

Luc. Please you repeat their names, I'll show my mind,
According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair fir *Eglamour*?

Luc. As of a knight well spoken, neat, and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich *Mercatio*?

Luc. Well, of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle *Protheus*?

Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now? what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure pass on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on *Protheus* as on all the rest?

Luc. Then thus; of many good, I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. The fire that's closest kept burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love that do not show their love.

Luc. O, they love least that let men know their love.

Jul. I would, I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. To *Julia*; say from whom?

Luc. That the contents will show.

Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir *Valentine's* page; and sent, I think, from *Protheus*.
He would have giv'n it you, but I being by
Did in your name receive it; pardon me.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?