

# **William Shakespeare**

## **Two Gentlemen of Verona**



**+ Sidney Lee**

**The Classic Biography:  
The Life of William Shakespeare**

**William Shakespeare and Sidney Lee**

# **Two Gentlemen of Verona (The Unabridged Play) + The Classic Biography: The Life of William Shakespeare**

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# Two Gentlemen of Verona

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

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SERVANTS, MUSICIANS

SCENE: Verona; Milan; the frontiers of Mantua

# ACT 1.

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### **SCENE I. Verona. An open place**

[Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.]

VALENTINE.

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 honour'd love,  
I rather would entreat thy company  
To see the wonders of the world abroad,  
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,  
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.  
But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,  
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

PROTEUS.

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

VALENTINE.

And on a love-book pray for my success?

PROTEUS.

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

VALENTINE.

That's on some shallow story of deep love,

How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.  
PROTEUS.

That's a deep story of a deeper love;  
For he was more than over shoes in love.  
VALENTINE.

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

Over the boots? Nay, give me not the boots.  
VALENTINE.

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

What?

VALENTINE.

To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;  
Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's  
mirth

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:  
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.

PROTEUS.

So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

VALENTINE.

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

PROTEUS.

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

VALENTINE.

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

PROTEUS.

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

VALENTINE.

And writers say, as the most forward bud  
Is eaten by the canker ere it 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 the  
That art a votary to fond desire?  
Once more adieu! my father at the road  
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

PROTEUS.

And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

VALENTINE.

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

PROTEUS.

All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

VALENTINE.

As much to you at home! and so farewell!  
[Exit.]

PROTEUS.

He after honour hunts, I after love;  
He leaves his friends to dignify them more:  
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.  
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;—  
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,  
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;  
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.  
[Enter SPEED.]

SPEED.



Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master?

PROTEUS.

But now he parted hence to embark for Milan.

SPEED.

Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already,

And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

PROTEUS.

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?

PROTEUS.

I do.

SPEED.

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

PROTEUS.

A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

SPEED.

This proves me still a sheep.

PROTEUS.

True; and thy master a shepherd.

SPEED.

Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

PROTEUS.

It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.

SPEED. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me; therefore, I am no sheep.

PROTEUS. 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.'

PROTEUS.

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.

PROTEUS.

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

SPEED.

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

PROTEUS.

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

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

PROTEUS.

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.

PROTEUS.

But what said she? [SPEED nods.] Did she nod?

[SPEED] Ay.

PROTEUS. 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.

PROTEUS.

And that set together is—noddy.

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

PROTEUS.

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

SPEED.

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

PROTEUS.

Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

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

PROTEUS.

Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

SPEED.

And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

PROTEUS.

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.

PROTEUS. Well, sir, here is for your pains [giving him money]. What said she?

SPEED.

Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

PROTEUS.

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.

PROTEUS.

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.

PROTEUS.

Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wrack;  
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,  
Being destin'd 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 2. The same. The garden Of JULIA'S house.**

[Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.]

JULIA.

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

LUCETTA.

Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

JULIA.

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

LUCETTA.

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

JULIA.

What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

LUCETTA.

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

JULIA.

What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

LUCETTA.

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

JULIA.

What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

LUCETTA.

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

JULIA.

How now! what means this passion at his name?

LUCETTA.

Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame

That I, unworthy body as I am,

Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

JULIA.

Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

LUCETTA.

Then thus,—of many good I think him best.

JULIA.

Your reason?

LUCETTA.

I have no other but a woman's reason:

I think him so, because I think him so.

JULIA.

And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

LUCETTA.

Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

JULIA.

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

LUCETTA.

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

JULIA.

His little speaking shows his love but small.

LUCETTA.

Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.

JULIA.

They do not love that do not show their love.

LUCETTA.

O! they love least that let men know their love.

JULIA.

I would I knew his mind.

LUCETTA.

Peruse this paper, madam. [Gives a letter.]

JULIA.

'To Julia'—Say, from whom?

LUCETTA.

That the contents will show.

JULIA.

Say, say, who gave it thee?

LUCETTA.

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.

JULIA.

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 return'd;

Or else return no more into my sight.

LUCETTA.

To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

JULIA.

Will ye be gone?

LUCETTA.

That you may ruminate.

[Exit.]

JULIA.

And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.

