

*Pant.* Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

*Laun.* Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

*Pant.* Wilt thou go?

*Laun.* Well, I will go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*Changes to Milan.*

*Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.*

*Sil.* SERVANT.

*Val.* Mistress.

*Speed.* Master, fir *Thurio* frowns on you.

*Val.* Ay, boy, it's for love.

*Speed.* Not of you.

*Val.* Of my mistress then.

*Speed.* 'Twere good you knock'd him.

*Sil.* Servant, you are sad.

*Val.* Indeed, madam, I seem so.

*Thu.* Seem you that you are not?

*Val.* Haply I do.

*Thu.* So do counterfeit.

*Val.* So do you.

*Thu.* What seem I that I am not?

*Val.* Wife.

*Thu.* What instance of the contrary?

*Val.* Your folly.

*Thu.* And how quote you my folly?

*Val.* I quote it in your jerkin.

*Thu.* My jerkin is a doublet.

*Val.* Well then, I'll double your folly.

*Thu.* How?

*Sil.* What, angry, fir *Thurio*? do you change colour?

*Val.* Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of *Cameleon*.

*Thu.* That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live  
in your air,

*Val.*