

Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,  
 I now am full resolv'd to take a wife 76  
 And turn her out to who will take her in:  
 Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;  
 For me and my possessions she esteems not.  
*Val.* What would your Grace have me to do in this? 80  
*Duke.* There is a lady of Verona here, Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy And nought esteems my aged eloquence: Now therefore, would I have thee to my tutor, For long ago I have forgot to court; 85  
 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. 88  
*Val.* 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. 92  
*Val.* A woman sometime 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, 96  
 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; 100  
 For, 'get you gone,' she doth not mean, 'away!' Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces; Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.  
 That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man, 104  
 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, 108  
 That no man hath access by day to her.  
*Val.* Why then, I would resort to her by night.  
*Duke.* Ay, but the doors be lock'd and keys kept safe,  
 That no man hath recourse to her by night. 112  
*Val.* 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. 116  
*Val.* 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. 120  
*Duke.* Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood, Advise me where I may have such a ladder.  
*Val.* When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.  
*Duke.* This very night; for Love is like a child, 124  
 That longs for every thing that he can come by.  
*Val.* By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.  
*Duke.* But hark thee; I will go to her alone: How shall I best convey the ladder thither? 128  
*Val.* It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it  
 Under a cloak that is of any length.  
*Duke.* A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?  
*Val.* Ay, my good lord.  
*Duke.* Then let me see thy cloak: 132  
 I'll get me one of such another length.  
*Val.* Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.  
*Duke.* How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?  
 I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me. 136  
*[Pulls open VALENTINE'S cloak.]*  
 What letter is this same? What's here?—To Silvia!  
 And here an engine fit for my proceeding!  
 I'll be so bold to break the seal for once.  
 My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly; 140  
 And slaves they are to me that send them flying: O! could their master come and go as lightly, Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying! My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them; While I, their king, that thither them importune, Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them, Because myself do want my servants' fortune: I curse myself, for they are sent by me, 148  
 That they should harbour where their lord would be.  
 What's here?  
 Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.  
 'Tis so; and here's 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? 156  
 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. 160  
 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 164  
 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; 168  
 But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence. *[Exit.]*  
*Val.* 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 172  
 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 176  
 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, 180  
 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 Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive. 184  
 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.  
*Enter PROTEUS and LAUNCE.*  
*Pro.* Run, boy; run, run, and seek him out.  
*Launce.* Soho! soho! 189  
*Pro.* What seest thou?  
*Launce.* Him we go to find: there's not a hair on's head but 'tis a Valentine. 192  
*Pro.* Valentine?  
*Val.* No.  
*Pro.* Who then? his spirit?  
*Val.* Neither. 196  
*Pro.* What then?  
*Val.* Nothing.  
*Launce.* Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike? 200  
*Pro.* Who would'st thou strike?  
*Launce.* Nothing.  
*Pro.* Villain, forbear.  
*Launce.* Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,—  
*Pro.* Sirrah, I say, forbear.—Friend Valentine, a word.  
*Val.* My ears are stopp'd and cannot hear good news,  
 So much of bad already hath possess'd them.  
*Pro.* Then in dumb silence will I bury mine, For they are harsh, untuneable and bad. 209  
*Val.* Is Silvia dead?  
*Pro.* No, Valentine.  
*Val.* No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia! Hath she forsworn me? 213  
*Pro.* No, Valentine.  
*Val.* No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!  
 What is your news? 216  
*Launce.* Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.  
*Pro.* That thou art banished, O, that's the news,  
 From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.  
*Val.* O, I have fed upon this woe already, 220  
 And now excess of it will make me surfeit. Doth Silvia know that I am banished?  
*Pro.* Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom— 223  
 Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force— 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 228  
 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; 232  
 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, 236  
 With many bitter threats of bidding there.  
*Val.* 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, 240  
 As ending anthem of my endless dolour.  
*Pro.* 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. 244  
 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. 248  
 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: 252  
 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. As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself, 256  
 Regard thy danger, and along with me!  
*Val.* I pray thee, Launce, and if thou seest my boy,  
 Bid him make haste and meet me at the North-gate.  
*Pro.* Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine. 260  
*Val.* 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 the catalog 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. 280  
*Enter SPEED.*  
*Speed.* How now, Signior Launce! what news with your mastership?  
*Launce.* With my master's ship? why, it is at sea. 284  
*Speed.* Well, your old vice still; mistake the word. What news, then, in your paper?  
*Launce.* The blackest news that ever thou heardest. 288  
*Speed.* Why, man, how black?  
*Launce.* Why, as black as ink.  
*Speed.* Let me read them.



