

Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers;  
For I will be thy bead's-man, *Valentine*.

*Val.* And on a love-book pray for my success?

*Pro.* Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee.<sup>a</sup>

*Val.* To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;  
Coy looks, with heart-fore sighs; one moment's mirth,  
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights;  
If haply won, perhaps, an hapless gain;  
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;  
However, but a folly bought with wit,  
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

*Pro.* So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

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

*Pro.* 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not love.

*Val.* Love is your master; for he masters you.  
And he that is so yoked by a fool,  
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

*Pro.* Yet writers say, As in the sweetest bud  
The eating canker dwells; so eating love  
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

*Val.* And writers say, As the most forward bud  
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow;  
Even so by love the young and tender wit  
Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the bud,  
Losing his verdure even in the prime,  
And all the fair effects of future hopes.  
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,  
That art a votary to fond desire?  
Once more, adieu! my father at the road

<sup>a</sup> ---- I'll pray for thee.

*Val.* That's on some shallow story of deep love,  
How young *Leander* cross'd the *Hellepont*.

*Pro.* That's a deep story of a deeper love;  
For he was more than over shoes in love.

*Val.* 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,  
And yet you never swom the *Hellepont*.

*Pro.* Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.

*Val.* No, I will not; for it boots thee not.

*Pro.* What?

*Val.* To be in love, &c.