Two Gentlemen of Verona from Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies.
Published according to the true originall copies.

Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies

Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7
Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616.
<respStmt xml:id="PW">
    <persName>Pip Willcox</persName>
    <resp>project management</resp>
    <resp>proofing</resp>
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<respStmt xml:id="LMC">
    <persName>Lucienne Cummings</persName>
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    <persName>Judith Siefring</persName>
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<respStmt xml:id="ES">
    <persName>Emma Stanford</persName>
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    <persName>James Cummings</persName>
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<funder>
    <ref target="http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">Sprint for Shakespeare</ref>
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The second phase of the Bodleian First Folio project was made possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional support, which brings new features to the digitized First Folio, enabling more efficient and intuitive use for all with an interest in Shakespeare, early modern drama, theatre and book history.

<titleStmt>
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<publisher>
    <orgName ref="http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">Bodleian Libraries</orgName>,
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<date when="2014-09-11">11 September 2014</date>
Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies.: Published according to the true originall copies.

Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies

First Folio

London, England:

William Jaggard, Edward Blount, John Smethwicke

1623

8 November 1623

Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30


Bodleian shelfmark, 1906-?[idno> Arch. F c.13 [superscript z?] [second Bodleian shelfmark, 1624-1664?]</idno>

The signatures vary between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: $\pi A^6 (\pi A 1 + 1)$ $2C^2$, $a-g^6 g h^6 \chi$ $v^6 x^4 \chi$. 2. West: $\pi A^6 (\pi A 1 + 1, \pi A 5 + 1.2) A - 2B^6 2C^2$ a-"$gg3.4' (\pm 'gg3') [para.] - 2[para.].6 3[para.] 1 2a-2f^6 2g^2 2G^6 2h^6 x^6 2y-3b^6." Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; 3gg1 mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.

"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination on leaf a1 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on leaf aa1 recto.
The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of some the Droeouth imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.


Head- and tail- pieces; initials. With an engraved title-page portrait of the author signed: "Martin-Droeshout: sculpsit London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The earlier state has lighter shading generally; 2. Later state has heavier shading, especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly with the jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies have the plate in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that the earlier state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.

Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap was seen". 2. A copy of Ben Jonson’s printed "To the Reader"; MS note on t.p. (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor
Annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.


For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.

Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to William Wildgoose on 17 February 1624 for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian’s catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in 1674, replaced by the newer Third Folio (1664). There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of
"superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard Davis</persName>, a bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the sum of <num value="24">£24</num>.<p>After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family’s possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num value="3000">£3000</num>, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (the Turbutt Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)<p>For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.</p>
<person xml:id="F-tgv-out.3">  
  <persName type="standard">Third Outlaw</persName>  
  <persName type="form">3.Out.</persName>  
</person>  
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  <persName type="form">Ant.</persName>  
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<person xml:id="F-tgv-sil">
    <persName type="standard">Silvia, beloved of Valentine</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-tgv-spe">
    <persName type="standard">Speed, a clownish servant to Valentine</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-tgv-thu">
    <persName type="standard">Thurio, a foolish rival to Valentine</persName>
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            <div type="act" n="1">
                <div type="scene" n="1">
                    <head rend="italic center">Actus primus, Scena prima.</head>
                    <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 1]</head>
                </div>
            </div>
        </div>
    </body>
</text>
Valentine: Protheus, and Speed.

Valentine.

Ease to persuade, my loving Protheus:

Home and keeping youth, haue euer homely wits,

Wer't not affection chaines thy tender dayes

To the sweet glaunces of thy honour'd Loue,

I rather would entreat thy company,

To see the wonders of the world abroad.

Then (lying dully sluggardiz'd at home)

Wearre out thy youth with shapelesse idlenesse,

But since thou lou'st; loue still, and thriue therein.

Euen as I would, when I to loue begin.

Wil'lt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adew,

Thinke on thy Protheus, when thou (hap'ly) seest

Some rare note worthy object in thy trauaile.

Wish me partaker in thy happinesse,

When thou do'st meet good hap; and in thy danger,

(If euer danger doe enuiron thee)

Commend thy grieuance to my holy prayers,

For I will be thy beades; man, Valentine.

And on a loue booke pray for my successe?

That's on some shallow Storie of deepe loue,

How yong Leander crost the Hellespont.

How yong Leander crost the Hellespont.
That's a deepe Storie, of a deeper loue;
For he was more than ouer shoes in loue.
And yet you neuer swom the Hellespont.

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

Ouer the Bootes? nay giue me not the Boots.
No, I will not; for it boots thee not.
What?

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

So, by your circumstance, you call me foole.
So, by your circumstance, I feare you'll proue.
'Tis loue you caiuil at, I am not Loue.
Loue is your master, for he masters you;
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Me thinkes should not be chronicled for wise.
Yet Writers say; as in the sweetest Bud,
The eating Canker dwells; so eating Love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Yet Writers say; as the most forward Bud
Is eaten by the Canker ere it blow,
Euen so by Love, the yong, and tender wit
Loosing his verdure, euen in the prime,
And all the faire effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsaile thee
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu: my Father at the Road
Expects my comming, there to see me ship'd.

And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.
Sweet Protheus, no: Now let vs take our leave:
To Millaine let me heare from thee by Letters:
Of thy succes in Love; and what newes else?
Betideth here in absence of thy Friend:
And I likewise will visite thee with mine.

All happinesse bechance to thee in Millaine.

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

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

But now he parted hence to embarque for Millain.

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

Indeed a Sheep doth very often stray,
And if the Shepheard be awhile away.

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

A silly answere, and fitting well a Sheepe.
<p>This proues me still a Sheepe.</p>

<sp who="#F-tgv-pro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pro.</speaker>
    <p>True: and thy Master a Shepheard.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-spe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sp.</speaker>
    <p>Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-pro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pro.</speaker>
    <p>It shall goe hard but ile proue it by another.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-spe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sp.</speaker>
    <p>The Shepheard seekes the Sheepe, and not the Sheepe the Shepheard; but I seeke my Master, and my Master seekes not me: therefore, I am no Sheepe.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-pro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pro.</speaker>
    <p>The Sheepe for fodder follow the Shepheard, the Shepheard for foode followes not the Sheepe: thou for wages followest thy Master, thy Master for wages followes not thee: therefore, thou art a Sheepe.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-spe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sp.</speaker>
    <p>Such another proofe will make me cry bat.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-pro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pro.</speaker>
    <p>But do'st thou heare: gau'st thou my Letter to Iulia?</p>
</sp>

<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-tgv-spe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sp.</speaker>
    <p>I Sir: I (a lost &amp; Mutton) gaue your Letter to her lac'd &amp; Mutton) and she (a lac'd &amp; Mutton) gaue mee (a lost &amp; Mutton) nothing for my labour.</p>
</sp>
Here's too small a Pasture for such store of Muttons.

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

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

You mistake; I meane the pound, a Pinfold.

From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over, 'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover

But what said she?

I. You mistooke Sir: I say she did nod; And you aske me if she did nod, and I say I.
Now you haue taken the paines to set it toge\verb+#x00AD;ther, take it for your paines.

No, no, you shall haue it for bearing th\verb+#x00AD;e letter.

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

Beshrew me, but you haue a quicke wit.

And yet it cannot ouer\verb+#x2011;take your slow purse.

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

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

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

Truely Sir, I thinke you'll hardly win her.
Pro. Why? could'st thou perceive so much from her?

Sp. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; No, not so much as a bucket for delivering your letter; And being so hard to me, that brought your mind; I feare she'll prove as hard to you in telling your minde.

Giue her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steele.

Pro. What said she, nothing?

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

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

Exit.

Enter Iulia and Lucetta.

Iul. But say Iulia (now we are alone) Would'st thou then counsaile me to fall in loue?
<speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>

<p>I Madam, so you stumble not vnheedfully.</p>

<iul.</iul.</iul.

Of all the faire resort of Gentlemen,

That euery day with par'le encounter me,

In thy opinion which is worthiest loue?</iul.

Please you repeat their names; ile shew my minde,

According to my shallow simple skill.

What thinkst thou of the faire sir <hi rend="italic">Eglamoure</hi>?</iul.

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

But were I you, he neuer should be mine.

What think'st thou of the rich <hi rend="italic">Mercatio</hi>?

Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.</iul.

What think'st thou of the gentle <hi rend="italic">Protheus</hi>?

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

How now? what meanes this passion at his name?</iul.

Pardon deare Madam; 'tis a passing shame</iul.
That I (vnworthy body as I am) Should censure thus on louely Gentlemen.

Iu.

Why not on Protheus, as of all the rest?

Lu.

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

Iul.

Your reason?

Lu.

I: if you thought your loue not cast away.

Iul.

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

Iul.

They doe not loue, that doe not shew their loue.
Lu. -tgv

<p>Oh, they loue least, that let men know their loue.</p>

Iul. -tgv

<p>I would I knew his minde.</p>

Lu. -tgv

<p>Peruse this paper Madam.</p>

Iul. -tgv

<p>To <hi rend="italic">Iulia</hi>: Say, from whom?</p>

Lu. -tgv

<hi rend="italic">Valentines</hi> page: &amp; sent I think from <hi rend="italic">Protheus</hi>:

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

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

Sir <hi rend="italic">Valentines</hi> page: &amp; sent I think from <hi rend="italic">Protheus</hi>:

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

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

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Sir <hi rend="italic">Valentines</hi> page: &amp; sent I think from <hi rend="italic">Protheus</hi>:

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

Did in your name receiue it: pardon the fault I pray.</I>
Will ye be gon?

