

That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless *Valentine* shall be forgot.

Enter Protheus.

How now, sir *Protheus*? is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going heavily.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but *Thurio* thinks not so.

Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast shown some sign of good desert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'st, how willingly I would effect
The match between sir *Thurio* and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I do think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when *Valentine* was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of *Valentine*, and love sir *Thurio*?

Pro. The best way is to slander *Valentine*
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent:
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

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Pro.