*Launce.* Fie on thee, jolthead! thou canst not read. 293

*Speed.* Thou liest; I can.

*Launce.* I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee? 296

*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. 300

*Speed.* Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

*Launce.* There; and Saint Nicholas be thy speed! 304

*Speed.* *Imprimis, She can milk.*

*Launce.* Ay, that she can.

*Speed.* *Item, She brews good ale.*

*Launce.* And thereof comes the proverb, 'Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.' 309

*Speed.* *Item, She can sew.*

*Launce.* That's as much as to say, Can she so? 312

*Speed.* *Item, She can knit.*

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

*Speed.* *Item, She can wash and scour.* 316

*Launce.* A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

*Speed.* *Item, She can spin.*

*Launce.* Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living. 321

*Speed.* *Item, She hath many nameless virtues.*

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

*Speed.* *Here follow her vices.*

*Launce.* Close at the heels of her virtues. 328

*Speed.* *Item, She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath.*

*Launce.* Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on. 332

*Speed.* *Item, She hath a sweet mouth.*

*Launce.* That makes amends for her sour breath.

*Speed.* *Item, She doth talk in her sleep.* 336

*Launce.* It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

*Speed.* *Item, She is slow in words.*

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

*Speed.* *Item, She is proud.* 344

*Launce.* 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, because I love crusts. 349

*Speed.* *Item, She is curst.*

*Launce.* Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite. 352

*Speed.* *Item, She will often praise her liquor.*

*Launce.* If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised. 356

*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.* 365

*Launce.* Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more. 368

*Speed.* *Item, 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.*— 376

*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 stays for thee at the North-gate. 385

*Speed.* For me?

*Launce.* For thee! ay; who art thou? he hath stayed for a better man than thee. 388

*Speed.* And must I go to him?

*Launce.* Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long that going will scarce serve the turn. 392

*Speed.* Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love-letters! [Exit.]

*Launce.* Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter. An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets. I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter DUKE and THURIO.*

*Duke.* Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you,

Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

*Thu.* Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,

Forsworn my company and rail'd at me, 4

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. 8

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? 12

*Pro.* Gone, my good lord.

*Duke.* My daughter takes his going grievously.

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

*Duke.* So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so. Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,— 17 For thou hast shown some sign of good desert,— Makes me the better to confer with thee.

*Pro.* Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace Let me not live to look upon your Grace. 21

*Duke.* Thou know'st how willingly I would effect

The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.

*Pro.* I do, my lord. 24

*Duke.* And also, I think, thou art not ignorant

How she opposes her against my will.

*Pro.* She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

*Duke.* Ay, and perversely she perseveres so. 28 What might we do to make the girl forget The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?

*Pro.* 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.

*Pro.* Ay, if his enemy deliver it: Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken

By one whom she esteemeth as his friend. 37

*Duke.* Then you must undertake to slander him.

*Pro.* And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do: 'Tis an ill office for a gentleman, 40 Especially against his very friend.

*Duke.* Where your good word cannot advantage him,

Your slander never can endamage him: Therefore the office is indifferent, 44

Being entreated to it by your friend.