That you may ruminate.

Exit.

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

What would your Ladiship?
Is't neere dinner time?

And not vpon your Maid.
What is't that you Tooke vp so gingerly?

Lu. Nothing.

Why didst thou stoope then?

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

Iul. And is that paper nothing?

Lu. Nothing concerning me.

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

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

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

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

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

Lu. It is too heauy for so light a tune.
Iu. Heavy? Belike it hath some burden then?

Lu. And melodious were it, would you sing it, and why not you?

Iu. You do not? No (Madam) tis too sharpe.

You (Minion) are too saucie.

Nay, now you are too flat; and marre the concord, with too harsh a descant: There wanteth but a Meane to fill your Song.

The meane is dround with you vnruly base.
<speaker rend="italic">Lu.</speaker>
<p>Indee I bid the base for <hi rend="italic">Protheus</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tgv-jul">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lu.</speaker>
  <l>This babble shall not henceforth trouble me;</l>
  <l>Here is a coile with protestation;</l>
  <l>Goe, get you gone: and let the papers lye;</l>
  <l>You would be fingring them, to anger me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tgv-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lu.</speaker>
  <l>She makes it strange, but she would be best pleas'd</l>
  <l>To be so angred with another Letter.</l>
</sp>

<choice><orig>strãge</orig><corr>strange</corr></choice>, but she would be best

vlkninde
  <hi rend="italic">Iulia</hi>:
  <l>As in reuenge of thy ingratitude,</l>
  <l>I throw thy name against the bruizing-stones,</l>
  <l>Trampling contemtuously on thy disdaine.</l>
  <l>And here is writ, <hi rend="italic">Loue wounded Protheus</hi>.</l>
Protheus</sp>

written
  <l>Poor wounded name: my bosome, as a bed,</l>
  <l>Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly heal'd,</l>
  <l>And thus I search it with a soueraigne kisse.</l>
  <l>But twice, or thrice, was <hi rend="italic">Protheus</hi> written downe;</l>
  <l>Be calme (good winde) blow not a word away,</l>
  <l>Till I haue found each letter, in the Letter,</l>
  <l>Except mine own name: That, some whirle&#x2011;winde beare</l>
  <l>Vnto a ragged, fearefull, hanging Rocke,</l>
  <l>And throw it thence into the raging Sea.</l>
  <l>Loe, here in one line is his name twice writ:</l>
Protheus:</sp>
To the sweet Iulia: that I tear away:

And yet I will not, sith so prettily

He couples it, to his complaining Names;

Thus will I fold them, one upon another;

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

---

Madam: dinner is ready: and your father staies.

Well, let vs goe.

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

If you respect them; best to take them vp.

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

Yet here they shall not lye, for catching cold.

I see you haue a months minde to them.

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

Come, come, wilt please you goe.

---

Exeunt.
<sp who="#F-tgv-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>Tell me <hi rend="italic">Panthino</hi>, what sad talke was that.</l>
  <l>Wherewith my brother held you in the Cloyster?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-pan">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
  <p>'Twas of his Nephew <hi rend="italic">Protheus</hi>, your Sonne.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-pan">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
  <l>He wondred that your Lordship</l>
  <l>Would suffer him, to spend his youth at home,</l>
  <l>While other men, of slender reputation</l>
  <l>Put forth their Sonnes, to seeke preferment out</l>
  <l>Some to the warres, to try their fortune there;</l>
  <l>Some, to discouer Islands farre away;</l>
  <l>Some, to the studious Vniuersities;</l>
  <l>For any, or for all these exercises,</l>
  <l>He said, that <hi rend="italic">Protheus</hi>, your sonne,</l>
  was
  <l>And did request me, to importune you</l>
  <l>To let him spend his time no more at home;</l>
  <l>Which would be great impeachment to his age</l>
  <l>In hauing knowne no trauaile in his youth.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>Nor need'st thou much importune me to that</l>
  <l>Whereon, this month I haue bin hamering.</l>
  <l>I haue consider'd well, his losse of time,</l>
  <l>And how he cannot be a perfect man,</l>
  <l>Not being tryed, and tutord in the world;</l>
  <l>Experience is by industry atchieu'd,</l>
  <l>And perfected by the swift course of time;</l>
  <l>Then tell me, whether were I best to send him?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-pan">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
  <l>I thinke your Lordship is not ignorant</l>
  <l>How his companion, youthfull <hi rend="italic">Valentine</hi>,</l>
  <l>Attends the Emperour in his royall Court.</l>
</sp>
I know it well.

'Twere good, I thinke, your Lordship sent him that hee thither,

There shall he practise Tilts, and Turnaments;

Heare sweet discourse, conuerse with

Noble gentlemen,

And be in eye of every Exercise

Worthy his youth, and noblenesse of birth.

I like thy counsaile: well hast thou aduis'd:

And that thou maist perceiue how well I like it,

The execution of it shall make knowne;

Euen with the speediest expedition,

I will dispatch him to the Emperors Court.

To morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,

With other Gentlemen of good esteeme

Are iournying, to salute the Emperor,

And to commend their service to his will.

Are iournying, to salute the Emperor,

And to commend their service to his will.

Sweet Loue, sweet lines, sweet life,

Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;

Here is her oath for loue, her honors paune;

The two Gentlemen of Uerona.

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

Pro. Oh heauenly Iulia.

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

Pro. May't please your Lordship, 'tis a word or two Of commendations sent from Valentine;

Deliver'd by a friend, that came from him.

There is no newes (my Lord) but that he writes

How happily he liues, how well-belou'd,

And daily graced by the Emperor;

Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

And how stand you affected to his wish?

As one relying on your Lordships will,

Muse not that I thus sodainly proceed;

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

I am resolu'd that thou shalt spend some time

With Valentinus, in the Emperors Court:

What maintenance he from his friends receiues,

Like exhibition thou shalt haue from me,

To morrow be in readinesse, to goe,

Excuse it not: for I am peremptory.
Pro.

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

Ant.

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

Pro.

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

Pan.

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

Pro.

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

Exeunt.

Finis.

Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, Siluia.
<sp who="#F-tgv-spe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Speed.</speaker>
    <p>Sir, your Gloue.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-val">
    <speaker rend="italic">Valen.</speaker>
    <p>Not mine: my Gloues are on.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-spe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sp.</speaker>
    <p>Why then this may be yours: for this is but one.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-val">
    <speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
    <p>Ha? Let me see: I, giue it me, it's mine:</p>
    <p>Sweet ornament, that deckes a thing diuine,</p>
    <p>Ah, <hi rend="italic">Siluia, Siluia</hi>.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-spe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Speed.</speaker>
    <p>Shee is not within hearing Sir.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-val">
    <speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
    <p>How now Sirha?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-spe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Speed.</speaker>
    <p>Well: you'll still be too forward.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-val">
    <speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
    <p>Why sir, who bad you call her?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-spe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Speed.</speaker>
    <p>Your worship sir, or else I mistooke.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-val">
    <speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
    <p>Well: you'll still be too forward.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-spe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Speed.</speaker>
    <p>And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.</p>
</sp>

<cb n="2"/>

<sp who="#F-tgv-val">
    <speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
</sp>
Goe to, sir; tell me: do you know Madam Siluia?

Shee that your worship loues?

Why, how know you that I am in loue?

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

Are all these things perceiu'd in me?

Are all these things perceiu'd without ye.

They are all perceiu'd without ye.

Without me? they cannot.

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

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

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

Why sir, I know her not.

What dost thou know?

I mean that her beauty is exquisite
<l>But her fauour infinite.</l>

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

How painted? and how out of count?

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

You neuer saw her since she was deform'd.

How long hath she beene deform'd?

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

If you loue her, you cannot see her.

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

What should I see then?

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

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

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

In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

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

Last night she eniyn'd me, To write some lines to one she loues.
<sp who="#tgv-spe">
  <speaker rend="italic">Speed.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>And haue you?"</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#tgv-val">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ual.</speaker>
  <p>"I haue."</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#tgv-spe">
  <speaker rend="italic">Speed.</speaker>
  <p>"Are they not lamely writt?"</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#tgv-val">
  <speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
  <p>"No (Boy) but as well as I can do them:"</p>
  <p>"Peace, here she comes."</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#tgv-spe">
  <speaker rend="italic">Speed.</speaker>
  <p>"Oh excellent motion; Oh exceeding Puppet:"</p>
  <p>"Now will he interpret to her."</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#tgv-val">
  <speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
  <p>"Madam & Mistres, a thousand good"</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#tgv-sil">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
  <p>Sir <hi rend="italic">Valentine</hi>, and seruant, to you two thousand."</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#tgv-spe">
  <speaker rend="italic">Speed.</speaker>
  <p>"He should giue her interest: & she giues it him."</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#tgv-val">
  <speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
  <p>"As you inioynd me; I haue writ your Letter"</p>
  <p>"Vnto the secret, nameles friend of yours:"</p>
  <p>"Which I was much vnwilling to proceed in,"</p>
  <p>"But for my duty to your Ladiship."</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#tgv-sil">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>I thanke you (gentle Seruant) 'tis very Clerkly</p><lb rend="turnover"/>(done.</p><p></p><sp who="#F-tgv-val">
  <speaker rend=" italic">Val.</speaker></sp>
  <p>Now trust me (Madam) it came hardly</p>
  <l>For being ignorant to whom it goes,</l>
  <l>I writ at randome, very doubtfully.</l></p><sp who="#F-tgv-sil">
  <speaker rend=" italic">Sil.</speaker></sp>
  <p>Perchance you think too much of so much pains?</p></sp><sp who="#F-tgv-val">
  <speaker rend=" italic">Val.</speaker></sp>
  <p>No (Madam) so it steed you, I will write</p>
  <l>And yet</l>
  <l>A pretty period: well: I ghesse the sequell;</l>
  <l>And yet I will not name it: and yet I care not.</l>
  <l>And yet, take this againe: and yet I thanke you:</l>
  <l>Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.</l></sp><sp who="#F-tgv-spe">
  <speaker rend=" italic">Speed.</speaker></sp>
  <p>And yet you will: and yet, another yet.</p></sp><sp who="#F-tgv-val">
  <speaker rend=" italic">Val.</speaker></sp>
  <p>What meanes your Ladiship?</p>
  <l>Doe you not like it?</l></sp><sp who="#F-tgv-sil">
  <speaker rend=" italic">Sil.</speaker></sp>
  <p>Yes, yes; the lines are very queintly writ,</p>
  <l>But (since vnwillingly) take them againe.</l>
  <l>Nay, take them.</l></sp><sp who="#F-tgv-val">
  <speaker rend=" italic">Val.</speaker></sp>
  <p>Madam, they are for you.</p></sp><sp who="#F-tgv-sil">
  <speaker rend=" italic">Sil.</speaker></sp>
  <p>I, I: you writ them Sir, at my request,</p>
  <l>But I will none of them: they are for you:</l>
I would have had them writ more mouingly:

