TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

O heaven, were man but constant he were perfect!

A Version of Shakespeare’s play

by Dominic Power
revised 15th July 2013

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Two Gentlemen of Verona in this version was first performed by Shakespeare at the Tobacco Factory on 5th April 2013

Cast

Proteus
Valentine
Speed, servant to Valentine
Launce, servant to Proteus
Crab, his dog
Julia, beloved of Proteus
Lucetta, waiting-woman to Julia
Antonio, father to Proteus
Pantino, servant to Antonio
Silvia, beloved of Valentine
Lord Turio, rival to Valentine
Duke of Milan, father to Silvia
Ursula, in Silvia’s service
1st Outlaw & Musician
2nd Outlaw & Musician
3rd Outlaw & Musician
Eglamour, agent for Silvia in her escape
Waiters & Café Customers

Piers Wehner
Jack Bannell
Marc Geoffrey
Chris Donnelly
Lollio
Dorothea Myer-Bennett
Nicky Goldie
David Plimmer
Thomas Frere
Lisa Kay
Paul Currier
Eva Tausig
Eva Tausig
Thomas Frere
David Plimmer
Alan Coveney

Scene: Verona, Milan & a forest outside Milan

Note: The Shakespearian pronunciation (here and in The Tempest) of ‘Milan’ was Míllun, with the stress on the first syllable. The song that begins Scene 7 plays on this difference from modern usage.
# Production

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<tr>
<td>Director</td>
<td>Andrew Hilton</td>
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<td>Assistant Director</td>
<td>Nicholas Finegan</td>
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<td>Designer</td>
<td>Harriet de Winton</td>
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<td>Costume Supervisor</td>
<td>Bianca Ward</td>
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<td>Composer</td>
<td>John Telfer</td>
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<td>Lighting Designer</td>
<td>Matthew Graham</td>
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<tr>
<td>Choreographers</td>
<td>Jonathan Howell &amp; Lisa Kay</td>
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<td>Production Photographer</td>
<td>Toby Farrow</td>
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<td>Production Manager</td>
<td>Chris Bagust</td>
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<td>Company &amp; Stage Manager</td>
<td>Polly Meech</td>
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<td>Deputy Stage Manager</td>
<td>Will Treasure</td>
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<tr>
<td>Assistant Stage Manager</td>
<td>Rhiannon Rutley</td>
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<tr>
<td>Costume Maintenance</td>
<td>Catherine Sweet</td>
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<td>Costume Laundry</td>
<td>Kim Winter</td>
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# Management

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<tr>
<td>General Manager</td>
<td>Morag Massey</td>
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<td>Administrator</td>
<td>Kate Mansbridge</td>
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<td>Workshops Director</td>
<td>Chris Donnelly</td>
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<tr>
<td>Graphic Designer</td>
<td>Alan Coveney</td>
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Part One

Scene 1 (Act1 Sc1)

Verona. A Café

Proteus and Valentine at a table. A Trio play and sing

Cease to persuade
Forsake that loving art
The ship is waiting on the tide
So one must go and one abide
Youth and friendship ever fade
With the changing of the heart
    And lovers sigh
    And friends must part
    Here confusion
    There illusion
    Ah, friends must part.

Do not upbraid
The friend that holds you dear
That would keep you here forever
While you the ties of youth must sever
Of your parting unafraid
Of your future unaware
    And must love die
    Ere friendship start
    Here illusion
    There confusion
    Ah, friends must part.

Proteus  Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou happ’ly seest
Some rare noteworthy object in thy travel.
Wish me partaker in thy happiness
When thou dost meet good hap, and in thy danger -
If ever danger do environ thee -
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

Valentine  And on a love-book pray for my success?

Proteus  Upon some book I love I’ll pray for thee.

Valentine  That’s on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander cross’d the Hellespont
Or Trojan Troilus woo’d the Grecian Cressid.
Were’t not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy Julia
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad
Than, living dully sluggardis’d at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.

Proteus Yet I do love, and all the world is here.

Valentine To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans?
Coy looks with heart-sore sighs? One fading moment’s mirth
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights?
When love is won, is’t not a hapless gain?
When lost, is’t not a grievous labour won?
How ever, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Proteus So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Valentine So, by your circumstance, I fear you’ll prove.

Proteus ’Tis Love you cavil at. I am not Love.

Valentine Love is your master, for he masters you,
And he that is so yoked to a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronicl’d for wise.

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

Valentine And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it bloom,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn’d to folly, blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee
That art a votary to fond desire?
And since thou lov’st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would when I to love begin.

Proteus A moment more. I would not have thee part
Without remembrance from thy Proteus.
Thy road is long and may be hazardous.
This sword to me was by my father giv’n
As he the like receiv’d it from his sire.

Valentine So this by right should to thine heir belong.

Proteus Thou, Valentine, doth hold the greater love.
See in the crafted silver of the blade
Our portraits held, in true reflection.
Nay, stay thy breath, for if the surface cloud
So shall our likeness fade.

Valentine
Cease to persuade
My loving Proteus. The mist does clear
And so once more our images appear
Brighter now and truer than before,
In this gift held, in love immovable.

Proteus
If I do err in truth to Valentine
Take up this sword, strike Proteus to the heart
For by my falsehood, I have slain myself.

Valentine
Once more adieu. My father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp’d.

Proteus
All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

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

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

Exit

Scene 2

Verona

Enter Launce and Crab at one door, Speed at another

Speed
‘Save you, Launce! Saw you Sir Valentine?

Launce
But now parted to embark for Milan.

Speed
Then he is shipp’d already. I shall lose my place if I do not follow.

Launce
Nay, do not go yet, for our ancient friendship’s sake. Give me thine ear, good Speed - I have been so ill-us’d this morning.

Speed
Why man, ’tis thy custom. Thou wast us’d ill yesterday and
will be tomorrow.

**Launce**

Do but hear me, I am dog weary. This day I have been a-wooing for Sir Proteus.

**Speed**

I may not stay, for you will mar the telling and make a good tale tedious.

**Launce**

I would importune you with tears as my master did Sir Valentine. Our love is as great as theirs. Would you away in spite of all my tears?

**Speed**

Ay!

**Launce**

I would have told thee that of all the tasks a man may do for his master, to whит the watering the horses, the fetching, the carrying, the pulling off and putting on of boots and the like –

**Speed**

Launce - !

**Launce**

– this lovemaking is the hardest. My master was the author of a letter, which I was charg’d to deliver to mistress Julia and thou, Crab, art the author of this day’s misfortunes.

**Speed**

What has he done?

**Launce**

He hath made a mischief on the person of Julia’s waiting-lady, Lucetta. Why, Crab, would thou go a-wooing in the place of my master?

*Enter Proteus*

**Proteus**

What, still here, Speed? Make haste, Sir Valentine is aboard, and you’ll lose your place if you tarry.

**Speed**

Sir Proteus, ‘save you! But your man here is to blame. He has held me hostage with a weary tale, which I shall die ere I see concluded.

**Proteus**

Nay good Speed, if you die upon this cause, then Launce must hang for’t.

**Speed**

Do but let him hang upon his own words and he shall be twenty years a’dying.

**Launce**

How dost thou reckon this?

**Speed**

Because, old boy, thy tale will stretch thy neck to infinity. Thou may’st yet live to make thyself immortal.

**Proteus**

Begone, man! Save your wit to salt the waters, that your master’s ship may float the better. Commend me to my friend.
Speed

Ay, sir, I will. Adieu, Launce, we shall never meet more.

Exit Speed

Proteus

Launce -

Launce

[Aside] Now may I be beaten once more! – Sir Proteus, ‘save you!

Proteus

Gav’st thou my letter to Julia?

Launce

I did, sire, in a manner of speaking, and then again, I did not, in a manner of speaking.

Proteus

What manner of speech is it that can do and undo an action at the same time?

Launce

Nay, ’tis two manners of speaking.

Proteus

Did’st thou deliver my letter or no?

Launce

To begin with the good manner of speaking, I went to the house and deliver’d the letter.

Proteus

Then thou hast done well.

Launce

And to conclude with t’other manner of speaking, the letter was ill receiv’d.

Proteus

Tell me in plain speech, what was thy offence?

Launce

None that I know of.

Proteus

Then why did the lady receive my letter ill?

Launce

Because the lady would use me unkindly. In your service, I gain’d nothing at all from her.

Proteus

What said she? Nothing?

Launce

No, not so much as ‘Take this for thy pains’.

Proteus

What was thy offence?

Launce

T’was not my offence. In truth she made herself an enemy to Crab.

Proteus

What business had your dog there?

Launce

Speak not so harshly, sire, within his hearing. I took him because he is bold where I am bashful, and that he loves all society. Were I wooing I would want for no better ambassador. The long and the short of it, when Crab laid eyes on the lady he became amorous.

Proteus

How amorous?
Launce  He hath a very loving nature, sire. Seeing her, he did desire a part of her person and did so worry her skirts and made so merry with her leg, that I must go upon my knees to fetch him away from her underskirts. And for my pains I receiv’d such a box o’ the ear that I could scarce hear the curses she rain’d on me.

Proteus  All is lost! Take thy cur and have him shot, then drown’d. I would rather you and I were hang’d than cause so grave offence to so sweet a lady.

Launce  Not so sweet, by your pardon, but sour, short, harsh and wrangling. Yet Crab would have us’d her kindly.

Proteus  Take this for thy pains, you rogue! How dar’st thou speak ill of her?

