

The Two Gentlemen of Verona

by William Shakespeare

Act 3, sc. 2 (line 76 - Verse)

Proteus

Say that upon the altar of her beauty

You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:

Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears

Moist it again, and frame some feeling line

That may discover such integrity:

For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,

Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,

Make tigers tame and huge leviathans

Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.

After your dire-lamenting elegies,

Visit by night your lady's chamber-window

With some sweet concert; to their instruments

Tune a deploring dump: the night's dead silence

Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.

This, or else nothing, will inherit her.