

PROTEUS

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

(Lance exits with Crab)

A slave that still an end turns me to shame.
Sebastian, I have entertainèd thee,
Partly that I have need of such a youth
That can with some discretion do my business—
For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lout—
But chiefly for thy face and thy behavior,
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 Sylvia.
She loved me well delivered it to me.
He gives her a ring.

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.

PROTEUS

Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

JULIA

Because methinks that she loved you as well
As you do love your lady Sylvia.
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
'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. *(He gives her a paper)*
Your errand done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

(Proteus exits)

JULIA

How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus, thou hast entertained
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.
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,
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.
I am my master's true confirmèd 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.

(Enter Sylvia)

Gentlewoman, good day. I pray you be my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam Sylvia.

SYLVIA

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.

SYLVIA

From whom?

JULIA

From my master, Sir Proteus.
Madam, please you peruse this letter. *(She gives it to Sylvia)*
Pardon me, madam, I have unadvised
Delivered you a paper that I should not.

This is the letter to your Ladyship.
(She takes back the first paper and hands Sylvia another.)

SYLVIA
I pray thee let me look on that again.

JULIA
It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

SYLVIA
There, hold. I will not look upon your master's lines;
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 second paper)

JULIA
Madam, he sends your Ladyship this ring. *(She offers Sylvia a ring.)*

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

SYLVIA
What sayst thou?

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

SYLVIA
Dost thou know her?

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

SYLVIA
Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her?

JULIA

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

SYLVIA

Is she not passing fair?

JULIA,

She hath been fairer, madam, than she is;

SYLVIA

How tall is she?

JULIA

About my stature; for at Pentecost,
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 served me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me;
Therefore I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep agoon,
For I did play a lamentable part;
Which I so lively acted with my tears
That my poor mistress, movèd therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

SYLVIA

She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor lady, desolate and left!
I weep myself to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse.
(She gives Julia a purse.)
I give thee this for thy sweet mistress' sake,
because thou lov'st her. Farewell.

JULIA

And she shall thank you for 't if e'er you meet her.

(Sylvia exits.)

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful.
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
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? *(She exits)*

