

Val. You have said, fir.

Thu. Ay, fir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, fir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis, indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady, for you gave the fire: fir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends, what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, fir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers: for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more: here comes my father.

S C E N E V.

Enter the Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter *Silvia*, you are hard beset.
Sir *Valentine*, your father's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you *Don Anthonio*, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord, a son that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I know him as myself; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,

Omit