Is eaten by the Canker ere it blow,
Even fo by Loure, the yong, and tender wit,
Is turn'd to folly, blushing in the Bud,
Losing his verdure, even in the prime,
And all the faire effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to count mythe
That art a votary to fowle desire?
Once more aduise: my Father at the Road
Expectts my comming, there to see me ship'd.
Pro. And thither will I bring thee Valentine.
Val. Sweete Prebeob, no: Now let vs take our leave.
To C. C. let me hear from thee by Letters,
Of thy surcease in Loure; and what news eie
Beside she in absence of thy Friend;
And Ilikewise will vifite thee with mine
Pro. All happinesse becachme to thee in Millaine.
Val. As much to you at hom: so farewell, Ezio.
Pro. He after Honour hunte, I after Loure;
He leaues his friends, to dignifie them more;
I loue my selfe, my friends, and all for Loure:
Thou Julius thou hast metamorphis'd me:
Made me negled my Studies, looke: my time;
Wast with good comfaine: let the world at noight;
Made Wit with musing, wastes; hart sick with thought.
Sp. Sir Prebeob: Truste you? saw you my Master? 
Pro. But now he parted hence to embarque for Milliane.
Sp. Twenty to one then, he is ship'd already,
And I have plaid the Sheep in loosing him,
Pro. Indeed a Sheepe doth very often flye,
And if the Shepheard be awhile away.
Sp. You conclude that my Master a Shepheard then,
And I Sheepe? 
Pro. I doe.
Sp. Why then my hornes are his hornes, whether I
Woke or sleepe.
Sp. A filly auentre, and fitting well a Sheepe.
Pro. This proues me still a Sheepe.
Sp. True; and thy Master a Shepheard.
Sp. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.
Pro. It shall goe hard but ile proue it by another.
Sp. The Shepherd feckes the Sheepe, and not the
Sheepe the Shepheard; but I fecke my Master, and
My Master fecke not me: therefore I am no Sheepe.
Pro. The Sheepe for fodder follow the Shepheard, the
Shepheard for foode follows not the Sheepe: thou
For wages followest thy Master, thy Master for wages
Followes not thee: therefore thou art a Sheepe.
Sp. Such another prove will make me cry ble.
Pro. But do thou heare: gaull thou my letter
To India?
Sp. I Sir: (a soft-Mutton) gave your Letter to her (a lace-Mutton) and the (a black-Mutton) gave me (a soft-Mutton) nothing for my labour.

Prs. Here's too small a Fatigue for such flocks of Muttons.

Sp. If the ground be ones-charg'd, you were best sit in her.

Prs. Nay, in that you are affray'd, were best pound you.

Sp. Nay Sir, lest then a pound shall issue me for carrying your Letter.

Prs. You mistake; I mean the pound, a Pinfold.

Sp. From a pound to a pin? fold it outer and outer,

'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lower.

Prs. What but what fate?

Sp. 1.

Prs. Nod, I why's that noddy?

Sp. You mislodge Sir, I say the did nod;

And you ask me if the did nod, and I say 1.

Prs. And that fet together is noddy.

Sp. Now you have taken the pains to fet it together, take it for your pains.

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

Sp. Well, I perceive I must be faine to bear with you.

Prs. Why Sir, how do you dare with me?

Sp. Marry, the letter very orderly,

Hanging nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Behold me now, but you have a quick wit.

And yet it cannot ouer take your flow of fire.

Prs. Come, come, open the matter in briefe; what faid fie. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter may be both at once delivered.

Prs. Well Sir: here is for your pains, what faid fie.

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

Prs. Why could it thou perceiue so much from her?

Sp. Sir, I could perceiue nothing at all from her;

No, no so much as a bucket for delivering your letter, and being so hard to me, that brought your mind;

I fear she'll proue as hard to you in telling your mind, Give her no token but flowers, for she's as hard as steel.

Prs. What faid fie, nothing?

Sp. No, so much at this for thy pains: (me)

To teifie thy bounty, I thank you, you have effert'd

In requital whereof, henceforth, carry your letters your selfe;

And so Sir, I'll commend you to my Matter.

Prs. Go, go, he gone, to face your Shift from wreck,

Which cannot pervert having thee aboard:

Being desir'd to a drier death on thee:

I must goe lend some better Messenger,

I fear my faith will not daigne my lines,

Receiving them from such a worthifull post.


Scena Secunda.

Enter Ilustrious Lucetta.

Luc. But say Lucetta (how we are alone)

Would it thist then confute me to fall in love?

Il. Madam, To your humble not unfeudally,

Of all the faire fortune of Gentlemen,

That every day with part encounter me,

In thy opinion which is worthieth loue?

Luc. Please you repeat their names, I shew my minde,

According to my shallow simple skille.

Il. What thinkst thou of the faire Esamore?

Luc. As of a Knight, well-spoken, neat, and fine;

But were I you, he never should be mine.

Il. What thinkst thou of the rich Terceria?

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

Il. What thinkst thou of the gentle Probus?

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

Il. How now? what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon deare Madam, it's a paffing flame,

That I unworthy body as I am

Should confute thus on loue Gentleмен.

Il. Why not on Probus, as of all the rest?

Luc. I then thus of many good, I think him best.

Il. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a womans reason:

I thinke him so, because I thinke him so.

Il. And would'thou have me call my loue on him?

Luc. If you thought your loue not call away.

Il. Why he, of all the rest, hath never spoke to me.

Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, loues ye.

Il. His little speaking, floust his loue but small.

Luc. Fire that's cloeset kept, burns most of all.

Il. They do not loue, that doth not fiew there loue.

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

Il. I would I knew his minde.

Luc. Pare it this paper Madam,

Il. To Italia: say, from whom?

Luc. That the Comte's will shew.

Il. Say, say: who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine page & tain I think from Probus:

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

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

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

Dare you presume to harour wainet lines?

To whisper, and confide against my youth.

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

And you an officer fit for the place:

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

Or else returne no more into my sight.

Il. To plead for loue, defenses more fee, then hate.

Il. Will ye be gon?

Luc. That you may tummize.

Il. And yet I would I had one look'd the Letter; it were a shame to call her back againe,

And pray her to a fault, for which I chide her,

What Godless fire, that knowes I am a Maid,

And would not force the letter to my view?

Since Maites in modesty, say no to that,

Which they would have the profitter confute, I,

Fie, fie: how wayward is this foolish loue;

That (like a teth'd Hare) will scratch the Nutt,

And presently; all humber'd fille the Red:

How churlistly, I chide Lucetta hence,

When willingly, I would have taue her there?

How angrily I caught my brow to frownne,

When inward tow enforc'd my heart to smile?

My pennesse is, to call Derrica backe,

And ask remon, for my folly past.

What hope, Lucetta?

Il. What would your Ladiship?

Luc. Is theere dinner time?

Il. I would it were,

That you might kill your Khameke on your meat,
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

And not upon your Maid.

Lu. What is’t that you
Took vp to gingerly?

Lu. Nothing.

In. Why didst thou require that?

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

In. And is that paper nothing?

Lu. Nothing concerning me.

In. Then let it ly, for though that it concerns,

Lu. Madam, it shall not ly where it concerns,

Vnlesse it haue a fallc Interpreter.

In. Some lour of yours, hath writ to you in Rome.

Lu. That I might signt to (Madam) to a tune:

Give me a Note, your Lordship can see

In. As little by such toyes, as may be possible:

Best fing it to the tune of Lights O,Lune.

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

In. Heavy? beliefe it hath some burden then?

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

In. And why not you?

Lu. I cannot reach so high.

In. Let’s see your Song?

How now Minion?

Lu. Kepee tune there still; so you will sing it out.

And yet me thinkes I do not like this tune.

In. You do not?

Lu. No (Madam) tis too sharpe.

In. You (Minion) are too fustic.

Lu. Nay, now you are too flat.

And make the concord, with too harsh a iscann’t.

There wanteth but a Meane to fill your Song.

In. The meane is dround with you vnto base.

Lu. Indeed I bid the base for Pasheus.