Launce  Am I to be twice beaten for following your commands?

Proteus  Nay, thrice beaten. Get thee hence and order thyself whipp’d ‘til the tongue is silenc’d that slanders fairest Julia.

Launce  Wait, sire – I see the trick on’t. When I told you I gave it the lady, you suppos’d it to be your mistress, but I gave it to your mistress’ waiting-lady, Lucetta.

Proteus  Say you so? Lucetta, not Julia?

Launce  Aye, sir.

Proteus  Your cur did – what he did – to Lucetta, not Julia?

Launce  Aye, sir.

Proteus  Then all is not lost. Here’s money to heal thy hurt. How stands it now?

Launce  Truly, sir, I think you’ll hardly win her.

Proteus  Thy reason?

Launce  If the maid is unkind, than shall the mistress follow.

Proteus  As thy cur is curs’d thy reason is shallow. I fear my Julia would not deign my lines, Receiving them from such a worthless post. To music’s art, my fortunes to revive. Upon my skill in song my love shall thrive. What, still here? Go fellow, call for musicians.

Exeunt
Julia

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

Lucetta

Ay, madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

Julia

Of all the fair resort of gentlemen
That every day with parle encounter me
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Lucetta

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

Julia

What think’st thou of the fair Sir Bergamour?

Lucetta

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

Julia

What think’st thou of the rich Mercutio?

Lucetta

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

Julia

What think’st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Lucetta

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

Julia

How now, what means this passion at his name?

Lucetta

Pardon, dear madam, ’tis a passing shame
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Julia

Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

Lucetta

Then thus - of many good I think him best.

Julia

Your reason?

Lucetta

I have no other but a woman’s reason.
I think him so because I think him so.

Julia

And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

Lucetta

Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Julia

Why, he of all the rest hath never woo’d me.

Lucetta

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

Julia

His little speaking shows his love but small.

Lucetta

Fire that’s closest kept burns most of all.

Julia

They do not love that do not show their love.
Lucetta  O, they love least that let men know their love.

Julia  I would I knew his mind.

Lucetta  Peruse this letter, madam.

Julia  ‘To Julia.’ Say, from whom?

Lucetta  That the contents will show.

Julia  Say, say, who gave it thee?

Lucetta  That rascal slave that serves Sir Proteus.
He would have given it you but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it. Pardon the fault, I pray.

Julia  Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines,
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
There, take the letter. See it be return’d,
Or else return no more into my sight.

Lucetta  To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Julia  Will ye be gone?

Lucetta  That you may ruminate.

Julia  And yet I would I had o’erlook’d the letter.
It were a shame to call her back again
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What a fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view,
Since maids, in modesty, say ‘no’ to that
Which they would have the profferer construe ‘ay’.
Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love
That like a testy babe will scratch the nurse
And presently, all humbl’d, kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence
When willingly I would have had her here.
How angrily I taught my brow to frown
When inward joy enforc’d my heart to smile.
My penance is to call Lucetta back
And ask remission for my folly past.
What, ho, Lucetta!

Re-enter Lucetta

Lucetta  What would your ladyship?

Julia  Is’t near dinner-time?
Lucetta  
I would it were  
That you might kill your stomach on your meat  
And not upon your maid.  

She drops and then picks up the letter  

Julia  
What is’t that you took up so gingerly?  

Lucetta  
Nothing.  

Julia  
Why didst thou stoop, then?  

Lucetta  
To take a paper up that I let fall.  

Julia  
And is that paper nothing?  

Lucetta  
Nothing concerning me.  

Julia  
Then let it lie for those that it concerns.  

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

Julia  
Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.  

Lucetta  
Then might I sing it, madam, had I music.  

Julia  
Best sing it to ‘O, What an Ass is Love’.  

Lucetta  
It is too tender for so gross a tune.  

Julia  
Tender?  Belike it hath some feeling, then?  

Lucetta  
Ay, and melodious were it, would you sing it.  

Julia  
And why not you?  

Lucetta  
I cannot reach so high.  

Julia  
Let’s see your song.  

Lucetta withholds it  
How now, minion!  

Lucetta yields it  
Here is a coil with protestation!  

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

Lucetta  
She makes it strange, but she would be best pleas’d  
To be so anger’d with another letter.  

Exit  

Enter, outside the garden, Proteus with musicians  

Julia  
Nay, would I were so anger’d with the same.  

Proteus  
When silk doth Julia’s frame adorn
The damask doth disguise no thorn
A rose she is, born free from blight
For she is furnish’d for delight
Her petals morning dew doth kiss
And all mankind must envy this
   As Julia is fair
   So Julia be kind.

Julia doth the sun beguile
This garden world awaits her smile
Each season doth her beauty stay
Calm in Winter glad in May
Her radiance doth ever shine
Would she were mine, would she were mine
   As Julia is fair
   Let Julia be kind.

Exit Proteus & Musicians

Julia

Proteus –!
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!
I’ll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is ‘Julia be kind’. Unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is ‘from love-wounded Proteus’.
Poor wounded name, my bosom as a bed
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly heal’d,
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away
Till I have found each letter in the letter
Except mine own name. That some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock
And throw it thence into the raging sea.
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ:
‘Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia’. That I’ll tear away -
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names.
Thus will I fold them one upon another.
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter Lucetta
Lucetta Madam,
Dinner is ready and your father stays.

Julia Well, let us go.

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

Julia If you respect them best to take them up.

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

Julia I see you have a magpie’s eye to them.

Lucetta Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see.
I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Julia Come, come. Will’t please you go?

Exeunt

Scene 4 (Act1 Sc3)
Antonio’s House in Verona
Enter Antonio

Antonio Pantino!

Pantino My lord?

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

Pantino ’Twas of your son, Proteus.

Antonio Proteus? Why, what of him?

Pantino He wonder’d that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out.
Some to the wars to try their fortune there,
Some to discover islands far away,
Some to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said that Proteus your son was meet
And did request me to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age
In having known no travel in his youth.
Nor need’st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider’d well his loss of time
And how he cannot be a perfect man
Not being tried and tutor’d in the world.
Experience is by industry achiev’d,
Perfected so by the swift course of time.
Then tell me whither were I best to send him?

I think your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the Duke of Milan in his court.

I know it well.

'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither.
There shall he whet his skill in many tongues,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

I like thy counsel. Well hast thou advis’d.
And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it
Even with the speediest expedition
Will I dispatch him to the good Duke’s court.

Tomorrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso
With other gentlemen of good esteem
Are journeying to salute the Duke
And to commend their service to his will.

Good company. With them shall Proteus go -

Enter Proteus with a letter

And, in good time! Now will we break with him.

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

How now, what letter are you reading there?

May’t please you, father, ’tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver’d by a friend that came from him.
Antonio Lend me the letter, let me see what news.

Proteus There is no news, my lord, but that he writes How happily he lives, how well belov’d, And daily graced by the Duke himself, Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Antonio And how stand you affected to his wish?

Proteus As one relying on your lordship’s will, And not depending on his friendly wish.

Antonio My will is something sorted with his wish. Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed For what I will, I will, and there an end. I am resolv’d that thou shalt spend some time With Valentinus in the great Duke’s court. What maintenance he from his kin receives, Like exhibition thou shalt have from me. Tomorrow be in readiness to go - Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

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

Antonio Look what thou want’st shall be sent after thee. No more of stay, tomorrow thou must go. Come on, Pantino, you shall be employ’d To hasten on his expedition.

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

Re-enter Pantino

Pantino Sir Proteus, your father calls for you. He is in haste. Therefore, I pray you, go.

Proteus Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto, And yet a thousand times it answers ‘no’.

Exeunt
Scene 5 (Act2 Sc2)

Julia’s Garden

Enter Julia, in tears, and Lucetta

Lucetta If you be wise, there’s comfort to be had. Your lord will soon return. Yet if he tarry
In Verona dwell many goodly men Equal in fortune, as fair of feature.

Julia Get thee hence, oh you wicked creature, Was’t not you who taught me first to love, Disprais’ all others and in honey’d phrase Anatomis’d his virtues – oh traitor –

Lucetta Nay, madam, I spake not in earnest.

Julia Then for this jest I’ll never love you more.

Lucetta Weep not, madam. Proteus doth love thee As true as thou lov’st him.

Julia Is’t so, Lucetta?

Lucetta I swear upon my virtue it be true.

Julia Then I love thee once again.

Lucetta Here comes one Who’ll speak thee sweeter words than I. 

Enter Proteus

Julia I must where is no remedy.

Proteus When possibly I can, I will return.

Lucetta [Giving a ring] Keep this remembrance for thy Julia’s sake.

Proteus Why, then, we’ll make exchange. Here, take you this.

Julia And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Proteus Here is my hand for my true constancy, And when that hour o’erslips me in the day Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake, The next ensuing hour some foul mischance Torment me for my love’s forgetfulness! My father stays my coming. Answer not. The tide is now - nay, not thy tide of tears. That tide will stay me longer than I should.
Julia, farewell.  

What, gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do, it cannot speak,
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Exit Julia

Pantino  
[Off] Sir Proteus, you are stay’d for!

Proteus  
I come, I come!
Alas, this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.

Exit

Scene 6 (Act2 Sc3)

Verona

Enter Launce, leading Crab

Launce  
Nay, ‘twill be this hour ere I have done weeping. All the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have receiv’d my proportion like the prodigious son and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial’s court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natur’d dog that lives. My mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our cat wringing her hands and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog. Why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I’ll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father - no, this left shoe is my father - no, no, this left shoe is my mother. Nay, that cannot be so neither. Yes, it is so, it is so, it hath the worser sole. This shoe with the hole in it is my mother, and this my father. A vengeance on’t, there ’tis! Now, sir, this staff is my sister, for look you she is as white as a lily and as straight as a wand. This hat is our blind grandam. I am the dog. No, the dog is himself, and I am the dog. Oh, the dog is me, and I am myself. Ay, so, so. Now come I to my father, ‘Father, your blessing’. Now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping. Now should I kiss my father. Well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother. O, that she could speak now - like a mad woman! Well, I kiss her. Why, there ’tis. Here’s my mother’s breath up and down. Now come I to my sister. Mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word. But see how I lay the dust with my tears.
Enter Pantino

Launce, away, away, aboard! Thy master is shipp’d, and thou art to post after with oars. What’s the matter? Why weep’st thou, man? Away, ass, you’ll lose the tide if you tarry any longer.

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

Pantino
What’s the unkindest tide?

Launce
Why, he that’s tied here. Crab, my dog.

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

Launce
For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

Pantino
Where should I lose my tongue?

Launce
In thy tale.

Pantino
In my tail!

Launce
Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied? Why, man, if the river were dry I am able to fill it with my tears. If the wind were down I could drive the boat with my sighs.

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

Launce
Sir, call me what thou dar’st.

Pantino
Wilt thou go?

Launce
Well, I will go. Come, Crab – to Milan!

Exit Pantino

Exeunt

Scene 7 (Act2 Sc1&5)

Milan. A Café

Valentine sits at a table, writing a letter. Waiters sing

Waiters
To those who come to her by land
As honest men are wont to do
Our city doth extend her hand
And doth commend her fairest view
With pleasant walks and vistas wide
And boulevards and fountains bright
And happiness on every side
And lovers walking in delight

Hark to the joyful bells’ echo
Millun, Milan, Milano.

For those who come to her by sea
Another city there doth wait
Though most men know this cannot be
It lies beyond a harbour gate
Its colonnades are deck’d with coral
Its marble by the waters kiss’d
There lovers part and friends make quarrel
And all is lost in a sea mist

Hark to the sunken bells echo
Millun, Milan, Milano.

Enter Speed

Speed  Sir, your glove.
Valentine Not mine, my gloves are here.
Speed  Why then, I thought ‘twas yours.  [Smelling it] But, no, ’tis not.
Valentine  Ha, let me see - ay, give it me, ’tis mine.
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah, Silvia, Silvia!
Speed  Madam Silvia!  Madam Silvia!
Valentine  How now, sirrah?
Speed  She is not within hearing, sir.
Valentine  Why, sir, who bade you call her?
Speed  Your worship, sir, or else I mistook.
Valentine  You’ll still be too forward.
Speed  I was last chidden for being too slow.
Valentine  Go to, sir.  Tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?
Speed  She that your worship loves?
Valentine  Why, how know you that I am in love?
Speed  Marry, you have learn’d, like Sir Proteus, to wreathe your arms about you like a malcontent, to relish a love-song like a robin-redbreast, to walk alone like one that had the pestilence, to sigh like a schoolboy that had lost his A B C, to
weep like a young wench that had buried her grandam, to fast like one that takes diet, to watch like one that fears robbing, to speak puling like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont when you laugh’d to crow like a cock, when you walk’d to walk like one of the lions. When you fasted it was presently after dinner, when you looked sadly it was for want of money. And now you are so metamorphis’d with a mistress, that when I look on you I can hardly think you my master.

Valentine Are all these things perceiv’d in me?
Speed They are all perceiv’d without ye.
Valentine Without me? They cannot.
Speed Without you? Nay, that’s certain, you are so without these follies that they shine through you like the water in an urinal, and not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Valentine But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?
Speed She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?
Valentine Hast thou observ’d that? Even she, I mean.
Speed Why, sir, I know her not.
Valentine Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know’st her not?
Speed Is she not hard-favour’d, sir?
Valentine Not so! Fair, boy, as well-favour’d.
Speed Sir, I know that well enough.
Valentine What dost thou know?
Speed That she is not so fair as, by you, well favour’d.
Valentine I mean that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.
Speed That’s because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.
Valentine How painted? And how out of count?
Speed Marry, sir, so painted to make her fair that no man counts of her beauty.
Valentine How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.
Speed You never saw her since she was deform’d.
Valentine: How long hath she been deform’d?

Speed: Ever since you lov’d her.

Valentine: I have lov’d her ever since I saw her, and still I see her beautiful.

Speed: If you love her, you cannot see her.

Valentine: Why?

Speed: Because Love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes, or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going unshaven!

Valentine: What should I see then?

Speed: Your own present folly and her passing deformity. For he, being in love, could not see to shave his chin, and you being in love cannot see to tie your shoes.

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

Speed: True, sir, I was in love with my bed. I thank you, you beat me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Valentine: In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed: I would you were sat, so your affection show’d not.

Valentine: Last night she enjoin’d me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed: And have you?

Valentine: I have.

Speed: Are they not lamely writ?

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

Enter Silvia

Valentine: Madam and mistress, a thousand good morrows.

[Aside] O, ’give ye good even! Here’s a million of manners.

Silvia: Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

[Aside] He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

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

Silvia  
I thank you, gentle servant. ‘Tis very clerkly done.

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

Silvia  
Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Valentine  
No, madam. So it stead you I will write,  
Please you command, a thousand times as much,  
And yet -

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

Speed  
[Aside] And yet you will. And yet another ‘yet’.

Valentine  
What means your ladyship? Do you not like it?

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

Valentine  
Madam, they are for you.

Silvia  
Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my request,  
But I will none of them. They are for you.  
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Valentine  
Please you, I’ll write your ladyship another.

Silvia  
And when it’s writ, for my sake read it over  
And if it please you, so. If not, why, so.

Valentine  
If it please me, madam, what then?

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

Exit

Speed  
[Aside] O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible  
As a nose on a man’s face, or a weathercock on a steeple!  
My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,  
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

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

Speed  
Nay, I was rhyming. ‘Tis you that have the reason.

Valentine  
To do what?
Speed To be a spokesman for Madam Silvia.
Valentine To whom?
Speed To yourself. Why, she woos you by a figure.
Valentine What figure?
Speed By a letter, I should say.
Valentine Why, she hath not writ to me!
Speed What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?
Valentine No, believe me.
Speed No believing you, indeed, sir. Did you not receive her earnest?
Valentine She gave me none, except an angry word.
Speed Why, she hath given you a letter.
Valentine That’s the letter I writ to her friend.
Speed And that letter hath she deliver’d, and there an end.
Valentine I would it were no worse.
Speed I’ll warrant you, ’tis as well.
For often have you writ to her and she, in modesty,  
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply.  
Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind discover  
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.  
All this I speak in print, for in print I found it. Why muse you, sir? ’Tis dinner time.
Valentine I have din’d.

Exit

Speed Ay, but hearken, sir! Though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish’d by my victuals and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress. Be mov’d, be mov’d.

Enter Launce and Crab

By my faith, is’t old Launce, or else his ghost? When died you, spirit?

Launce Call me not spirit, good Speed. I am made of flesh and bone as thou art. Come, embrace me and prove it so.

Speed Well, thou art like enough to him. And thy dog is like enough to Crab, so I shall call thee Launce. How com’st
thou in Milan?

Launce  Marry, my master came and I came behind him.

Speed  Where is thy master now?

Launce  Gone to seek your master, to speak of his love.

Speed  His love to my master or his mistress?

Launce  I did not know thy master had a mistress.

Speed  Thou mistakes me, I meant thy master’s mistress.

Launce  In truth, I cannot say, for he loves ‘em both.

Speed  ’Tis all one. Launce, by mine honesty, welcome.

Launce  Forswear not thyself, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. A man is never undone till he be hang’d, nor never welcome till some certain shot be paid and the hostess say ‘Welcome!’

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

Launce  Marry, after they clos’d in earnest they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed  But shall she marry him?

Launce  No.

Speed  How then? Shall he marry her?

Launce  No, neither.

Speed  What, are they broken?

Launce  No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed  Why, then, how stands the matter with them?

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

Speed  What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

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

Speed  What thou say’st?

Launce  Ay, and what I do too. Look thee, I’ll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed  It stands under thee, indeed.
Launce: Why, stand under and understand is all one.

Speed: But tell me true, will’t be a match?

Launce: Ask my dog. If he say ‘ay’ it will. If he say ‘no’ it will. If he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.

Speed: The conclusion is then that it will.

Launce: Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

Speed: ‘Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how sayest thou that my master is become a notable lover?

Launce: I never knew him otherwise.

Speed: Than how?

Launce: A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed: Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistak’st me.

Launce: Why fool, I meant not thee. I meant thy master.

Speed: I tell thee my master is become a hot lover.

Launce: Why, I tell thee I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt, take me to thy alehouse. If not, thou art not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed: Why?

Launce: Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a friend. Wilt thou go?

Speed: I’ll be there before thee.

Exeunt

Scene 8 (Act2 Sc4)

The Duke of Milan’s Palace
Silvia, Ursula, Valentine and Turio

Silvia: Servant, you are sad.

Valentine: Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Turio: Seem you that you are not?

Valentine: Haply I do.

Turio: So do counterfeits.

Valentine: So do you.

Turio: What seem I that I am not?
Valentine: Wise.