Please you, Ile write your Ladiship another.

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

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

Nay: I was rimen: 'tis you y<sup>than</sup> that haue the reason.

To be a spokes¬man from Madam <hi>
Siluia

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-val">
  <speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
  <p>To whom?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-spe">
  <speaker rend="italic">Speed.</speaker>
  <p>To your selfe: why, she woes you by a figure.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-val">
  <speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
  <p>What figure?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-spe">
  <speaker rend="italic">Speed.</speaker>
  <p>By a Letter, I should say.</p>
</sp>

<cb n="2"/>

<sp who="#F-tgv-val">
  <speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
  <p>Why she hath not writ to me?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-spe">
  <speaker rend="italic">Speed.</speaker>
  <l>Why, doe you not perceiue the iest?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-val">
  <speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
  <p>No, beleeue me.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-spe">
  <speaker rend="italic">Speed.</speaker>
  <l>No beleeuing you indeed sir:</l>
  <l>But did you perceiue her earnest?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-val">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ual.</speaker>
  <p>She gaue me none, except an angry word.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-spe">
  <speaker rend="italic">Speed.</speaker>
  <p>Why she hath giuen you a Letter.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-val">
  <speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
  <p>That's the Letter I writ to her friend.</p>
</sp>
And y<em>c</em> t letter hath she deliuer'd, end. </p>  

Val.

I would it were no worse.

Ile warrant you, 'tis as well:

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

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

Or fearing else some <choice><abbr>mess</abbr>enger</choice>, y<em>c</em> t her mind discouer;

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

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

Why muse you sir? 'tis dinner time.

I haue dyn'd.

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

Exeunt. 

Enter Protheus, Iulia, Panthion. 

Haue patience, gentle <hi>Iulia</hi>: 

I must where is no remedy.
Pro.

When possibly I can, I will returne.

Iul.

If you turne not: you will return the sooner:

Keepe this remembrance for thy sake.

Pro.

Why then wee'll make exchange;

Here, take you this.

And seale the bargaine with a holy kisse.

Here is my hand, for my true constancie:

Wherein I sigh not (for thy sake,)

The next ensuing howre, some foule mischance

Torment me for my Loues forgetfulness;

My father staies my coming; answere not:

That tide will stay me longer then I should,

Iulia, farewell: what, gon without a word?

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

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

Panth.

Sir Protheus: you are staid for.

Sir Protheus:

Goe: I come, I come:

Alas, this parting strikes poore Louers dumbe.

Exeunt.

Scœna Tertia.
[Act 2, Scene 3]
Enter Launce, Panthion./

Launce.<

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

<sp who="#F-tgv-pan">
  <speaker rend="italic">Panth.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>
<hi rend="italic">Launce</hi>, away, away: a Boord: thy Master is <lb>ship'd, and thou art to post after with oares; what's the <lb>matter? why weep'st thou man? away asse, you'l loose <lb>the Tide, if you tarry any longer.</lb></p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-lau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Laun.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>It is no matter if the tide were lost, for it is the vnkindest Tied, that euer any man tied.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-pan">
  <speaker rend="italic">Panth.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>What's the vnkindest tide?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-lau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lau.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>Why, he that's tide here, <hi rend="italic">Crab</hi> my dog.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-pan">
  <speaker rend="italic">Panth.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>Tut, man: I meane thou'lt loose the flood, and, <lb>in loosing the flood, loose thy voyage, and in loosing thy Master, loose thy seruice, and in loosing thy seruice; why <lb>dost thou stop my mouth?</lb></p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-lau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Laun.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>For feare thou shouldst loose thy tongue.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-pan">
  <speaker rend="italic">Panth.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>Where should I loose my tongue?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-lau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Laun.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>In thy Tale.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-pan">
  <speaker rend="italic">Panth.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>In thy Taile.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-lau">
</sp>
Laun.

Loose 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 tears: if the winde were downe, I could drive the boat with my sighes.

Panth.

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

Lau.

Sir: call me what thou dar'st.

Pant.

Wilt thou goe?

Lau.

Well, I will goe.

Exeunt.
<sp who="#F-tgv-spe">
  <speaker rend="italic">Spee.</speaker>
  <p>Not of you.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-val">
  <speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
  <p>Of my Mistresse then.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-spe">
  <speaker rend="italic">Spee.</speaker>
  <p>'Twere good you knockt him.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-sil">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sil.</speaker>
  <p>Seruant, you are sad.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-val">
  <speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
  <p>Indeed, Madam, I seeme so.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-thu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Thu.</speaker>
  <p>Seeme you that you are not?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-val">
  <speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
  <p>Hap'ly I doe.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-thu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Thu.</speaker>
  <p>So doe Counterfeyts.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-val">
  <speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
  <p>So doe you.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-thu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Thu.</speaker>
  <p>What seeme I that I am not?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-val">
  <speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
  <p>Wise.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-thu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Thu.</speaker>
  <p>What instance of the contrary?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-val">
  <speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
</sp>
Your folly.

And how quoat you my folly?

I quoat it in your Ierkin.

My Ierkin is a doublet.

Well then, Ile double your folly.

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

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

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

You haue said Sir.

I Sir, and done too for this time.

I know it well sir, you alwaies end ere you begin.
A fine volly of words, gentlemen, quickly shot off.

'Tis indeed, Madam; we thank the giever.

Who is that Servant? Your selfe (sweet Lady) for you gaue the fire, Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your Ladiships lookes,

And spends what he borrowes kindly in your company.

I know it well sir: you haue an Exchequer of words, And, I thynke, no other treasure to giue your followers:

For it appears by their bare Liueries That they live by your bare words.

No more, gentlemen, no more:

Now, daughter Siluia, you are hard beset.

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

I know it well sir: you haue an Exchequer of words, And, I thynke, no other treasure to giue your followers:

For it appears by their bare Liueries That they live by your bare words.
Val. My Lord, I will be thankful, to any happy messenger from thence.

Duk. Know ye Don Antonio, your Countriman?

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

Duk. Hath he not a Sonne?

Val. I knew him as myselfe: for from our Infancie we have conversed and spent our hours together, and though myselfe have beene an idle Trewant, omitting the sweet benefit of time to cloath mine age with Angel-like perfection: yet hath Sir Protheus (for that's his name) made use, and faire advantage of his daies: his yeares but yong, but his experience old: his head vn-mellowed, but his judgement ripe; and, in a word (for far behinde his worth comes all the praises that I now bestow.)

The two Gentlemen of Verona.
He is compleat in feature, and in minde,
With all good grace, to grace a Gentleman.

Beshrew me sir, but if he make this good
He is as worthy for an Empresse loue,
As meet to be an Emperors Councellor:
Well, Sir: this Gentleman is come to me
With Commendation from great Potentates,
And heere he meanes to spend his time a while,
I thinke 'tis no vn-welcome newes to you.

Should I haue wish'd a thing, it had beene he.
Welcome him then according to his worth:
Siluia, I speake to you, and you Sir
For <hi rend="italic">Ualentine,</hi> I need not cite him to it,
I will send him hither to you presently.

This is the Gentleman I told your Ladiship
Had come along with me, but that his Mistresse
Did hold his eyes, lockt in her Christall lookes.
Nay then he should be blind, and being blind
How could he see his way to seeke out you?

Why Lady, Loue hath twenty paire of eyes.
They say that Loue hath not an eye at all.

To see such Louers, as your selfe,

Vpon a homely object, Loue can winke.

Haue done, haue done: here comes y'gentleman.

Welcome, deer Protheus: Mistris, I beseech you

Confirme his welcome, with some speciall fauor.

His worth is warrant for his welcome hether,

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

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

Too low a Mistres for so high a seruant.

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

Leaue off discourse of disabilitie:

Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your Seruant.

My dutie will I boast of, nothing else.
And dutie neuer yet did want his meed. Seruant, you are welcome to a worthlesse Mistresse.

Ile die on him that saies so but your selfe. That you are welcome?

That you are worthlesse.

Madam, my Lord your father wold speak with you.

Wee'll both attend vpon your Ladiship.

