

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do;
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Especially against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
By ought that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this wean her love from *Valentine*,
It follows not, that she will love fir *Thurio*.

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me:
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise fir *Valentine*.

Duke. And, *Protheus*, we dare trust you in this kind,
Because we know, on *Valentine*'s report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt, and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access,
Where you with *Silvia* may confer at large:
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young *Valentine*, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect.
But you, fir *Thurio*, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime, to tangle her desires
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhimes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Much is the force of heav'n-bred poesy.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write 'till your ink be dry, and with your tears