

Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, *Valentine*.

Val. Sweet *Protheus*, no: now let us take our leave.
At *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.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in *Milan*!

Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell! [Exit.

Pro. He after honour 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 metamorphos'd 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.

SCENE II.

Enter Speed.

Speed. Sir *Protheus*, save you! saw you, sir, my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence t'embark for *Milan*.

Speed. Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already.
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be a while away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd then, and
I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or
sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.