

Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

Ful. *Lucetta*, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly:
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unsta'd a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Ful. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If *Protheus* like your journey when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Ful. That is the least, *Lucetta*, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Ful. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern *Protheus*' birth;
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,
His heart as far from fraud as heav'n from earth.

Luc. Pray heav'n, he prove so when you come to him!

Ful. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth;
Only deserve my love by loving him,
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey:
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation,
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not; but to it presently:
I am impatient of my tarriance.

[*Exeunt.*
A C T