This babble shall not beseith you trouble me.

Here is a coile with protestation:

Goe, get you gone; and let the paper ly

You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Lu. She makes it shragge, but the would be best pleas’d

To be so aggreed with another Letter.

In. Nay, would I were so aggreed with the same.

Oh hatefull hands, to tear such louing words;

Inquirious Wafers, to leede on such sweet bysnes.

And kill the Beees that feed it, with your thunders;

Hie kife each feather pap, for amend.

Looke, here is writ, kinde India, yvkkind India,

As in reuenge of thy ingratitude,

I throw thy name against the buzzing, flusses,

Trampling contemptuous on thy didaese.

And here is writ, Loane wounded Proseus.

Poores wounded name: my bosome, as a bed,

Shall lodge thee still thy would be throughly heal’d.

And thus I search it with a loueraigne kife.

But twice, or thrice, was Prophesie written downe.

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

Till I haue found each letter, in the Letter,

Except mine owne name: That, some whiles to windhe beare

Vnto a ragged, fearefull, hanging Rocke.

And throw it thence into the raging Sea.

Loe, here in one line is his name twice vset.

Poores forture Problems, poffensitc Prophesie.

To the green India: that hee learne away.

And yet I will not, ffit, to pretend

He couples it, to his complaining Namese,

Thus will I fold them, one upon another.

Now kife, embrase, contend, doe what you will.

Lu. Madam; dinner is ready: and your farther flaire.

In. Well, let vs goe.

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

In. If you respect them, beft to take them vp.

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

Yet here they shall not lye, for catching cold.

In. I see you have a months minde to them.

Lu. (Madam) you may say what fights you see;

I see things too, although you judge I winke.

In. Come,come, wilt please you goe. 

Scena Tertia.

Enter Antonio and Panthino. Prophesie.

Ant. Tell me Prothino, what ad talke was that,

Wherewith my brother held you in the Cloyester?

Pan. 'Was of his Nephew Prophesie, your Sonne.

Ant. Why what of him?

Pan. He wished that your Lordship

Would suffer him, to spend his youth at home,

While other men, of tender reputation

Put forth their Sonses, to fecke preeminence out.

Some to the warses, to try their fortune there;

Some, to discouer Islands farre away;

Some, to the hauousce Viuiteresse.

For any, or for all these exercis,

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

And did requite me, to importune you

To let him spend his time no more at home;

Which would be great impeachment to his age,

In having knowne no trauaille in his youth.

Ant. Nor need’t thou much importune me to that

Whereon this month I have bin haming,

I have consider’d well, his lilfe of time,

And how he cannot be a perfect man,

Not being tryed, and turnd in the world:

Experience is by industry achiu’d.

And perfefted by the swift couerle of time:

Then tell me, whether were I best to send him?

Pan. I think your Lordship is not ignorant

How his companion, youthfull Valentins,

Attends the Emperour in his royall Court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. Tooere good, I think, your Lordship find him

There shall be practis tilis, and Turnamentes;

Here sweet discouer, concerte with Noble-men;

And be in eye of every Exercise

Worthy his youth, and noblenesse of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsaile: well haft thou advis’d.

And that thou maist perceive how well I like it,

The execution of it shall make knowne;

Even with the speeed and expedition,

I will dispatch him to the Emperours Court.

Pan. To tomorrow, may it please you, Sir Albenos.

With other Gentlemen of good esteeme

Are iournayng, to salute the Emperour.

And to commend their seruice to his will.

Ant. Good company: with them shall Prophesie goe:

And in good time: now will we brake with him.

Pro. Sweet Lent, sweet lines, sweet life.

Here is her hand, the agent of her sisters.

Here is her oat for love, her honours proue.
O that our Fathers would applaud our loves.
To make our happiness with their contents.

Pro. Oh heavenly Jove,
Aunt. How now? What letter are you reading there?
Pro. May's pleases your Lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine;
Delier'd by a friend, that came from him.
Aunt. Lend me the Letter: Let me see what newes.
Pro. There is no newes (my Lord) but what he writes
How happily he lives, how well-belov'd,
And daily graced by the Emperor;
With meing with him, partner of his fortune;
And how you stand affected to his wish?
Pro. As one relying on your Lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.
Aunt. My will is something forset with his wish:
Mute not that I thus fulsomely proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end:
I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentine in the Empereour's Court:
What maintenance lie from his friends receive,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me,
To morrow be in readiness, to go,
Except it not for I am peremptory.
Pro. My Lord I cannot be so loose provided,
Please you deliberate a day.
Aunt. Look what thou want'st; thou must set about thee;
No more of stay to morrow thou must go;
Come on Posthous; you shall be impol'd,
To hasten on his Expedition.
Pro. Thus haste I thund'ring fire, for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to shew my FatherInitial Letter,
Leath he should take exceptions to my love,
And with the vantage of mine owne excuse
Hath he except'd most against my love.
Oh, how this spring of love reflemeth
The vernal glory of an April day,
Which now fiewes all the beauty of the Sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.
Pan. Sir Valentine, your Father's will is for you,
He is in haste, therefore I pray you go.
Pro. Why this is it: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it solveth no.

Exeunt. Print.

Alessus fecondus: Scena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, Silvia.

Speed. Sir, your Grace.

Val. Pardon: not mine: my Glories are on.
Sp. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.

Val. He? let me feele, I give it me, it's mine:
Sweet Ornament, that decketh a thing divine,
Ab Silvia, Silvia.

Speed. Madam Silvia, Madam Silvia.

Val. How now Sisca?

Speed. She is not within hearing Sir.

Val. Why sir? who dare you call her?

Speed. Your worship's grace is she.

Val. Well you shall be too forward.
Speed. And yet I was left childe for being too flow.
bolder to chide you, for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her. 
Speed. I would you were fret, for your affection would cease.

Val. Last night the fine enjoy'd me,
To write some lines to one fine ladies.

Speed. And have you?
Val. I have.

Val. Are they not lately writ?

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

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

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

Speed. Oh, 'guse ye, good-ev'n: hear a million of manners.

Sil. Six Valentine, andертант, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest: she gives it him.

Val. As you intend me; I have writ your letter
To the seer, nameles friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your Ladieship.

Sil. I thank you (gentle Servant) 'tis very Clarkly.

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

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

Val. No (Madam) you is freed you, I will write
(Should you command) a thousand times as much:
And yet—

Sil. A pretty period: well: I gheffie the fegguell;
And yet I will not name it and yet I care not.
And yet, take this again: and yet I thank you:
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. Yet yet you will; and yet, another yet.

Val. W hat means your Ladieship?

Sil. Do you not like it?

Sil. Yes; yet; the lines are very quentity writ,
But (since unwillingly) take them again.

Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. I, I: you writ them Sir, at my request,
But I will none of them: they are for you:
I would have had them write more maugeously:

Val. P lease you, Ile write your Ladieship another.

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

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

Sil. Why if it please you, take it for your labour;
And so good-morrow Servant.

Ext. Sil.

Speed. Oh left wenice: inffrible rinnible,
As a noise on a main face, or a Wethercocke on a fierce:
My Master fues to her: and the hath taught her Tutor,
He being her Paper, to become her Tutor.
Oh excellent dute, was there euer better?
That my master being ferible,
To hiselfe should write the Letter?

Val. How now Sir?

What are you reasoning with your selfe?
Speed. Nay: I was rimeing: 'tis you have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a Spokeman from Madam Silas.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To your selfe: why, the wits you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a Letter, I shold say.
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Sonnet, and am going with Sir Probus to the Imperial Court: I think, madam, be the fewest true dogges that live: My mother weeping: my father warying: my sister crying: our maid bowing: our sister writing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexitie, yet did not this small-headed Cortice Medici one take the sight of her flinty, a very pible stone, and has no more pitty in him then a dogge: I knew would have wept to hate noe one parting: why my Grandam having no eyes, looke you, with her feeble blinde at my parting: nay, He shew you the manner of it. This shew is my father: no, this left shew is my father: no, no, this left shew is my mother: why, that cannot bee so neither: yes, it is so: it is so: relish the water foole: this shew with the eye in it, is my mother: and this my father: a vengeance on't: there's: Now sir, this shew is my father: for, looke you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this is not a strait death, I am the dogge: no, the dogge is himselfe, and I am the dogge: oh, the dogge is me, and I am my selfe: I: so, so, now come I to my father: father, your blushing: now should not the flower speake a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father: well, he weepes on: Now come I to my mother: Oh, that she could speake now, like a would-woman: well, I kiss her: why there's: here's my mother breath vp and downe: now come I to my sister: make the moane she makes: now the dogge all this while frends not a teare: nor speaks a word: but see how I lay the shaft with my teares.