Now tell me: how do al from whence you came? Your frends are wel, & haue much cōmended.

And how doe yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.

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

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

Val. I Protheus, but that life is alter'd now, I haue done pennance for contemning Loue, Whose high emperious thoughts haue punish'd me, With bitter fasts, with penitentiall grones, With nightly teares, and daily hart-sore sighes, For in reuenge of my contempt of loue, Loue hath chas'd sleepe from my enthralled eyes, And made them watchers of mine owne hearts sorrow. O gentle Protheus, Loue's a mighty Lord, And hath so humbled me, as I confesse, There is no woe to his correction, Nor to his Seruice, no such ioy on earth: Now, no discourse, except it be of loue: Now can I breake my fast, dine, sup, and sleepe, Vpon the very naked name of Loue.

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

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

Pro. No; But she is an earthly Paragon.

Val. Call her diuine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.

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

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

Val. Then speake the truth by her; if not divine, Yet let her be a principalitie, Soueraigne to all the Creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my Mistresse.

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

Pro. Haue I not reason to prefer mine owne?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her to: Shee shall be dignified with this high honour, To beare my Ladies traine, lest the base earth Should from her vesture chance to steale a kisse, And of so great a fauor growing proud, Disdaine to roote the Sommer swelling flowre, And make rough winter euerlastingly.

Pro. Why Ualentine, what Bragadisme is this?

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

Then let her alone.
Not for the world: why man, she is mine owne,
And I as rich in hauing such a Iewell
As twenty Seas, if all their sand were pearle,
The water, Nectar, and the Rocks pure gold.
Forgiue me that I doe not dreame on thee,
Because thou seest me doate vpon my loue:
My foolish Riuall that her Father likes
(Onely for his possessions are so huge)
Is gone with her along, and I must after,
For Loue (thou know'st is full of iealousie.)

But she loues you?
I, and we are betroathd: nay more, our mariage
With all the cunning manner of our flight
Determin'd of: how I must climbe her window,
The Ladder made of Cords, and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on for my happinesse.
Good Protheus goe with me to my chamber,
In these affaires to aid me with thy counsaile.

Will you make haste?
Exit.

Pro.

I will.

Euen as one heate, another heate expels.

Or as one naile, by strength driues out another.

So the remembrance of my former Loue

Is by a newer object quite forgotten,

By a newer obiect quite forgotten,

It is mine, or Valentines praise?

Her true perfection, or my false transgression?

That makes me reasonlesse, to reason thus?

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

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

Which like a waxen Image 'gainst a fire

Beares no impression of the thing it was.)

Me thinks my zeale to Valentine is cold,

And that I loue him not as I was wont:

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

How shall I doate on her with more aduice,

That thus without aduice begin to loue her?

'Tis but her picture I haue yet beheld,

And that hath dazel'd my reasons light:

But when I looke on her perfections,

There is no reason, but I shall be blinde.

If I can checke my erring loue, I will,

If not, to compasse her Ile vse my skill.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

[Act 2, Scene 5]
Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed.

Launce, by mine honesty welcome to Padua.

Speed.

Launce.
Forsweare not thy selfe, sweet youth, for I am not welcome.

I reckon this alwaies, that a man is never vndon till he be hang'd, nor never welcome to a place, till some certaine shot be paid, and the Hostesse say wel come.

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

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

But shall she marry him?

No.

How then? shall he marry her?

No, neither.

What, are they broken?

No; they are both as whole as a fish.

Why then, how stands the matter with them?
Marry thus, when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

What an asse art thou, I understand thee not.

What a blocke art thou, that thou canst not? My staffe understands me?

What thou sayst?

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

It stands under thee indeed.

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

The conclusion is then, that it will.

Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a
parable.</p>

"Tis well that I get it so: but Launce,
how saist thou that that my master is become a notable Louer?</p>

I neuer knew him otherwise.

Then how?</p>

A notable Lubber: as thou reportest him to be.

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

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

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

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

Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to goe to the Ale with a Christian: Wilt thou goe?
<sp who="#F-tgv-spe">
  <speaker rend="italic">Spec.</speaker>
  <p>At thy service.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>

<div type="scene" n="6">
  <head rend="center">Scœna Sexta.</head>
  <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 6]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter <hi rend="roman">Protheus</hi> solus.</stage>
</div>

<sp who="#F-tgv-pro">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pro.</speaker>
  <l>To leave my <hi rend="italic">Iulia</hi>; shall I be forsworne?</l>
  <l>To love faire <hi rend="italic">Siluia</hi>; shall I be forsworne?</l>
  <l>To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworne.</l>
  <l>And ev'n that Powre which gaue me first my oath</l>
  <l>Prouokes me to this three#x2011;fold periurie.</l>
  <l>Loue bad mee sweare, and Loue bids me</l>
  <l>O sweet#x2011;suggesting Loue, if thou hast sin'd.</l>
  <l>Teach me (thy tempted subject) to excuse it.</l>
  <l>At first I did adore a twinkling Starre,</l>
  <l>But now I worship a celestial Sunne:</l>
  <l>Vn#x2011;heedfull vows may heedfully be broken.</l>
  <l>And he wants wit, that wants resolved will,</l>
  <l>To learne his wit, t'exchange the bad for better,</l>
  <l>Fie, fie, vnreuercend tongue, to call her bad,</l>
  <l>Whose soueraignty so oft thou hast preferd,</l>
  <l>With twenty thousand soule#x2011;confirming oathes,</l>
  <l>I cannot leave to loue; and yet I doe:</l>
  <l>But there I leave to loue, where I should loue.</l>
</sp>

<hi rend="italic">Iulia</hi> I loose, and <hi rend="italic">Valentine</hi> I loose, <l>If I keepe them, I needs must loose my selfe;</l>
<l>If I loose them, thus finde I by their losse,</l>
<l>For <hi rend="italic">Valentine</hi> my selfe: for <hi rend="italic">Iulia, Siluia.</hi>
</l>

<l>I to my selfe am deeerer then a friend.</l>
<l>For Loue is still most precious in it selfe,</l>
<l>And <hi rend="italic">Siluia</hi> (witnesse heauen that made her faire)</l>
Shewes Iulia but a swarthy Ethiope.

I will forget that Iulia is aliue,

Remembring that my Loue to her is dead.

And Ile hold an Enemie, Iulia is a sweeter friend.

I cannot now proue constant to my selfe,

Without some treachery vs'd to Valentine.

This night he meaneth with a Corded ladder to climbe celestial Siluia's chamber window,

My selfe in counsaile his competitor.

Now presently Ile giue her father notice Of their disguising and pretended flight:

Who (all inrag'd) will banish Valentine:

For Thurio he intends shall wed his daughter,

But Valentine being gon, Ile quickly crosse by some slie tricke, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.

Loue lend me wings, to make my purpose swift.

At thou hast lent me wit, to plot this drift.

Exit.

The two Gentlemen of Uerona.

Enter Iulia and Lucetta.

Iul.

Counsaile, Lucetta, gentle girle
assist me,

And eu'n in kinde loue, I doe conjure thee.

Who art the Table wherein all my thoughts

Are visibly Character'd, and engrau'd.

To lesson me, and tell me some good meane

How with my honour I may yndertake

A journey to my louing Protheus.

Alas, the way is wearisome and long.

A true deuoted Pilgrime is not weary

to measure Kingdomes with his feeble steps,

Much lesse shall the that hath Loues wings to flie,

And when the flight is made to one so deere,

Of such diuine perfection as Sir Protheus.

Better forbeare, till Protheus make returne.

Oh, know'st y'ou not, his looks are my foules food?

Pitty the dearth that I haue pined in,

By longing for that food so long a time.

Didst thou but know the inly touch of Loue,

Thou wouldst as soone goe kindle fire with snow

As seeke to quench the fire of Loue with words.

The more thou dam'st it vp, the more it burnes:

The Current that with gentle murmure glides

(Thou know'st) being stop'd, impatiently doth rage:

But when his faire course is not hindered,

He makes sweet musick with th'enameld stones,

Giuing a gentle kisse to euery sedge.
He ouer\textsuperscript{1011} taketh in his pilgrimage.

And so by many winding nookes he straies

With willing sport to the wilde Ocean.

Then let me goe, and hinder not my course:

Ile be as patient as a gentle streame,

And make a pastime of each weary step,

Till the last step haue brought me to my Loue,

And there Ile rest, as after much turmoile

A blessed soule doth in Elizium.

But in what habit will you goe along?

Not like a woman, for I would preuent

The loose encounters of lasciuious men:

Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weedes

As may beseeme some well reputed Page.

Why then your Ladiship must cut your haire.

No girle, Ile knit it vp in silken strings,

With twentie od\textsuperscript{1011} conceited true\textsuperscript{1011} loue knots:

To be fantastique, may become a youth

Of greater time then I shall shew to be.

What fashion (Madam) shall I make your breeches?

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

What compasse will you weare your Farthingale?

Why eu'n what fashion thou best likes

You must needs haue

with a
Out, out, (Lucetta) that will be illfavoured.

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

That is the least (Lucetta) of my fear:

A thousand oaths, an Ocean of his tears,

And instances of infinite of love,

Warrant me welcome to my
Protheus</hi>. All these are seruants to deceitfull men.

Iul. Base men, that use them to so base effect; But truer starres did gouerne Protheus birth.

His words are bonds, his oathes are oracles, His loue sincere, his thoughts immaculate, His teares, pure messengers, sent from his heart, His heary as far from fraud, as heauen from earth.