Turio: What instance of the contrary?

Valentine: Your folly.

Turio: And how quote you my folly?

Valentine: I quote it in your jerkin.

Turio: My jerkin is a blazer.

Valentine: Ay, and through it your folly doth blaze like a beacon.

Turio: How?

Silvia: What, angry, Lord Turio? Do you change colour?

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

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

Valentine: You have said, sir.

Turio: Ay, sir, and done too for this time.

Valentine: I know it well, sir. You always end ere you begin.

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

Valentine: 'Tis indeed, madam. We thank the giver.

Silvia: Who is that, servant?

Valentine: Yourself, sweet lady, for you gave the fire. Lord Turio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

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

Valentine: I know it well, sir. You have an exchequer of words and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers, for it appears by their bare liveries that they live by your bare words.

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

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

Enter Duke
Exit Ursula

Duke: Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father is in good health.
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?
Duke    Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman?
Valentine Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth and worthy estimation
And not without desert so well reputed.
Duke    Hath he not a son?
Valentine Ay, my good lord, a son that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.
Duke    You know him well?
Valentine I know him as myself, for from our infancy
We have convers’d and spent our hours together.
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that’s his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days.
His years but young, but his experience old,
His head unmellow’d, but his judgment ripe,
And in a word - for far behind his worth
Comes all the praises that I now bestow
He is complete in feature and in mind
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.
Duke    Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good
He is worthy for an Emperor’s court.
Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me
Commended by some men of great respect
And here he means to spend his time awhile.
I think ’tis no unwelcome news to you.
Valentine Should I have wish’d a thing, it had been he.
Duke    Welcome him then according to his worth.
Silvia, I speak to you, and you, Lord Turio.
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it.
I will send him hither to you presently.
Exit
Valentine This is the gentleman I told your ladyship
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock’d in her crystal looks.
Silvia    Belike that now she hath enfranchis’d them?
Valentine Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.
Silvia    Nay, then, he should be blind, and being blind
How could he see his way to seek out you?

Valentine
Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Turio
They say that Love hath not an eye at all.

Valentine
To see such lovers, Turio, as yourself.
Upon a homely object Love can wink.

Silvia
Have done, have done. Here comes the gentleman.

Enter Proteus

Valentine
Welcome, dear Proteus! Welcome to Milan!

Proteus
My loving Valentine!

Valentine
Mistress, I beseech you
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

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

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

Silvia
Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

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

Valentine
Leave off this quibbling discourse.
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Proteus
My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Silvia
And duty never yet did want his meed.
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Enter Ursula

Proteus
I’ll die on him that says so but yourself.

Silvia
That you are welcome?

Proteus
That you are worthless.

Ursula
Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

Silvia
I wait upon his pleasure. Come, Lord Turio,
Go with me. Once more, new servant, welcome.
I’ll leave you to confer of home affairs.
When you have done we look to hear from you.

Proteus
We’ll both attend upon your ladyship.

Exeunt Silvia and Turio

Valentine
Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?
Proteus Your friends are well, and have them much commended.
Valentine And how do yours?
Proteus I left them all in health.
Valentine How does your lady? And how thrives your love?
Proteus My tales of love were wont to weary you. I know you joy not in a love-discourse.
Valentine Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter’d now. I have done penance for contemning Love Whose high imperious thoughts have punish’d me With bitter fasts, with penitential groans, With nightly tears and daily heart-sore sighs. For in revenge of my contempt of love Love hath chas’d sleep from my enthralled eyes And made them watchers of mine own heart’s sorrow. O gentle Proteus, Love’s a mighty lord And hath so humbl’d me as I confess There is no woe to his correction, Nor to his service no such joy on earth, Now no discourse, except it be of love. Now can I break my fast, dine, sup and sleep Upon the very naked name of love.
Proteus Enough. I read your fortune in your eye. Was this the idol that you worship so?
Valentine Even she. And is she not a heavenly saint?
Proteus No, but she is an earthly paragon.
Valentine Call her divine.
Proteus I will not flatter her.
Valentine O, flatter me, for love delights in praises.
Proteus When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills And I must minister the like to you.
Valentine Then speak the truth by her. If not divine Yet let her be a principality, Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.
Proteus Except my mistress.
Valentine Sweet, except not any, Except thou wilt except against my love.
Proteus Have I not reason to prefer mine own?
Valentine
And I will help thee to prefer her too.
She shall be dignified with this high honour -
To bear my lady’s train lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss
And of so great a favour growing proud
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Proteus
Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

Valentine
Pardon me, Proteus, all I can is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing.
She is alone.

Proteus
Then let her alone.

Valentine
Not for the world! Why, man, she is mine own
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me that I do not dream on thee
Because thou see’st me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival that her father likes
Only for his possessions are so huge
Is gone with her along and I must after,
For love, thou know’st, is full of jealousy.

Proteus
But she loves you?

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

Proteus
Go on before. I shall inquire you forth.
I must unto the road to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use,
And then I’ll presently attend you.

Valentine
Will you make haste?

Proteus
I will.

Exit Valentine

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye or Valentine’s praise,
Her true perfection or my false transgression
That makes me reasonless to reason thus?
She is fair, and so is Julia that I love -
That I did love? Is my love now thaw’d,
And like a waxen image ‘gainst a fire
Bear’st no impression of the thing it was?
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold
And that I love him not as I was wont
For that I love his lady too, too much.
How shall I dote on her with more advice
That thus without advice begin to love her?
’Tis but her picture I have yet beheld
And that hath dazzled my reason’s light,
But when I look on her perfections
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will,
To Julia yet I would be faithful still.

Scene 9 (Act2 Sc7)
Julia’s garden in Verona
Enter Julia and Lucetta

Julia: Counsel, Lucetta. Good Lucetta, assist me,
And even in kind love I do conjure thee
To lesson me and tell me some good mean
How with my honour I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

Lucetta: Alas, the way is wearisome and long!

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

Lucetta: Better forbear till Proteus make return.

Julia: O, know’st thou not his looks are my soul’s food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love

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Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

**Lucetta**
I do not seek to quench your love’s hot fire
But qualify the fire’s extremest rage
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

**Julia**
The more thou damm’st it up, the more it burns.
The current that with gentle murmur glides
Thou know’st, being stopp’d, impatiently doth rage.
But when his loving course is hinder’d not
He makes sweet music with th’enamell’d stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He over taketh in his pilgrimage.
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport unto the wild ocean.
Then let me go and hinder not my course.
I’ll be as patient as a gentle stream
And make a pastime of each weary step
Till the last step have brought me to my love
And there I’ll rest as after much turmoil
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

**Lucetta**
So in what habit will you go along?

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

**Lucetta**
Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.

**Julia**
No, girl, I’ll knit it up in silken strings
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots.
To be fantastic may become a youth.

**Lucetta**
What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

**Julia**
Why, even what fashion thou best likes, Lucetta.

**Lucetta**
You must needs have them with a fly, madam.

**Julia**
Lucetta, as thou lov’st me let me have
What thou think’st meet and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz’d.

**Lucetta**
If you think so, then stay at home and go not.
Julia: Nay, that I will not.

Lucetta: Then never dream on infamy, but go.
And that you may in safety venture forth
So shall I. Though male habit likes me not
Yet like a man, companion you I will
With pistol and dagger to rebuff all harm.

Julia: Nay, kind Lucetta, pray be not so fierce
Lest we for idle swaggerers be mistook
And men are tempted forth to try our skill.
Come you as my sister. Let your bearing
Stead of anger all courtesy to win.

Lucetta: Nay better yet, let me your mother be,
For a sister may draw gallants in her wake.
A mother yet may pass without annoy.

Julia: It shall be so. We’ll never quarrel more.

Lucetta: If Proteus like your journey when you come
No matter who’s displeas’d when you are gone.
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas’d withal.

Julia: 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 Proteus.

Lucetta: All these are servants to deceitful men.

Julia: Base men that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus’ birth.
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart.

Lucetta: Pray heaven they prove so, when we come to him.

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

Exeunt
Scene 10 (Act2 Sc6)

The Palace in Milan

Enter Proteus

Proteus

To leave my Julia shall I be forsworn,  
To love fair Silvia shall I be forsworn,  
To wrong my friend I shall be much forsworn  
And even that power which gave me first my oath  
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.  

Love bade me swear and Love bids me forswear.  
O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinn’d  
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.  
At first I did adore a twinkling star  
But now I worship a celestial sun.  

Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken  
And he wants wit that wants resolved will  
To learn him to exchange the bad for better.  
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue, to call her bad  
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr’d  
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.  
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do,  
But there I leave to love where I should love.  
Julia I lose and Valentine I lose.  
If I keep them I needs must lose myself,  
If I lose them thus find I by their loss,  
For Valentine myself, for Julia Silvia.  
I to myself am dearer than a friend,  
For love is still most precious in itself,  
And Silvia - witness Heaven, that made her fair -  
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.  
I will forget that Julia is alive,  
Remembering that my love to her is dead.  
My Valentine I’ll hold an enemy,  
And aim at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
Part Two

Speed's Dream

Last night into my chamber crept
My master’s mistress and she threw
Her arms around my neck and wept
Though you may say that I but slept
The words she spoke were fair and true
Anon I’ll sing them here for you

I do not sleep in livery
Before I wake my thoughts are free.

“Speed, speed thee to thy rightful place
More puissant than your braggart lord
Superior in wit and grace
Of sweeter breath, of fairer face
Would I were both your wife and bawd”
[And so we lay in sweet accord]

Be it a dream or reverie
Before I wake my thoughts are free.

