

The Two Gentlemen of Verona

by William Shakespeare

Act 2, sc. 4 (line 123 - Verse)

Valentine

Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:

I have done penance for contemning Love,

Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me

With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,

With nightly tears and daily heart-sore sighs;

For in revenge of my contempt of love,

Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes

And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.

O gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord,

And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,

There is no woe to his correction,

Nor to his service no such joy on earth.

Now no discourse, except it be of love;

Now can I break my fast, dine, sup and sleep,

Upon the very naked name of love.