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

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

Exeunt.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus, Valentine,

Sir Thurio, giue vs leaue (I pray) a while,

We haue some secrets to confer about.

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

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

I thank thee for thine honest care,
Which to requite, command me while I liue.
This loue of theirs, my selfe haue often seene,
Haply when they haue iudg'd me fast asleepe,
And oftentimes haue purpos'd to forbid
Sir

Protheus,
I thank thee for thine honest care,
Which to requite, command me while I liue.
This loue of theirs, my selfe haue often seene,
Haply when they haue iudg'd me fast asleepe,
And oftentimes haue purpos'd to forbid
Sir

The two Gentlemen of Uerona.

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

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

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

Valentine, whether away so fast?
The tenure of them doth but signifie
My health, and happy being at your Court.

Duk. Be they of much import?

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

Duk. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenure of them doth but signifie
My health, and happy being at your Court.
Nay then no matter: stay with me a while,
I am to breake with thee of some affaires
That touch me neere: wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not vnknown to thee, that I haue sought
To match my friend Sir Thurio, to my daughter.

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

Duk. No, trust me, She is peeuish, sullen, froward,
Prowd, disobedient, stubborne, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that she is my childe,
Nor fearing me, as if I were her father:
(Vpon aduice) hath drawne my loue from her,
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should haue beeene cherish'd by her child
For me, and my possessions she esteemes not.

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

But she did scorne a present that I sent her,

A woman sometime scorns what best her.

Send her another: neuer giue her ore,

For scorne at first, makes after loue the more.

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

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

Take no repulse, what euer she doth say,

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

Flatter, and praise, commend, extoll their graces:

Though nere so blacke, say they haue Angells faces,

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

But rather to beget more loue in you.

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

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

Take no repulse, what euer she doth say,

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

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Flatter, and praise, commend, extoll their graces:

Though nere so blacke, say they have Angells faces,

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

But rather to beget more loue in you.
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Why then a Ladder quaintly made of Cords?

To cast vp, with a paire of anchoring hookes,

Would serue to scale another Hero's towre,

So bold Leander would aduenture it.

Now as thou art a Gentleman of blood

Aduise me, where I may haue such a Ladder.

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

This very night; for Loue is like a childe

That longs for euery thing that he can come by.

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

But harke thee: I will goe to her alone,

How shall I best conuey the Ladder thither?

It will be light (my Lord) that you may beare it

Vnder a cloake, that is of any length.

A cloake as long as thine will serue the turne?

I my good Lord.

Then let me see thy cloake,
I'll get me one of such another length. 

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

Duk. How shall I fashion me to weare a cloake? I pray thee let me feele thy cloake vpon me. 

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

And heere an Engine fit for my proceeding. Ile be so bold to breake the scale for once. 

My thoughts do harbour with my Siluia nightly, And slaues they are to me, that send them flying. 

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

Himselfe would lodge where (senceles) they are lying. 

My Herald Thoughts, in thy pure bosome rest, While I (their King) that thither them importune 

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

Because my selfe doe want my seruants fortune. 

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

That they should harbour where their Lord should be. 

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

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

Why Phaeton (for thou art sonne) 

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heauenly Car? 

And with thy daring folly burne the world? 

Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee? 

C3 

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

Val.
And why not death, rather then liuiing torment?
To die, is to be banisht from my selfe,
And Siluia is my selfe: banish'd from her
Is selfe from selfe. A deadly banishment:
What light, is light, if Siluia be not seene?
What ioy is ioy, if Siluia be not by?

Vnlesse it be to thinke that she is by
And feed vpon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Siluia in the night,
There is no musicke in the Nightingale.
Vnlesse I looke on Siluia in the day,
There is no day for me to looke vpon.
Shee is my essence, and I leaue to be.
If I be not by her faire influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept aliue.
I flie not death, to flie his deadly doome,
Tarry I heere, I but attend on death,
But flie I hence, I flie away from life.

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

Lau.
Soough, Soa hough
Pro. What seest thou?

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

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his Spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

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

Pro. Who wouldst thou strike?
Villaine, forbeare.

Who: "ltgv-lau"

Lau.

Why Sir, Ile strike nothing: I pray you.

Who: "ltgv-pro"

Sirha, I say forbeare: friend <hi rend="italic">Valentine,</hi>

My eares are stopt, cannot hear good newes,

So much of bad already hath possest them.

Then in dumbe silence will I bury mine,

For they are harsh, vn-tuneable, and bad.

Is <hi rend="italic">Siluia</hi> dead?

No, <hi rend="italic">Valentine</hi> indeed, for sacred <hi rend="italic">Siluia</hi> haue forsworne me.

What is your newes?

"ltgv-lau"
<speaker rend="italic">Lau.</speaker><p>Sir, there is a proclamation, you're vanished.</p>

<sp who="#F-tgv-pro">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pro.</speaker>
  <l>That thou art banish'd: oh that's the news.</l>
  <l>From hence, from Siluia, and from me thy friend.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-val">
  <speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
  <l>Oh, I have fed upon this woe already, and now excess of it will make me surfeit.</l>
  <l>Doth Siluia know that I am banish'd?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-pro">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pro.</speaker>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>(Which vn\#x2011;reuerst stands in effectual force)</l>
  <l>A Sea of melting pearl, which some call tears;</l>
  <l>Thoseat her fathers churlish feet she tenderd,</l>
  <l>With them upon her knees, her humble selfe,</l>
  <l>Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,</l>
  <l>As if but now they waxed pale for woe;</l>
  <l>But neither bended knees, pure hands held vp,</l>
  <l>Sad sighes, deepe grones, nor siluer\#x2011;shedding teares</l>
  <l>Could penetrate her vncompassionate Sire;</l>
  <l>But \hi rend="italic">Valentine,\hi if he be tane, must die.</l>
  <l>Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,</l>
  <l>When she for thy repeale was supplicant,</l>
  <l>That to close prison he commanded her,</l>
  <l>With many bitter threats of biding there.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-val">
  <speaker rend="italic">Val.</speaker>
  <l>No more: vnles the next word that thou speak'st</l>
  <l>Haue some mali\ngnant power vpon my life:</l>
  <l>If so: I pray thee breath it in mine eare,</l>
  <l>As ending Antheme of my endlesse dolor.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-pro">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pro.</speaker>
  <l>Cease to lament for that thou canst not helpe,</l>
</sp>
And study helpe for that which thou lament'st,
Time is the Nurse, and breeder of all good;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life:
Hope is a louers staffe, walke hence with that
And manage it, against desparing thoughts:
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliuer'd
euen in the milke-white bosome of thy Loue.
The time now serues not to expostulate,
Come, Ile conuey thee through the City-gate,
And ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concerne thy Loue-affaires:
As thou lou'st Siluia (though not for thy selfe)
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

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

Oh my deere Siluia; haplesse Valentine.

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

How now Signior Launce? what newes with your Mastership? 

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

The black\textsuperscript{st} newes that euer thou heard\textsuperscript{st}. Why man? how blacke? 

Thou lyest: I can. 

 Thou lyest: I can.
I will try thee: tell me this: who begot thee?

Marry, the son of my Grandfather.

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

Come fool, come: try me in thy paper.

There: and S. Nicholas be thy speed.

Inprimis she can milke.

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

Item, she can sowe.
That's as much as to say (<hi rend="italic">Can she so?</hi>).

When she can knit him a stock?

Item she can wash and scour.

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

Item, she can spin.

Then may I set the world on wheeles, when she <lb/>can spin for her living.

Then that <lb/>indeede know not their fathers; and therefore haue no names.

Here follow her vices.
<speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
<p>Close at the heels of her vertues.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-spe">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sp.</speaker>
  <p>Item, shee is not to be fasting, in respect of her breath.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-lau">
  <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
  <p>Well: that fault may be mended with a break & fast: read on.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-spe">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sp.</speaker>
  <p>Item, she hath a sweet mouth.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-lau">
  <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
  <p>That makes amends for her soure breath.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-spe">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sp.</speaker>
  <p>Item, she doth talke in her sleepe.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-lau">
  <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
  <p>It's no matter for that; so shee sleepe not in her talke.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-spe">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sp.</speaker>
  <p>Item, she is slow in words.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-lau">
  <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
  <l>Oh villaine, that set this downe among her vices;</l>
  <l>To be slow in words, is a womans onely vertue.</l>
  <l>I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chiefe vertue.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-spe">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sp.</speaker>
  <p>Item, she is proud.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-lau">
  <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
  <l>Out with that too:</l>
  <l>It was Eues legacie, and cannot be
t'ane from her.

Item, she hath no teeth.

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

Item, she is curst.

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

Item, she will often praise her liquor.

If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Item, she is too liberall.

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

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

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

More hair than wit: it may be ile prove it: The over of the salt, hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the lesse: What's next?

And more faults than haires.

That's monstrous: oh that that were out.

And more wealth than faults.

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

What then?

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

For me?

