

She shall be dignify'd with this high honour,
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss;
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swellings flower;
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, *Valentine*, what bragadism is this?

Val. Pardon me, *Protheus*; all I can is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.

Pro. Why, then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own.
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along, and I must after;
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd; nay more, our marriage,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of; how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords, and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on, for my happiness.
Good *Protheus*, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall enquire you forth.
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend upon you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.

Ev'n as one heat another heat expels,

[Exit Val.]