

SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMATIC WORKS

WITH

EXPLANATORY NOTES, PARALLEL PASSAGES, HISTORICAL AND
CRITICAL ILLUSTRATIONS, CONTEMPORARY ALLUSIONS,
A COPIOUS GLOSSARY, BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH,
AND INDEXES

BY

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WITH 370 ILLUSTRATIONS

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THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

CHARACTERS.

DUKE OF MILAN, father to Silvia.
VALENTINE, } *the Two Gentlemen.*
PROTEUS, }

ANTONIO, father to Proteus.
THURIO, a foolish rival to Valentine.
EGLAMOUR, agent for Silvia in her escape.
SPEED, a clownish servant to Valentine.
LAUNCE, the like to Proteus.
PANTHINO, servant to Antonio.

HOST, where Julia lodges.
OUTLAWS, with Valentine.

JULIA, a lady of Verona, beloved of Proteus.

SILVIA, the Duke's daughter, beloved of Valentine.

LUCETTA, waiting-woman to Julia.

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE: Verona; Milan; and on the frontiers of Mantua.

[This comedy was first published in the folio edition of Shakspeare's plays, edited by John Heminge and Henry Condell, in 1623. As with most of the great poet's works, it is difficult to determine when it was written. Malone fixes the date in 1592. For this opinion he puts forward no satisfactory grounds; but it seems certain that it was one of Shakspeare's earliest plays, and perhaps, as Mr. Knight asserts, his "first complete comedy." Some hints for its plot he is supposed to have borrowed from George of Montemayor's romance of *Diana*. No English translation of the latter, however, was published until 1598; and as the balance of evidence is decidedly in favour of a far earlier production of the comedy, we believe that the Spanish romance was not known to Shakspeare.]

Hazlitt's criticism on this fresh and genial drama, so manifestly the work of a young, unpractised poet, seems very just: "It is little more," he says, "than the first outlines of a comedy loosely sketched in. It is the story of a novel dramatized with very little labour or pretension; yet there are passages of high poetical spirit, and of inimitable quaintness of humour, which are undoubtedly Shakspeare's, and there is throughout the conduct of the fable a careless grace and felicity which marks it for his. . . . The scene of Launce with his dog (in the Fourth Act) is a perfect treat in the way of farcical drollery and invention. The tender scenes in this play, though not so highly wrought as in some others, have often much sweetness of sentiment and expression."—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakspeare's Plays*, pp. 244-247.]

ACT I.

Scene I.—Verona. An open place.

Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus:
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Were't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honoured love,
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardized at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But since thou lovest, love still and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine,
adieu!

Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, seest
Some rare note-worthy 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.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success!

Pro. Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep
love:

How young Leander crossed the Hellespont.*

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;

For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? Nay, give me not the
boots.†

Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

* Referring to the poem of Musæus, *Hero and Leander*, partly translated by Marlowe in 1593.

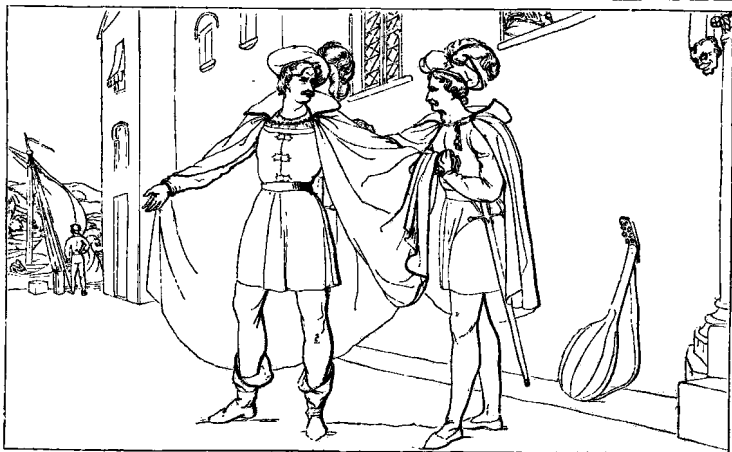
† An old proverbial expression, equivalent to "Joke not with me." Some authorities see in it an allusion to the instrument of torture called the "boots;" others, to a Warwickshire custom not unlike the naval one of *coasting*.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Love turns Wit to Folly.]

(ACT I., SCENE I.)