For thee? I, who art thou? he hath staid for a better man than thee.
<speaker rend="italic">Sp.</speaker>
<p>And must I goe to him?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-lau">
<speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
<p>Thou must run to him; for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serue the turne.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-spe">
<speaker rend="italic">Sp.</speaker>
<p>Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your loue Letters.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-lau">
<speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
<p>Now will he be swing'd for reading my Letter; An vnmannerly slaue, that will thrust himselfe into secrets: Ile after, to reioyce in the boyes</p>
</sp>

<choice><abbr>correcti</abbr><expansion>correction</expansion></choice><abbr>expan</abbr><expansion>correction</expansion><choice>.</choice>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>

<div type="scene" n="2">
<head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 2]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus.</stage>

<sp who="#F-tgv-duk">
<speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
<l>Sir <hi rend="italic">Thurio</hi>, feare not, but that she will loue you</l>
<l>Now <hi rend="italic">Valentine</hi> is banish'd from her sight.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-thu">
<speaker rend="italic">Th.</speaker>
<l>Since his exile she hath despis'd me most.</l>
<l>Forsworne my company and rail'd at me;</l>
<l>That I am desperate of obtaining her.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-duk">
<speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
<l>This weake impresse of Loue, is as a figure</l>
<l>Trenched in ice, which with an houres heate</l>
<l>Dissoles to water, and doth loose his forme.</l>
<l>A little time will melt her frozen thoughts.</l>
<l>And worthlesse <hi rend="italic">Valentine</hi> shall be
forgot.

How now sir Protheus, is your countriman

(According to our Proclamation) gon?

How now sir Protheus, is your countriman

(According to our Proclamation) gon?

Pro. Gon, my good Lord.

His self Pro.

Gon, my good Lord.

Du. My daughter takes his going grieuously?

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

Du. So I beleue: but Thurio thinkes not so:

Pro. the good conceit I hold of thee.

(For thou hast showne some signe of good desert)

Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Longer than I proue loyall to your Grace,

Let me not live, to looke vpon your Grace.

Thou know'st how willingly, I would effect

The match betweene sir Thurio, and my daughter.

I doe my Lord.

And also, I thinke, thou art not ignorant

How she opposes her against my will?
She did my Lord, when Valentine was here.

I, and peruersly, she perseueres so: What might we doe to make the girle forget The loue of Valentine, and loue sir Thurio? The best way is, to slander Ualentine, With falsehood, cowardize, and poore discent: Three things, that women highly hold in hate.

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

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

Therefore, as you unwind her love from him;
Least it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me:
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you, in worth dispraise, sir

Therefore, as you unwind her love from him;
Least it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me:
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you, in worth dispraise, sir

You are already Louses firm votary,
And cannot soone revolt, and change your minde.
Upon this warrant, shall you have accesss
Where you, with Siluia, may conferre at large.
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholly,
And (for your friends sake) will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your perswasion,
To hate yong Ulentine, and love my friend.

As much as I can doe, I will effect:
But you sir, are not sharpe enough:
You must lay Lime, to tangle her desires
By walefull Sonnets, whose composed Rimes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vowes.
Du. I, much is the force of heauen-bred Poesie.

Pro. Say that vpon the altar of her beauty you sacrifice your teares, your sighes, your heart: Write till your inke be dry; and with your teares moist it againe, and frame some feeling line, That may discouer such integrity: For Orpheus Lute, was strung with Poets sinewes, Whose golden touch could soften steele and stones, Make Tygers tame, and huge Orpheus Leuiathans.

Forsake vsounded deepes, to dance on Sands. After your dire lamenting Elegies, Visit by night your Ladies chamber, With some sweet Consort; To their Instruments Tune a deploring dumpe: the nights dead silence will well become such sweet complaining grieuance: This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

This discipline, showes thou hast bin in loue.

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

About it Gentlemen.

We'll wait vpon your Grace, till after Supper, And afterward determine our proceedings.
Euen now about it, I will pardon you.

Exeunt.

Prima.</div><div type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 1]</div><div type="act" n="4"><div type="scene" n="1"><head type="italic center">Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.</head><head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 1]</head><div type="entrance"><p>Fellowes, stand fast: I see a passenger.</p></div><div><p>If there be ten, shrinke not, but down with 'em.</p></div><div><p>Stand sir, and throw vs that you haue about'ye. If not: we'll make you sit, and rifle you.</p></div><div><p>Sir we are vndone; these are the Villaines That all the Trauailers doe feare so much.</p></div><div><p>My friends.</p></div><div><p>That's not so, sir: we are your enemies.</p></div><div><p>Peace: we'll heare him.</p></div><div><p>I by my beard will we: for he is a proper man.</p></div><div><p>Then know that I haue little wealth to loose; A man I am, cross'd with aduersitie;</p></div>
My riches, are these poore habiliments,
Of which, if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I haue.

Whither trauell you?
To Verona.

From Millaine.

I was.

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

Why nere repent it, if it were done so;

But were you banisht for so small a fault?

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

My youthfull trauaile, therein made me happy,

Or else I often had beene often miserable.

By the bare scalpe of Robin Hoods fat Fryer,

This fellow were a King, for our wilde faction.

We'll haue him: Sirs, a word.

Master, be one of them:

It's an honourable kinde of theeuery.

Peace villaine.

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

Nothing but my fortune.

Know then, that some of vs are Gentlemen,

Such as the fury of ungouern'd youth

Thrust from the company of awfull men.

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

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

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

But if thou scorne our curtesie, thou dyest.
Thou shalt not liue, to brag what we haue of

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

No, we detest such vile base practises. Come, go with us; we'll bring thee to our Crewes, and show thee all the Treasure we have got; which, with our selves, all rest at thy dispose.

Already have I been false to Valentine, and now I must be as unjust to Thurio, under the colour of commending him, I have access to my own love to prefer. But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy. To be corrupted with my worthless gifts; when I protest true loyalty to her, she twits me with my falsehood to my friend; when to her beauty I commend my vows, she bids me think how I have been forsworn in breaking faith with Iulia, whom I loved; and notwithstanding all her sudden quips, the least whereof would quell a lover's hope: yet (Spaniel-like) the more she spurns my love, the more it grows and fawneth on her still; now must we to her window, and give some evening Musique to her ear.

How now, sir, are you crept
before vs? </p>

<p><sp who="#F-tgv-pro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pro.</speaker>
    <l>I gentle <hi rend="italic">Thurio</hi>, for you know that loulue</l> </sp>
    <l>Will creep in service, where it cannot goe.</l> </p>

<p><sp who="#F-tgv-thu">
    <speaker rend="italic">Th.</speaker>
    <p>I, but I hope, Sir, that you loue not here.</p> </sp>
</p>

<p><sp who="#F-tgv-pro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pro.</speaker>
    <p>Sir, but I doe: or else I would be hence.</p> </sp>
</p>

<p><sp who="#F-tgv-thu">
    <speaker rend="italic">Th.</speaker>
    <l>I thanke you for your owne: Now Gentlemen</l> 
    <l>Let's tune: and too it lustily awhile.</l> </sp>
</p>

<p><sp who="#F-tgv-hos">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ho.</speaker>
    <l>Now, my yong guest; me thinks your' allycholly;</l>
    <l>I pray you why is it?</l> </sp>
</p>

<p><sp who="#F-tgv-jul">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iu.</speaker>
    <p>Marry (mine <hi rend="italic">Host</hi>) because I cannot be merry.</p> </sp>
</p>

<p><sp who="#F-tgv-hos">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ho.</speaker>
    <p>Come, we'll haue you merry: ile bring you where you <lb/>shall heare Musique, and see the Gentleman that <lb/>you ask'd for.</p> </sp>
</p>

<p><sp who="#F-tgv-jul">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iu.</speaker>
    <p>But shall I heare him speake.</p> </sp>
</p>

<p><sp who="#F-tgv-hos">
</sp>
Ho.

I that you shall.

That will be Musique.

Harke, harke.

Is he among these?

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

Who is Siluia? What is she?

That all our Swaines commend her?

Holy, faire, and wise is she,

The heauen such grace did lend her,

that she might admired be.

Is she kinde as she is faire?

For beauty liues with kindnesse.

Loue doth to her eyes repaire,

To helpe him of his blindnesse:

And being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Siluia, let vs sing,

That Siluia is excelling;

She excels each mortall thing

Vpon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let vs Garlands bring.

Ho. How now? are you sadder than you were before; Ho. How doe you, man? the Musicke likes you not.

Iu. You mistake: the Musitian likes me not.

Ho. Why, my pretty youth?

Iu. He plaies false (father.)

Ho. You have a quicke eare.

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

Iu. I perceiue you delight not in Musique.

Iu. Not a whit, when it iars so.

Ho. Harke, what fine change is in the Musique.
I: that change is the spight.

Ho.

You would haue them alwaies play but one thing.

I would alwaies haue one play but one thing.

But Host, doth this Sir<br>Protheus<br>, that we talk on,<br>Often resort vnto this Gentlewoman?

I tell you what<br>Launce<br>his man told me,<br>He lou'd her out of all nicke.

Where is<br>Launce<br>?

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

Peace, stand asi<de, the company parts.

At Saint<br>Gregories<br>well.

That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

Where meete we?

At Saint<br>Gregories<br>well.

At Saint<br>Gregories<br>well.
Farewell.

Madam: good eu'n to your Ladyship.

I thanke you for your Musique (Gentlemen)

One (Lady) if you knew his pure hearts truth,
you would quickly learne to know him by his voice.

You haue your wish: my will is euen this,
That presently you hie you home to bed:
Thou subtile, periu'd, false, disloyall man:
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitlesse,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That has't deceiu'd so many with thy vowes?
Returne, returne, and make thy loue amends:
For me (by this pale queene of night I sweare)
I am so farre from granting thy request,
That I despise thee, for thy wrongfull suite;
And by and by intend to chide my selfe,
Euen for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Sir Protheus</hi>, as I take it.

Sir Protheus (gentle Lady) and your Seruant.

What's your will?