It were a shame to call her back again,

And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.  
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid  
And would not force the letter to my view!  
Since maids, in modesty, say 'No' to that  
Which they would have the profferer construe 'Ay.'  
Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,  
That like a testy babe will scratch the nurse,  
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!  
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,  
When willingly I would have had her here:  
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,  
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile.  
My penance is, to call Lucetta back  
And ask remission for my folly past.  
What ho! Lucetta!  
[Re-enter LUCETTA.]

LUCETTA.

What would your ladyship?

JULIA.

Is it near dinner time?

LUCETTA.

I would it were;

That you might kill your stomach on your meat

And not upon your maid.

JULIA.

What is't that you took up so gingerly?

LUCETTA.

Nothing.

JULIA.

Why didst thou stoop, then?

LUCETTA.

To take a paper up

That I let fall.

JULIA.

And is that paper nothing?

LUCETTA.

Nothing concerning me.

JULIA.

Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

LUCETTA.

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

JULIA.

Some love of yours hath writ to you in rime.

LUCETTA.

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

JULIA.

As little by such toys as may be possible;  
Best sing it to the tune of 'Light o' Love.'

LUCETTA.

It is too heavy for so light a tune.

JULIA.

Heavy! belike it hath some burden then?

LUCETTA.

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

JULIA.

And why not you?

LUCETTA.

I cannot reach so high.

JULIA.

Let's see your song. [Taking the letter.]

How now, minion!

LUCETTA.

Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:  
And yet methinks, I do not like this tune.

JULIA.

You do not?

LUCETTA.

No, madam; it is too sharp.

JULIA.



You, minion, are too saucy.

LUCETTA.

Nay, now you are too flat

And mar the concord with too harsh a descant;

There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

JULIA.

The mean is drown'd with your unruly bass.

LUCETTA.

Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.

JULIA.

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.

LUCETTA.

She makes it strange; but she would be best pleas'd

To be so anger'd with another letter.

[Exit.]

JULIA.

Nay, would I were so anger'd 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 heal'd;

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.]

LUCETTA.

Madam,  
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.

JULIA.

Well, let us go.

LUCETTA.

What! shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?

JULIA.

If you respect them, best to take them up.

LUCETTA.

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

JULIA.

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

LUCETTA.

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

JULIA.

Come, come; will't please you go?

[Exeunt.]

**SCENE 3. The same. A room in ANTONIO'S house.**

[Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO.]

ANTONIO.

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

PANTHINO.

'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

ANTONIO.

Why, what of him?

PANTHINO.

He wonder'd that your lordship  
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,  
While other men, of slender reputation,  
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:  
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;  
Some to discover islands far away;  
Some to the studious universities.  
For any, or for all these exercises,  
He said that Proteus, your son, was meet;  
And did request me to importune you  
To let him spend his time no more at home,  
Which would be great impeachment to his age,  
In having known no travel in his youth.

ANTONIO.

Nor need'st thou much importune me to that  
Whereon this month I have been hammering.  
I have consider'd well his loss of time,  
And how he cannot be a perfect man,  
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:  
Experience is by industry achiev'd,  
And perfected by the swift course of time.  
Then tell me whither were I best to send him?

PANTHINO.

I think your lordship is not ignorant  
How his companion, youthful Valentine,

Attends the emperor in his royal court.

ANTONIO.

I know it well.

PANTHINO.

'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.

ANTONIO.

I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd;

And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it,

The execution of it shall make known:

Even with the speediest expedition

I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

PANTHINO.

Tomorrow, 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.

ANTONIO.

Good company; with them shall Proteus go.

And in good time:—now will we break with him.

[Enter PROTEUS.]

PROTEUS.

Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!

Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;

Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.

O! that our fathers would applaud our loves,

To seal our happiness with their consents!

O heavenly Julia!

ANTONIO.

How now! What letter are you reading there?

PROTEUS.

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

Of commendations sent from Valentine,  
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.  
ANTONIO.

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

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

And how stand you affected to his wish?  
PROTEUS.

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

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

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

Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:  
No more of stay; tomorrow thou must go.  
Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd  
To hasten on his expedition.  
[Exeunt ANTONIO and PANTHINO.]

PROTEUS.  
Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning,

And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.  
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,  
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;  
And with the vantage of mine own excuse  
Hath he excepted most against my love.  
O! how this spring of love resembleth  
The uncertain glory of an April day,  
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,  
And by an by a cloud takes all away!  
[Re-enter PANTHINO.]

PANTHINO.

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

PROTEUS.

Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto,  
And yet a thousand times it answers 'no.'  
[Exeunt.]