Scene 11 (Act3 Sc1)

Enter Duke, Turio and Proteus

Milan. A Palace Terrace, evening

Duke

Lord Turio, give us leave, I pray, awhile.
We have some secrets to confer about.

Exit Turio

Proteus

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

My gracious lord, that which I would discover
The law of friendship bids me to conceal,
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter.
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determin’d to bestow her
On Lord Turio, whom your daughter hates,
And should she thus be stol’n away from you
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty’s sake, I rather choose
To cross my friend in his intended drift
Than by concealing it heap on your head
A pack of sorrows which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke
Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care,
Which to requite command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen -
Haply when they have judg’d me fast asleep -
And oftentimes have purpos’d to forbid
Sir Valentine her company and my court.
But fearing lest my jealous aim might err
And so unworthily disgrace the man -
A rashness that I ever yet have shunn’d -
I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclos’d to me.
And that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept,
And thence she cannot be convey’d away.

Proteus
Know, noble lord, they have devis’d a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend
And with a corded ladder fetch her down.
For which the youthful lover now is gone
And this way comes he with it presently
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my Lord, do it so cunningly
That my discovery be not aimed at.
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

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

Proteus
Adieu, my Lord. Sir Valentine is coming.

Duke
Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

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

Duke    Be they of much import?

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

Duke    Nay then, no matter. Stay with me awhile.
I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near wherein thou must be secret.
’Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought
To match my friend Lord Turio to my daughter.

Valentine I know it well, my Lord, and sure the match
Were rich and honourable. Besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?

Duke    No, trust me. She is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that she is my child
Nor fearing me as if I were her father.
And may I say to thee this pride of hers
Upon advice hath drawn my love from her
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish’d by her childlike duty
I now am full resolv’d to take a wife
And turn out Silvia to who will take her in.
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Valentine What would your Grace have me to do in this?

Duke    There is a lady of Ferrara here
Whom I affect, but she is nice and coy
And nought esteems my aged eloquence.
Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor -
For long agone I have forgot to court,
Besides the fashion of the time is chang’d -
How and which way I may bestow myself
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Valentine Win her with gifts if she respect not words.
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind
More than quick words do move a woman’s mind.

Duke    But she did scorn a present that I sent her.
Valentine

A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her.
Send her another, never give her o’er
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown ‘tis not in hate of you
But rather to beget more love in you.
If she do chide ‘tis not to have you gone
For why the fools are mad if left alone.
Take no repulse whatever she doth say.
For ‘get you gone’ she doth not mean ‘away!’
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces.
Though ne’er so plain, say they have angels’ faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke

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

Valentine

Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke

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

Valentine

What lets but one may enter at her window?

Duke

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

Valentine

Why then a ladder quaintly made of cords
To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks
Would serve to scale another Hero’s tower
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke

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

Valentine

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

Duke

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

Valentine

By eleven o’clock I’ll get you such a ladder.

Duke

But hark thee, I must go to her alone.
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Valentine

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

Duke

A coat as long as thine will serve the turn.
Valentine: Ay, my good lord.
Duke: Then let me see thy coat.
   I’ll get me one of such another length.
Valentine: Why, any coat will serve the turn, my lord.
Duke: How shall I fashion me to wear a coat?
   I pray thee, let me feel thy coat upon me.
What cords are these? And this - this that is writ
   Upon the topmost rung? ‘Silvia, this night
   I will enfranchise thee.’ Sylvia? ‘Tis so -
And here is the ladder for the purpose.
Why, Phaethon - for thou art Merops’ son -
   Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car
   And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder, overweening slave,
   Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates
   And think my patience, more than thy desert,
   Is privilege for thy departure hence.
Thank me for this more than for all the favours
Which all too much I have bestow’d on thee.
   But if thou linger in my territories
   Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
   By heaven my wrath shall far exceed the love
   I ever bore my daughter or thyself.
Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse
   But as thou lov’st thy life make speed from hence.

Valentine: And why not death rather than living torment?
   To die is to be banish’d from myself,
   And Silvia is myself. Banish’d from her
   Is self from self, a deadly banishment.
   What light is light if Silvia be not seen?
   What joy is joy if Silvia be not by?
   Unless it be to think that she is by
   And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
   Except I be by Silvia in the night
   There is no music in the nightingale.
   Unless I look on Silvia in the day
   There is no day for me to look upon.
   She is my essence and I leave to be
   If I be not by her fair influence.

Exit
Foster’d, illumin’d, cherish’d, kept alive.
I fly not death to fly his deadly doom.
Tarry I here, I but attend on death,
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Change of light
Enter Proteus and Launce

Proteus  Run, boy, run, run and seek him out.
Launce  So-ho, so-ho!
Proteus  What seest thou?
Launce  Him we go to find. There’s not a hair on’s head but ’tis a Valentine.
Proteus  Valentine?
Valentine  No.
Proteus  Who then? His spirit?
Valentine  Neither.
Proteus  What then?
Valentine  Nothing.
Launce  Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?
Proteus  Who wouldst thou strike?
Launce  Nothing.
Proteus  Villain, forbear.
Launce  Why, sir, I’ll strike nothing. I pray you -
Proteus  Sirrah, I say, forbear. Friend Valentine, a word.
Valentine  My ears are stoped and cannot hear good news,
    So much of bad already hath possess’d them.
Proteus  Then in dumb silence will I bury mine
    For they are harsh, untuneable and bad.
Valentine  Is Silvia dead?
Proteus  No, Valentine.
Valentine  No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia.
    Hath she forsworn me?
Proteus  No, Valentine.
Valentine  No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me.
    What is your news?
Launce  Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanish’d.

Proteus  That thou art banished - O, that’s the news -
From hence, from Silvia and from me thy friend.

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

Proteus  Ay, ay, and she hath offer’d to the doom
A sea of melting pearl which some call tears.
Those at her father’s churlish feet she tender’d,
With them, upon her knees, her humble self,
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them
As if but now they waxed pale for woe.
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire,
But Valentine, if he be ta’en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf’d him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her
With many bitter threats of biding there.

Valentine  No more, unless the next word that thou speak’st
Have some malignant power upon my life.
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Proteus  Cease to lament for that thou canst not help
And study help for that which thou lament’st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay thou canst not see thy love.
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover’s staff. Walk hence with that
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
Which being writ to me shall be deliver’d
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate.
Come, I’ll convey thee through the city gate
And ere I part with thee confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love affairs.
If not for thyself, for thou lov’st Silvia
Regard thy danger and along with me!

Valentine  I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my Speed
Bid him make speed and meet me at the North Gate.

**Proteus**

Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

**Valentine**

O my dear Silvia! Hapless Valentine!

*Exeunt Valentine and Proteus*

**Launce**

I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave. But that’s all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love, yet I am in love, but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me, nor who ’tis I love, and yet ’tis a woman. But what woman, I will not tell myself. And yet ’tis a milkmaid. Yet ’tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips. Yet ’tis a maid for she is her master’s maid and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel, which is much in a bare Christian. *Pulling out a paper* Here is my cate-log of her condition. ‘Imprimis: She can fetch and carry.’ Why, a horse can do no more. Nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry. Therefore is she better than a jade. ‘Item: She can milk.’ Look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

*Enter Speed*

**Speed**

How now, Signior Launce! What news with your mastership?

**Launce**

With my master’s ship? Why, it is at sea.

**Speed**

Well, your old vice still - mistake the word. What news then in your paper?

**Launce**

The blackest news that ever thou hearest.

**Speed**

Why, man, how black?

**Launce**

Why, as black as ink.

**Speed**

Let me read them.

**Launce**

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

**Speed**

Marry, the son of my grandfather.

**Launce**

O illiterate loiterer! It was the son of thy grandmother. This proves that thou canst not read.

**Speed**

*[Seizing the paper] Come, fool, come. *Reading* ‘Imprimis: She can milk.’
Ay, that she can.

Item: ‘She brews good ale.’

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

That’s as much as to say, ‘Can she so?’

Item: ‘She can knit.’

What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

Item: ‘She can wash and scour.’

A special virtue, for then she need not be wash’d and scour’d.

Item: ‘She can spin.’

Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Item: ‘She hath many nameless virtues.’

That’s as much as to say, bastard virtues, that, indeed, know not their fathers and therefore have no names.

‘Here follow her vices.’

Close at the heels of her virtues.

Item: ‘She is not to be kiss’d fasting, in respect of her breath.’

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

Item: ‘She hath a sweet mouth.’

That makes amends for her sour breath.

Item: ‘She doth talk in her sleep.’

It’s no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Item: ‘She is slow in words.’

O what a villain am I, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman’s only virtue. I pray thee, out with’t, and place it for her chief virtue.

Item: ‘She is proud.’