You haue your wish: my will is euen this,
That presently you hie you home to bed:
Thou subtile, periu'd, false, disloyall man:
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitlesse,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That has't deceiu'd so many with thy vowes?
Returne, returne, and make thy loue amends:
For me (by this pale queene of night I sweare)
I am so farre from granting thy request,
That I despise thee, for thy wrongfull suite;
And by and by intend to chide my selfe,
Euen for this time I spend in talking to thee.
I grant (sweet loue), that I did loue a Lady,
But she is dead.

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

Sil.
Say that she be: yet Valentine thy friend
Suruiues; to whom (thy selfe art witnesse)
To wrong him, with thy importunacy?

Pro.

Pro.

I likewise heare that Valentine is dead.

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

Pro.

Pro.

Sweet Lady, let me rake it from the earth.

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

Iul.
He heard not that.

Pro.

Madam: if your heart be so obdurate:
Vouchsafe me yet your Picture for my loue,
The Picture that is hanging in your chamber:

To that ile speake, to that ile sigh and weepe:

For since the substance of your perfect selfe

Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;

And to your shadow will I make true love.

Iul.

If 'twere a substance, you would sure deceive it,

And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil.

I am very loath to be your Idoll, sir;

But since your falsehood shall become you well

To worship shadows and adore false shapes,

Send to me in the morning, and ile send it;

And so, good rest.

Pro.

As wretches have ore

That wait for execution in the morne.

Iul.

Host, will you goe?

Pray you, where lies Sir Protheus?

Marry, at my house:

Trust me, I think 'tis almost day.

Not so; but it hath been the longest night

That ere I watch'd, and the most heaviest.

Protheus?
Enter Eglamore, Siluia.

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

Who cals?

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

Sir Eglamore, a thousand times good morrow.

As many (worthy lady) to your selfe: According to your Ladiships impose.

I am thus early come, to know what seruice it is your pleasure to command me in.

Oh Eglamoure, thou art a Gentleman:

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

Valiant, wise, remorse& ful, well accomplish'd.

Thou art not ignorant what deere good will

I beare vnto the banish'd Ulamour

Nor how my father would enforce me marry

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

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

No griefe did euer come so neere thy heart

As when thy Lady and thy true& loue dide,
Vpon whose Graue thou vow'dst pure chastitie:

Sir Eglamoure: I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where I heare, he makes abord;
And, for the waies are dangerous to passe,
I doe desire thy worthy company,
Vpon whose faith and honor, I repose.
Vrge not my fathers anger, (Eglamoure),
But thinke vpon my griefe (a Ladies griefe)
And on the justice of my flying hence
Which heauen and fortune still rewards with plagues.
I doe desire thee, euen from a heart
As full of sorrowes, as the Sea of sands,
To beare me company, and goe with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

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

This euening comming.
Where shall I meete you?

At Frier Patrickes Cell,
Where I intend holy Confession.
I will not faile your Ladiship:
Good morrow (gentle Lady.)
Good morrow, kinde Sir Eglamoure.

Exeunt.

Enter Launce, Protheus, Iulia, Siluia.

When a mans seruant shall play the Curre with him (looke you) it goes hard-one that I brought vp of a puppy: one that I sau'd from drowning, when three or foure of his blinde brothers and sisters went to it: I haue taught him (euen as one would say precisely, thus I would teach a dog) I was sent to deliuer him, as a present to Mistris Siluia from my Master; and I came no sooner into the dyning-chamber, but he steps me to her Trencher and steales her Capons-leg: O, 'tis a foule thing, when a Cur cannot keepe himselfe in all compa-ries: I would haue one that takes vp on him to be a dog indeede, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit then he, to take a fault vpon me that he did, I thinke verily hee had bin hang'd for't: sure as I liue, he had suffer'd for't. You shall judge: Hee thrusts me himselfe into the company of three or foure gentleman-dogs, vnder the Dukes table: hee had not bin there (blesse the marke) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him: out with the dog (saies one) what cur is that? (saies another) whip him out (saies the third) hang him vp (saies the Duke). I, hauing bin acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogges: friend (quoth I) you mean to whip the dog: I marry doe I (quoth he) you doe him the more wrong (quoth I) 'twas
I did the thing you wot of: he makes me no more adoie, but whips me out of the chamber. How many Masters would doe this for his Servant? nay, ile be sworne I haue sat in the stockes, for puddings he hath stolne, otherwise he had been executed: I haue stood on the Pillorie for Geese he hath kil'd, otherwise he had sufferd for't: thou think'est not of this now: nay, I remember the tricke you seru'd me, when I tooke my leaue of Madam Siluia: did not I bid thee still marke me, and doe as I do; when did'st thou see me heaue vp my leg, and make water against a Gentlewomans farthingale? did'st thou euer see me doe such a tricke?

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

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

Marry Sir, I carried Mistress Siluia the dogge you bad me. Marry she saies your dog was a cur, and tels you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.
<sp
><sp who="#F-tgv-pro">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pro.</speaker>
  <p>But she receiu'd my dog?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tgv-lau">
  <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
  <p>No indeede did she not:</p>
  <p>Here haue I brought him backe againe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tgv-pro">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pro.</speaker>
  <p>What, didst thou offer her this from me?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tgv-lau">
  <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
  <l>I Sir, the other Squirrill was stolne from me</l>
  <l>By the Hangmans boys in the market place</l>
  <l>And then I offer'd her mine owne, who is a dog</l>
  <l>As big as ten of yours, and therefore the guift the greater.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tgv-pro">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pro.</speaker>
  <l>Goe, get thee hence, and finde my dog againe</l>
  <l>Or nere returne againe into my sight</l>
  <l>Away, I say: stayest thou to vexe me here</l>
  <l>A Slaue, that still an end, turnes me to shame</l>
  <hi rend="italic">Sebastian</hi>, I have entertained thee</l>
  <l>Partly that I haue neede of such a youth</l>
  <l>That can with some discretion doe my businesse</l>
  <l>For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish Lowt</l>
  <l>But chiefly, for thy face, and thy behauior</l>
  <l>Which (if my Augury deceiue me not)</l>
  <l>Witness good bringing vp, fortune, and truth</l>
  <l>Therefore know thee, for this I entertaine thee</l>
  <l>Go presently, and take this Ring with thee</l>
  <l>Deliuer it to Madam <hi rend="italic">Siluia</hi></l>
  <l>She lou'd me well, deliuer'd it to me</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tgv-jul"><speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
  <l>It seemes you lou'd not her, to leaue her token</l>
  <l>She is dead belike?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tgv-pro">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pro.</speaker>
  <p>Not so: I thinke she liues.</p>
</sp>
Iul. 
Alas.

Pro. 
Why do'st thou cry alas?

Iul. 
I cannot choose but pitty her.

Pro. 
Wherefore should'st thou pitty her?

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

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

Iul. 
How many women would doe such a message?
Alas poore Protheus, thou hast entertain'd
A Foxe to be the Shepheard of thy Lambs;
Alas, poore foole, why doe I pitty him?
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loues her, he despiseth me;
Because I loue him, I must pitty him.
This Ring I gaue him, when he parted from me,
To binde him to remember my good will:
And now am I (vnhappy Messenger)

(cb n="2")

To plead for that, which I would not obtaine;
To carry that, which I would have refus'd;
To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.
I am my Masters true confirmed Loue,
But cannot be true seruant to my Master,
Vnless I proue false traitor to my selfe.
Yet will I woe for him, but yet so coldly
As (heauen it knowes) I would not have him speed.
Gentlewoman, good day: I pray you be my meane
To bring me where to speake with Madam
Siluia</hi>.
</sp>

What would you with her, if that I be she?
From whom?
From my Master, Sir Protheus,
Madam.</p>

Oh: he sends you for a Picture?
I, Madam.</p>

Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow.</p>

Madam, please you peruse this Letter;
Pardon me (Madam) I have vnaduis'd
Delieuer'd you a paper that I should not;
This is the Letter to your Ladiship.
I pray thee let me looke on that againe.

Iul. Madam, he sends your Ladiship this Ring.

Sil. The more shame for him, that he sends it me; For I haue heard him say a thousand times His Iulia gave it him, at his departure: Though his false finger have prophan'd the Ring, Mine shall not doe his Iulia so much wrong.

She thanks you.

What sai'st thou?

I thank you Madam, that you tender her: Poor Gentlewoman, my Master wrongs her much.

Do'st thou know her?
Almost as well as I doe know my selfe.

To thinke vpon her woes, I doe protest

That I haue wept a hundred severall times.

Belike she thinks that Protheus hath forsook her?

Is she not passing faire?

She hath been fairer (Madam) than she is,
When she did thinke my Master lou'd her well;
She, in my iudgement, was as faire as you.
But since she did neglect her looking-glasse,
And threw her Sun-expelling Masque away,
The ayre hath staru'd the roses in her cheekes,
And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as blacke as I.

About my stature: for at Pentecost,
When all our Pageants of delight were plaid,
Our youth got me to play the womans part,
And I was trim'd in Madam Iulias gowne,
Which serued me as fit, by all mens iudgements,
As if the garment had bin made for me:
Therefore I know she is about my height,
And at that time I made her weepe a good,
For I did play a lamentable part.

(Madam) 'twas Ariadne,

Ariadne, passioning

For Thesus periury, and vniust flight;

Which I so liuely acted with my teares:

That my poor Mistris moued therewithall,

Wept bitterly: and would I might be dead

If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

She is beholding to thee (gentle youth)

Alas (poore Lady) desolate, and left:

I weep my selfe to thinke vpon thy words:

Here youth: there is my purse; I giue thee this

For thy sweet Mistris sake, because thou lou'st her. Farewell.