Lau. It is no matter if the tide were lost, for it is the vnkind Tide, that ever any man tied.

Pan. Why, that's the tide here, craft thy dogge.

Pau. This man: I mean thou'st looke the flood, and in looking the flood, looke thy voyage, and in looking thy voyage, looke thy Master, and in looking thy Master, looke thy seruice, and in looking thy seruice: why dost thou stop my mouth?

Lau. For thee thou shouldst looke thy tongue.

Pan. In thy Tale.

Pan. In thy Tale.

Lau. Looke the Tide, and the voyage, and the Master, and the Service, and the tide: why man, if the River were drie, I am able to fill it with my teares, if the winds were downe, I could drive the boaste with my fighers.

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

Lau. Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

Pau. Wilt thou goe?

Lau. Well, I will goe.

--- Exeunt. ---

Scene Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thoax, Speed, Duke, Probus.

Sil. Servant.

Val. Miftress.
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

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

Duke. Bethrew me the fir, but if he make this good
He is as worthy for an Empifreee love,
As meet to be an Emperour Counsellor:
Well, Sir; this Gentleman is come to me.

With Commendation from great Potentates,
And here he means to spend his time a while,
I think he's no un-welcome news to you.
Quot. Should I have with'd a thing, it had beene he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth:

Silent, I speak to you, and you Sir Thurstoe.
For Judgement, I need not cite him to it,
I will send him thither to you presently.

Quot. This is the Gentleman I told your Ladiship
Had come along with me, but that his Mistrefs
Did hold his eyes, lockt in her Christall lookes.
Silent. Be-like that now the hath enthusias'd them
Upon some other pawne for fealty.

Quot. Nay fine, I think he holds them prisoners still.
Silent. Nay then he should be blind, and being blind
How could he see his way to fecke out you?

Quot. Why Lady, Loue hath twenty pane of eyes.

Thurstoe. They say that Loue hath not an eye at all.
Quot. To fee such Loues, Thurstoe, as your selfe,
Upon a homely objct, Loue can wink.

Silent. Have done, have done: here comes ye gentleman.

Quot. Welcome, dear Prothom: Miftriss, I believe you
Come his welcome, with none specifall favour.

Silent. His worth is warranty for his welcome hether,
If this be he you often haue vnto to heare from.

Quot. Miftriss, it is so: sweet Lady, entertaine him
To be my fellow-feruant to your Ladiship.
Silent. Too low a Mistrees for to haue a feruant.

Pro. Not so, sweet Lady, but too mee a seruant
To have a Louke of such a worthy a Mistrefs,
Leave off discoloure of disdaine.

Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your Seruant.

Pro. My dutie will I boasst of, nothing else.
Silent. And dutie neuer yet did want his need.
Seruant, you are welcome to a worthelie Mistrefs.

Pro. Lye die on him that fases to but your felte.

Silent. That are you welcome?

Pro. That you are worthy.

Thurstoe. Madam, my Lord your father would speake with

Silent. I wait vpon his pleasure: Come Sir Thurstoe.

Goe with me: once more, new Seruant welcome;
Ile leue you to confer of home affairs,
When you haue done, we looke too heare from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your Ladiship.

Quot. Now tell me: how do al from where you came?

Pro. Your friends are wel, & have the much contented.

Silent. And how doe yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Quot. How does your Lady: & how thrivez your lone?

Pro. My tales of Loue were wont to weare you,
I know you joy not in a Loue-difcourte.

Quot. I Prothom, but that life is alter'd now,
I have done penance for contemning Loue,
With all high emperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fauls, with penitentiall grones,
With nightly tares, and daily har'-fowe fighes.
For in retenge of my contempt of loue,
Loue hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them wachers of mine owne hearts sorrow.

O gentle Prothom, Loue's mighty Lord,

And hath so humbled me, as I confesse.
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his Seruice, no such joy on earth:
Now, no discourte, except it be of loue:
Now can I brake my fasts, dines, sups, and sleepe,
Upon the vntimely name of Loue.

Pro. Enough: I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the Idoll, that you worship so?

Quot. Even Shes, and is she not a heavenly Saint?

Pro. No, but she is an earthly Paragon.

Quot. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

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

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

Quot. Then speake the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a princelie,
Soveraigne to all the Creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my Mistress.

Quot. Sweet: except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my Loue.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine owne?

Quot. And I will help thee to prefer her to.
Shee shall be dignified with this high honour,
To bear my Ladies traine, left the base earth
Should from her vertue chance to fleaste a kiffe,
And of so great a favor growing proud,
Difdale to rooste the Sommer-twelvling floweres,
And make rough winter euerlasting.

Pro. Why Eulogise, what Bragadime is this?

Quot. Pardon me (Prothom) all I can is nothing,
To her, whose worth, make other worthies nothing:
She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Quot. Not for the world: why man, she is mine owne,
And I as rich in hausing such a Jewell
As twenty Seas, of all their land were pearl.

The warre, Nectar, and the Rockes pure gold,
Forgive me that I do not dreame on thee,
Because thou showest me dooce vpon my loue:
My foolish Runall that her Father likes
(Onely for his poesfions are so huge)
Is gone with her along, and I must after,
For Loue (thou know'lt it full of jealoусy.)

Pro. But thou loves you?

Quot. Lye, and we are betroath'd: say more, our marriage
With all the cunning manner of our flight.

Determined of: how I must climb her window,
The Ladder made of Cords, and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on for my happinesse.

Good Prothom goe with me to my chamber,
in those affairs to aide me with thy courafiile,

Pro. Go on before: I shall enquire you forth:
I must into the Roadeto dis-embarke
Some necessaries, that I needs must use,
And then Ile presently attend you.

Quot. Willy you make haste?

Pro. I will.

Even as one heate, another heate expels,
Or as one naile, by strengthe driveth out another.
So the remembrance of my former Loue
Is by a newer obiect quite forgotten;
It is mine, or Valentines praise?
Her true perfection, or my false tranfgression?
That makes me selfe, to reason thus?
Shee is faire; and so is Julia that I love,

(Ther}
Scena Quinta.

Enter Speed and Lauce.

**Speed.** Lauce, by mine honest welcome to Padua.

**Lauce.** Forsooth not thy felice, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this alwayes, that a man is never vndone till he be hanged, or never welcome to a place, till some certaine that be paid, and the Holtefete say welcome.

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

**Lauce.** Marry after they clos'd in earthen, they parted very fairely in tell.

**Spec.** But shall the marry him?

**Lauce.** No.

**Spec.** How then? Shall he marry her?

**Lauce.** No, neither.

**Spec.** What are they broken?

**Lauce.** No; they are both as whole as a fish.

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

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

**Spec.** What an affe art thou, I benderfand thee not.

**Lauce.** What a blocke art thou, that thou canst not? My Iffas vnderstands me?

**Spec.** What thought it?

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

**Spec.** It stands vnder thee indeed.

**Lauce.** Why, stand-vnder, and vnder-stand is all one.

**Spec.** But tell me true, will he be a match?

**Lauce.** Ask my dogge, if he say I, it will be; if he say no, it will: if he shaile his tale, and say nothing, it will.

**Spec.** The conclusion is then, that it will.

**Lauce.** Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parble.

**Spec.** 'Tis well that I get it so; but Lauce, how fall thou that thy Master is become a notable lover?

**Lauce.** I never knew him other wise.

**Spec.** Then how?

**Lauce.** A notable Lubber; as thou reproacht him too.

Scena Sexta.

