

Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
 To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection;
 Yet hath fir *Protheus*, for that's his name,
 Made use and fair advantage of his days;
 His years but young, but his experience old;
 His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
 And in a word, (for far behind his worth
 Come all the praises that I now bestow)
 He is compleat in feature and in mind,
 With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, fir, but if he make this good,
 He is as worthy for an empress' love,
 As meet to be an emperor's counsellor:
 Well, fir, this gentleman is come to me,
 With commendation from great potentates;
 And here he means to spend his time a while.
 I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth:

Silvia, I speak to you; and you, fir *Thurio*;

For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it:

I'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit Duke.*]

Val. This is the gentleman I told your ladyship
 Had come along with me, but that his mistress
 Did hold his eyes lock'd in her chrystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them
 Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them pris'ners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and being blind,
 How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say, that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, *Thurio*, as yourself:
 Upon a homely object love can wink.

SCENE