Out with that too. It was Eve’s legacy, and cannot be ta’en from her.
Speed  Item: ‘She hath no teeth.’
Launce  I care not for that neither. Crab loves a crust.
Speed  Item: ‘She is curst.’
Launce  Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.
Speed  Item: ‘She is too liberal.’
Launce  Of her tongue she cannot, for that’s writ down she is slow of.
Of her purse she shall not, for that I’ll keep shut. Now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.
Speed  Item: ‘She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.’
Launce  Stop there. She was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.
Speed  ‘She hath more hair than wit -’
Launce  More hair than wit? It may be. I’ll prove it. The cover 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 less. What’s next?
Speed  ‘and more faults than hairs -’
Launce  That’s monstrous. O, that that were out!
Speed  ‘ - and more wealth than faults.’
Launce  Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I’ll have her, and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible -
Speed  What then?
Launce  Why, then will I tell thee that thy master is vanish’d.
Speed  Vanish’d?
Launce  And thou art vanish’d with him.
Speed  Dost thou mean ‘banish’d’?
Launce  Aye, and by proclamation.
Speed  And must I go to him?
Launce  Thou must run to him, for thou hast stay’d so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.
Speed  Why didst not tell me sooner? ’Pox of your love-letters! Banish’d!’
Launce

Banished. Now will he be swing’d for reading my cate-log.
An unmannerly slave that will thrust himself into secrets!
Come, Crab, let’s after, to rejoice in the boy’s correction.

Exit

Scene 12 (Act3 Sc2)

The Palace

Enter Duke and Turio

Duke

Fear not, my friend, but that she will love you
Now Valentine is banish’d from her sight.

Turio

Since his exile she hath despis’d me most,
Forsworn my company and rail’d at me
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke

This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hour’s heat
Dissolves to water and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.

Enter Proteus

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

Proteus

Gone, my good lord.

Duke

My daughter takes his going grievously.

Proteus

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

Duke

So I believe. Lord Turio thinks not so.
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee -
For thou hast shown some sign of good desert -
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Proteus

Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace
Let me not live to look upon your Grace.

Duke

Thou know’st how willingly I would effect
The match between Lord Turio and my daughter.

Proteus

I do, my lord.

Duke

And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will?
Proteus  She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke  Ay, and perversely she persevers so.
      What might we do to make the girl forget
      The love of Valentine and love Lord Turio?

Proteus  The best way is to slander Valentine
       With falsehood, cowardice and poor descent,
       Three things that women highly hold in hate.

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

Proteus  Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
       Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
       By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke  Then you must undertake to slander him.

Proteus  And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do.
       ’Tis an ill office for a gentleman,
       Especially against his truest friend.

Duke  Where your good word cannot advantage him
       Your slander never can endamage him.
       Therefore the office is indifferent,
       Entreated to it by your newest friend.

Proteus  You have prevail’d, my lord.  If I can do it
       By ought that I can speak in his dispraise
       She shall not long continue love to him.
       But say this weed her love from Valentine
       It follows not that she will love Sir Turio.

Turio  Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
       Lest it unravel 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 Valentine.

Duke  And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind
      Because we know, on Valentine’s report,
      You are already Love’s firm votary
      And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
      Upon this warrant shall you have access
      Where you with Silvia may confer at large -
      For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
      And, for your friend’s sake, will be glad of you -
      Where you may temper her by your persuasion
      To hate young Valentine and love this lord.
Proteus

As much as I can do, I will effect.
But you, Sir Turio, are not sharp enough.
You must lay lime to tangle her desires
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke

Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Proteus

Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart.
Write till your ink be dry and with your tears
Moist it again. And frame some feeling line
That may discover such integrity,
For Orpheus’ lute was strung with poets’ sinews
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies
Visit by night your lady’s chamber-window
With some sweet concert. The night’s dead silence
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke

This discipline shows thou hast felt love’s dart.

Turio

And thy advice this night I’ll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort some gentlemen well skill’d in music.
Write me a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke

About it, gentlemen!

Proteus

We’ll wait upon your Grace till after supper
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke

Even now about it! I will pardon you.

Exeunt severally

Scene 13 (Act4 Sc1)

A Forest outside the City

Enter three Outlaws

1st Outlaw Didst hear a sound?
2nd Outlaw Naught but an owl – and my stomach.
1st Outlaw

If it be a traveller, then will our stomachs all be full.

2nd Outlaw

A plague on this life! I am so famish’d I scarce have strength to draw a dagger ‘cross a throat.

3rd Outlaw

Cease complaint. Nobility should mourn the want of throats more than the want of food.

2nd Outlaw

Say you so, villain? Then I’ll prove a noble at thy own throat’s cost –

1st Outlaw

Quiet – there it is again – dost not hear it?

2nd Outlaw

’Tis naught. Draw thy dagger, rogue –

3rd Outlaw

I’m ready for you, villain. ‘Stead of ale, your blood shall slake my thirst.

1st Outlaw

A light! A light! Fellows, stand fast!

2nd Outlaw

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

Enter Valentine and Speed

3rd Outlaw

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

Speed

Sir, we are undone. These are the villains that all the travellers do fear so much.

Valentine

My friends -

1st Outlaw

Not so, sir. We are your enemies.

Valentine

Then know that I have little wealth to lose. A man I am cross’d with adversity. My riches are these poor habiliments Of which if you should here disfurnish me You take the sum and substance that I have.

2nd Outlaw

Whither travel you?

Valentine

I know not whither.

3rd Outlaw

Whence came you?

Valentine

From Milan.

3rd Outlaw

Have you long sojourn’d there?

Valentine

Nought but two months, yet longer might have stay’d If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1st Outlaw

What, were you banish’d thence?

Valentine

I was.
1st Outlaw For what offence?
Valentine For that which now torments me to rehearse.
        I kill’d a man, whose death I much repent,
        But yet I slew him manfully in fight
        Without false vantage or base treachery.

2nd Outlaw Why, ne’er repent it, if it were done so.
        But were you banish’d for so small a fault?
Valentine I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

3rd Outlaw Have you the tongues?
Valentine My youthful travel therein made me happy,
        Or else I often had been miserable.

2nd Outlaw By the bare scalp of Robin Hood’s fat friar,
        This fellow were a prince for our wild faction!
3rd Outlaw Tell us this: have you any thing to take to?
Valentine Nothing but what ill-fortune pleases.

3rd Outlaw Know then that some of us are gentlemen,
        Such as the fury of ungovern’d youth
        Thrust from the company of awful men.
        Twenty year since I was from Milan banish’d
        For practising to steal away a lady,
        An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

2nd Outlaw And I from Mantua, for a gentleman
        Who, in my mood, I stabb’d unto the heart.

1st Outlaw And I for such like petty crimes as these.
        But to the purpose, for we cite our faults
        That they may hold excus’d our lawless lives,
        And partly, seeing you are beautified
        With goodly shape, and by your own report
        A linguist, and a man of such perfection
        As we do in our quality much want -

2nd Outlaw Indeed, because you are a banish’d man,
        And so above the rest, we parley to you.
        Are you content to be at one with us,
        To make a virtue of necessity,
        And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

Speed Master, be one of them. It’s an honourable kind of thievery.
3rd Outlaw What say’st thou? Wilt thou be of our consort?
For if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.
Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer’d.

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

No, no! We detest such vile, base practice!
Come, go with us, we’ll bring thee to our cave
And show thee all the treasure we have got.

Exeunt

Scene 14 (Act4 Sc2)

Outside the Palace

Enter Julia, disguised as a boy, with a map and a lantern
Enter Lucetta, in travelling clothes

Lucetta
Good madam -

Julia
Call me not so. I am a man in Milan.

Lucetta
Then son – son Sebastian – I have news
Of your Proteus. Nay, let not a woman’s tears
Betray thee.

Julia
Tell me, what is’t you learn’d?

Lucetta
That at or near this hour Sir Proteus
Doth attend the daughter of the Duke,
And there is music summon’d.

Julia
Doth attend the daughter of the Duke?
Say you so, and bid me not shed tears?

Lucetta
Nay,
He but supplies his skill to woo for one
Who cannot woo so well. One Turio,
’Tis said, a lord - of wealth but little wit.
Come, if we search we may catch sight of him.

They exit

Enter Proteus

Proteus
Already have I been false to Valentine
And now I must be as unjust to Turio.
Under the colour of commending him
I have access my own love to prefer.
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend.
When to her beauty I commend my vows
She bids me think how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov’d.
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.

Enter Turio and Musicians

Turio
How now, Sir Proteus, are you crept before us?

Proteus
Ay, my gentle lord, for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Turio
Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Proteus
Sir, but I do, or else I would be hence.

Turio
Who? Silvia?

Proteus
Ay, Silvia, for your sake.

Turio
I thank you for your own. Now, you fellows,
Let’s tune and to it lustily awhile.

Music plays
Julia and Lucetta re-enter, apart

Proteus
Who is Silvia, what is she
That all our swains commend her
Holy, fair, and wise is she
The heaven such grace did lend her
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair
For Beauty lives with Kindness
Love doth to her eyes repair
To help him of his blindness
And, being help’d, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing
That Silvia is excelling
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling
To her let us garlands bring.

Lucetta
How now, madam, are you sadder than before?
The music likes you not?
The musician likes me not. He plays a dirge
Pluck’d on my heart-strings.

Lucetta Why, madam –

Julia (To Musician) Young woman!

Musician Sir?

Julia Doth this young man that sings so out of tune
Oft resort unto this gentlewoman?

Musician I tell you what Launce, his man, told me - he loves her out of all nick.

Julia Oh, my heart! Know’st thou Launce? Where is he?

Musician I hear he’s sent to seek a lapdog, which tomorrow, by his master’s command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Enter Silvia, above

Turio See, the lady comes.

Proteus Fear you not, my lord, I will so plead
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Turio Where meet we?

Proteus At Saint Gregory’s well.

Turio Farewell.

Exeunt Turio and Musicians

Proteus Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Silvia I thank you for your music, gentlemen.
Who is that that spake?

