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# ACT III. SCENE I.

*Changes to Milan.*

*Enter Duke, Thurio, and Protheus.*

D U K E.

SIR *Thurio*, give us leave, I pray, a while;  
We have some secrets to confer about. [*Exit Thurio.*  
Now, tell me, *Protheus*, what's your will with me?

*Pro.* My gracious lord, that which I would discover  
The law of friendship bids me to conceal;  
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours  
Done to me, undeserving as I am,  
My duty pricks me on to utter that  
Which, else, no worldly good should draw from me.  
Know, worthy prince, sir *Valentine* my friend  
This night intends to steal away your daughter:  
Myself am one made privy to the plot.  
I know, you have determin'd to bestow her  
On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates:  
And, should she thus be stol'n away from you,  
It would be much vexation to your age.  
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose  
To cross my friend in his intended drift,  
Than by concealing it heap on your head  
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,  
If unprevented, to your timeless grave.

*Duke.* *Protheus*, I thank thee for thine honest care;  
Which to requite, command me while I live.  
This love of theirs myself have often seen,  
Haply when they have judg'd me fast asleep;  
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid  
Sir *Valentine* her company, and my court:

But,