**Enter Proctues.**

**Proct.** To leave my Julia shall I be forswornet To love faire Silvia shall I be forswornet To wrong my friend, I shall be much forswornet And even that Prouce which gaue me the first Prouokes me to this three-fold perustie. Loue bad mee sweare, and Loue bids mee for-sweare: O-sweet-suggesting Loue, if thou haft find, Teach mee thy tempted lust to escape it. At first I did adore a twinkling Starre, But now I worship a celestiall Saine Whose headfall toyes may heedfully be broken, And he wants wit, that wants resolved will, To leaue his wit, to change the bad for better: Fie, fie, unuered tongue, to call her bad, Whose souerainy so oft thou hast preferred, With twenty thouand soule-confirming oaths, I cannot leaue to love; and yet I doe: But there I leaue to love, where I should loue. Julia I loose, and Valentine I loose. If I keepe them, I needs must loose my selfe: If I loose them, thus finde I by their loose, For Valentine, my selfe; for Julia, Silvia, To my selfe am dearer then a friend, For Loue is still most precious in it selfe, And Silvia (witness heauen that made her faire) She was Julia but a swarthie Ethiope, I will forget that I had a blinde, Remembering that my Loue to her is dead, And Valentine Ile hold an Enemie, Ayning at Silvia as a sweeter friend, I cannot now proue confiant to my selfe, Without some treachery vsd to Valentine, This night he meaneth with a Corded-ladder To climb the celestiall Silvia's chamber window, My selfe in counteraile his competer, Now presently Ie give her fathers no ice Of their disguising and pretended flight: Who all iung'd will banish Valentine: For Tiberio he intends shall wed his daughter, But Valentine being gone, Ie quickly croste by some the tricke, but Tiberio's dull proceeding, Loue lend me wings, to make my purpose fift As thou haft lent me wit to plow this drift.

**Exit.**
Scena septima.

Enter Iolani and Lucetta.

Iolani. Countzai, Lucetta, gentle girl assist me; And eat in kindes love, I doe committ thee, Who art the table wherein all my thoughts Are visibly shew'd, and engrai'd, To lefson me, and tell me somr good meanes How with my honour I may undertak A journee to my loving Pribceu. Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long. Iol. A true-devout Pilgrimage is not weary To mesure Kingdomes with his feeble feet, Much leffe shall the fire that hath Loues wings to fly, And when the flight is made to one to decre, Of such diuine perfection as Sir Pribceu. Luc. Better for beare, till Pribceu make returne. Iol. Oh, know'lt you, his looks are my soules food? Prithee the day that I haue pin'd in, By longing for that food so long a time. Didst thou but know the inly truth of Loue, Thou wouldst as soon goe kindle fire with snow As lecke to quench the fire of Loue with words. Luc. I doe not seek to quench thy Loues hot fire, But qualifie the fire extremes rage, Left it should burne about the bounds of reason. Iol. The more thou don't it vp, the more it burnes. The Current that with gentle murmure glides (Thou know'lt it) being stopp'd impatiently doth rage: But when his faire course is not hindered, He makes sweet muffle with th' emasculat close, Gaining a gentle kiss to every fudge His ever-taketh in his pilgrimage, And so by many windings nookes he partie With willing sport to the wilde Ocean. Then let me goe, and hinder not my course: Ile be as patient as a gentle flame, And make a pathme of each weary step, Till the last step have brought me to my Loue, And there ile rest, as after much tumulte A blestfoul doth in Elysium. Luc. But in what habitt will you goe along? Iol. Not like a woman, for I would prevent The looie encounters of licentious men: Gentle Lucetta, fit me with fitch weeds, As may becomme some well reputed Page. Luc. Why then your Ladship must out your hair. Iol. No girlie, ile knitt it vp in silken strings, With twente od-conceted true-loue knotts: To be fantastique, may become a youth Of greater time then shall flie to be. (chew) Luc. What fashion (Madam) shall I make your breef? Iol. That fits as well, as tell me (good my Lord) What compasse will you wear ye Farringdale? Why eu'nh what fashion thou best lik's (Lucetta.) Luc. You must needs haue the with a cod-peece (Madam, I out, (Lucetta) that willb illustaurd. (dam) Luc. A round hole (Madam) knowes not worth a pin Unlesse you have a cod-peece to flock pin on. Iol. Lucetta, as thou lookest me let me haue What thou thinkest it meet, and is most mannerly, But tell me (wench) how will the world repute me For undertak'ng to unfaid a journee? Sir

I scare it will make me scandaliz'd. Luc. If you thinke so, then stay at home, and doen not. Iol. Nay, that I will not. Luc. Then never dreame of Infamy, but go and amuse your selfe as you like. Iol. That is the least (Lucetta) of my fears. Luc. I scare you are not pleased, when you are gone. Luc. I scare he will scarce be pleased with all. Iol. That is the least (Lucetta) of my fears. Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men. Luc. Base men, that vs them to base effect. But tuere (Duke) did gourne Pribceu birth, His words are bonds, his oathes are oracles, His loue fincere, his thoughts immaculate, His teares, pure metefflers, sent from his heart, His hart, as far from fraud, as heaven from earth. Luc. Pray heau'n he prudent so you come to him. Iol. Now, as thou loue me, do him not that wrong, To beare a hard opinion of his truth: Onely defende my loue, by louing him, And presently goe with me to my chamber To take a note of what I hand in need of, To furnish me upon my longine journee: All that is more I leave at thy discretion. Luc. My goods, my Lands, my reputation, Onely, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence: Come; answere not: but to it presently, I am impatient of my tarriance.

Exit.
Sir Valentine, her company, and my Court. But fearing left my jealous ayne might err,
And so (vnoworthy) disgrace the man
(A rashneffe that I cver yet have shun'd)
I gave him gentle looks, thereby to finde
That which thy felfe hath now diffclos'd to me,
And that thou maist perceiue my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is prone to gaggaffed,
I nighly lodge him in an euer Towe,
The key whereof, my felfe have euer kept:
And thence this felle cannot be conuy'd away,

Pro. Know (noble Lord) they have done'd a meane
How he her chamber-window will offend,
And with a Corded-ladder fetch her downe:
For which, the youthfull Louer now is gone;
And this way comes he with it prefently.
Where (if it please you) you may intercept him.
But (good my Lord) doe it so cunningly
That thy confidency be not aim'd at:
For, louse of you, not hate vnto my friend,
Hath made me publish of this pretence.

Duke. Vpon mine Honor, he shall neuer know
That I had any light that was is m anjoy.

Pro. Adieu, my Lord, Sir Valentine is coming.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whether away to fail?
Val. Please it your Grace, there is a Meffenger
That payses to bear my Letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duk. Be they of much import?
Val. The tenoure of them doth but signify
Much more to me, and happy being at your Court.
Duk. Nay then no matter: stay with me a while,
I am to breake with thee of some affaires
That touch me more: wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend Sir Tobin, to my daughter.
Val. I know it well (my Lord) and sure the Match
Were rich and honourable: but being the gentleman
Is full of Vertue, Bountie, Worth, and Qualities
Recomming such a Wife, as your faire daughter:
Cannot your Grace win her to funcke him?

Duk. No, truelt me, she is peacuful, full of forrow,
Proved, disobeidient, flubbered, lacking duty,
Nor regarding that thee is my child:
Yet fearing me, as if I were her father.
And may I stay to thee, this pride of hers
(Vpon advice) hath drawne my love from her,
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have beene cherish'd by her child-like dutie,
I now am full reluc'd to take a wife,
And turne her out, to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding dowre:
For me, and my poffessions the effeets neuer.

Duk. What would your Grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a Lady in Verona heere
Whom I affect: but she is nice, and coy,
And naught effectes my aged eloquency.
Now therefore would I have thee to my Tutor
(For long agoe I have forgot to court)
Befides the fashion of the time is chang'd:
How, and which way may I beftow my felle
To be regarded in her sun-brigh't eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if the report or nots:
Dumber Jewels often in their ficiente
More then quicke words, doe move a womans minde.

