

By heav'n, my wrath shall far exceed the love  
 I ever bore my daughter, or thyself:  
 Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse;  
 But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence. [Exit.

## SCENE III.

*Val.* And why not death, rather than living torment?  
 To die, is to be banish'd from myself,  
 And *Silvia* is myself; banish'd from her  
 Is self from self: a deadly banishment!  
 What light is light, if *Silvia* be not seen?  
 What joy is joy, if *Silvia* be not by?  
 Unless it be to think that she is by,  
 And feed upon the shadow of perfection.  
 Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,  
 There is no musick in the nightingale:  
 Unless I look on *Silvia* in the day,  
 There is no day for me to look upon:  
 She is my essence, and I leave to be  
 If I be not by her fair influence  
 Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.  
 I fly not death to fly his deadly doom;  
 Tarry I here, I but attend on death;  
 But fly I hence, I fly away from life.

*Enter* Protheus and Launce.

*Pro.* Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

*Laun.* So-ho! so-ho! ---

*Pro.* What see'st thou?

*Laun.* Him we go to find:  
 There's not an hair on's head but 'tis a *Valentine*.

*Pro.* *Valentine*!

*Val.* No.

*Pro.* Who then; his spirit?

*Val.* Neither.

*Pro.*