

Moist it again, and frame some feeling line
That may discover such integrity:
For *Orpheus*' lute was strung with poets sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forfake unfounded deeps, and dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet concert: to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice;
Therefore, sweet *Protheus*, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To fort some gentlemen well skill'd in musick;
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace 'till after supper,
And afterwards determine our proceedings.

Duke. Ev'n now about it. I will pardon you. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A forest.

Enter certain out-laws.

I O U T - L A W .

FELLOWS, stand fast: I see a passenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

3-*Out.* Stand, fir, and throw us what you have about you;
if not, we'll make you, fir, and rifle you.

Speed.