



## ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE changes to Milan.

*Enter Valentine and Speed.*

SPEED.

SIR, your glove.

*Val.* Not mine; my gloves are on.*Speed.* Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.*Val.* Ha? let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:

Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!

Ah *Silvia*, *Silvia*!*Speed.* Madam *Silvia*! madam *Silvia*!*Val.* How now, firrah?*Speed.* She is not within hearing, fir.*Val.* Why, fir, who bad you call her?*Speed.* Your worship, fir, or else I mistook.*Val.* Well, you'll still be too forward.*Speed.* And yet I was last chidden for being too flow.*Val.* Go to, fir; tell me, do you know madam *Silvia*?*Speed.* She that your worship loves?*Val.* Why, how know you that I am in love?

*Speed.* Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learn'd, like fir *Protheus*, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to relish a love-song like a *robin-red-breast*; to walk alone like one that had the pestilence; to sigh like a school-boy that had lost his *ABC*; to weep like a young wench that had lost her grandam; to fast like one that takes diet; to watch like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at *hollowmas*s. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money:

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