*Pro.* You have prevail'd, my lord. If I can do it,

By aught that I can speak in his dispraise, She shall not long continue love to him. 48

But say this weed her love from Valentine, It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.

*Thu.* Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,

Lest it should ravel and be good to none, 52 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, 56

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 60

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 my friend. 65

*Pro.* As much as I can do I will effect. But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;

You must lay lime to tangle her desires 68 By wailful sonnets, whose composed rimes Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows.

*Duke.* Ay, Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy. 72

*Pro.* 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 76 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 80 Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.

After your dire-lamenting elegies, Visit by night your lady's chamber-window

With some sweet consort: to their instruments Tune a deploring dump; 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 been in love. 88

*Thu.* 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. 92 I have a sonnet that will serve the turn

To give the onset to thy good advice.

*Duke.* About it, gentlemen!

*Pro.* We'll wait upon your grace till after-supper, 96

And afterward determine our proceedings.

*Duke.* Even now about it! I will pardon you. [Exeunt.]

## ACT IV

SCENE I.—*A Forest between Milan and Verona.*

*Enter certain Outlaws.*

*First Out.* Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.

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

*Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.*

*Third Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye;

If not, we'll make you sit and rifle you. 4

*Speed.* Sir, we are undone: these are the villains

That all the travellers do fear so much.

*Val.* My friends,—

*First Out.* That's not so, sir; we are your enemies. 8

*Sec. Out.* Peace! we'll hear him.

*Third Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we, for he is a proper man.

*Val.* Then know, that I have little wealth to lose.

A man I am cross'd with adversity: 12 My riches are these poor habiliments,

Of which if you should here disfigure me, You take the sum and substance that I have.

*Sec. Out.* Whither travel you? 16

*Val.* To Verona.

*First Out.* Whence came you?

*Val.* From Milan.



*Third Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?  
*Val.* Some sixteen months; and longer might  
 have stay'd 21  
*If* crooked fortune had not thwarted me.  
*Sec. Out.* What! were you banish'd thence?  
*Val.* I was. 24  
*Sec. Out.* For what offence?  
*Val.* 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, 28  
 Without false vantage or base treachery.  
*First Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were  
 done so.  
 But were you banish'd for so small a fault?  
*Val.* I was, and held me glad of such a doom.  
*Sec. Out.* Have you the tongues? 33  
*Val.* My youthful travel therein made me  
 happy,  
 Or else I often had been miserable.  
*Third Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's  
 fat friar, 36  
 This fellow were a king for our wild faction!  
*First Out.* We'll have him: Sirs, a word.  
*Speed.* Master, be one of them;  
 It is an honourable kind of thievery. 40  
*Val.* Peace, villain!  
*Sec. Out.* Tell us this: have you anything to  
 take to?  
*Val.* Nothing, but my fortune.  
*Third Out.* Know then, that some of us are  
 gentlemen, 44  
 Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth  
 Thrust from the company of awful men:  
 Myself was from Verona banished  
 For practising to steal away a lady, 48  
 An heir, and near allied unto the duke.  
*Sec. Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentle-  
 man,  
 Who, in my mood, I stab'd unto the heart.  
*First Out.* And I for such like petty crimes  
 as these. 52  
 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 56  
 A linguist, and a man of such perfection  
 As we do in our quality much want—  
*Sec. Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd  
 man,  
 Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you. 60  
 Are you content to be our general?  
 To make a virtue of necessity  
 And live, as we do, in this wilderness?  
*Third Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be  
 of our consort? 64  
 Say 'ay,' and be the captain of us all:  
 We'll do thee homage and be rul'd by thee,  
 Love thee as our commander and our king.  
*First Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy,  
 thou diest. 68  
*Sec. Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we  
 have offer'd.  
*Val.* I take your offer and will live with you,  
 Provided that you do no outrages  
 On silly women, or poor passengers. 72

*Third Out.* No; we detest such vile, base  
 practices.  
 Come, go with us; we'll bring thee to our crews,  
 And show thee all the treasure we have got,  
 Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose. 76  
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Milan. The Court of the DUKE'S  
 Palace.

