

# The Two Gentlemen of Verona

## 3.2

*Enter the Duke and Thurio*

**DUKE**

Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you  
Now Valentine is banished from her sight.

**THURIO**

Since his exile she hath despised me most,  
Forsworn my company, and railed at me,  
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

5

**DUKE**

This weak impress of love is as a figure  
Trench'd in ice, which with an hour's heat  
Dissolves to water and doth lose his form.  
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,  
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.

10

*Enter Proteus*

How now, Sir Proteus, is your countryman,  
According to our proclamation, gone?

**PROTEUS** Gone, my good lord.

**DUKE**

My daughter takes his going grievously?

**PROTEUS**

A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

15

**DUKE**

So I believe, but Thurio thinks not so.  
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee±±  
For thou hast shown some sign of good desert±±  
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

**PROTEUS**

Longer than I prove loyal to your grace  
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

20

**DUKE**

Thou know'st how willingly I would effect  
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter?

**PROTEUS** I do, my lord.

**DUKE**

And also, I think, thou art not ignorant  
How she opposes her against my will?

25

**PROTEUS**

She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

**DUKE**

Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.  
What might we do to make the girl forget  
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?

30

**PROTEUS**

The best way is to slander Valentine  
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent,  
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

**DUKE**

Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

**PROTEUS**

Ay, if his enemy deliver it. 35  
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken  
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

**DUKE**

Then you must undertake to slander him.

**PROTEUS**

And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do.  
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman, 40  
Especially against his very friend.

**DUKE**

Where your good word cannot advantage him  
Your slander never can endamage him.  
Therefore the office is indifferent,  
Being entreated to it by your friend. 45

**PROTEUS**

You have prevailed, my lord. If I can do it  
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise  
She shall not long continue love to him.  
But say this weed her love from Valentine,  
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio. 50

**THURIO**

Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,  
Lest it should ravel and be good to none  
You must provide to bottom it on me;  
Which must be done by praising me as much  
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine. 55

**DUKE**

And Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind

Because we know, on Valentine's report,  
You are already love's firm votary,  
And cannot soon revolt, and change your mind.  
Upon this warrant shall you have access 60  
Where you with Silvia may confer at large.  
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,  
And for your friend's sake will be glad of you;  
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,  
To hate young Valentine and love my friend. 65

**PROTEUS**

As much as I can do, I will effect.  
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough.  
You must lay lime to tangle her desires  
By wailful sonnets, whose composeÁd rhymes  
Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows. 70

**DUKE**

Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

**PROTEUS**

Say that upon the altar of her beauty  
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart.  
Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears  
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line 75  
That may discover such integrity;  
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,  
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,  
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans  
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands. 80  
After your dire-lamenting elegies,  
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window  
With some sweet consort. To their instruments  
Tune a deploring dump. The night's dead silence  
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance. 85  
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

**DUKE**

This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

**THURIO**

And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.  
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,  
Let us into the city presently 90  
To sort some gentlemen well skilled in music.

I have a sonnet that will serve the turn  
To give the onset to thy good advice.

**DUKE** About it, gentlemen.

**PROTEUS**

We'll wait upon your grace till after supper,  
And afterward determine our proceedings.

95

**DUKE**

Even now about it. I will pardon you.

*Exeunt Thurio and Proteus at one door, and the  
Duke at another*