

Two Gentleman of Verona

Julia has just received a love letter which she has torn up and thrown on the floor. She now regrets this decision.

JULIA:

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 healed; 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 I will fold them one upon another: Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.