

Scene 4

(Enter Valentine, Sylvia, Thurio)

SYLVIA
Servant!

VALENTINE
Mistress?

SYLVIA
Servant, you are sad.

VALENTINE
Indeed, madam, I seem so.

THURIO
Seem you that you are not?

VALENTINE
Haply I do.

THURIO
So do counterfeits.

VALENTINE
So do you.

THURIO
What seem I that I am not?

VALENTINE
Wise.

THURIO
What instance of the contrary?

VALENTINE
Your folly.

THURIO
And how quote you my folly?

VALENTINE
I quote it in your jerkin.

THURIO
My "jerkin" is a doublet.

VALENTINE
Well, then, I'll double your folly.

THURIO
How!

SYLVIA
What, angry, Sir Thurio? Do you change color?

VALENTINE
Give him leave, madam. He is a kind of chameleon.

THURIO
That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.

VALENTINE
You have said, sir.

THURIO
Ay, sir, and done too for this time.

VALENTINE
I know it well, sir. You always end ere you begin.

SYLVIA
A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

VALENTINE
'Tis indeed, madam. We thank the giver.

SYLVIA
Who is that, servant?

VALENTINE
Yourself, sweet lady, for you gave the fire.
Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your Ladyship's
looks and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

THURIO
Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall
make your wit bankrupt.

VALENTINE
I know it well, sir. You have an exchequer
of words and, I think, no other treasure to give your
followers, for it appears by their bare liveries that
they live by your bare words.

SYLVIA
No more, gentlemen, no more. Here comes my father.