## ACT 2.

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#### **SCENE I. Milan. A room in the DUKE'S palace.**

[Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.]

SPEED.

Sir, your glove. [Offering a glove.]

VALENTINE.

Not mine; my gloves are on.

SPEED.

Why, then, this may be yours; for this is but one.

VALENTINE.

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!

VALENTINE.

How now, sirrah?

SPEED.

She is not within hearing, sir.

VALENTINE.

Why, sir, who bade you call her?

SPEED.

Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

VALENTINE.

Well, you'll still be too forward.

SPEED.

And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

VALENTINE.

Go to, sir. tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?

SPEED.

She that your worship loves?

VALENTINE.

Why, how know you that I am in love?

SPEED. Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath 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 schoolboy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you 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.

VALENTINE.

Are all these things perceived in me?

SPEED.

They are all perceived without ye.

VALENTINE.

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 urinal, that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

VALENTINE.

But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

SPEED.

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



VALENTINE.

Hast thou observed that? Even she, I mean.

SPEED.

Why, sir, I know her not.

VALENTINE. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her,  
and yet know'st her not?

SPEED.

Is she not hard-favoured, sir?

VALENTINE.

Not so fair, boy, as well-favoured.

SPEED.

Sir, I know that well enough.

VALENTINE.

What dost thou know?

SPEED.

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

VALENTINE. I mean that her beauty is exquisite, but her  
favour infinite.

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

VALENTINE.

How painted? and how out of count?

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

VALENTINE.

How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

SPEED.

You never saw her since she was deformed.

VALENTINE.

How long hath she been deformed?

SPEED.

Ever since you loved her.

VALENTINE.

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

SPEED.

If you love her, you cannot see her.

VALENTINE.

Why?

SPEED.

Because Love is blind. O! that you had mine eyes; or  
your own  
eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you  
chid at Sir

Proteus for going ungartered!

VALENTINE.

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.

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

SPEED. True, sir; I was in love with my bed. I thank you,  
you swunged me for my love, which makes me the bolder  
to chide you for yours.

VALENTINE.

In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

SPEED.

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

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

SPEED.

And have you?

VALENTINE.

I have.

SPEED.

Are they not lamely writ?

VALENTINE.

No, boy, but as well as I can do them.

Peace! here she comes.

[Enter SILVIA.]

SPEED.

[Aside] O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet!

Now will he interpret to her.

VALENTINE.

Madam and mistress, a thousand good morrows.

SPEED.

[Aside] O, give ye good even: here's a million of manners.

SILVIA.

Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

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

VALENTINE.

As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter

Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;

Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,

But for my duty to your ladyship.

[Gives a letter.]

SILVIA.

I thank you, gentle servant. 'Tis very clerkly done.

VALENTINE.

Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;

For, being ignorant to whom it goes,

I writ at random, very doubtfully.

SILVIA.

Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

VALENTINE.

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

SILVIA.

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

SPEED.

[Aside] And yet you will; and yet another yet.

VALENTINE.

What means your ladyship? Do you not like it?

SILVIA.

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

[Gives back the letter.]

VALENTINE.

Madam, they are for you.

SILVIA.

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

VALENTINE.

Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

SILVIA.

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

VALENTINE.

If it please me, madam, what then?

SILVIA.

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

[Exit.]

SPEED.

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

VALENTINE.

How now, sir! What are you reasoning with yourself?

SPEED.

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

VALENTINE.

To do what?

SPEED.

To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia.

VALENTINE.

To whom?

SPEED.

To yourself; why, she woos you by a figure.

VALENTINE.

What figure?

SPEED.

By a letter, I should say.

VALENTINE.

Why, she hath not writ to me?

SPEED.

What need she, when she hath made you write to  
yourself?

Why, do you not perceive the jest?

VALENTINE.

No, believe me.

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

VALENTINE.

She gave me none except an angry word.

SPEED.

Why, she hath given you a letter.

VALENTINE.

That's the letter I writ to her friend.

SPEED.

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

VALENTINE.

I would it were no worse.

SPEED.

I'll warrant you 'tis as well.

'For often have you writ to her; and she, in modesty,

Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;

Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind  
discover,

Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her  
lover.'

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

Why muse you, sir? 'Tis dinner time.

VALENTINE.

I have 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. O! be not like your  
mistress! Be moved, be moved.

[Exeunt.]

## **SCENE 2. Verona. A room in JULIA'S house.**

[Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.]

PROTEUS.