Enter PROTEUS.

*Pro.* Already have I been false to Valentine,  
 And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.  
 Under the colour of commending him,  
 I have access my own love to prefer: 4  
 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, 9  
 She bids me think how I have been forsworn  
 In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:  
 And notwithstanding all her sudden quips, 12  
 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.  
 But here comes Thurio: now must we to her  
 window, 16  
 And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO, and Musicians.

*Thu.* How now, Sir Proteus! are you crept  
 before us?  
*Pro.* Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that  
 love  
 Will creep in service where it cannot go. 20  
*Thu.* Ay; but I hope, sir, that you love not  
 here.  
*Pro.* Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.  
*Thu.* Who? Silvia?  
*Pro.* Ay, Silvia, for your sake. 24  
*Thu.* I thank you for your own. Now, gentle-  
 men,  
 Let's tune, and to it lustily a while.

Enter Host and JULIA behind. JULIA in boy's  
 clothes.

*Host.* Now, my young guest, methinks you're  
 allycholly: I pray you, why is it? 28  
*Jul.* Marry, mine host, because I cannot be  
 merry.  
*Host.* Come, we'll have you merry. I'll bring  
 you where you shall hear music and see the  
 gentleman that you asked for. 33  
*Jul.* But shall I hear him speak?  
*Host.* Ay, that you shall.  
*Jul.* That will be music. [Music plays. 37  
*Host.* Hark! hark!  
*Jul.* Is he among these?  
*Host.* Ay; but peace! let's hear 'em.

SONG

Who is Silvia? what is she, 40  
 That all our swains commend her?  
 Holy, fair, and wise is she;  
 The heaven such grace did lend her,  
 That she might admired be. 44

Is she kind as she is fair?  
 For beauty lives with kindness: 104  
 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.  
*Host.* How now! are you sadder than you  
 were before? How do you, man? the music likes  
 you not. 57  
*Jul.* You mistake; the musician likes me not.  
*Jul.* Why, my pretty youth?  
*Jul.* He plays false, father. 60  
*Host.* How? out of tune on the strings?  
*Jul.* Not so; but yet so false that he grieves  
 my very heart-strings.  
*Host.* You have a quick ear. 64  
*Jul.* Ay; I would I were deaf; it makes me  
 have a slow heart.  
*Host.* I perceive you delight not in music.  
*Jul.* Not a whit,—when it jars so. 68  
*Host.* Hark! what fine change is in the music!  
*Jul.* Ay, that change is the spite.  
*Host.* You would have them always play but  
 one thing? 72  
*Jul.* I would always have one play but one  
 thing.  
 But, host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on  
 Often resort unto this gentlewoman?  
*Host.* I will tell you what Launce, his man,  
 told me: he lov'd her out of all nick. 77  
*Jul.* Where is Launce?  
*Host.* Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow,  
 by his master's command, he must carry for a  
 present to his lady. 81  
*Jul.* Peace! stand aside: the company parts.  
*Pro.* Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead  
 That you shall say my cunning drift excels. 84  
*Thu.* Where meet we?  
*Pro.* At Saint Gregory's well.  
*Thu.* Farewell.  
 [Exeunt THURIO and Musicians.]

Enter SILVIA above, at her window.