And she shall thanke you for't, if ere you know

A vertuous gentlewoman, milde, and beautifull.

I hope my Masters suit will be but cold,

Since she respects my Mistris loue so much.

Alas, how loue can trifle with it selfe:

Here is her Picture: let me see. I thinke

If I had such a Tyre, this face of mine

Were full as louely, as is this of hers;

And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,

Vnlesse I flatter with my selfe too much.

Her haire is Aburne, mine is perfect Yellow;

If that be all the difference in his loue,

Ile get me such a coulour'd Perrywig:

Her eyes are grey as glasse, and so are mine:

I, but her fore head's low, and mine's as high:

What should it be that he respects in her

But I can make respectiue in my selfe?

If this fond Loue, were not a blinded god.

Come shadow, come, and take this shadow vp,

For 'tis thy riuall: O thou sencelesse forme,

Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, lou'd, and ador'd;

And were there sence in his Idolatry,

My substance should be statue in thy stead.

Ile vse thee kindly, for thy Mistris sake
That vs'd me so: or else, by Ioue, I vow,
I should haue scratch'd out your vnseeing eyes,
To make my Master out of loue with thee.
Exeunt.

Enter Eglamoure, Siluia.

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

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

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

Exeunt.

Enter Thurio, Protheus, Iulia, Duke.

Sir Protheus, what saies Siluia to my suit?

Siluia to my suit?
Oh Sir, I finde her milder than she was'
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

What? that my leg is too long?
No, that it is too little.
Ile weare a Booet to make it somewhat roun'
But Pearles are faire; and the old saying is,
Blacke men are Pearles in beauteous Ladies eyes.
'Tis true, such Pearles as put out Ladies eyes,
For I had rather winke, then looke on them.
How likes she my discourse?
Ill, when you talke of war.

But well when I discourse of loue and peace?

But better indeede, when you hold you peace.

What sayes she to my valour?

Oh Sir, she makes no doubt of that.

She needes not, when she knowes it cowardize.

True: from a Gentleman, to a foole.

That such an Asse should owe them.
<sp who="#F-tgv-pro">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pro.</speaker>
  <p>That they are out by Lease.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-jul">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iul.</speaker>
  <p>Here comes the Duke.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-duk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
  <l>How now Sir <hi rend="italic">Protheus</hi>; how now, <hi rend="italic">Thurio</hi>?</l>
  <l>Which of you saw <hi rend="italic">Eglamoure</hi> of late?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-thu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Thu.</speaker>
  <p>Not I.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-pro">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pro.</speaker>
  <p>Nor I.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-duk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
  <l>Saw you my daughter?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-pro">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pro.</speaker>
  <p>Nor I.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tgv-duk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
  <l>Why then</l>
  <l>She's fled vnto that peasant, <hi rend="italic">Valentine</hi>;</l>
  <l>And <hi rend="italic">Eglamoure</hi> is in her Company:</l>
  <l>Tis true; for Frier <hi rend="italic">Laurence</hi> met them both</l>
  <l>As he, in pennisance wander'd through the Forrest;</l>
  <l>Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she,</l>
  <l>But being mask'd, he was not sure of it.</l>
  <l>Besides, she did intend Confession</l>
  <l>At <hi rend="italic">Patricks</hi> Cell this euen, and there she was not.</l>
  <l>These likelihoods confirme her flight from hence;</l>
  <l>Therefore I pray you stand, not to discourse.</l>
</sp>
But mount you presently, and meete with me upon the rising of the Mountaine foote.
That leads toward Mantua, wether they are fled:
Dispatch (sweet Gentlemen) and follow me.

Why this it is, to be a peeuish Girle, that flies her fortune when it followes her:
Ile after, more to be reueng'd on Eglamoure,
Then for the loue of reck-lesse Siluias.

And I will follow, more for Siluias' loue, then hate of Eglamoure that goes with her.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia
[Act 5, Scene 3]


We must bring you to our Captaine.
Haue learn'd me how to brooke this patiently.

Come, bring her away.

Where is the Gentleman that was with her?

Being nimble footed, he hath out run vs.

But Moyses and Valerius follow him:

Goe thou with her to the West end of the wood, There is our Captaine: Wee'll follow him that's fled.

The Thicket is beset; he cannot scape.

Come, I must bring you to our Captains caue. Feare not: he beares an honourable minde, And will not vse a woman lawlesly.

O Valentine: this I endure for thee.

How vse doth breed a habit in a man?

This shadowy desart, vnfrequented woods

I better brooke then flourishing peopled Townes:

Here can I sit alone, vn-seene of any,

And to the Nightingales complaining Notes

Tune my distrestes, and record my woes.

O thou that dost inhabit in my brest,

Leaue not the Mansion so long Tenant
Lest growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leaue no memory of what it was,
Repair me with thy presence,
Thou gentle Nymph, cherish thy forlorn swaine.

What hallowing, and what stir is this to day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their Law,
Haue some vnhappy passenger in chace,
They loue me well: yet I haue much to doe,
To keepe them from vniciuil outrages.
Withdraw thee Valentine: who's this comes heere?

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

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

O miserable, vnhappy that I am.

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

By thy approach thou mak'st me most vnhappy.
And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

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

Oh heauen be iudge how I loue Valentine.

Whose life's as tender to me as my soule,

And full as much (for more there cannot be)

I doe detest false periur'd Protheus:

Therefore be gone, sollicit me no more.

What dangerous action, stood it next to death

Would I not vndergoe, for one calme looke:

Oh 'tis the curse in Loue, and still

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

When Protheus cannot loue, where

For whose deare sake, thou didst then rend thy faith

Into a thousand oathes; and all those oathes,

Descended into periury, to loue me,

Thou hast no faith left now, vnlesse thou'dst two,

And that's farre worse than none: better haue none

Then plurall faith, which is too much by one:

Thou Counterfeyt, to thy true friend.

In Loue, Who respects friend?

All men but Protheus.

Nay, if the gentle spirit of mouing words

Can no way change you to a milder forme;

Ile wooe you like a Souldier, at armes end,

And loue you 'gainst the nature of Loue: force ye.
Oh heauen.

Ile force thee yeeld to my desire.

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

Thou friend of an ill fashion. Treacherous man, thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye could have perswaded me: now I dare not say I haue one friend aliue: thou wouldst disproue me: who should be trusted, when ones right hand is periured to the bosome? Protheus

My shame and guilt confounds me; forgiue me, if hearty sorrow: if hearty sorrow

Be a sufficient Ransome for offence,

I tender't heere: I do as truely suffer

As ere I did commit.

Then I am paid:

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

Oh me vnhappy.
Looke to the Boy.

Why, Boy?
O good sir, my master charg'd me to deliuer a ring to Madam: w<sup>c</sup> (out of my neglect) was neuer done.

Where is that ring? boy?
Heere 'tis: this is it.
How? let me see.
Why this is the ring I gaue to <hi rend="italic">Iulia</hi>.
Oh, cry you mercy, sir, I haue mistooke: This is the ring you sent to <hi rend="italic">Siluia</hi>: w<sup>c</sup>
Iul. And Iulia herself did give it me,
And Iulia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How? Iulia?

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

Be the Merry Wives of Windsor.

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

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

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

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

Out -

Val. Forbeare, forbeare I say: It is my Lord the Duke.

Sir Valentine? Yonder is Siluia's mine. and Siluia's(</sp>

Thu. give backe; or else embrace thy death:

Come not within the measure of my wrath:

Doe not name Siluia thine: if once againe,

Uerona shall not hold thee: heere she stands:

Take but possession of her, with a Touch:

I dare thee, but to breath vpon my Loue.

Thu. give backe; or else embrace thy death:

Come not within the measure of my wrath:

Doe not name Siluia thine: if once againe,

Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I:

I hold him but a foole that will endanger

His Body, for a Girle that loues him not:

I claime her not, and therefore she is thine.

The more degenerate and base art thou
To make such meanes for her, as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions:
Now, by the honor of my Ancestry,
I doe applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an Empresse loue:
Know then, I here forget all former griefes,
Cancell all grudge, repeale thee home againe,
Plead a new state in thy vnriual'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,
Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriu'd,
Take thou thy Siluia, for thou hast deseru'd her.
I thank your Grace; your gift hath made me happy:
I now beseech you (for your daughter's sake)
To grant one Boone that I shall aske of you.
I grant it (for thine owne) what ere it be.
Thou hast preuaild, I pardon them and thee:
Dispose of them, as thou knowst their deserts.
Come, let vs goe, we will include all iarres,
With Triumphes, Mirth, and rare solemnity.
And as we walke along, I dare be bold
With our discourse, to make your Grace to smile.
What thinke you of this Page (my Lord?)
Duke. I think the Boy hath grace in him, he blushes.

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

Duke. What meane you by that saying?

Val. Please you, Ile tell you, as we passe along, That you will wonder what hath fortuned: Come Protheus, 'tis your pennance, but to heare The story of your Loues discouered. That done, our day of marriage shall be yours, One Feast, one house, one mutuall happinesse.

Exeunt.

The names of all the Actors.

Duke: Father to Siluia.

Valentine.

Protheus.

Thurio: a foolish riuall to Valentine.

Eglamoure: Agent for Siluia in her escape.

Host: where Iulia lodges.

Speed: a clownish seruant to Valentine.

Launce: the like to Protheus.

Panthion: seruant to Antonio.

Iulia: beloued of Protheus.

Siluia: beloued of Valentine.

Lucetta: waighting woman to
Iulia.</item>  
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