

# The Two Gentlemen of Verona

## 4.4

*Enter Lance and his dog Crab*

**LANCE** *(to the audience)* When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard. One that I brought up of a puppy, one that I saved from drowning when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it. I have taught him, even as one would say 5 precisely 'Thus I would teach a dog'. I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master, and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber but he steps me to her trencher and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself 10 in all companies. I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for't. Sure as I live, he had 15 suffered for't. You shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs under the Duke's table. He had not been there±±bless the mark±±a pissing-while but all the chamber smelled him. 'Out with the dog,' says one. 'What cur is that?' 20 says another. 'Whip him out,' says the third. 'Hang him up,' says the Duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs. 'Friend,' quoth I, 'you mean to whip the dog.' 'Ay, marry do I,' quoth he. 'You do 25 him the more wrong,' quoth I, 'twas I did the thing you wot of.' He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I'll be sworn I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had 30 been executed. I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't. *(To Crab)* Thou think'st not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick you served me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia. Did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? 35

When didst thou see me heave up my leg and make  
water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? Didst thou  
ever see me do such a trick?

*Enter Proteus, with Julia dressed as a page-boy*

**PROTEUS** (to Julia)

Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,  
And will employ thee in some service presently.

40

**JULIA**

In what you please. I'll do what I can.

**PROTEUS**

I hope thou wilt.±±How now, you whoreson peasant,  
Where have you been these two days loitering?

**LANCE** Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you  
bade me.

45

**PROTEUS** And what says she to my little jewel?

**LANCE** Marry, she says your dog was a cur, and tells you  
currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

**PROTEUS** But she received my dog?

**LANCE** No indeed did she not. Here have I brought him 50  
back again.

**PROTEUS** What, didst thou offer her this from me?

**LANCE** Ay, sir. The other squirrel was stolen from me by  
the hangman boys in the market place, and then I  
offered her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of 55  
yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

**PROTEUS**

Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,  
Or ne'er return again into my sight.  
Away, I say. Stay'st thou to vex me here?

*Exit Lance with Crab*

A slave, that still on end turns me to shame.

60

Sebastian, I have entertaineÁd thee

Partly that I have need of such a youth

That can with some discretion do my business,

For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lout,

But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,

65

Which, if my augury deceive me not,

Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth.

Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.

Go presently, and take this ring with thee.

Deliver it to Madam Silvia. 70  
She loved me well delivered it to me.

**JULIA**

It seems you loved not her, to leave her token.  
She is dead belike?

**PROTEUS** Not so. I think she lives.

**JULIA**

Alas.

**PROTEUS** Why dost thou cry `Alas'?

**JULIA**

I cannot choose but pity her. 75

**PROTEUS**

Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

**JULIA**

Because methinks that she loved you as well  
As you do love your lady Silvia.  
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;  
You dote on her that cares not for your love. 80  
'Tis pity love should be so contrary,  
And thinking on it makes me cry `Alas'.

**PROTEUS**

Well, give her that ring, and therewithal  
This letter. (*Pointing*) That's her chamber. Tell my  
lady

I claim the promise for her heavenly picture. 85  
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,  
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

*Exit*

**JULIA**

How many women would do such a message?  
Alas, poor Proteus, thou hast entertained  
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs. 90  
Alas, poor fool, why do I pity him  
That with his very heart despiseth me?  
Because he loves her, he despiseth me.  
Because I love him, I must pity him.  
This ring I gave him when he parted from me, 95  
To bind him to remember my good will.  
And now am I, unhappy messenger,  
To plead for that which I would not obtain;  
To carry that which I would have refused;

To praise his faith, which I would have dispraised. 100

I am my master's true-confirmer. Ad love,

But cannot be true servant to my master

Unless I prove false traitor to myself.

Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly

As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed. 105

*Enter Silvia*

Gentlewoman, good day. I pray you be my mean

To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.

SILVIA

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

JULIA

If you be she, I do entreat your patience

To hear me speak the message I am sent on. 110

SILVIA From whom?

JULIA

From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

SILVIA O, he sends you for a picture?

JULIA Ay, madam.

SILVIA Ursula, bring my picture there. 115

*[An attendant brings a picture]*

Go, give your master this. Tell him from me

One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,

Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

JULIA

Madam, please you peruse this letter.

*She gives Silvia a letter*

Pardon me, madam, I have unadvised

120

Delivered you a paper that I should not.

*She takes back the letter and gives Silvia another letter*

This is the letter to your ladyship.

SILVIA

I pray thee, let me look on that again.

JULIA

It may not be. Good madam, pardon me.

SILVIA

There, hold. I will not look upon your master's lines. 125

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.

*She tears the letter*

**JULIA**

Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

*She offers Silvia a ring*

**SILVIA**

The more shame for him, that he sends it me; 130  
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. 135

**SILVIA** What sayst thou?

**JULIA**

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

**SILVIA** Dost thou know her?

**JULIA**

Almost as well as I do know myself. 140  
To think upon her woes I do protest  
That I have wept a hundred several times.

**SILVIA**

Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her?

**JULIA**

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

**SILVIA** Is she not passing fair? 145

**JULIA**

She hath been fairer, madam, than she is.  
When she did think my master loved her well  
She, in my judgement, was as fair as you.  
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,  
And threw her sun-expelling mask away, 150  
The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks  
And pinched the lily tincture of her face,  
That now she is become as black as I.

**SILVIA** How tall was she?

**JULIA**

About my stature; for at Pentecost, 155  
When all our pageants of delight were played,  
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,  
And I was trimmed in Madam Julia's gown,  
Which serveÁd me as fit, by all men's judgements,

As if the garment had been made for me; 160  
Therefore I know she is about my height.  
And at that time I made her weep agood,  
For I did play a lamentable part.  
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning  
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight; 165  
Which I so lively acted with my tears  
That my poor mistress, moveAd therewithal,  
Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead  
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

**SILVIA**

She is beholden to thee, gentle youth. 170  
Alas, poor lady, desolate and left.  
I weep myself to think upon thy words.  
Here, youth. There is my purse. I give thee this  
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.  
Farewell. 175

*Exit*

**JULIA**

And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.±±  
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.  
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,  
Since she respects `my mistress° love so much.  
Alas, how love can trifle with itself. 180  
Here is her picture. Let me see, I think  
If I had such a tire, this face of mine  
Were full as lovely as is this of hers.  
And yet the painter flattered her a little,  
Unless I flatter with myself too much. 185  
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow.  
If that be all the difference in his love,  
I'll get me such a coloured periwig.  
Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine.  
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high. 190  
What should it be that he respects in her  
But I can make respective in myself,  
If this fond love were not a blinded god?  
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,  
For 'tis thy rival.

*She picks up the portrait*

O thou senseless form,

195

Thou shalt be worshipped, kissed, loved, and adored;

And were there sense in his idolatry

My substance should be statue in thy stead.

I'll use thee kindly, for thy mistress' sake,

That used me so; or else, by Jove I vow, 200

I should have scratched out your unseeing eyes,

To make my master out of love with thee.

*Exit*