*Pro.* Madam, good even to your ladyship. 88  
*Sil.* I thank you for your music, gentlemen.  
 Who is that that spake?  
*Pro.* One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's  
 truth,  
 You would quickly learn to know him by his  
 voice. 92  
*Sil.* Sir Proteus, as I take it.  
*Pro.* Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your ser-  
 vant.  
*Sil.* What is your will?  
*Pro.* That I may compass yours.  
*Sil.* You have your wish; my will is even this:  
 That presently you hie you home to bed. 97  
 Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!  
 Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,  
 To be seduced by thy flattery, 100  
 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 104  
 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.  
*Pro.* I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;  
 But she is dead. 52  
*Jul.* [Aside.] 'Twere false, if I should speak it;  
 For I am sure she is not buried.  
*Sil.* Say that she be; yet Valentine thy friend  
 Survives; to whom, thyself art witness 112  
 I am betroth'd: and art thou not asham'd  
 To wrong him with thy importunacy?  
*Pro.* I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.  
*Sil.* And so suppose am I; for in his grave,  
 Assume thyself my love is buried. 117  
*Pro.* Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.  
*Sil.* Go to thy lady's grave and call her thence;  
 Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine. 120  
*Jul.* [Aside.] He heard not that.  
*Pro.* Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,  
 Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,  
 The picture that is hanging in your chamber:  
 To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep;  
 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. 128  
*Jul.* [Aside.] If 'twere a substance, you would,  
 sure, deceive it,  
 And make it but a shadow, as I am.  
*Sil.* I am very loath to be your idol, sir;  
 But, since your falsehood shall become you well  
 To worship shadows and adore false shapes, 133  
 Send to me in the morning and I'll send it.  
 And so, good rest.  
*Pro.* As wretches have o'er night  
 That wait for execution in the morn. 136  
 [Exeunt PROTEUS, and SILVIA, above.]  
*Jul.* Host, will you go?  
*Host.* By my halidom, I was fast asleep.  
*Jul.* Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?  
*Host.* Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think  
 'tis almost day. 141  
*Jul.* Not so; but it hath been the longest  
 night  
 That e'er I watch'd and the most heaviest.  
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The Same.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

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

Enter SILVIA above, at her window.

*Sil.* Who calls?  
*Egl.* Your servant, and your friend; 4  
 One that attends your ladyship's command.  
*Sil.* Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good  
 morrow.  
*Egl.* As many, worthy lady, to yourself.  
 According to your ladyship's impose, 8  
 I am thus early come to know what service  
 It is your pleasure to command me in.  
*Sil.* O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman—



## TWO GENTLEMEN

40

[ACT IV]

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,  
Now how my father would enforce me marry  
Vain Thurio, 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,  
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.  
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,  
To Mantua, where, I hear he makes abode;  
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,  
I do desire thy worthy company,  
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.  
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,  
Which heaven and fortune still rewards with  
plagues.  
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.  
Egl. 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?  
Sil. This evening coming.  
Egl. Where shall I meet you?  
Sil. At Friar Patrick's cell,  
Where I intend holy confession.  
Egl. I will not fail your ladyship.  
Good morrow, gentle lady.  
Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.  
[Exeunt severally.]

## SCENE IV.—The Same.

Enter LAUNCE with his dog.

Launce. When a man's servant shall play the  
cur with him, look you, it goes hard; one that  
I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from  
drowning, when three or four of his blind bro-  
thers and sisters went to it. I have taught him,  
even as one would say precisely, 'Thus would I  
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. I would  
have, as one should say, one that takes upon  
him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog  
at all things. If I had not had more wit than  
he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think  
verily he had been hanged 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  
killed, otherwise he had suffered for't; thou  
thinkest not of this now. Nay, I remember the  
trick you served me when I took my leave of  
Madam Silvia: did not I bid thee still mark me  
and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave  
up my leg and make water against a gentle-  
woman's farthingale? Didst thou ever see me  
do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS, and JULIA in boy's clothes.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well  
And will employ thee in some service presently.  
Jul. In what you please: I will do what I can.  
Pro. I hope thou wilt. [To LAUNCE.] How  
now, you whoreson peasant!  
Where have you been these two days loitering?  
Launce. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia  
the dog you bade me.  
Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?  
Launce. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur,  
and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for  
such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?  
Launce. No, indeed, did she not: here have I  
brought him back again.