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

Silvia Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Proteus Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Silvia What’s your will?

Proteus That I may compass yours.

Silvia You have your wish. My will is even this:
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjur’d, false, disloyal man,
Think’st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery
That hast deceiv’d so many with thy vows?
Return, return and make thy love amends.
For me - by this pale queen of night I swear -
I am so far from granting thy request
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit
And by and by intend to chide myself
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

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

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

**Silvia**
Say that she be, yet Valentine thy friend
Survives, to whom thyself art witness
I am betroth'd. And art thou not ashamed
To wrong him with thy importunity?

**Proteus**
I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

**Silvia**
Then so suppose am I, for in his grave
Assure thyself my love is buried.

**Proteus**
Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

**Silvia**
Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence,
Or at the least in hers sepulchre thine.

**Proteus**
Madam, if your heart be so obdurate
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture they say hangeth in your chamber.
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep,
For since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow,
And to your shadow will I make true love.

**Julia**
[Aside] If 'twere not so, you would sure deceive her
And make her but a shadow, as I am.

**Silvia**
I am very loath to be your idol, sir,
But since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows and adore false shapes
Send to me in the morning and I'll send it.
And so, good rest.

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

*Exit Proteus*

**Julia**
Mother, will you go?
Lucetta  As it please you, child.

Julia  [To Musician] Pray you, girl, where lies Sir Proteus?


Julia  Not so, but it hath been the longest night
That e’er I watch’d, and the most heaviest.

Exeunt

Scene 15 (Act4 Sc3)

The Palace
Enter Eglamour

Eglamour  This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call and know her mind.
There’s some great matter she’d employ me in.

Enter Silvia

Madam, madam!  Your servant and your friend,
One that attends your ladyship’s command.

Silvia  Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

Eglamour  As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship’s impose
I am thus early come to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Silvia  O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman -
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not -
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish’d.
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish’d Valentine -

Enter the Duke


Exit

Silvia  - Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Turio whom my very soul abhors.
Thyself hast lov’d, and I have heard thee say
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass
I do desire thy worthy company.
Urge not my father’s anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady’s grief,  
And on the justice of my flying hence  
To keep me from a most unholy match.  
I do desire thee, even from a heart  
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,  
To bear me company and go with me.  
If not, to hide what I have said to thee  
That I may venture to depart alone.

Eglamour  
Madam, I pity much your grievances  
Which since I know they virtuously are plac’d,  
I give consent to go along with you,  
Recking as little what betideth me  
As much I wish all good befortune you.  
When will you go?

Silvia  
This evening coming.

Eglamour  
Where shall I meet you?

Silvia  
At Friar Patrick’s cell,  
Where I intend holy confession.

Eglamour  
I will not fail your ladyship.  Good morrow,  
Gentle lady.

Silvia  
Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

Exeunt severally

Scene 16 (Act4 Sc4)  
Milan  
Enter Launce, with Crab

Launce  
When a man’s servant shall play the cur with him, look you,  
it goes hard.  One that I brought up of a puppy, one that I  
sav’d from drowning when three or four of his blind brothers  
and sisters went to it!  I have taught him, even as one would  
say precisely, ‘thus I would teach a dog’.  I was sent to  
deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master  
and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber but he steps  
me to her trencher and steals her capon’s leg.  O, ’tis a foul  
thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies!  If I  
had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that  
he did, I think verily he had been hang’d for’t.  Sure as I live  
he had suffered for’t.  You shall judge.  He thrusts me himself
into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under
the Duke’s table. He had not been there, bless the mark, a
pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. ‘Out with the
dog!’ says one. ‘What cur is that?’ says another. ‘Whip him
out,’ says the third. ‘Hang him up,’ says the Duke. I,
having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was
Crab and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs.
‘Friend,’ quoth I, ‘you mean to whip the dog?’ ‘Ay, marry,
do I,’ quoth he. ‘You do him the more wrong,’ quoth I.
‘Twas I did the thing you wot of.’ He makes me no more
ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters
would do this for his servant? Nay, I’ll be sworn, I have sat
in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had
been executed. I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath
kill’d, otherwise he had suffer’d for’t. Thou think’st not of
this now. Nay, what of this last trick you serv’d me when we
took our leave of Madam Silvia? When didst thou see me
heave up my leg and make water against a gentlewoman’s
farthingale? Didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter Proteus and Julia

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

Julia In what you please. I’ll do what I can.

Proteus I hope thou wilt. [To Launce] How now, you whoreson
peasant, hast thou done what I bid?

Launce Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Proteus But she receiv’d my dog?

Launce No, indeed, did she not. Here have I brought him back
again.

Proteus What, didst thou offer her this from me?

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

Go get thee hence and find my dog again
Or ne’er return again into my sight.
Away, I say! Stay’st thou to vex me here?

Exit Launce & Crab

A slave that still an end turns me to shame!
My good Sebastian, I entertain thee here
Partly that I have need of such a youth
That can with some discretion do my business
For ’tis no trusting to yond foolish lout,
But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,
Which if my augury deceive me not
Witness good bringing up, fortune and truth.
Go presently and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to Madam Silvia.
She lov’d me well deliver’d it to me.

Julia  

It seems you lov’d not her, to leave her token.
She is dead, belike?

Proteus  Not so, I think she lives.

Julia  Alas!

Proteus  Why dost thou cry, ’alas’?

Julia  I cannot choose but pity her.

Proteus  Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Julia  Because methinks that she lov’d you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia.
She dreams on him that has forgot her love,
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
’Tis pity love should be so contrary
And thinking on it makes me cry, ’alas’!

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

Julia  How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus, thou hast entertain’d
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.
Alas, poor fool, why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me.  
Because I love him, I must pity him.  
This ring I gave him when he parted from me  
To bind him to remember my good will.  
And now am I, unhappy messenger,  
To plead for that which I would not obtain,  
To carry that which I would have refus'd,  
To praise his faith which I would have disprais'd.  
I am my master's true-confirmed love  
But cannot be true servant to my master  
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.  
Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly  
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter Silvia and Ursula

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

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

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

Silvia  
From whom?

Julia  
From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

Silvia  
O, he sends you for a picture.

Julia  
Ay, madam.

Silvia  
Ursula, bring my picture there!

Exit Ursula

Go give it to your master.  Tell him from me,  
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget  
Would better fit his chamber than my shadow.

Julia  
Madam, please you peruse this letter -  
Pardon me, madam, I have unadvis’d  
Deliver’d you a paper that I should not.  
This is the letter to your ladyship.

Enter Ursula with portrait

Silvia  
I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Julia  
It may not be.  Good madam, pardon me.

Silvia  
There, hold.  
I will not look upon your master’s lines.  
I know they are stuff’d with protestations.
And full of new-found oaths, which he will break
As easily as I do tear them up.

Julia
Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

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

Julia
She thanks you.

Silvia
What say’st thou?

Julia
I thank you, madam, that you tender her.
Poor gentlewoman, my master wrongs her much.

Silvia
Dost thou know her?

Julia
Almost as well as I do know myself.
To think upon her woes I do protest
That I have wept a hundred several times.

Silvia
Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

Julia
I think she doth, and that’s her cause of sorrow.

Silvia
Is she not passing fair?

Julia
She hath been fairer, madam, than she is.
When she did think my master lov’d her well
She, in my judgement, was as fair as you.
But since she did neglect her looking-glass
And threw her sun-expelling mask away
The air hath starv’d the roses in her cheeks
And pinch’d the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Silvia
How tall was she?

Julia
About my stature. For, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play’d
Our youth got me to play the woman’s part
And I was trimm’d in Madam Julia’s gown
Which served me as fit, by all men’s judgements,
As if the garment had been made for me.
Therefore I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep agood,
For I did play a lamentable part.
Madam, ’twas Ariadne passioning
For Theseus’ perjury and unjust flight,
Which I so lively acted with my tears
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly and would I might be dead
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Silvia
She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor lady, desolate and left!
I weep myself to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse. I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress’ sake, because thou lov’st her.
Farewell.

Exit Silvia and Ursula

Julia
And she shall thank you for’t, if e’er you know her.
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful!
I hope my master’s suit will be but cold
Since she respects my mistress’ love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture, let me see. I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers.
And yet the painter flatter’d her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
My hair is auburn, hers a perfect yellow.
If that be all the difference in his love
I’ll get me such a colour’d periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine.
Ay, but her forehead’s low and mine’s as high.
What should it be that he respects in her
But I can make respective in myself
If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come and take this shadow up
For ‘tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp’d, kiss’d, lov’d, and ador’d,
And, were there sense in his idolatry
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I’ll use thee kindly for thy mistress’ sake
That used me so, or else by Jove I vow
I should have scratch’d out your unseeing eyes
To make my master out of love with thee!

Exit
Scene 17 (Act5 Sc1)

An Abbey in Milan

Enter Eglamour

Eglamour
The sun begins to gild the western sky
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at Friar Patrick’s cell, should meet me.
She will not fail, for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time,
So much they spur their expedition.

Enter Silvia

See where she comes. Lady, a happy evening!

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

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

Exeunt

Scene 18 (Act5 Sc2)

The Palace

Enter Proteus, with Silvia’s portrait, and Julia

Proteus
But tell, how from her likeness did she part?

Julia
As if her portrait was a curse bestow’d.

Proteus
And yet she smiles at me. And yet t’was painted
When she disdain’d me not.

Enter Turio

Julia
Sir -

Turio
Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

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

Turio
What, that my leg is too long?

