

SCENE II.

*Changes to Milan.**Enter Protheus.*

Pro. **A**LREADY I've been false to *Valentine*,
 And now I must be as unjust to *Thurio*.
 Under the colour of commending him,
 I have access my own love to prefer:
 But *Silvia* is too fair, too true, too holy,
 To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
 When I protest true loyalty to her,
 She twits me with my falsehood to my friend:
 When to her beauty I commend my vows,
 She bids me think how I have been forsworn
 In breaking faith with *Julia* whom I lov'd.
 And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
 The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
 Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
 The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
 But here comes *Thurio*: now must we to her window,
 And give some evening musick to her ear.

Enter Thurio and musicians.

Thu. How now, sir *Protheus*, are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle *Thurio*; for, you know, that love
 Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but, I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Whom, *Silvia*?

Pro. Ay, *Silvia*, for your sake.

Thu. I thank you, for your own: now, gentlemen,
 Let's tune, and to it lustily a while.

SCENE