Pro. What! didst thou offer her this from me?  
Launce. Ay, sir: the other squirrel was stolen  
from me by the hangman boys in the market-  
place; and then I offered her mine own, who is  
a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the  
gift the greater.

Pro. 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?  
A slave that still an end turns me to shame.  
[Exit LAUNCE.]

Sebastian, I have entertained thee  
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,  
That can with some discretion do my business,  
For 't is 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:  
Therefore, know thou, for this I entertain thee.  
Go presently, and take this ring with thee.  
Deliver it to Madam Silvia:  
She lov'd me well deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems, you lov'd not her, to leave her  
token.  
She's dead, belike?

## SCENE IV]

41

## TWO GENTLEMEN

Pro. Not so: I think, she lives.  
Jul. Alas!  
Pro. Why dost thou cry 'alas'?  
Jul. I cannot choose  
But pity her.  
Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pity her?  
Jul. 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!'  
Pro. Well, well, give her that ring and there-  
withal  
This letter: that's her chamber. Tell my lady  
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.  
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,  
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary. [Exit.]  
Jul. 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, attended.

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my  
mean

To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.  
Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?  
Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience  
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. O! he sends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.

[A picture brought.]

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

Jul. 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.

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

Jul. It may not be: good madam, pardon me.

Sil. 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 his paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this  
ring.

Sil. 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.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender  
her.

Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her  
much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:

To think upon her woes, I do protest

That I have wept a hundred several times.

Sil. Belike, she thinks, that Proteus hath for-  
sok her.

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

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is.

When she did think my master lov'd her well,  
She, in my judgment, 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.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. 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 judgments,

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!

Sil. 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.

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you  
know her.—[Exit SILVIA, with Attendants.]

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.

Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow;

Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow;



## TWO GENTLEMEN

42

[ACT V

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? 200  
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, 205  
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 us'd 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.]

## ACT V

## SCENE I.—Milan. An Abbey.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. 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, 4  
Unless it be to come before their time,  
So much they spur their expedition.  
See, where she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

Lady, a happy evening!  
Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour, 8  
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall.  
I fear I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues  
off;  
If we recover that, we're sure enough. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in the  
DUKE'S Palace.

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?  
Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;  
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.  
Thu. What! that my leg is too long? 4  
Pro. No, that it is too little.  
Thu. I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat  
rounder.  
Jul. [Aside.] But love will not be spurr'd to  
what it loathes.  
Thu. What says she to my face? 8  
Pro. She says it is a fair one.  
Thu. Nay then, the wanton lies; my face is  
black.  
Pro. But pearls are fair, and the old saying is,  
'Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.'  
Jul. [Aside.] 'Tis true, such pearls as put out  
ladies' eyes; 13  
For I had rather wink than look on them.  
Thu. How likes she my discourse?  
Pro. Ill, when you talk of war. 16

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and  
peace?

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

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that. 20

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

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. [Aside.] True; from a gentleman to a  
fool. 24

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. [Aside.] That such an ass should owe  
them. 28

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus! how now,  
Thurio!

Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late? 32

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why then,

She's fled unto that peasant Valentine,  
And Eglamour is in her company. 36

'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; 40

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, 44

But mount you presently and meet with me  
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot,

That leads towards Mantua, whither they are  
fled.

Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.

[Exit.]

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,  
That flies her fortune when it follows her. 50

I'll after, more to be reveng'd on Eglamour  
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [Exit.]

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

[Exit.]

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

SCENE III.—Frontiers of Mantua. The Forest.

Enter Outlaws with SILVIA.

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

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this  
one

Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently. 4

Second Out. Come, bring her away.

## SCENE III]

43

## TWO GENTLEMEN

First Out. Where is the gentleman that was  
with her?

Third Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath  
outrun us;

But Moyses and Valerius follow him. 8

Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;  
There is our captain. We'll follow him that's  
fled:

The thicket is beset; he cannot 'scape.

[Exeunt all except the First Outlaw  
and SILVIA.]

First Out. Come, I must bring you to our  
captain's cave. 12

Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,  
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine! this I endure for thee.  
[Exeunt.]

## SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. 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, 4

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 8

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! 11

[Noise within.]

What halloing and what stir is this to-day?  
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 16

To keep them from uncivil outrages.  
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes  
here? [Steps aside.]

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for  
you—

Though you respect not aught your servant  
doth— 20

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, 24

And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.  
Val. [Aside.] How like a dream is this I see  
and hear!

Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.  
Sil. O, miserable, unhappy that I am! 28

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

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most  
unhappy.

Jul. [Aside.] And me, when he approacheth  
to your presence. 32

Sil. 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, 36  
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. 40

Pro. 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 be-  
lov'd! 44

Sil. 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 48  
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. 52  
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love  
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words  
Can no way change you to a milder form, 56

I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,  
And love you 'gainst the nature of love,—  
force ye.

Sil. O heaven!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. [Coming forward.] Ruffian, let go that  
rude uncivil touch; 60

Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that's without  
faith or love—

For such is a friend now—treacherous man!  
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes: naught but mine  
eye 64

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, 68  
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,

But count the world a stranger for thy sake.  
The private wound is deep'st. O time most  
curst!

'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the  
worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confound me. 73  
Forgive me, Valentine. If hearty sorrow

Be a sufficient ransom for offence,  
I tender 't here: I do as truly suffer 76

As e'er I did commit.

Val. 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. 81

By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd: 81



And, that my love may appear plain and free,  
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

*Jul.* O me unhappy!

*Pro.* Look to the boy.

*Val.* Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what's  
the matter?

Look up; speak.

*Jul.* O good sir, my master charg'd me

To deliver a ring to Madam Silvia,

Which out of my neglect was never done.

*Pro.* Where is that ring, boy?

*Jul.* Here 'tis: this is it. [*Gives a ring.*]

*Pro.* How! let me see.

Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

*Jul.* O, cry you mercy, sir; I have mistook:

This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

[*Shows another ring.*]

*Pro.* But how cam'st thou by this ring?

At my depart I gave this unto Julia.

*Jul.* And Julia herself did give it me;

And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

*Pro.* How! Julia!

*Jul.* Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,

And entertain'd them 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 that I have took upon me

Such an immodest raiment; if shame live

In a disguise of love.

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,

Women to change their shapes than men their

minds.

*Pro.* 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:

Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.

What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy

More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

*Val.* Come, come, a hand from either.

Let me be blest to make this happy close:

'Twere pity two such friends should be long

foes.

*Pro.* Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish,

for ever.

*Jul.* And I mine.

*Enter Outlaws with DUKE and THURIO.*

*Out.* A prize! a prize! a prize!

*Val.* Forbear, forbear, I say; it is my lord

the duke.

Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,

Banished Valentine.

*Duke.* Sir Valentine!

*Thu.* Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

*Val.* Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy  
death;

Come not within the measure of my wrath;

Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,

Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands;

Take but possession of her with a touch;

I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

*Thu.* Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I.

I hold him but a fool that will endanger

His body for a girl that loves him not:

I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

*Duke.* The more degenerate and base art

thou,

To make such means for 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.

*Val.* I thank your Grace; the gift hath made

me happy.

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.

*Val.* These banish'd men, that I have kept

withal

Are men 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 include all jars

With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

*Val.* 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.

*Val.* I warrant you, my lord, more grace

than boy.

*Duke.* What mean you by that saying?

*Val.* Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,

That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.

Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear

The story of your loves discovered:

That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;

One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*]

## THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.  
FENTON, a young Gentleman.  
SHALLOW, a Country Justice.  
SLENDER, Cousin to Shallow.  
FORD, } two Gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.  
PAGE, }  
WILLIAM PAGE, a Boy, Son to Page.  
SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welsh Parson.  
DOCTOR CAIUS, a French Physician.  
HOST of the Garter Inn.  
BARDOLPH, PISTOL, Nym, Followers of Falstaff.

