

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now;
I have done penance for contemning love,
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-fore sighs.
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chac'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's-sorrow.
O gentle *Protheus*, love's a mighty lord,
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess
There is no wo to his correction;
Nor, to his service, any joy on earth.
Now, no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough: I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heav'nly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praise.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills,
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her: if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sov'reign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:

She