

# The Two Gentlemen of Verona

## 1.2

*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, 5  
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, 10  
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! 15

**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? 20

**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?

25

**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. 30

**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** (*giving Proteus' letter*)

Peruse this paper, madam.

**JULIA**

'To Julia'±±say, from whom? 35

**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. 40

**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. 45

There. Take the paper.

*She gives Lucetta the letter*

See it be returned,

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'erlooked the letter. 50

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 55

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 60

When willingly I would have had her here.

How angerly I taught my brow to frown

When inward joy enforced my heart to smile.

My penance is to call Lucetta back

And ask remission for my folly past. 65

What ho! Lucetta!

*Enter 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 and picks up the letter]*

JULIA What is't that you

Took up so gingerly? 70

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. 75

**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, 80  
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? 85

**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.  
*[She tries to take 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. 90

**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. 95  
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 bauble shall not henceforth trouble me.

Here is a coil with protestation. 100

*She tears the letter and drops the pieces*

Go, get you gone, and let the papers lie.

You would be fing'ring them to anger me.

**LUCETTA** (*aside*)

She makes it strange, but she would be best pleased

To be so angered with another letter.

*Exit*

**JULIA**

Nay, would I were so angered with the same. 105

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 of the pieces of paper*

Look, here is writ `Kind Julia'±±unkind Julia, 110

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 115

Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly healed;

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 120

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', 125

`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. 130

*Enter Lucetta*

**LUCETTA**

Madam, dinner is ready, and your father stays.

**JULIA** Well, let us go.

**LUCETTA**

What, shall these papers lie like telltales here?

**JULIA**

If you respect them, best to take them up.

**LUCETTA**

Nay, I was taken up for laying them down.

135

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?

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*Exeunt*