["Ship" and "Sheep."] [Exit.]



["Will thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!"]—A. I. S. 1.]

Pro.

Val. 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:
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However,* but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance,† you call me
fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance,‡ I fear you'll
prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at: I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you:
And he that is so yokèd by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

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

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,§
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turned 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?

Once more, adieu: my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipped.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.
Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our
leave.

To Milan let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success in love, and what news else

What?

Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and so, fare-
well.

Pro. 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 metamorphosed 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.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my
master?

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for
Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one, then, he is shipped
already,

And I have played the sheep* in losing him.

Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be a while away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a
shepherd then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why, then, my horns are his horns,
whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard but I'll prove it by an-
other.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and
not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my

* That is, "in whatsoever way."

† Used in the sense of "inference."

‡ Used in the sense of "position."

§ See also Shakespeare's 70th Sonnet.

* A play on the word "ship," which is pronounced
"sheep" in many English counties. See *Comedy of
Errors*, Act iv., Scene i.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Nod—Ay, and Noddy.]

(ACT I., SCENES I. AND II.)

[*A Censure on Suitors*

master, and my master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep: thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore, thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry "baa."

Pro. But, dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton,* and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are a stray, 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound,—a pinfold.

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

Pro. But what said she?

Speed. [*Nodding*] Ay.

Pro. Nod—Ay—why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod; and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, "Ay."

Pro. And that set together is "noddy."

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

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

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter, very orderly; having nothing but the word "noddy" for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: what said she?

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

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.
Pro. Why, couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind.† Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What said she?—nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as—"Take this for thy pains." To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testerned me;* in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself. And so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,

Which cannot perish having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death on shore.†

[*Exit Speed.*

I must go send some better messenger:
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[*Exit.*

Scene II.—The same. Garden of Julia's house.

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

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

Luc. Ay, madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

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

Luc. Please you repeat their names; I'll show my mind

According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

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

But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

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

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

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

Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam: 'tis a passing shame

That I, unworthy body as I am,

Should censure† thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus: of many good I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;

I think him so because I think him so.

Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never moved me.

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

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love that do not show their love.

Luc. Oh, they love least that let men know their love.

* A *tester* was a coin, worth about sixpence.

† A similar allusion occurs in *The Tempest*, Act i.,

Scene i.

‡ Should pass judgment.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Love's Pretences.]

(ACT I, SCENE II.)

[Love's Exaggeration.]

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. "To Julia."—Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will show.

Jul. Say, say, who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.

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

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

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker! * Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

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

And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper; see it be returned;

Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will you be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate.

[Exit.]

Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlooked the letter.

It were a shame to call her back again,

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

What 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."

File, fie, how wayward is this foolish love

That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!

How churlishly I chide Lucetta hence,

When willingly I would have had her here!

How angrily I taught my brow to frown,

When inward joy enforced my heart to smile!

My penance is to call Lucetta back,

And ask remission for my folly past.—

What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is't near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were,

That you might kill your stomach† on your meat

And not upon your maid

Jul. What is't that you

Took up so gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop, then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,

Unless it have a false interpreter.

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

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune. Give me a note: your ladyship can set.‡

* A match-maker.

† Used in a double sense, for "appetite" and "ill-temper."

‡ Compose.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible. Best sing it to the tune of "Light o' love."*

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

Jul. Heavy? belike it hath some burden then!

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

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song. How now, minion!

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:

And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,

And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:†

There wanteth but a mean‡ to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drowned with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base§ for Proteus.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.

Here is a coil with protestation! *[Tears the letter.]*

Go, get you gone, and let the papers lie:

You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleased

To be so angered with another letter. *[Exit.]*

Jul. Nay, would I were so angered with the same!

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 writ—"kind Julia." Unkind Julia!

As in revenge of thy ingratitude,

I throw thy name against the bruising stones,

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

And here is writ—"love-wounded Proteus."

Poor wounded name! my bosom as a bed

Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly healed;

And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.

But twice, or thrice, was "Proteus" written down:—

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.

Luc. Madam,

Dinner is ready, and your father stays.

* An old and apparently popular dance-tune. See *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act III, Scene 4. Allusions to it occur in Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen*, and Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Noble Gentleman*.

† A variation.

‡ The tenor.

§ Alluding to the game of "Prisoner's Base." Lucetta means, in Proteus' name, I challenge you to a contest.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

The Education of Travel.

(ACT I., SCENE III.)

[*Father and Son.*]

Jul. Well, let us go.

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

Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:

Yet here they shall not lie for catching cold.*

Jul. I see you have a month's mind† to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;

I see things, too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come; will't please you go?
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—The same. Antonio's house.

Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk‡ was that

Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?
Pan. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pan. He wondered 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.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that

Whereon this month I have been hammering. I have considered well his loss of time, And how he cannot be a perfect man, Not being tried and tutored in the world: Experience is by industry achieved, And perfected by the swift course of time. Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pan. I think your lordship is not ignorant How his companion, youthful Valentine, Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:

There shall he practise tilts and tournaments, Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen, And be in eye of every exercise Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advised:

And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it The execution of it shall make known. Even with the speediest expedition I will despatch him to the emperor's court.

Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,

With other gentlemen of good esteem, Are journeying to salute the emperor, And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:

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

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. 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.

Oh, that our fathers would applaud our loves,

To seal our happiness with their consents!

O heavenly Julia!

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

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two

Of commendation sent from Valentine,

Delivered by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord, but that he writes

How happily he lives, how well beloved

And daily graced by the emperor;

Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,

And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. 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 resolved that thou shalt spend some time

With Valentinus in the emperor's court:

What maintenance he from his friends receives,

Like exhibition† thou shalt have from me.

To-morrow be in readiness to go:

Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided.

Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:

No more of stay! to-morrow thou must go.

Come on, Panthino: you shall be employed—

To hasten on his expedition.

[*Exeunt Antonio and Panthino.*]

Pro. Thus have I shunned the fire for fear of burning,

And drenched me in the sea, where I am drowned.

I feared 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.

Oh, 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 PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you.

He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto,

And yet a thousand times it answers "no."

[*Exeunt.*]

* Break the matter to him. See *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act I., Scene 1. The phrase, "in good time," was proverbial, answering to the French *à propos*; as in *King Richard III.*, Act III., Scene 1.—

† And, in good time, here comes the sweating lord."

‡ A similar allowance.

* Lest they catch cold.

† A desire for them. Probably, to preserve the metre, we should read *month's mind*.

‡ Sober or serious talk.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Special Marks of Love.]

(ACT II., SCENE I.)

[Its further Signs.]

ACT II.

Scene I.—Milan. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

Speed. Sir, your glove.

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Speed. Why, then, this may be yours, for this is but one.*

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:—Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!

Ah, Silvia, Silvia!
Speed. *[Calling.]* Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir, or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir! Tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wear the your arms, 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 school-boy 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 laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, 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 metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain, for, without you were so simple, none else would:‡ but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you and shine through you like the water in an urnal, that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she, I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knowest her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favoured, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favoured.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair as, of you, well-favoured.

Val. 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.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, so painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.

Val. How long hath she been deformed?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her, and still I see her beautiful.

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

Val. Why?

Speed. Because Love is blind. Oh, 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 ungartered!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly and her passing deformity; for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose,* and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. 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 swung me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

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

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them.—Peace! here she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

Speed. *[Aside.]* O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet!‡ Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. *[Aside.]* Oh, give ye good even! here's a million of manners!

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

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

Val. As you enjoined 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.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;

For, being ignorant to whom it goes,

I writ at random, very doubtfully.

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

* See *As You Like It*, Act iii., Scene 2.

† Seated, in opposition to *stand* in the preceding line.

‡ A puppet-show. *Speed* means that *Silvia* is the puppet, to, or rather *for*, whom his master will interpret.

* One was anciently pronounced *ow*.

† Like one of the lions then kept at the Tower.

‡ None else would be so.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

A Love-confession.]

(ACT II., SCENE I.)

[O excellent Device!

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much;
And yet—

Sil. 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."

Val. What means your ladyship? Do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly writ;

But since unwillingly, take them again.
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. 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.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

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

Val. If it please me, madam! what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour.

And so, good morrow, servant.

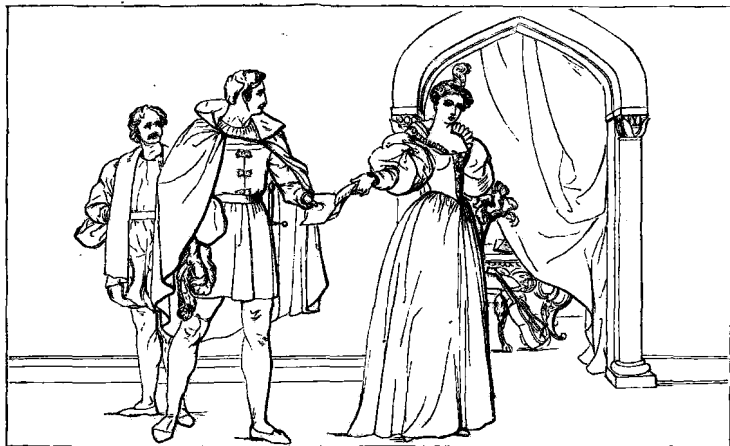
[Exit.

Speed. 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.

O excellent device! was there ever heard a better,



["The lines are very quaintly writ; but since unwillingly, take them again."—A. II. S. I.]

That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val. How now, sir? what are you reasoning with yourself?*

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: why, she woos you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. 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?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, sir. But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I write to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end.*

Val. 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."

* Discoursing to yourself.

* So in *Macbeth*, Act III., Scene 4.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

True Love cannot speak.]

(ACT II., SCENES II. AND III.)

[*Launce and his Dog.*]

All this I speak in print,* for in print I found it.
Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir; though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat. Oh, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved. †

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—Verona. An apartment in Julia's house.

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner.—

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[*Giving a ring.*]

Pro. Why, then, we'll make exchange; here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. 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!

[*Exit Julia.*]



[*"Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake" (giving a ring).—A. II. S. 3.]*

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

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, you are stayed for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come.—

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—The same. A street.

Enter LAUNCE, leading a dog.

Launce. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received 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-natured dog that lives:

my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, 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: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; 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 small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; 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: Oh, that she could

* With exactness. See Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*: "He must speake in print, walke in print, eat and drinke in print, and that which is all in all, he must be mad in print."—(p. 539, ed. 1632.)

† With compassion.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Two Quarrelsome Lovers.]

(ACT II., SCENES III. AND IV.)

[A Gentleman of Worth.]

speak now like a wood* 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 PANTHINO.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard! Thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weepest 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.

Pan. What's the unkindest tide?

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

Pan. 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.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Launce. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy 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.

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

Launce. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Launce. Well, I will go. [Exit.]

Scene IV.—Milan. The Duke's Palace.

Enter SILVIA, VALENTINE, THURIO, and SPEED.

Sil. Servant!

Val. Mistress!

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress, then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knocked him. [Exit.]

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem not.

Thy. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply I do.

Thy. So do counterfeiters.

Val. So do you.

Thy. What seem I that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thy. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thy. And how quote† you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thy. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thy. How?

* The first folios read *would woman*, and commentators explain it as put for *wood*, that is, "crazy," or "frantic with grief." So in Chaucer: "Then wolde he speke, and crye as he were wood."

† Mark. The word was pronounced as if written "cote," which suggests the quibble in the following line.

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

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.

Thy. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thy. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

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

Val. 'Tis, indeed, madam: we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows, kindly in your company.

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

Val. 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.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more. Here comes my father.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.—

Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:

What say you to a letter from your friends

Of much good news?

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

Duke. Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. 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?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves

The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I know him as myself; for from our infancy

We have conversed, 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 unmelior'd, but his judgment ripe;

And, in a word, for far behind his worth

Come 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 as worthy for an empress' love,

As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.

Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me,

With commendation from great potentates;

And here he means to spend his time awhile:

I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wished a thing, it had been he.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

A Welcome Guest.]

(ACT II., SCENE IV.)

[Valentine and Proteus.



[“Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you, confirm his welcome.”—A. II. S. 4.]

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth.

Silvia, I speak to you, and you, Sir Thurio; For Valentine, I need not cite him to it.—I will send him hither to you presently. [Exit.

Val. This is the gentleman I told your ladyship

Had come along with me, but that his mistress Did hold his eyes locked in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchised them

Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,

How could he see his way to seek out you?

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

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

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself: Upon a homely object Love can wink.

Sil. Have done, have done: here comes the gentleman.

Enter PROTEUS.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you, Confirm his welcome with some special favour. Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,

If this be he you oft have wished to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him

To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady: but too mean a servant

To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability:—

Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of; nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed.

Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. No; that you are worthless.

Enter SERVANT.*

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

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. [Exit Servant.] Come, Sir Thurio,

Go you 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.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[Exeunt Silvia and Thurio.] Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do you?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

* Collier, and other recent editors, make Thurio quit the stage when Proteus enters, and return again with the Duke's message to his daughter. We prefer the old reading: It is equally unlike that Thurio would discourteously leave on the entrance of a gentleman specially commended by the Duke, that he would be made the bearer of a message, or that Silvia would, in such a case, immediately request him to accompany her.

† This is the common stage direction. But we may reasonably suppose that Speed quitted the scene at an earlier period; probably after his last rejoinder to Valentine.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

[Love's a mighty Lord.]

(ACT II, SCENES IV. AND V.)

[Love changes Friendship]

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;

I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is altered now;

I have done penance for contemning Love,
Whose high imperious thoughts have punished 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 chased 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 humbled 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.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.

Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. Oh, flatter me; for love delights in praise.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills,

And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,

Yet let her be a principality.

Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any;

Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:

She shall be dignified with this high honour—

To hear 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.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;

She is alone. ‡

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. 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,

* No woe compared to his correction.

† So Lucan, *Pharsalia*, Book viii., "estate tumens" (summer-swelling). Shakespeare means, the summer-expanding flower.

‡ Stands alone (that is, unequalled).

Is gone with her along, and I must after;
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betrothed; nay, more,
our marriage-hour,

With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determined of; how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords, and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on, for my happiness.

Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:

I must unto the road,* to disembark
Some necessities that I needs must use,
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. 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 her mien, 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, for now my love is thawed;

Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,

Bears no impression of the thing it was.

Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold,

And that I love him not as I was wont.

Oh, but I love his lady too too much,

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

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;

If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [Exit.]

Scene V.—The same. A street.

Enter SPEED and LAUNCE from opposite directions.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan!

Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth,
for I am not welcome. I reckon this always,—
that a man is never undone till he be hanged,
nor never welcome to a place till some certain
shot be paid, and the hostess say "Welcome!"

Speed. Come on, you madcap, I'll to the
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 closed in earnest,
they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

* The open harbour.

† This is a confessedly difficult passage. We subjoin several readings:—

"Is it mine, or Valentine's praise?"—*Folio 1603.*

"Is it mine eye, or Valentine's praise?"—*Shewers.*

"Is it mine, then, or Valentine's praise?"—*Ritson,*
after the *Folio* of 1623.

"Is it mine eye, or Valentine's praise?"—*Collier.*

‡ With further knowledge.

§ Her exterior graces. In the next line read *dazzled*
as a trisyllable.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

A Wit-Combat.]

(ACT II., SCENES V., VI., AND VII.)

[Contending Passions.]

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 sayest?
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 says 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 mistakest 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, go with me to the alehouse; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and 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 Christian. Wilt thou go?
Speed. At thy service. [Exeunt.]

Scene VI.—The same. A room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. 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 sinned,
 Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!
 At first I did adore a twinkling star,
 But now I worship a celestial sun.
 Unheeded vows may heedfully be broken,
 And he wants wit that wants resolved will
 To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better—
 Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
 Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd

* "Ales" were merry-meetings celebrated on the holidays appointed by the Church. † Tempting.

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;
 And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
 Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
 I cannot now prove constant to myself,
 Without some treachery used to Valentine.
 This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
 To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window,—
 Myself in counsel his competitor.*
 Now presently I'll give her father notice
 Of their disguising and pretended † flight;
 Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine,
 For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter;
 But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
 By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
 Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
 As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift!
[Exit.]

Scene VII.—Verona. Julia's house.

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me;
 And even in kind love I do conjure thee,
 Who art the table † wherein all my thoughts
 Are visibly characted and engraved,
 To lesson me and tell me some good mean
 How, with my honour, I may undertake
 A journey to my loving Proteus.
Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long!
Jul. 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.
Luc. Better forbear till Proteus make return.
Jul. Oh, 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,
 Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
 As seek to quench the fire of love with words.
Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot
 fire,
 But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
 Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.
Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more
 it burns.
 The current that with gentle murmur glides,
 Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth
 rage;
 But when his fair course is not hindered,
 He makes sweet music with the enamelled stones,
 Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge

* Rival. † Intended.
 † Tablets, or table-book.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

A Woman's Devotedness.]

