

Jul. You mistake ; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth ?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How ? out of tune on the strings ?

Jul. Not so ; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would, I were deaf ; it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive, you delight not in musick.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark what fine change is in the musick.

Jul. Ay ; that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing ?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.

But, host, doth this fir *Protheus*, that we talk on,
Often resort unto this gentlewoman ?

Host. I tell you what *Launce* his man told me, he lov'd her
out of all nick.

Jul. Where is *Launce* ?

Host. Gone to seek his dog, which to-morrow, by his master's
command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace ! stand aside, the company parts.

Pro. Sir *Thurio*, fear not ; I will so plead,
That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we ?

Pro. At faint *Gregory*'s well.

Thu. Farewel !

[*Exe. Thu. and musick.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Silvia above.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship !

Sil. I thank you for your musick, gentlemen :
Who is that that spake ?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil.