

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy *Julia*'s sake. [*Giving a ring.*

Pro. Why, then we'll make exchange; here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy:
And when that hour o'erflips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, *Julia*, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me, for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not:
The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should: [*Exit Julia.*

Julia, farewell! what! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do; it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter Panthion.

Pant. Sir *Protheus*, you are stay'd for.

Pro. Go; I come.

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Launce, with his dog Crab.

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the *Launces* have this very fault: I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with sir *Protheus* to the imperial's court. I think, *Crab* my dog be the fourest-natur'd dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity; yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear! he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a *Jew* would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it: this shoe is my father; no, this left shoe is my father;