

PROTEUS - VALENTINE

VALENTINE

How does your lady? And how thrives your love?

PROTEUS

My tales of love were wont to weary you.
I know you joy not in a love discourse.

VALENTINE

Ay, Proteus, but that life is 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 heartsore sighs,
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep
Upon the very naked name of Love.

PROTEUS

Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worship so?

VALENTINE

Even she. And is she not a heavenly saint?

PROTEUS

No, but she is an earthly paragon.

VALENTINE

Call her divine.

PROTEUS

I will not flatter her.

VALENTINE

O, flatter me, for love delights in praises.

PROTEUS

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

VALENTINE

Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the Earth.

PROTEUS

Except my mistress.

VALENTINE

Sweet, except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my love.

PROTEUS - VALENTINE

PROTEUS

Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

VALENTINE

And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honor—
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss

PROTEUS

Why, Valentine, what braggartism is this?

VALENTINE

Pardon me, Proteus, 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.

PROTEUS

But she loves you?

VALENTINE

Ay, and we are betrothed; nay more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight
Determined of: go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

PROTEUS

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

VALENTINE

Will you make haste?

PROTEUS

I will.

PROTEUS

PROTEUS

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or Valentine's praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me reasonless to reason thus?
She is fair, and so is Julia that I love—
That I did love, 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.
O, 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.

DUKE - VALENTINE

DUKE

I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
There is a lady in Verona here
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence.
Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor—
How and which way I may bestow myself
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

VALENTINE

A woman sometime scorns what best contents her.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For "get you gone" she doth not mean "away."
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.

VALENTINE

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.

VALENTINE

What lets but one may enter at her window?

DUKE

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

VALENTINE

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

DUKE

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

DUKE - VALENTINE

VALENTINE

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

DUKE

This very night; for love is like a child
That longs for everything that he can come by.

VALENTINE

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?

VALENTINE

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?

VALENTINE

Ay, my good lord.

DUKE

Then let me see thy cloak;
I'll get me one of such another length.

VALENTINE

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.

Pulling off the cloak, he reveals a rope ladder.

'Tis so. And here's the ladder for the purpose.
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.
But if thou linger in my territories
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter or thyself.
Begone. I will not hear thy vain excuse,
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

PROTEUS - JULIA

SCENE 1

PROTEUS

Have patience, gentle Julia.

JULIA

I must where is no remedy.

PROTEUS

When possibly I can, I will return.

JULIA

If you turn not, you will return the sooner.
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.
She gives him a ring.

PROTEUS

giving her a ring

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

JULIA

And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

PROTEUS

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

Julia exits.

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

PROTEUS - JULIA

SCENE 2

PROTEUS

Why, boy, how now? What's the matter? Look up.
Speak.

JULIA,

as Sebastian

O, good sirs, my master charged me to deliver a ring to
Madam Sylvia, which out of my neglect was never done.

PROTEUS

Where is that ring, boy?

JULIA

as Sebastian

Here 'tis; this is it.

She rises, and hands him a ring.

PROTEUS

How, let me see.
But how cam'st thou by this ring? At my depart
I gave this unto Julia.

JULIA

And Julia herself did give it me,
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.
She reveals herself.

PROTEUS

How? Julia!

JULIA

Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths
And entertained 'em deeply in her heart.
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!
O, Proteus, let this habit make thee blush.
Be thou ashamed that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment, if shame live
In a disguise of love.
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes than men their minds.

PROTEUS

"Than men their minds"? 'Tis true. O heaven, were man
But constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults, makes him run through all th' sins;
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.
What is in Sylvia's face but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's, with a constant eye?

SPEED - LAUNCE

SPEED

Launce, by mine honesty, welcome to Padua.

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?

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! My staff understands me.

SPEED - LAUNCE

SPEED

What thou sayst?

LAUNCE

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

SPEED

It stands under thee indeed.

LAUNCE

Why, "stand under" and "understand" is all one.

SPEED

But tell me true, will 't be a match?

LAUNCE

Ask my dog. If he say "Ay," it will; if he say "No," it will; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.

SPEED

The conclusion is, then, that it will.

LAUNCE

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

SPEED - PROTEUS

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 shipped already,
And I have played the sheep in losing him.

PROTEUS

Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile 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."

JULIA - SYLVIA

JULIA,

as Sebastian

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

SYLVIA

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

JULIA,

Madam, please you peruse this letter.

SYLVIA

I will not look upon your master's lines;
I know they are stuffed with protestations
And full of new-found oaths, which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper.

JULIA,

Madam, he sends your Ladyship this ring.

She offers Sylvia a ring.

SYLVIA

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

JULIA,

She thanks you.

SYLVIA

What sayst thou?

JULIA,

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

SYLVIA

Dost thou know her?

JULIA,

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

SYLVIA

Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her?

JULIA,

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

JULIA - SILVIA

SYLVIA

Is she not passing fair?

JULIA,

as Sebastian

She hath been fairer, madam, than she is;
When she did think my master loved her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you.
But since she did neglect her looking-glass
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks
And pinched the lily tincture of her face.

SYLVIA

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

JULIA,

as Sebastian

And she shall thank you for 't if e'er you know her.

JULIA

JULIA

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.
She picks up some pieces.
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 throughly healed,
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
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.

JULIA - LUCETTA

JULIA

What ho, Lucetta!

LUCETTA

What would your Ladyship?

JULIA

Is 't near dinner time?

LUCETTA

I would it were,
That you might kill your stomach on your meat
And not upon your maid.

She drops a paper and then retrieves it.

JULIA

What is 't that you took up so gingerly?

LUCETTA

Nothing.

JULIA

Why didst thou stoop, then?

LUCETTA

To take a paper up that I let fall.

JULIA

And is that paper nothing?

LUCETTA

Nothing concerning me.

JULIA

Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

LUCETTA

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

JULIA

Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

LUCETTA

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.
taking the paper
Let's see your song. How now, minion!

JULIA - LUCETTA

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, 'tis 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 drowned 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.

*She rips up the paper. Lucetta begins to pick
up the pieces.*

Go, get you gone, and let the papers lie.
You would be fing'ring them to anger me.

LUCETTA

She makes it strange, but she would be best pleased
To be so angered with another letter.

EGMAMOUR

EGLAMOUR

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

Madam, madam! Good morrow to your Ladyship.
According to your Ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.
Madam, I pity much your grievances,
Which, since I know they virtuously are placed,
I give consent to go along with you,
Recking as little what betideth me
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Albany - Goneril

PANTINO

My talk is of Sir Proteus, your son.
I wonder that your Lordship's gracious self
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
I think that Proteus your son is meet,
And do request and importune of 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.
'Twere good, I think, your Lordship sent him West.
There shall he practice tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.