

### Scene 3

*(Enter Antonio and Pantino)*

ANTONIO

Tell me, Pantino, what sad talk was that  
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

PANTINO

'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

ANTONIO

Why, what of him?

PANTINO

He wondered that your Lordship  
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home  
While other men, of slender reputation,  
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:  
Some to the wars to try their fortune there,  
Some to discover islands far away,  
Some to the studious universities.  
For any or for all these exercises  
He said that Proteus your son was meet,  
And did request me to importune you  
To let him spend his time no more at home,  
Which would be great impeachment to his age  
In having known no travel in his youth.

ANTONIO

Nor need'st thou much importune me to that  
Whereon this month I have been hammering.  
I have considered well his loss of time  
And how he cannot be a perfect man,  
Not being tried and tutored in the world.  
Experience is by industry achieved  
And perfected by the swift course of time.  
Then tell me whither were I best to send him.

PANTINO

I think your Lordship is not ignorant  
How his companion, youthful Valentine,  
Attends the Duke in his royal court.

ANTONIO

I know it well.

PANTINO

'Twere good, I think, your Lordship sent him thither.  
There shall he practice tilts and tournaments,  
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,  
And be in eye of every exercise  
Worthy of his youth and nobleness of birth.

ANTONIO

I like thy counsel. Well hast thou advised,  
And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it,  
The execution of it shall be made known.  
Even with the speediest expedition  
I will dispatch him to the Duke's court.

PANTINO

Tomorrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,  
With other gentlemen of good esteem,  
Are journeying to salute the Duke  
And to commend their service to his will.

ANTONIO

Good company. With them shall Proteus go.  
And in good time! Now will we break with him.

*(Enter Proteus and Julia down the stairs from the top. They are holding hands. When they get near the redwoods, they stop. Julia kisses him passionately, gives him the letter and then goes backstage.)*

PROTEUS *(reads the letter, then speaks to himself)*

Sweet love, sweet lines, sweet life!  
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;  
Here is her oath for love, her honor's pawn.  
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves  
To seal our happiness with their consents.  
O heavenly Julia!

ANTONIO

How now? What letter are you reading there?

PROTEUS

May 'it please your Lordship, 'tis a word or two  
Of commendations sent from Valentine,  
Delivered by a friend that came from him.

ANTONIO

Lend me the letter. Let me see what news.

PROTEUS

There is no news, my lord, but that he writes  
How happily he lives, how well beloved  
And daily gracèd by the Duke,  
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

ANTONIO

And how stand you affected to his wish?

PROTEUS

As one relying on your Lordship's will,  
And not depending on his friendly wish.

ANTONIO

My will is something sorted with his wish.  
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed,  
For what I will, I will, and there an end.  
I am resolved that thou shalt spend some time  
With Valentinus in the Emperor's court.  
What maintenance he from his friends receives,  
Like support thou shalt have from me.  
Tomorrow, be in readiness to go.  
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

PROTEUS

My lord, I cannot be so soon provided.  
Please you deliberate a day or two.

ANTONIO

What thou want'st shall be sent after thee.  
No more of stay. Tomorrow thou must go.—  
Come on, Pantino; you shall be employed  
To hasten on his expedition.

*(Antonio and Pantino exit)*

PROTEUS

Thus have I shunned the fire for fear of burning  
And drenched me in the sea, where I am drowned.  
I feared to show my father Julia's letter  
Lest he should take exception to my love,  
And with the vantage of mine own excuse  
Hath he excepted most against my love.  
O, how this spring of love resembleth  
The uncertain glory of an April day,  
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,  
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

*(Re-enter Pantino)*

PANTINO

Sir Proteus, your father calls for you.  
He is in haste. Therefore, I pray you, go.

PROTEUS

Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto.  
And yet a thousand times it answers "no."

*(They exit together)*