Duk. But she did fonna a pretext that I fent her,

Val. A woman sometyme foons what beft contes her,
Send her another: never give her one,
For foonne at firft, makes after-love the more.
If the doe frownne, is not in hate of you,
But rather to beger more lone in you.
If the doe chide, 'tis not to have you gone,
For with the fooles are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulfes, what euer the doth fay,
For, get you gon, the doth neuer mean away.

Pro. Know (noble Lord) they have done'd a meane

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

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

Val. What letts but one may enter at her window?
Duk. Her chamber is aloft, sit from the ground,
And buildt so sheering, that one cannot climb it
Without apperant hazard of his life.

Val. Why then a Ladder quainty made of Cords
To eele ye, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Here's towre,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duk. Now as thou are a Gentleman of blood
Admire me, where I may have justice a Ladder.
Val. When would you vife it, I pray and tell me that,
Duk. This very night; for Loue is like a child
That loves for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By leaue a clock, give you such a Ladder.
Duk. But haule thee: I will goe to her alone,
How shall I bett conuey the Ladder thither?

Val. It will be light (my Lord), that you may bear it
Vístera a cloak, that is of any length.

Duk. A cloake as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. I my good Lord.

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

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

Duk. How shall I fashion me to ware a cloake?
I pray thee let me fee thy cloake upon me.

Val. What Letter is this fame? what's here to Sullia?

Duk. And heere an Engine fit for my proceeding,
I be fo bold to breake the scale for once.

My thoughts do barenbrone with my Sullia nightly,
And flames they are to me, that tend them lying.
Oo, consider her Master come, and goe as lightest.
Himselfe would lodge where (if needes) they are lying.
My Herald I thought, in the pure bosom of Sullia,
While I (her King) that shokker them impowers.
Doe enues the grace, that with such grace hath blest them,
Because my self doe want my fortrant fortune.
I enues my selfe, for they are fort by me,
That they should bakenrnon where her Lord should be.

What's here? Sullia, this night I will reneachish thee.
Tis so: and here's the Ladder for the purpose.
Why Phenoton (for thou art Merops sonne)
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly Cat?
And with thy darling folly burne the world?
Wilt thou reach flars, because they shine on thee?
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

(Which vn-treatis stands in effectual force.)
A Sea of melting peale, which some call sease,
Thofe at her fathers churchful seeke the tendered,
With them vpon her knees, her humble selfe,
Wringing her hands, whose whitenesse fio became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe.
But neither bended knees, pure hands held vp,
Sad sighes, deep sighs, nor flues-breding tears
Could populate her vncompassionate Sire;
But Valentine, if he be tame, must die.
Besides, her intercession cha'd him so,
When she for thy repeale was suppliant,
That to clofe prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more: vules the next word that thou speakest
Hau'e some malignant power upon my life;
If I adore the breath it in mine ear,
As ending Antheme of my endless dolor.

Pro. Caele to lamen for that thou canst not helpe,
And study helpe for that which thou lament'st,
Time is the Nurfe, and breeder of all good;
Here, if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Beside, thy staying will abridge thy life:
How is a longer life, a longer life, to be reconciled with that?
And manage it, against despairing thoughts:
Thy letters may be here, though their art is hence,
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Fuen in the milke-white bosome of thy Loue.
The time now seares not to expostulate,
Come, ile consay thee through the City-gate,
And ere I leave thee, confer at large.
Of all that may concern thee, Loue-affaires:
As thou lou'ft Silvia (though not for thy selfe)
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee Love, and if thou feale my Boy
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the North-gate,
Pro. Goe, gое, find he out: Come Valentine.

Val. Oh my deere Silvia, hapless Valentine.
Love, I am but a foolke, looke you, and yet I have
the wit to thinke my Master is a kinde of a knave:
but that's all one, if he be but one knave: He liues not now
that knowes me to be in love, yet I am in love, but
a Teeme of horse shall not plucke that from me: nor who
'tis I love: and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I
will not tell my selfe: and yet 'tis a Milke-maid: yet 'tis
not a maid: for thee hath had Goiffa's yet 'tis a maid,
for thee is her Masters maid, and frenes for wages. Shee
hath more qantilies then a Water-Spaniel, which
is much in a bare Christen: Heere is the Cate-log of her
Condition. Inquiries she can fetch and carry: why
a horse can doe no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but
only carry, therefore is thee better then a Jade. Item.
Shee can milke, looke you, a sweet vertue in a maid with
clean hands.

Speed. How now Signior Love: what newes with thy
Mastership?

La. With my Mastership? why, it is at Sea:
Sp. Well, your old visage still: mislake the words: what
newes then in your paper?
La. The black if newes that euer thou heardst.
Sp. Whyman, how blacke?
La. Why, as blackness Inke.
Sp. Let me read them?
La. Fie on thee Jol's-head, thou canst not read.
Sp. Thou lyest: I can.
La. I will try thee: tell me this: who begot thee?
Sp. Marty,
Sp. More faults than hairs.
La. That's monstrous: oh, that they were our.
Sp. And more wealth than faults.
La. Why that word makes the faults gracious:
Well, be hate her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible.
Sp. What then?
La. Why then, will I tell thee, that thy Master states for thee at the North gate.
Sp. For me?
La. For thee? I, who are thou? he hath flaid for a better man then thee.
Sp. And must I go to him?
La. Thou must run to him; for thou hast flaid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.
Sp. Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love letters.
La. Now will he be sving'd for reading my letter; An unmanly man, that will shrivel him self into feseters: I he after, to rejoic in the boyes correction.

\section*{Scene Seconda.}

Enter Duke, Thanio, Probonus.

Du. Sir Thanio, farse are not, but that she will loute you now Valentine is banish'd from her light.
Th. Since his exile she hath depis'd me most, Forbore me company, and raill'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.
Du. This weake impresse of Louse, is as a figure Trenched in ice, which with an hours heat, Diffuseth to water, and doth loose his forme, A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, And worthless Valentine shall be forgot, How now for Probonus, is your counselsman (According to our Proclamation) gone?
Prs. Go in, my good Lord.
Du. My daughter takes his going grievously?
Prs. A little time (my Lord) will kill that grief.
Du. So I believe: but Thanio thinks not to:
Probonus, the good counsellor I hold of thee, (For thou hast shown me sign of good deffect) Makes me beteer to confer with thee.
Prs. Longer then I proue loyal to your Grace, Let me not live, to looke upon your Grace.
Du. Thou know how willingly, I would effect
The match betweene for Thanio, and my daughter:
Prs. I doe my Lord.
Du. And also, I thinke, thou art not ignorant
How she oppisos her against my will?
Prs. She did my Lord, when Valentine was here.
Du. Land peristantly she percieues to:
What might we doe to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and loute for Thanio?
Prs. The best way is, to flander Valentine, With falsehood, cowardize, and more dificent:
Three things, that women highly hold in hate,
Du. I, but the thinketh, she is gone in hate.
Prs. I, if his enemy deviseth
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one, whom the efteemeth as his friend.
Du. Then you must undertake to flander him,
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Pro. And that (my Lord) I shall be loth to doe:
'Tis an ill office for a Gentleman, Especiallie against his very friend, 'Tis where your good word cannot aduantage him, Your (lander) never can eaduantage him; Therefore the office is indifferent, Being intrested to it by your friend.

Pro. You have pruatical'd (my Lord) if I can doe it By ought that I can speake in his displeasre, She shall not long continue louete to him: But say this weede her love from Valentine, It follows not that she will lose in Tho's. Th. Therefore, as you can winde her love from him; Least it should ruell, and be good to none, You must provide to bostome it on me: Which must be done, by praising me as much As you, in worth displeasre, is Valentine. 

Dn. And Pruehous, we dare trull you in this kinde, Because we know (on Valentine's report) You are already loues firme votary, And cannot soone retour, and change your minde. Upon this warrant, shall you have access, Where you, with Stinus, may conferre at large. For he is lumpish, hevy, mellancholly, And (for your friends sake) will be glad of you; Where ye you may temper her, by your pervasion, To hate your Valentine, and love my friend, Pro. As much as I can doe, I will effec: But you sir Tho's, are not shapre enough: You must by Stimp, to tangle her desires By walefull Sonnets, whole compos'd Rimes Should be full fraught with freuicide voweis. 

