

# The Two Gentlemen of Verona

## 4.2

*Enter Proteus*

**PROTEUS**

Already have I been false to Valentine,  
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.  
Under the colour of commending him  
I have access my own love to prefer.  
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy 5  
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.  
When I protest true loyalty to her  
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend.  
When to her beauty I commend my vows  
She bids me think how I have been forsworn 10  
In breaking faith with Julia, whom I loved.  
And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,  
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,  
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,  
The more it grows and fawneth on her still. 15  
But here comes Thurio. Now must we to her window,  
And give some evening music to her ear.

*Enter Thurio with Musicians*

**THURIO**

How now, Sir Proteus, are you crept before us?

**PROTEUS**

Ay, gentle Thurio, for you know that love  
Will creep in service where it cannot go. 20

**THURIO**

Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

**PROTEUS**

Sir, but I do, or else I would be hence.

**THURIO**

Who, Silvia?

**PROTEUS** Ay, Silvia±±for your sake.

**THURIO**

I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,  
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile. 25

*Enter the Host, and Julia dressed as a page-boy.  
They talk apart*

HOST Now, my young guest, methinks you're allycholly.  
I pray you, why is it?  
JULIA Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.  
HOST Come, we'll have you merry. I'll bring you where  
you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you 30  
asked for.  
JULIA But shall I hear him speak?  
HOST Ay, that you shall.  
JULIA That will be music.  
HOST Hark, hark. 35  
JULIA Is he among these?  
HOST Ay. But peace, let's hear 'em.

*Song*

Who is Silvia? What is she,  
That all our swains commend her?  
Holy, fair, and wise is she. 40  
The heaven such grace did lend her  
That she might admireÁd be.  
Is she kind as she is fair?  
For beauty lives with kindness.  
Love doth to her eyes repair 45  
To help him of his blindness,  
And, being helped, inhabits there.  
Then to Silvia let us sing  
That Silvia is excelling.  
She excels each mortal thing 50  
Upon the dull earth dwelling.  
To her let us garlands bring.

HOST How now, are you sadder than you were before?  
How do you, man? The music likes you not.  
JULIA You mistake. The musician likes me not. 55  
HOST Why, my pretty youth?  
JULIA He plays false, father.  
HOST How, out of tune on the strings?  
JULIA Not so, but yet so false that he grieves my very  
heart-strings. 60  
HOST You have a quick ear.  
JULIA Ay, I would I were deaf. It makes me have a slow  
heart.  
HOST I perceive you delight not in music.

**JULIA** Not a whit when it jars so. 65  
**HOST** Hark what fine change is in the music.  
**JULIA** Ay, that `change' is the spite.  
**HOST** You would have them always play but one thing?  
**JULIA** I would always have one play but one thing. But  
 host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on often resort 70  
 unto this gentlewoman?  
**HOST** I tell you what Lance his man told me, he loved  
 her out of all nick.  
**JULIA** Where is Lance?  
**HOST** Gone to seek his dog, which tomorrow, by his 75  
 master's command, he must carry for a present to his  
 lady.  
**JULIA** Peace, stand aside. The company parts.  
**PROTEUS**  
 Sir Thurio, fear not you. I will so plead  
 That you shall say my cunning drift excels. 80  
**THURIO**  
 Where meet we?  
**PROTEUS** At Saint Gregory's well.  
**THURIO** Farewell.  
*Exeunt Thurio and the Musicians*  
*Enter Silvia, above*  
**PROTEUS**  
 Madam, good even to your ladyship.  
**SILVIA**  
 I thank you for your music, gentlemen.  
 Who is that that spake?  
**PROTEUS**  
 One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth 85  
 You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.  
**SILVIA** Sir Proteus, as I take it.  
**PROTEUS**  
 Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.  
**SILVIA**  
 What's your will?  
**PROTEUS** That I may compass yours.  
**SILVIA**  
 You have your wish. My will is even this, 90  
 That presently you hie you home to bed.  
 Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man,

Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless  
To be seduceÁd by thy flattery,  
That hast deceived so many with thy vows? 95  
Return, return, and make thy love amends.  
For me±±by this pale queen of night I swear±±  
I am so far from granting thy request  
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit,  
And by and by intend to chide myself 100  
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

**PROTEUS**

I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady,  
But she is dead.

**JULIA** (*aside*) 'Twere false if I should speak it,  
For I am sure she is not burieÁd.

**SILVIA**

Say that she be, yet Valentine, thy friend, 105  
Survives, to whom, thyself art witness,  
I am betrothed. And art thou not ashamed  
To wrong him with thy importunacy?

**PROTEUS**

I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

**SILVIA**

And so suppose am I, for in his grave, 110  
Assure thyself, my love is burieÁd.

**PROTEUS**

Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

**SILVIA**

Go to thy lady's grave and call hers thence,  
Or at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

**JULIA** (*aside*) He heard not that. 115

**PROTEUS**

Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,  
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,  
The picture that is hanging in your chamber.  
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep;  
For since the substance of your perfect self 120  
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow,  
And to your shadow will I make true love.

**JULIA** (*aside*)

If 'twere a substance, you would sure deceive it  
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

**SILVIA**

I am very loath to be your idol, sir, 125  
But since your falsehood shall become you well  
To worship shadows and adore false shapes,  
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it.  
And so, good rest.

*Exit*

**PROTEUS** As wretches have o'ernight,  
That wait for execution in the morn.

130

*Exit*

**JULIA** Host, will you go?

**HOST** By my halidom, I was fast asleep.

**JULIA** Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

**HOST** Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 'tis almost  
day. 135

**JULIA**

Not so; but it hath been the longest night  
That e'er I watched, and the most heaviest.

*Exeunt*