

The Two Gentlemen of Verona

by William Shakespeare

Act 1, sc. 2 (line 106 - Verse)

Julia

Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!

O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!

Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey

And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!

I'll kiss each several paper for amends.

Look, here is writ 'kind Julia.' Unkind Julia!

As in revenge of thy ingratitude,

I throw thy name against the bruising stones,

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

And here is writ 'love-wounded Proteus.'

Poor wounded name! my bosom as a bed

Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;

And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.

But twice or thrice was 'Proteus' written down.

Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away

Till I have found each letter in the letter,

Except mine own name: that some whirlwind bear

Unto a ragged fearful-hanging rock

And throw it thence into the raging sea!

Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,

'Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,

To the sweet Julia:' that I'll tear away.

And yet I will not, sith so prettily

He couples it to his complaining names.

Thus will I fold them one on another:

Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.