(ACT II., SCENE VII.)

(*Her Longing Journey.*)

He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wide 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.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

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

Luc. Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings

With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots.
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well as—"Tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
Why even what fashion thou best likest, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece, madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favoured.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,

Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lovest me, let me have



[*"Lucetta, let me have what thou think'st meet and is most mannerly."*—A. ii. S. 7.]

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 scandalized.

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

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.

If Proteus like your journey when you come,
No matter who's displeased when you are gone:

I fear me, he will scarce be pleased withal.

Luc. 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.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

* *Infinite*; that is, "infinity." We doubt, however, whether the reading of the second folio, "as infinite"—that is, "instances of love" as unbounded as the "ocean of his tears"—should not be preferred.

Jul. 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;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heaven he prove so, when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lovest me, do him not that wrong

To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing * journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, despatch me hence. }
Come, answer not, but to it presently;
I am impatient of my tardiance. [Exit.

* *Longed for.*

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Valentine betrayed.]

(ACT III., SCENE I.)

[Valentine and the Duke.]

Act III.

Scene I.—Milan. An ante-room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about.—

[Exit Thurio.]

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

Pro. 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 determined to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle 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 chose
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 judged me fast asleep,
And oftentimes have purposed 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 shunned,—
I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclosed 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 conveyed away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devised 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.

Pro. Adieu, my lord; Sir Valentine is coming.

[Exit.]

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger

• Prematurely, untimely.

† Suspected.

• Design. So in *King Lear*, Act I., Scene 2.

That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. 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, Sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match

Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman

Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeeming 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 cherished by her child-like duty,

I now am full resolved to take a wife,
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?

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, 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;
Besides, the fashion of the time is changed,—
How, and which way, I may bestow myself
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

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.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best content 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.

* Whereas. So in *Pericles*, Act I., Scene 1.

† A disputed passage. The folio of 1603 reads, "a lady in Verona here, which suits the metre, not the sense. Collier proposes, "There is a lady in Milano here," which seems artificial. We give the text as amended by Pope.

‡ To used in the sense of *for*.

§ Compare with:—

" 'Tis wisdom to give much; a gift prevails

Where deep persuasive oratory fails."

MARLOWE, *Hero and Leander*

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

The Discovery.]

(ACT III., SCENE I.)

[The Ladder and the Cloak.]

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 black, 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 promised 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.

Val. Why, then, I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be locked and keys kept safe,

That no man hath recourse to her by night.

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.

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.

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,

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?

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:
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."—A. III. S. 1.]

I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
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. *[Reads.]*

"My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,
And slaves they are to me that send them flying;
Oh, 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 hither them importune,
Do cause the grace that with such grace hath blest them,

Because myself do want my servant's fortune:

I curse myself, for* they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord should be.

What's here?

"Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee."

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.

Why, Phaeton,—for thou art Merops' son,—†
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,

* Since.

† As rash as Phaeton, but not, like him, the son of a god; rather the son of him who was falsely supposed to be Phaeton's father, the low-born Merops. In other words, with Phaeton's audacity, but not his high pretensions.

* Hinderers. So used in the English Bible.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

A Lover's Sorrow.

(ACT III., SCENE I.)

[The False Friend.]

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 bestowed 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 lovest thy life, make speed from hence.

[Exit.]

Val. And why not death rather than living torment?

To die is to be banished from myself,
And Silvia is myself: banished 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
Fostered, illumined, cherished, 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.

Enter PROTEUS and LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Launce. Soho, soho!

Pro. What seest thou?
Launce. Him we go to find: there's not a hair on's head but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? His spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Launce. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Who wouldst 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 stopt and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possess't them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine.
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—

Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—

What is your news?

Launce. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.

Pro. That thou art banished: Oh, that's the news!—

From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offered to the doom—

Which, unversed, stands in effectual force—
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tendered;
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 chafed him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding 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,

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.
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 delivered
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves thee 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.
As thou lovest Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me!

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,

Bid him make haste and meet me at the North-gate.

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

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

* Cease to be, to exist.

† I fly not death, by avoiding his deadly doom; whether I stay or go, my fate is equally certain.

* "Not a double knave; a knave only on one occasion."—*Johnson.* But the passage is doubtful.