

## ACT 1

### **Scene 1** (*Enter Valentine and Proteus*)

VALENTINE

Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus.  
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.  
Were 't not affection chains thy tender days  
To the sweet glances of thy honored love,  
I rather would entreat thy company  
To see the wonders of the world abroad  
Than, living dully sluggardized at home,  
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.  
But since thou lov'st, love still and thrive therein,  
Even as I would when I to love begin.

PROTEUS

Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu.  
Think on thy Proteus when thou haply seest  
Some rare noteworthy object in thy travel.  
Wish me partaker in thy happiness  
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,  
If ever danger do environ thee,  
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,  
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

VALENTINE

And on a love-book pray for my success?

PROTEUS

Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee.

VALENTINE

Ah, to be in love, where scorn is bought with groans,  
Coy looks with heart-sore sighs, one fading moment's mirth  
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights.  
'Tis but a folly bought with wit,  
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

PROTEUS

So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

VALENTINE

So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.

PROTEUS

'Tis love you cavil at; I am not Love.

VALENTINE

Love is your master, for he masters you;  
And he that is so yokèd by a fool  
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.  
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee  
That art a votary to fond desire?  
Once more adieu. My father at the road  
Expects my coming, there to see me shipped.

PROTEUS

And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

VALENTINE

Sweet Proteus, no. Now let us take our leave.  
To Milan let me hear from thee by letters  
Of thy success in love, and what news else  
Betideth here in absence of thy friend.  
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

PROTEUS

All happiness bechance to thee in Milan.

VALENTINE

As much to you at home. And so farewell.

*(He exits.)*

PROTEUS

He after honor hunts, I after love.  
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;  
I leave myself, my friends, and all, for love.  
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me,  
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,  
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;  
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.