

Speed. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes, or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at fir *Protheus* for going ungarter'd!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, fir, I was in love with my bed; I thank you, you swing'd me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would, you were set, so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoind me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:
Peace, here she comes.

Enter Silvia.

Speed. O excellent motion! o exceeding puppet!
Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows!

Speed. O, 'give ye good ev'n! here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir *Valentine* and servant, to you two thousand!

Speed. He should give her interest; and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoind me, I have writ your letter,
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant; 'tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off:
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil.