

Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more, unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good:
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Ev'n in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate;
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate,
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'st *Silvia*, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, *Launce*, and if thou see'st my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go, firrah, find him out: come, *Valentine*.

Val. O my dear *Silvia*! hapless *Valentine*!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Laun. I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to
think my master is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he
be but one kind of knave. He lives not now that knows me to
be in love; yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck
that from me; nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman; but
what