Dn. I much is the force of heaven-bred Poete's. Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty You sacrifice your teares, your fight, your heart: Write till your inke be dry: and with your teares Mosst it againe: and frame some feeling line, That may discouer such integrity: For Orpheus Lute, was throng with Poets fineweis, Whose golden touch could often fleche and flotes; Make Tygers tame, and huge Luminious For sake of founded deeps, to dance on Sands. After your dire-lamenting Elegies, Visit by night your Ladies chamber-window With some sweet Comfort; To their Instrumens Tune a deploring dumpe; the nights dead silence Will well become such sweet complaing grievances: This, or else nothing, will inherit her. 

Dn. This discipline, shows thou haft bin in louse. Th. And thy advice, this night, I put in practione: Therefore, sweet Pruehous, my direction-giner, Let vs into the City presently To fort some Gentlemen, well skill'd in Musick. I have a Sonnet, that will fire the tune To give the on-let to thy good aduise. 

Dn. About it Gentleman, Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace, till after Supper, And afterward determine our proceedings. 

Dn. Even now about it, I will pardon you. Exist.

Actus Quarius. Scena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, and certaine Out-lowers. 1. Out-l. Fellowes, hand fast: I see a passenger.

2. Out. If there be ten, shriueke nor, but down with em. 3. Out. Stand sir, and throw vs that you have about ye. If not: we'll make you sit, and rife you. 

Sp. Sir we are undone; these are the Villains That all the Trasurers doe fear so much. 

Val. My friends. 1. Out. That's not so, sir: we are your enemies. 2. Out. Peace: we'll hear him. 3. Out. By my beard will we: for he is a proper man. Val. Then know that I have little wealth to loose; A man I am, crox'd with adueritie: My riches, are these poor habiliments, Of which, if you should here disfurnish me, You take the sum and substance that I have. 2. Out. Whether trauell you?

Val. To Verona. 1. Out. Whence came you? 

Val. From Milane. 3. Out. Have you long soiourn'd there? (Raft) Val. Some three moneths, and longer might have If crooked fortune had not thwarted me. 1. Out. What, were you banish'd thence? Val. I was. 2. Out. What for offence? Val. For that which now tormentes me to rehearse; I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent, But pr'y, I flew him manfully, in fight, Without falle vantase, or base treachery. 1. Out. Why nere repent it, if it were done so; But were you banish'd for so small a fault? Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doome, 2. Out. Haue you the Tongues? Val. My youthfull trasuile, therein made me happy, Or else I often had beene often makeable. 3. Out. By the bare scape of Robin Hoods fat Fryer, This fellow were a King, for our wilde faction. 1. Out. We'll haue him: Sirs, a word. Sp. Maiter, be one of them: It's an honourable kinde of thecuary. 

Val. Peace villaine. 2. Out. Tell vs this: I haue any thing to take to? 3. Out. Nothing but my fortune. 1. Out. Know then, that some of vs are Gentlemen, Such as the fury of vaugourn'd youth Thrift from the company of awfull men, My selfe was from Verona banisht For praclishing to fleace away a Lady, And heire and Neece, slide into the Duke. 

2. Out. And I from Mantua, for a Gentleman, Who, in my moode, I flad'd into the heart. I have a Sonner, that will false the tune 1. Out. And I, for such like petty crimes as these, But to the purpose: for we cite our faults, That they may hold excus'd our lawllife liues; And partly seeing you are beautifie With goody shape; and by your owne report, A Linguit, and a man of such perfeccion, As we doe in our quality much want. 2. Out. Indeede because you are a banish'd man, Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you: Are you content to be our General? To make a vertue of necessity, And liue as we doe in this wildernesse? 3. Out. What fault thou wilt thou be of our content? Say I, and be the captain of vs all: We'll doe thee hommage, and be rule'd by thee, Love thee, as our Commander, and our King.
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Enter Probus, Thurio, Italia, Hofie, Musitian, Silvius.

Pro. Already have I bin falle to Valentine,
And now I must be as smuit to Thurio,
Vnder the colour of commending him,
I have seef my owne loue to prefer,
But Silvius is too faire, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless guifts;
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twisst me with my fallest to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my voyces,
She bids me thinke how I have bin forworne
In breaking faith with Italia, whom I love;
And notwithstanding all her oystery ques,
The leafl whereof would quell a forsworn hope:
Yet (Spaniel-like) the more she spurnes my love,
The more it groves, and favisheth on her wall;
But here comes Thurio; now must we to her window,
And give some euening Mufique to her eare.

Th. How now, Sir Probus, are you creft before vs?
Prov. I gentely, Thurio, for you know that loue
Will crepe in seruice, where it cannot goe.
Th. But I hope, Sir, that you loue not here.
Prov. Sir, but I dre; or else I would be hence.
Th. Who, Silvius?
Prov. Sir, Silvius, for your sake.
Th. I thank you for your owne; now Gentlemen
Let’s sence and try it upliftly a while.

Ho. Now, my yong guelt; me thinke your’st allycholly;
I pray you why is it?
In. Marry (mene Hofie) because I cannot be merry.
Ho. Come, we’ll have you merry; I bring you where you shall hear Mufique, and fee the Gentleman that you ask’d for,
In. But I shall heare him speake.
Ho. I that you shall.
In. That will be Mufique.
Ho. Harcke, harcke.
In. Is he among thefe?
Ho. I but peace, let’s heare’em.

Song. Who is Silvius? what is he?
When all the Swains commend her?
Her face, and wife is she,
The beauteous fuch grace did lend her,
That she might be admired be.
He kindly as he is faire?
For beauty lives with kind bafe;
Lone dute to her eyes repair,
To heare him of his blind Soe:

And bring help’s no habas there.
Thurio to Silius, let ye sing,
That Silvius is exceding;
She excel excels most all thing.
Upon the dull earth dwelling,
To her let the Garland’s bring.

Ho. How now? are you fadder than you were before?
How doe you, man? the Mufique likes you nor.
In. You mistake: the Mufitian likes me not.
Ho. Why, my pretty youth?
In. He plates falle (rather.)
Ho. How, out of tune on the stringes.
In. Notice; but yet
So falle that he grieues my very heart-stings.
Ho. You have a quicke ear.
In. I, I would I were deaf: it makes me have a flow.
Ho. I perceive you delight not in Mufique.
In. Nor a whit, when it isars so.
Ho. Harcke, what fince change is in the Mufique.
In. I that change is the spight.
Ho. You would have them alwaies play but one thing.
In. I would alwaies have one play but one thing.
But Hofie, doth this Sir Probus, that we talk on,
Often referre vsto this Gentlewoman?
Ho. I tell you what: I once his man told me,
He loid her out of all nicke.
In. Where is Lucente?
Ho. Gone to seeke his dog, which to morrow, by his Masters command, hee must carry for a fenti to his Lady.

In. Peace, hand aside, the company parts.
Prov. Sir Thurio, scarce not, you I will so please,
That you shall say, my cunning drif excels.
Th. Where mere we?
Prov. At Saint Gregories well.
Th. Farewell.
Prov. Madam: good ed to your Ladyship.
Sil. I thank you for your Mufique (Gentlemen)
Who is that that spake?
Prov. One (Lady; j) you know why this pure hearts truth.
You would quickly leaue to know him by his voice.
Sil. Sir Probus, is heke it.
Prov. Sir Probus, gentle Lady and your Servant.
Sil. What’s your will?
Prov. That I may compose yours.
Sil. You have your wish: my will is euin this,
That presently you bee you homoe to bed:
Thou subtle, pervert’s false, diljoyall man:
Think’t thou I am so slough, so conceitall,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That has’t deceu’d so many with thy vowes?
Return, return, and make thy loue amen:
For me (by this pale quene of night Ieware)
I am so faare from granting thy request,
That I despise thee, for thy wrong fulfull loue;
And by and by intend to chide my selfe,
Euen for this time I spend in talking to thee.
Prov. I grant (sweet loue) that I did loue a Lady,
But the is dead.
Sil. I were faile, if I should speake it.
For I am sure he is not buried.
Sil. Say that the be yet valentine thy friend
Susana’s; to whom (thy felle are witnessfull)
I am betryst’d, and are thou not affraid
To wrong him, with thy importunity.

Prov.
Vpon whose faith and honor, I reposes,
Vige nor my fathers wrong (Eglamoure)
But thinkst upon my grief (A Ladies grief)
And on the suffice of my flying hence,
To keepe me from a molt vnholy match,
Which heauen and fortune full rewards with plagues,
I doe desire thee, even from a heart.
As full of sorrowes, as the Sea of sands,
To breece me company, and goe with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances,
Which, since I know they virtuously are plac’d,
I give content to goe along with you,
Rwstling at what little betideth me,
As much, with all good fortune you.
When will you goe?
Sild. This euening comming.
Eg. Where shall I meeke you?
Sild. At Frier Patrickes Cell,
Where I intend holy Confession,
Eg. I will not hide your Ladshipt:
Good morrow (gentle Lady)

Scena Quarta.

Enter Louse, Probus, Iulia, Silvia.

Law. When a mans feare not shall play the Curte with him (look you) it goes hard: one that brought yp of a puppy: one that I sau’d from drowning, when three or four of his blinde brothers and sisters went to it: I have taught him (even as one would say precisely, thus I would teach a dog) I was sent to deliter him, as a present to Mistress Silvia, from my Master: and I came no sooner to the banishing chamber, but he steps me to her Trencher, and healing her Capon-i-leg, O’ its a foule thing, when a Cur cannot keepe himselfe in all companies: I would have (as one should say) one that takes upon him to be a dog indeede, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit then he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I thinke verily hee had bin hang’d for: sure as I saie he had suffer’d for: you shall judge: He thrite his selfe into the companie of three or foure gentleman-like-dogs, under the Dukes table: he had not bin there (bless the maker) a prying while, but all the chamber frett him: out with the dog (fais es) what car is that (fais es another) who him out (fais the third) hang him vp (fais the Duke.) I haue bin acquaintance with the smell before, knew it was Crab: and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: friend (quoth I) you mean to whip the dog: I marry doe I (quoth he) you doe him the more wrong (quoth I) I was the thing you were of: he makes me more ado, but whips me out of the chamber: how many Misters would doe this for his Servant? nay, ile be sworn I haue sat in the flocks, for puddings he hath holfe, otherwise he had bin executed: I haue flood on the Pillorie for Ceeche he hath kild, otherwise he had suffer’d for: thou thinkst not of this now: nay, I remember the trickes you ser’d me, when I took my leave of Madam Silvia: did
not I bid thee fill me with water, and make water against a Gentlewoman for thy sake! 'twas I bid thee, with such a gift as this?

Psa. She shall say, 'I am a chaste woman', and she shall say, 'I am a woman of virtue'.

To plead for that, which I would not obtain.

To carry that, which I would have refused.

To praise his faith, which I would have displeased.

I am my Master's true confirmed Lus, but cannot be true to my Master.

Unleas I prove false to my fewe.

Yet will I go for him, but yet so coldly.

As (heaven it knows) I would not hate him speed.

Gentlewoman, good day: I pray you be my meanes to bring me where to speak with Madam Simela.

Sir, What would you with her, if that I be the?

'If you be the, I doe intreat your patience.

To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sir, From whom?

Sir, From my Master, Sir Proebus, Madam.

Sir, Oh! he sends you for a Picture?

Sir, I, Madam.

Sir, Prfina, bring my Picture there.

Go, give your Master this: tell him from me.

One Iula, that his changing thoughts forget.

Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow.

Sir, Madam, please you peruse this Letter; pardon me (Madam) I have said so much.

Deliver'd you a paper that I should not.

This is the Letter to your Ladyship.

Sir, I pray thee let me look at that again.

It may not be: good Madam pardon me.

Sir, Thiere, hold:

I will not leave upon your Master's lines.

I know they are full of protestations.

And full of new-found oaths, which he will break:

As easily as I doe receate his paper.

Sir, Madam, he sends you a Ladyship this Ring.

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

For I have heard him say a thousand times.

This Iula gave it him, at his departure.

Though his false finger have prophan'd the Ring,

Mine shall not doe his Iula so much wrong.

Sir, She thanks you.

Sir, What saith thou?

Sir, I thank you Madam, that you tender her;

Poor Gentlewoman, my Master wrongs her much.

Sir, Do't thou know her?

Sir, Almighty as I do: I know my fewe.

To think upon her woe, I doe prorit.

That I have wept a hundred fuller times.

Sir, Belike she thinks that Proebus hath forlooked her?

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

Sir, Is the not pissing fair?

Sir, She hath bin fainer (Madam) then she is.

When she did think my Master loud'd her well.

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

But since she did neglect her looking-glass,

And threw her Sun-expelling Miasma away.

The ayr hath flung't the roles in her cheekes,

And pinched't the lilly-tincture of her face,

That now she is become as blacke as I.

Sir, How tall was she?

Mrs. About my figure: for at Pentecost,

When all our Pageants of delight were plac'd,

Our youth got me to play the women part.

And I was trim'd in Madam Iula's gowne,

Which ferued me as fit, by all mens judgements,

As if the garment had bin made for me:

Therefore I know she is about my height,

And at that time I made her weepe a good,
For I did play a lamentable part,
(Madam,) ‘twas Artemis, passioning
For Thea's pity and viniu's flight;
Which I so lucky act'd with my scars:
That my poor Mithris mowed therewithall,
Wen't bitterly; and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.
Sit. She is beholding thee (gentile youth)
Alas (poor Lady) deloate, and left;
I weep my felloe to think upon thy words;
Here youth: there is my purse; I glue thee this (well).
For thy sweet Mithris fake, because thou loue'st her. Fare.
Int. And she shall thank you too's, if you know
A veruous gentle woman, mild, and beautiful. (her.)
I hope my Matter's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my Mithris love too much,
Alas, how love can trifle with it falsely;
Here is her Picture: let me feel, let me shinke
If I had such a Tyre, this face of mine
Were all as lovely, as is this of hers;
And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,
Vilely I flatter with my felloe too much.
Her hair is Aburcine, mine is perfect Yellow;
That be all the difference in his love,
I get thee such a coutourd, Praying,
Her eyes are grey as glasse, and so are mine;
I, but her fore-head's lowe, and mine's as high:
What should it be that he respects in her,
But I can make respect in mine felow?
If this fond Love, were not a blinded god.
Come Shadow, come, and take this Shadow vp,
For'tis thy riuall: O thou fenceless forme,
Thou shalt be worship'd, and lovd, and ador'd;
And were there fence in his Idolatry,
My substanse should be illust in thy head.
I'll vie thee kindly, for thy Mithris fake
That s'd me so: or else by love, I vow,
I should have trec'd out your viniu's eyes,
To make my Matter out of love with thee. Exeunt.

\textit{Actus Quintus, Scena Prima.}

Enter Eglamoure, Silvia.

Egl. The Sun begins to giud the westerne skie,
And now it is about the very houre.
That Silvian, at Fryer Patrick Cell should meet me,
She will not face; for Lovers brake not houre.
Vnisse it be to come before their time,
So much they injur their expedition.
See where she comes - Lady a happy evening.
Sil. Amen, Amen: goe on (good Eglamoure)
Our at the Poynter by the Abbey wall;
I fear I am attend'd by some Spies.
Egl. Fears not: the Forrest is not three leagues off,
If we recourter that, we are sure enough.

\textit{Scena Secunda.}

Enter Sir Probus, Julius, Diogre.

Th. Sir Probus, what vissues Silvia to my suit?

