

'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

The Street.

Enter Sebastian, and Antonio.

Seb. I Would not, by my will, have troubled you:

But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth,
And not all love to see you, though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage;
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; (which to a stranger
Unguided and unfriended often prove
Rough and unhospitable) my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind *Antonio*,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks; and ever thanks: and oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay;
But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing: what's to do?
Shall we go see the relicks of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. Would you'd pardon me!

I do