

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.

ANTONIO's house.

Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO Wearing Steelers Jerseys and drinking IC Light. They are carrying tailgating gear. They clink their beer bottles.

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:
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. 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 achieved
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 advised:
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

PANTHINO. 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.

ANTONIO. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And, in good time! now will we break with him.

THE DUKES PALACE

VALENTINE. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

PROTEUS. Your friends are well and have them much commended.

VALENTINE. And how do yours?

PROTEUS. I left them all in health.

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

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

VALENTINE. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning Love,
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears and daily heart-sore sighs;
For in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
Now no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

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

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

PROTEUS. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

VALENTINE. Call her divine.

PROTEUS. I will not flatter her

A street.

Enter SPEED and LAUNCE severally

SPEED. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Millvale!

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 Primantis 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, that thou canst not! My
staff understands me.

*Enter EGLAMOUR In his best outfit, carrying flowers, chocolates, and a poem
he's written...ready to woo.*

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

SILVIA. Who calls?

EGLAMOUR. Your servant and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

SILVIA. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

EGLAMOUR. As many, worthy lady, to yourself:

SILVIA. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman--
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not--
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd:
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine,
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.
Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode;

And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

EGLAMOUR. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are placed,
I give consent to go along with you,

The DUKE's palace.

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA

THURIO. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

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

THURIO. What, that my leg is too long?

PROTEUS. No; that it is too little.

THURIO. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.

JULIA. *[Aside]* But love will not be spurr'd to what
it loathes.

THURIO. How likes she my discourse?

PROTEUS. Ill, when you talk of war.

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

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

THURIO. What says she to my valour?

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

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

THURIO. What says she to my birth?

PROTEUS. That you are well derived.

JULIA. *[Aside]* True; from a gentleman to a fool.

THURIO. Considers she my possessions?

PROTEUS. O, ay; and pities them.

THURIO. Wherefore?

JULIA. [*Aside*] That such an ass should owe them.

PROTEUS. That they are out by lease.

JULIA. Here comes the duke.