:05:42] Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand
 [02:05:45] Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
 [02:05:50] I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
 [02:05:55] But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
 [02:06:00] The private wound is deepest: O time most accurst,
 [02:06:07] 'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!
 [02:06:13] My shame and guilt confounds me.
 [02:06:22] Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
 [02:06:29] Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
 [02:06:32] I tender 't here; I do as truly suffer
 [02:06:37] As e'er I did commit.
 [02:06:42] Then I am paid;
 [02:06:46] And once again I do receive thee honest.
 [02:07:11] Who by repentance is not satisfied
 [02:07:13] Is nor of heaven nor earth, for these are pleased.
 [02:07:19] By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeased:
 [02:07:24] And, that my love may appear plain and free,
 [02:07:30] All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.
 [02:07:36] O me unhappy!
 [02:07:42] Look to the boy.
 [02:07:43] Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what's the matter?
 [02:07:48] Look up; speak.
 [02:07:50] O good sir,

[02:07:53] my master charged me to deliver a ring to Madam Silvia,
[02:07:56] which, out of my neglect, was never done.
[02:07:58] Where is that ring, boy?
[02:08:01] Here 'tis; this is it.
[02:08:02] How! let me see:
[02:08:07] Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.
[02:08:11] O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook:
[02:08:13] This is the ring you sent to Silvia.
[02:08:15] But how camest thou by this ring?
[02:08:18] At my depart I gave this unto Julia.
[02:08:22] And Julia herself did give it me;
[02:08:27] And Julia herself hath brought it hither.
[02:08:40] How! Julia!
[02:08:45] Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
[02:08:50] And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart.
[02:08:54] How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!
[02:09:05] O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
[02:09:12] Be thou ashamed that I have took upon me
[02:09:15] Such an immodest raiment, if shame live
[02:09:19] In a disguise of love:
[02:09:22] It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
[02:09:24] Women to change their shapes than men their minds.
[02:09:32] Than men their minds! O 'tis true.
[02:09:39] Were man constant, he were perfect.
[02:09:43] That one error Fills him with faults;
[02:09:47] makes him run through all the sins:
[02:09:50] Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.
[02:10:03] What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
[02:10:17] More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?
[02:10:26] Come, come, a hand from either:
[02:10:34] Let me be blest to make this happy close;
[02:10:37] 'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.
[02:10:43] Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever.
[02:10:48] And I mine.
[02:10:50] A prize, a prize, a prize!
[02:11:04] Forbear, forbear, I say! it is my lord the duke.
[02:11:08] Your grace is welcome to a man disgraced,
[02:11:11] Banished Valentine.
[02:11:12] Sir Valentine!
[02:11:14] Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.
[02:11:16] Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
[02:11:19] Come not within the measure of my wrath;
[02:11:20] Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
[02:11:23] Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands;
[02:11:26] Take but possession of her with a touch:
[02:11:28] I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.
[02:11:29] Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;
[02:11:31] I hold him but a fool that will endanger
[02:11:34] His body for a girl that loves him not:
[02:11:36] I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.
[02:11:44] The more degenerate and base art thou,
[02:11:46] To make such means for her as thou hast done
[02:11:49] And leave her on such slight conditions.
[02:11:53] Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
[02:11:55] I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
[02:11:57] And think thee worthy of an empress' love:
[02:12:01] Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
[02:12:03] Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
[02:12:07] Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,
[02:12:10] To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,

[02:12:13] Thou art a gentleman and well derived;
[02:12:17] Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved her.
[02:12:22] I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
[02:12:26] I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
[02:12:29] To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.
[02:12:30] I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.
[02:12:33] These banish'd men that I have kept withal
[02:12:34] Are men endued with worthy qualities:
[02:12:36] Forgive them what they have committed here
[02:12:38] And let them be recall'd from their exile:
[02:12:40] They are reformed, civil, full of good
[02:12:43] And fit for great employment, worthy lord.
[02:12:46] Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them and thee:
[02:12:50] Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.
[02:12:53] Come, let us go: we will include all jars
[02:12:56] With triumphs, mirth and rare solemnity.
[02:13:06] And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
[02:13:08] With our discourse to make your grace to smile.
[02:13:10] What think you of this page, my lord?
[02:13:13] I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.
[02:13:16] I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.
[02:13:19] What mean you by that saying?
[02:13:21] Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
[02:13:23] That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.
[02:13:25] Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance but to hear
[02:13:29] The story of your loves discovered:
[02:13:32] That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
[02:13:36] One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.