

The Two Gentlemen of Verona

2.3

Enter Lance with his dog Crab

LANCE *(to the audience)* Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping. All the kind of the Lances 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 5 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 10 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 15 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. 20 This hat is Nan our maid. I am the dog. No, the dog is himself, and I am the dog. O, 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, 25 he weeps on. Now come I to my mother. O that she could speak now, like a moved 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 30 nor speaks a word. But see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter Panthino

PANTHINO Lance, away, away, aboard. Thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What's

the matter? Why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass, you'll
lose the tide if you tarry any longer. 35

LANCE It is no matter if the tied were lost, for it is the
unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

PANTHINO What's the unkindest tide?

LANCE Why, he that's tied here, Crab my dog. 40

PANTHINO 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±±

Lance puts his hand over Panthino's mouth

Why dost thou stop my mouth? 45

LANCE For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

PANTHINO Where should I lose my tongue?

LANCE In thy tale.

PANTHINO In thy tail!

LANCE Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and 50
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.

PANTHINO Come, come away, man. I was sent to call
thee. 55

LANCE Sir, call me what thou darest.

PANTHINO Wilt thou go?

LANCE Well, I will go.

Exeunt