

*Pro.* What then?

*Val.* Nothing.

*Laun.* Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?

*Pro.* Whom wouldst thou strike?

*Laun.* Nothing.

*Pro.* Villain, forbear.

*Laun.* Why, sir, I'll strike nothing; I pray you.

*Pro.* I say, forbear: friend *Valentine*, a word.

*Val.* My ears are stopt, and cannot hear good news,  
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

*Pro.* Then in dumb silence will I bury mine;  
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

*Val.* Is *Silvia* dead?

*Pro.* No, *Valentine*.

*Val.* No *Valentine*, indeed, for sacred *Silvia*:  
Hath she forsworn me?

*Pro.* No, *Valentine*.

*Val.* No *Valentine*, if *Silvia* have forsworn me:  
What is your news?

*Laun.* Sir, there's a proclamation, you are vanish'd.

*Pro.* That thou art banish'd; o, that is the news,  
From hence, from *Silvia*, and from me thy friend.

*Val.* O, I have fed upon this wo already;  
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.  
Doth *Silvia* know that I am banished?

*Pro.* Ay, ay; and she hath offered to the doom,  
Which unrevers'd stands in effectual force,  
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:  
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd,  
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;  
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,  
As if but now they waxed pale for wo.  
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,  
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,  
Could penetrate her uncompassionate fire;  
But *Valentine*, if he be ta'en, must die.

Besides,