

The Two Gentlemen of Verona

by William Shakespeare

Act 4, sc. 3 (line 16 - Verse)

Sylvia

O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman--

Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not--

Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd:

Thou art not ignorant what dear good will

I bear unto the banish'd Valentine,

Nor how my father would enforce me marry

Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.

Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say

No grief did ever come so near thy heart

As when thy lady and thy true love died,

Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.

Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,

To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode;

And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,

I do desire thy worthy company,

Upon whose faith and honour I repose.

Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,

But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,

And on the justice of my flying hence,

To keep me from a most unholy match,

Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues.

I do desire thee, even from a heart

As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,

To bear me company and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.