

Two Gentlemen of Verona

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SCENE II. The same. The DUKE's palace.

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA

THURIO

Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

PROTEUS

O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

THURIO

What, that my leg is too long?

PROTEUS

No; that it is too little.

THURIO

I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.

JULIA

[Aside] But love will not be spurr'd to what
it loathes.

THURIO

What says she to my face?

PROTEUS

She says it is a fair one.

THURIO

Nay then, the wanton lies; my face is black.

PROTEUS

But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

JULIA

[Aside] 'Tis true; such pearls as put out
ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them.

THURIO

How likes she my discourse?

PROTEUS

Ill, when you talk of war.

THURIO

But well, when I discourse of love and peace?

JULIA

[Aside] But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.

THURIO

What says she to my valour?

PROTEUS

O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

JULIA

[Aside] She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

THURIO

What says she to my birth?

PROTEUS

That you are well derived.

JULIA

[Aside] True; from a gentleman to a fool.

THURIO

Considers she my possessions?

PROTEUS

O, ay; and pities them.

THURIO

Wherefore?

JULIA

[Aside] That such an ass should owe them.

PROTEUS

That they are out by lease.

JULIA

Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE

DUKE

How now, Sir Proteus! how now, Thurio!
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?

THURIO

Not I.

PROTEUS

Nor I.

DUKE

Saw you my daughter?

PROTEUS

Neither.

DUKE

Why then,
She's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true; for Friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest;
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she,
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it;
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not;
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently and meet with me

Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled:
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.

Exit

THURIO

Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her.
I'll after, more to be revenged on Eglamour
Than for the love of reckless Silvia.

Exit

PROTEUS

And I will follow, more for Silvia's love
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her.

Exit

JULIA

And I will follow, more to cross that love
Than hate for Silvia that is gone for love.

Exit

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