



THE Two Gentlemen of Verona.

A *Actus primus*, *Scena prima.*

Valentine; Proteus, and Speed.
The scene an vn-married hand.
Valentine.
 Safe to persuade, my louing *Proteus*;
 Home-keeping youth, here ether home, wits,
 We're not affection chames thy tender dayes
 To the sweet glances of thy honour'd Loue,
 I rather would entreat thy company,
 To see the wonders of the world abroad,
 Then (liuing dully sluggardiz'd at home)
 Weare out thy youth with shapelesse idlenesse.
 But since thou lo'f't; loue still hand thrine therein,
 Euen as I would, when I to loue begin.
Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet *Valentine* ad ew,
 Thinke on thy *Proteus*, when thou (most) fellest
 Some rare note-worthy obiect in thy wayes,
 With me partaker in thy happinesse,
 When thou do'st meet good hap; and in thy danger,
 (If euer danger doe enuiron thee)
 Comend my grieuance to my holy prayers,
 For I will be thy beades-man, *Valentine*.
Val. And on a loue, hooke pray for my successe?
Pro. Vpon some booke I loue, I'll pray for thee.
Val. That's on some shallow storie of deepe loue,
 How young *Laander* crost the *Hellepoint*.
Pro. That's a deepe storie, of a deeper loue,
 For he was more then ouer-shoode in loue.
Val. 'Tis true; for you are ouer-boote in loue,
 And yet you neuer frowm the *Hellepoint*.
Pro. Ouer the Boote? may giue me not the Boote.
Val. No, I will not; for it boote thee not.
Pro. What?
Val. To be in loue; where scorne is bought with
 Coy looks, with hart-fore sighes; one fading moments
 With twenty watchfull, weary, tedious nights; (with
 If haply won, perhaps a haplesse gaine;
 If lost, why then a grieuous labour won;
 How euer; but a folly bought with wit,
 Or else a wit, by folly vanquished.
Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me foole.
Val. So, by your circumstance, I feare you'll proue.
Pro. 'Tis lone you cauil at, I am not lone.
Val. Lone is your master, for he masters you;
 And he that is so yok'd by a foole,
 Merchinks should not be chronicled for wife.
Pro. Yet Writers say; as in the sweetest Bud,
 The eating Canker dwells; so eating lone
 Inhabits in the finest wits of all.
Val. And Writers say; as the most forward Bud

Is caren by the Canker ere it blow,
 Euen so by lone, the young, and tender wit
 Is turn'd to folly, blassing in the Bud,
 Loothing his verdure, euen in the prime,
 And all the faire effects of future hopes.
 But wherefore waite I time to counsaile thee
 That art a votary to fond desire?
 Once more adieu: my Father at the Road
 Expects my coming, there to see me ship'd.
Pro. And thither will I bring thee *Valentine*.
Val. Sweet *Proteus*, no; Now let vs take our leaue:
 To *Milaine* let me heare from thee by Letters
 Of thy successe in loue; and what newes else
 Beideth here in absence of thy Friend;
 And I likewise will visite thee with mine.
Pro. All happiaelic bechance to thee in *Milaine*.
Val. As much to you at home; and so farewell. *Exit.*
Pro. He after Honour hunts, I after lone;
 He leaues his friends, to dignifie them notes,
 I loue my selfe, my friends, and all for lone;
 Thou *Julia* thou hast metamorphis'd me;
 Made me neglect my Studies, loofe my time;
 Waite with good counsaile; let the world at nought;
 Make Wit with musing, weaker; hart sick with thought.
Sp. Sir *Proteus*: 'saue you; saw you my Master?
Pro. But now he parted hence to embarque for *Milaine*.
Sp. Twenty to one then, he is ship'd already,
 And I haue plaid the Sheepe in loofing him.
Pro. Indeede a Sheepe doth very often stray,
 And if the Shepheard be awhile away.
Sp. You conclude that my Masters a Shepheard then,
 and I Sheepe?
Pro. I doe.
Sp. Why then my hornes are his hornes, whether I
 wake or sleepe.
Pro. A silly answere, and fitting well a Sheepe.
Sp. This proues me still a Sheepe.
Pro. True; and thy Master a Shepheard.
Sp. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.
Pro. It shall goe hard but ile proue it by another.
Sp. The Shepheard seekes the Sheepe, and not the
 Sheepe the Shepheard; but I seeke my Master, and my
 Master seekes not me; therefore I am no Sheepe.
Pro. The Sheepe for fodder follow the Shepheard,
 the Shepheard for foode follows not the Sheepe; thou
 for wages followest thy Master, thy Master for wages
 followes not thee; therefore thou art a Sheepe.
Sp. Such another prooffe will make me cry baâ.
Pro. But do'st thou heare; gau'st thou my Letter
 to *Julia*?

Sp. I

Sp. I Sir: I (a lost-Mutton) gaue your Letter to her
 (a lost-Mutton) and she (a lost-Mutton) gaue mee (a
 lost-Mutton) nothing for my labour.
Pro. Here's too small a Pasture for such store of
 Muttons.
Sp. If the ground be ouer-charge'd, you were best
 sicke her.
Pro. Nay; in that you are astray: 'twere best pound
 you.
Sp. Nay Sir, lesse then a pound shall serue me for carrying
 your Letter.
Pro. You mistake; I meane the pound, a Pinfold.
Sp. From a pound to a pia? fold it ouer and ouer,
 'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your loue.
Pro. But what said she?
Sp. I.
Pro. Nod-I, why that's noddy.
Sp. You mistooke Sir: I say she did nod;
 And you aske me if she did nod, and I say I.
Pro. And that set together is noddy.
Sp. Now you haue taken the paines to set it together,
 take it for your paines.
Pro. No, no, you shall haue it for bearing the letter.
Sp. Well, I perceiue I must be faine to beare with you.
Pro. Why Sir, how doe you beare with me?
Sp. Marry Sir, the letter very orderly,
 Hauing nothing but the word noddy for my paines.
Pro. Beshrew me, but you haue a quicke wit.
Sp. And yet it cannot ouer-take your slow purse.
Pro. Come, come, open the matter in briefe; what
 said she.
Sp. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter
 may be both at once deliuered.
Pro. Well Sir: here is for your paines: what said she?
Sp. Truly Sir, I thinke you'll hardly win her.
Pro. Why? could'st thou perceiue so much from her?
Sp. Sir, I could perceiue nothing at all from her;
 No, not so much as a ducke for deliuering your letter:
 And being so hard to me, that brought your minde;
 I feare she'll proue as hard to you in telling your minde.
 Giue her no token but stones, for she's as hard as Steele.
Pro. What said she, nothing?
Sp. No, not so much as take this for thy paines: (me)
 To testifie your bounty, I thank you, you haue ceterm'd
 In requital whereof, henceforth, carry your letters your
 selfe; And so Sir, I'll commend you to my Master.
Pro. Go, go, be gone, to saue your Ship from wrack,
 Which cannot perish hauing thee aboarde,
 Being destin'd to a drier death on shore:
 I must goe send some better Messenger,
 I feare my *Julia* would not daigne my lines,
 Receiving them from such a worthless post. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.
Jul. But say *Lucetta* (how we are alone)
 Would'st thou then counsaile me to fall in loue?
Luc. I Madam, so you stumbe not valueedfully.
Jul. Of all the faire resort of Gentlemen,
 That eury day with par'le encounter me;

In thy opinion which is worthiest loue?
Luc. Please you repeat their names, ile show my minde,
 According to my shallow simple skill.
Jul. What think'st thou of the faire Sir *Eglamore*?
Luc. As of a Knight, well-spoken, neat, and frise;
 But were I you, he neuer should be mine.
Jul. What think'st thou of the rich *Mercutio*?
Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himselfe, so, so.
Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle *Proteus*?
Luc. Lord, Lord: to see what folly raignes in vs.
Jul. How now? what meanes this passion at his name?
Luc. Pardon deare Madam, 'tis a passing shame,
 That I (vnworthy body as I am)
 Should censure thus on louely Gentlemen.
Jul. Why not on *Proteus*, as of all the rest?
Luc. Then thus: of many good, I thinke him best.
Jul. Your reason?
Luc. I haue no other but a womans reason:
 I thinke him so, because I thinke him so.
Jul. And would'st thou haue me cast my loue on him?
Luc. I: if you thought your loue not cast away.
Jul. Why he, of all the rest, hath neuer mou'd me.
Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I thinke best loues ye.
Jul. His little speaking, shewes his loue but small.
Luc. Ere that's closest kept, burnes most of all.
Jul. They doe not loue, that doe not shew their loue.
Luc. Oh, they loue least, that let men know their loue.
Jul. I would I knew his minde.
Luc. Peruse this paper Madam.
Jul. To *Julia*: say, from whom?
Luc. That the Contents will shew.
Jul. Say, say: who gaue it thee?
Luc. Sir *Valentines* page: & sent I thinke from *Proteus*;
 He would haue giuen it you, but I being in the way,
 Did in your name receiue 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 return'd,
 Or else returne no more into my sight.
Luc. To plead for lone, deserues more fee, then hate.
Jul. Will ye be gon?
Luc. That you may ruminare. *Exit.*
Jul. And yet I would I had ore-look'd the Letter;
 It were a shame to call her backe againe,
 And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.
 What foole is she, that knowes I am a Maid,
 And would not force the letter to my view?
 Since Maides, in modesty, say no, to that,
 Which they would haue the profferer construe, I
 Feare, she: how way-ward is this foolish loue!
 That (like a testie Babe) will scratch the Nucle,
 And presently, all humbled kisse the Rod?
 How churlishly, I chid *Lucetta* hence,
 When willingly, I would haue had her here?
 How angerly I taught my brow to frowne,
 When inward ioy enforc'd my heart to smile?
 My penance is, to call *Lucetta* backe,
 And aske remission, for my folly past.
 What hoe: *Lucetta*.
Luc. What would your Ladiship?
Jul. Is't necere dinner time?
Luc. I would it were,
 That you might kill your stomacke on your meat,
 And

And

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Shakespeare's First Folio (*Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies: published according to the true originall copies*. London: Isaac Jaggard and Edward Blount, 1623) contained thirty-six of Shakespeare's plays. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* is grouped with the Comedies. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* was first published in First Folio, and this version is the basis for all other editions. Without the First Folio, the play would have been lost.

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