Proteus
No. That it is too little.

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

Julia
[Aside] But love will not be spurr’d to what it loathes.

Turio
What says she to my face?
Proteus She says it is a fair one.

Turio Nay then, the wanton lies. My face is foul.

Proteus But pearls are fair and the old saying is
Foul men are pearls in beauteous ladies’ eyes.

Julia \[Aside\] ’Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies’ eyes
For I had rather wink than look on them.

Turio How likes she my discourse?

Proteus Ill, when you talk of war.

Turio But well when I discourse of love and peace?

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

Turio What says she to my valour?

Proteus O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Julia \[Aside\] She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

Turio What says she to my birth?

Proteus That you are well deriv’d.

Julia \[Aside\] True - from a lord to a fool.

Turio Considers she my possessions?

Proteus O, ay, and pities them.

Julia \[Aside\] That such an ass should owe them.

Proteus That thou car’st not for them.

Julia Here comes the Duke.

Duke \textit{Enter Duke}

How now, Proteus, how now, Lord Turio -
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?

Turio Nor I.

Duke Saw you my daughter?

Proteus Neither.

Duke Why then, she’s fled unto that peasant Valentine
And Eglamour is in her company.
’Tis true, for Friar Laurence met them both
As he in penance wander’d through the forest.
Him he knew well and guess’d that it was she,
But being mask’d he was not sure of it.
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick’s cell this even and there she was not.
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse
But mount you presently and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads toward Mantua whither they are fled.
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.

Turio
Why, this it is to be a peevish girl
That flies her fortune when it follows her.
I’ll after, more to be reveng’d on Eglamour
Than for the love of reckless Silvia.

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

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

Scene 19 (Act5 Sc3)
The Forest
Enter Outlaws with Silvia

3rd Outlaw Come, come, bring her away!
1st Outlaw Be patient, we must bring you to our captain.
Silvia A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn’d me how to brook this patiently.
3rd Outlaw What? Where’s the gentleman was with her?
2nd Outlaw Squeak’d like a mouse at the sight of an owl.
Being nimble-footed he hath outrun us.
3rd Outlaw His clothes in pawn were worth a banquet to us!
I’ll with her. You follow him that’s fled
And rest not till thou find’st him, ‘live or dead!

[To Silvia] Come, I must bring you to our captain’s cave.
Fear not, he bears an honourable mind

Exit 1st & 2nd Outlaws
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Silvia  O Valentine, this I endure for thee!

Exeunt

Scene 20 (Act5 Sc4)

Another part of the Forest

Enter Valentine

Valentine  How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale’s complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia.
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain.

1st Outlaw  [Off] Strip the rogue!

Eglamour  [Off] Forbear good gentlemen!

2nd Outlaw  [Off] Be still!

Valentine  What halloing and what stir is this today?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase.
They love me well, yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.

Silvia  [Off] Traitor, touch me not!

Proteus  [Off] Madam …!

Valentine  Withdraw thee, Valentine, who’s this comes here?

Enter Julia, chasing 3rd Outlaw away, Proteus pursuing Silvia

Julia  Begone! Begone!

Proteus  Madam, this service I have done for you,
Though you respect not aught your servant doth,
To hazard life and rescue you from him
That would have forc’d your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair look.
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Valentine  

[Aside] How like a dream is this I see and hear!

Silvia  

O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Proteus  

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

Silvia  

By thy approach thou mak’st me most unhappy.
Had I been seized by a hungry lion
I would have been a breakfast to the beast
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O heaven be judge how I love Valentine
Whose life’s as tender to me as my soul!
And full as much, for more there cannot be,
I do detest false perjur’d Proteus.
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Proteus  

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

Silvia  

When Proteus cannot love where he’s belov’d.
Read over Julia’s heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths and all those oaths
Descended into perjury to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now unless thou’dst two
And that’s far worse than none. Better have none
Than plural faith which is too much by one,
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Proteus  

In love
Who respects friend?

Silvia  

All men but Proteus!

Proteus  

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

Silvia  

O heaven!

Proteus  

I’ll force thee yield to my desire.
Valentine

Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Proteus     Valentine!

Valentine

Thou common friend, that’s without faith or love,
For such is a friend now! Treacherous man,
Thou hast beguil’d my hopes. Nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive - thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted now when one’s right hand
Is perjur’d to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never see thee more
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest. O time most accurst,
‘Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!

Proteus

My shame and guilt confounds me.
Forgive me, Valentine. That face I lov’d
Is now a mirror that shows to me my soul
Blotted and decay’d with sin. Thou hast a sword
In love t’was giv’n thee. Now by love’s command
Cleave my heart and kill the shame within.
I kneel before thee. Stay not your rage.
My death I do embrace.

Julia        [Aside] Will no one speak for him?

Good madam, were I woman born as you
So would compassion pardon injury.
Let not your wrongs by his blood be assuag’d.

Silvia

Though he be false, I would not see him die.
Put up thy sword, good Valentine, I pray.

Valentine

My wrath is spent. Thy pity doth hold sway.
Proteus, arise –

Proteus

If hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence
I tender’t here. I do as truly suffer
As e’er I did commit.

Valentine

Then I am paid,
And once again I do receive thee honest.
Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven nor earth, for these are pleas’d.
And that my love may appear plain and free
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.
Julia  O me unhappy - ! [Swoons]
Sylvia  Oh me, I am lost!
Proteus  Look to the boy.
Valentine  Why, boy!  Why, wag, how now?  What’s the matter?  Look up, speak.
Julia  O good sir, my master charg’d me to deliver a ring to Madam Silvia, which out of my neglect was never done.
Proteus  Where is that ring, boy?
Julia  Here ’tis, this is it.
Proteus  How?  Let me see.  Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.
Julia  O cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook.  This is the ring you sent to Silvia.
Proteus  But how cam’st thou by this ring?  At my depart I gave this unto Julia.
Julia  And Julia herself did give it me,  And Julia herself hath brought it hither.
Proteus  How?  Julia!
Julia  Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths  And entertain’d ’em deeply in her heart.  How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!  O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush.  Be thou asham’d at it.  If shame live  In disguise of love it is the lesser blot,  Women to change their shapes than men their minds.
Proteus  Than men their minds?  ’Tis true.  O heaven, were man  But constant, he were perfect!  That one error  Fills him with faults, makes him run through all the sins.  What is in Silvia’s face but I may spy  More fresh in Julia’s with a constant eye?
Valentine  Come, come, a hand from either.  Let me be blest to make this happy close.  ’Twere pity two such friends should long be foes.
Proteus  Bear witness, heaven, that I have my wish?
Julia  Thou hast.  And I have mine.

Enter 1st & 2nd Outlaws, with Duke and Turio
Outlaws

A prize, a prize!

Valentine

Forbear, forbear, I say! It is my lord the Duke.
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac’d,
Banish’d Valentine.

Duke

Sir Valentine!

Turio

Yonder is Silvia, and Silvia’s mine.

Valentine

Turio, give back, or else embrace thy death.
Come not within the measure of my wrath.
Do not name Silvia thine. If once again
Not all the world shall hold thee. Here she stands.
Take but possession of her with a touch -
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Sylvia

[Aside] Whose love am I?

Turio

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

Sylvia

[Aside] Twice this day I have been given.

Duke

The more degenerate and base art thou
To pay such court to her as thou hast done
And leave her on such slight conditions.
Now by the honour of my ancestry
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress’ love.
Know then I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrivall’d merit
To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman and well deriv’d.
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv’d her.

Silvia

[Aside] Thrice given! I am the gift, yet would I be the giver.

Valentine

I thank your grace. The gift hath made me happy.
Yet must I entreat, with true and humble heart
If, Silvia, thou give me thy consent
To be my wife, that undeserving am.

Silvia

Willingly I gift to thee my body and my heart.
So I shall be thy wife. I am content.

Valentine

Witness all, the vow is freely given.
I now beseech you, for your daughter’s sake,  
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

**Duke**  
I grant it, for thine own, whate’er it be.

**Valentine**  
These banish’d few that I have kept withal  
Are each endu’d with worthy qualities.  
Forgive them what they have committed here  
And let them be recall’d from their exile.  
They are reformed, civil, full of good,  
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

**Duke**  
Thou hast prevail’d.  I pardon them and thee.  
Dispose of them as thou know’st their deserts.  
Come, let us go, we will conclude all jars  
With triumphs, mirth and rare solemnity.

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

**Duke**  
I think the boy hath grace in him.  He blushes.

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

**Duke**  
What mean you by that saying?

**Valentine**  
Please you, I’ll tell you as we pass along,  
That you will wonder what hath chanc’d this night.  
Come, Proteus, ’tis your penance but to hear  
The story of your love’s discovering.  
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours  
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

**Exeunt**

**Elegy**

*Company*  
*Cease to lament*  
*How time doth swiftly flow*  
*Life’s a dream from which we wake*  
*Our sleeping pleasures to forsake*  
*And vainly doth the painter show*  
*“Et in Arcadia ego”*  
*The burnish’d gold*  
*Of summer light*  
*Hides the shadow*  
*From our sight*  
*All shall be well.*

Rest you content

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Though winter's night be long
Yet if the candle burn too quick
The flame that hovers o'er the wick
Doth flicker once and then 'tis gone
A glow remains where once it shone

Build a fire
Against the cold
Each ember doth
Rememb'rance hold
All shall be well
All shall be well.