ROBIN, Page to Falstaff.  
SIMPLE, Servant to Slender.  
RUGBY, Servant to Doctor Caius.

MISTRESS FORD.  
MISTRESS PAGE.  
ANNE PAGE, her Daughter, in love with Fenton.  
MISTRESS QUICKLY, Servant to Doctor Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE.—Windsor; and the Neighbourhood.

### ACT I

SCENE I.—Windsor. Before PAGE's House.

*Enter JUSTICE SHALLOW, SLENDER, and SIR  
HUGH EVANS.*

*Shal.* Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will  
make a Star-chamber matter of it; if he were  
twenty Sir John Falstaffs he shall not abuse  
Robert Shallow, esquire.

*Slen.* In the county of Gloster, justice of  
peace, and coram.

*Shal.* Ay, cousin Slender, and cust-alorum.

*Slen.* Ay, and rato-lorum too; and a gentle-  
man born, Master Parson; who writes himself  
armigero, in any bill, warrant, quittance, or  
obligation,—armigero.

*Shal.* Ay, that I do; and have done any time  
these three hundred years.

*Slen.* All his successors gone before him hath  
done 't; and all his ancestors that come after him  
may: they may give the dozen white lutes in  
their coat.

*Shal.* It is an old coat.

*Eva.* The dozen white louses do become an  
old coat well; it agrees well, *passant*; it is a  
familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

*Shal.* The lute is the fresh fish; the salt fish  
is an old coat.

*Slen.* I may quarter, coz?

*Shal.* You may, by marrying.

*Eva.* It is marrying indeed, if he quarter it.

*Shal.* Not a whit.

*Eva.* Yes, py'r lady; if he has a quarter of  
your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself,  
in my simple conjectures: but that is all one.  
If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparage-  
ments unto you, I am of the Church, and will be  
glad to do my benevolence to make atonements  
and compromises between you.

*Shal.* The Council shall hear it; it is a riot.

*Eva.* It is not meet the Council hear a riot;  
there is no fear of Got in a riot. The Council,  
look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and  
not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

*Shal.* Ha! o' my life, if I were young again,  
the sword should end it.

*Eva.* It is petter that friends is the sword,  
and end it; and there is also another device in  
my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot dis-  
cretions with it. There is Anne Page, which is  
daughter to Master Thomas Page, which is pretty  
virginity.

*Slen.* Mistress Anne Page? She has brown  
hair, and speaks small like a woman.

*Eva.* It is that fery person for all the orld, as  
just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds  
of moneys, and gold and silver, is her grandsire,  
upon his death's-bed,—Got deliver to a joyful  
resurrections!—give, when she is able to overtake  
seventeen years old. It were a goot motion if  
we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a  
marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress  
Anne Page.

*Shal.* Did her grandsire leave her seven hun-  
dred pound?

*Eva.* Ay, and her father is make her a petter  
penny.

*Shal.* I know the young gentlewoman; she  
has good gifts.

*Eva.* Seven hundred pounds and possibilities  
is goot gifts.

*Shal.* Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is  
Falstaff there?

*Eva.* Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a  
liar as I do despise one that is false; or as I  
despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir  
John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by  
your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master  
Page. [*Knocks.*] What, ho! Got pless your  
house here!

*Page.* [*Within.*] Who's there?

*Eva.* Here is Got's plessing, and your friend,  
and Justice Shallow; and here young Master  
Slender, that peradventures shall tell you an-  
other tale, if matters grow to your likings.

*Enter PAGE.*

*Page.* I am glad to see your worships well.  
I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* Master Page, I am glad to see you;  
much good do it your good heart! I wished your  
venison better; it was ill killed. How doth good