Pro. Oh Sir, I finde her milder then she was,
And yet she takes exceptions at your petition.
Th. What? that my leg is too long?
Pro. No, that it is too little.
Th. Ife wear a Boote, to make it somewhat round.
But love will not be fard to what it loathes.
Th. What faies fit to my face?
Pro. She faies it is a faire one.
Th. Nay then the wanton eyes: my face is blacke.
But Pearles are faire; and the old saying is,
Blacke men are Pearles, in beautuous Ladies eyes.
Th. 'Tis true, such Pearles as put out Ladies eyes,
For I had rather winke, then looke on them.
Th. How likest thee my discours?
Pro. Ill, when you talke of war.
Th. But well, when I discours of love and peace.
Int. But better indeed, when you hold you peace.
Th. What sayes she to my valour?
Pro. Oh Sir, she makes no doubt of that,
Int. She needs not, when she knowes it cowardize.
Th. What faies she to my birth?
Pro. That you are well deri'd.
Int. True: from a Gentleman, to a foole.
Th. Confiders she my Poffessions?
Pro. Oh, I; and pityes thes.
Th. Wherefore?
Int. That such an Asse should owen them.
Pro. That they are out by Leaf.
Int. Here comes the Duke.
Dn. How now Sir Probus; how now Thalia?
Which of you saw Eglamoure of late?
Th. Nor I.
Pro. Nor I.
Dn. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Dn. Why then
She's fled into that peasant, Valantine;
And Eglamoure is in her Company;
'Tis true: for Peter Lawrence met them both
As he, in pensance wand'red through the Forrest:
Him he knew well: and gui'd that it was she;
But being mask'd, he was not sure of it.
Befides she did intend Confession
At Patrick Cell this euen, and there she was not.
Their likelihoods confirm her flight from hence;
Therefore I pray you stand, not to discours,
But mount you pretently, and meete with me
Un on the rising of the Mountaine forste.
That leads toward Montana, whether they are fled:
Dispatch (sweet Gentlemen) and follow me.
Th. Why this is, it is to be a puishous Girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her:
Ile after more to be reueng'd on Eglamoure,
Then for the love of sweete Silvia.
Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love
Then hate of Eglamoure that goes with her,
Int. And I will follow, more to croffe that love
Then hate for Silvia, that is gone for love.

\textit{Scena Tertia.}

[Silvia, Com-Louer,]

Int. Come, come be patient.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

When women cannot lye, where they're belou'd,
Sil. When Proverb is not loyе, where he's belou'd:
Read out /Julia's heart, (thy first bett Loue)
For whom deare fasse, thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths,
Defended into perjury, to loue me
Thou hast no faith left now, where thou'dst two,
And that's faire wottest thou then none; better haue none
Then plunrual faith, which is too much by one
Thou Counterfefts, to thy true friend.
Prs. In Loue,
Who repents friend?
Sil. All men but Proverb,
Prs. Nay, if the gentle spirit of mouing words
Can no wyse change you to a milder forme;
Ille woes thee like a Soulinks, as armes end,
And loue you gainst the nature of Loue: force ye.
Sil. Oh heauen,
Prs. Ille force thee yeild to my desire.
Val. Ruffian; let goe that rude vnscull touch,
Thou friend of an ill affation.
Prs. Valentiue,
Val. Thou clene friend, that's without faith or loue,
For such is a friend now; yet such a man,
Thou hath beguill'd my hopes; though hee mine eye
Could have perfwmed me: now I dare not wondr
I have one friend alioe; thou wouldst disproue me:
Who should be trusted, when ones right hand
Is perjured to the bose me? Proverb,
I am sorry I could never truist thee more,
But count the world's stranger for thy sake
The prince wound is deepest; oh time, most accust
'Mongst all doe a friend should be the worst?
Prs. My shame and guilt confounds me;
For give me Palentinus: is hearey frowe
Be a sufficient Ransome for offence,
I tender here: doe as euely fuller,
As ere I did commit.
Val. Then I am paid?
And once again, I doe receive thee honest;
Who by Repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heauen, nor earth; for these are pleasd:
By Penitence the Eternalists wrath's appeas'd;
And that my loue may appeare plaine and free,
All that was mine, in Silusia, I give thee.
Int. Oh me vnhappy,
Prs. Looke to the Boy.
Val. Why, Boy?
Int. O good fitt, my master charg'd me to deliver a ring
to Madam Silusia: & (out of my negleect) was neuer done.
Prs. Where is that ring? boy?
Int. Heere it is: this is it.
Prs. How? let me see.
Why this is the ring I gave to Silusia
Int. Oh, cry you mercy for, I haue mistooke:
This is the ring you sent to Silusia.
Prs. But how can't thou by this ring? at my depart
I gaue this vnto Silusia,
Int. And Silusia her selfe did give it me,
And Silusia her selfe hath brought it hither.
Prs. How? Silusia?
Int. Behold her, that gave syme to all thy oathers,
And enteres in me deeply in her heart.
How of haile thou with perjury left the roote?
Oh Proverb, let this habit make thee blushe.
Be thou a little more than I have tooke upon me, 
Such an immodeft payment; if thame hure 
In a disquit of love? 
It is the lefter blot boldly finder, 
Women to change their figures, then men their minds. 
Pro. Then men their minds!his stuch a heur, were men 
But Confarant, he were perfect; that one eor. 
Fils him with faithes; makes him run through all th'สนs; 
Inconftancy falls-off, ere it begins; 
What is in Silian a face, but I may fpe 
More freh in Julia's, with a contenit eye? 
Duk. Come, come, a hand from either; 
Let me be bleft to make this happy clofe; 
'Twere pitty two fuch friends should be long foes. 
Pro. Bearer wine (heuens) I have with for ever. 
End. And I mine. 
Out-l. A prizer aprizer a prize, 
Val. Forbear forbear, forbear I say: It is my Lord the Duke. 
Your Grace is welcomed a man disgraced, 
Banifhed Valentine. 
Duk. Sir Valentine? 
Thn. Yonder is Silia; and Silia's mine. 
Val. Thorus give backe; or else embrace thy death: 
Come not within the meare of my wrath: 
Do not name Silia thine: if once againe, 
Howe shall not hold thee: here the hands, 
Take but poftition of her, with a touch: 
I dare thee, but to breath upon my love. 
Thn. Sir Valentine, I care not for her; I 
I hold him but a foole that will endanger. 
His Body, for a Girle that loves him not: 
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine. 
Duk. The more degenerate and base art thou 
To make such means for her, as thou hast done, 
And leave her on such flight conditions.

Now, by the honor of my Anceffe, 
I doe applaud thy spirit, Valentine, 
And think thee worthy of an Emprefle loue. 
Know then, I heere forget all former greffes, 
Canfell all grudge, repeale thee home again. 
Read a new face in thy vn-rual d meres, 
To which let this subfcribe: Sir Valentine, 
Thou art a Goflowman, and well deserv'd, 
Take thou thy Silia, for thou haft defcre'd her. 
Val. I thank your Grace, & girl hath made me happy. 
Now I beeche you (for your daughters sake). 
To grant one Beone that I fhall aske of you. 
Duk. I grant it (for thine owne) what are it be. 
Val. These banifhed men, that I have kept withall, 
Are men end'd with worthy qualities: 
Forgan them what they have committed here, 
And let them be recall'd from their Exile. 
They are reform'd, ciull, full of good, 
And fit for great employment (worthy Lord.) 
Duk. Thou haft preuald, I pardon them and thee: 
Dispofe of them, as thou know'ft their deferts. 
Come let vs go, we will include all iarces, 
With Triumphes, March, and rare Solemnitie. 
Val. And as we walke along, I dare be bold 
With our difcourfe, to make your Grace more finifie, 
What thinke you of this Page (my Lord.) 
Duk. I thinke the Boy hath grace in him, he blushes. 
Val. I warrant you (my Lord) more grace, then Boy. 
Duk. What means you by that saying? 
Val. Plafe you, let me tell you, as we paffe along, 
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd: 
Come Prothwn, 'tis your penance, but to heare 
The story of your Lover discovered, 
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours, 
One Feft, one house, one mutualt happinelle. 

FINIS.