

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak;
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me. [*Pulls off his cloak.*
What letter is this same? what's here? To *Silvia*?
And here an engine fit for my proceeding?
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Duke reads.*

*My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,
And slaves they are to me that send them flying:
O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying:
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them,
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath blest them,
Because myself do want my servants fortune:
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord would be.*

What's here? *Silvia*, this night will I enfranchise thee:
'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.
Why, *Phaëton*, for thou art *Merops*' son,
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heav'nly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours
Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories,
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,

By